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JANUARY—JUNE

1911

VOLUME LXXX

PUBLISHING OFFICE
93, 94, LONG ACRE, W.C.

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Printed and Published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, and 93, 94, Long Acre, W.C.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by .MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements may be addressed to MESSRS. ODHAMS, as above.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

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ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

THE CALL OF THE POLICE.

AT 3 a.m. on Tuesday, January 3rd, Mrs. Fleishman, the tenant for eleven years of No. 100, Sidney Street, Stepney, was aroused from her slumbers by a gentle tapping on her window-pane. She said to her husband, who was also awake, "Oh, bother! there is the milkman; I haven't had anything like my proper sleep." Mr. Fleishman replied, "He has come too early; tell him to go away. Why do you ask him to call so early?" Mrs. Fleishman sat up in bed and said in a loud voice, "Go away; I don't want any milk this morning. I will call if I want any." Thereupon the voice outside the window answered, "I am not the milkman. We are the police. Come outside. We don't want to hurt you; we have come to save you." Mr. Fleishman replied, "I don't believe you are the police; I won't believe you until I see." Then the voice answered, "Well come to the door and we will show you; don't be afraid, we want to save you." Mr. Fleishman got up, put on his clothes, and opened the door. He found himself confronted by a man with a loaded revolver in one hand and a bludgeon in the other. By this time he was joined by his wife, and both were invited into the house next door, No. 102, where they found themselves in the presence of several police officers. The Inspector said to Mrs. Fleishman, "How many lodgers have you in your house?" She replied, "Three." "Who are they? and do you know them?" asked the chief. "Of course I know them; they are lodgers," she replied. "Well, tell me all about them." Mrs. Fleishman replied, "On the ground-floor back I have an old couple named Clements. On the first-floor there is a married couple called Sheriman and four children." "How long have you known this man Sheriman?" asked the Inspector. "Four years," she replied. "Have you a woman also living with you?" was the next question. "Yes," she answered, "Betsie Gershon, who has been with me eighteen months." "What is she like?" Mrs. Fleishman then proceeded to describe her lodger, who dwelt in a single room on the third-floor overlooking Sidney Street. The police seemed to know exactly what Betsie Gershon was like, even to the minutest details of her dress. "Now," the Inspector said to Mrs. Fleishman, "have you any other lodgers?" Mrs. Fleishman assured him that she had not. "Very well," said the Inspector. "Don't be afraid; we have come to save your lives. Now I want you, Mr. Fleishman, to go back into the house and bring down Betsie Gershon without creating any disturbance." "No," replied Mr. Fleishman, "I wont do it; I am afraid." "Very well," said the Inspector, "you must go, Mrs. Fleishman. Remember, we have come to save your lives; don't be afraid." Mrs. Fleishman, a woman of Jewish origin, of small and delicate build, but of indomitable courage, hesitated.

THE ARREST OF BETSIE GERSHON.

"I want you to go upstairs," said the Inspector, "and bring down Betsie Gershon." "But if I do that," Mrs. Fleishman replied, "I will wake the lodgers on the first-floor." "Never mind," said the Inspector. "Go upstairs and tell her your husband is ill, and you want her to go for a doctor." Mrs. Fleishman hastened into the house, went straight upstairs to the third-floor, and was about to knock on Betsie Gershon's door, when to her surprise she saw her coming out of the room opposite, which overlooks the back of the yard, and which was used by the Fleishmans as a stock and working room for their tailoring business. Mrs. Fleishman was surprised, and said, "I think it strange your being in this room; what are you doing?" Betsie Gershon, evidently taken by surprise, replied, "Oh, I went to put a penny in the slot." Mrs. Fleishman then said, "Why should you want gas at this hour in the morning?" Betsie hastened to answer, "Oh, I was feeling ill." "That is strange," answered Mrs. Fleishman, "because my husband is taken queer and I want you to go for the doctor. Do come down." Betsie Gershon consented, and came downstairs to within three steps of the door, when seeing it open, she said, "Oh, Mrs. Fleishman, the door is open; what does it mean?" "Never you mind that," the resourceful little Jewess replied; "I had to call in somebody from outside." Mrs. Gershon hesitated to proceed; but she was given no chance of retracing her steps. A police officer rushed in, seized her round the waist, and before she could utter a sound carried her into No. 102. Here the Inspector said to her, "Have you any men in your room upstairs?" "Yes," she answered, "two." "What are their names?" "One is called Yoski and the other I do not know." Mrs. Fleishman was then told by the Inspector to return home and bring out her children and the other lodgers.

She went to the back-room on the second-floor where her children slept and aroused her eldest daughter. "What is it, mummy?" the girl asked. "Sh! sh!" replied her mother. "Do not utter a sound; wake the others and bring them down into the street, when I will tell you all about it." The obedient child did as she was told. Mrs. Fleishman then went to the front room on the second-floor and awoke Mr. Sheriman and his wife. The former is a working ladies' tailor. Enjoining them to preserve absolute silence and to bring their children into the street, she once more hastened downstairs. Meanwhile Mr. Sheriman and a police officer roused the old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Clements, who slept in

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the back room on the ground-floor, and brought them out safely, and soon all were assembled in No. 102, next door.

Mrs. Fleishman heard no more of what passed between the police and Betsie Gershon, for she was immediately taken off to the station, while she and the other tenants of No. 100 were kept under guard in the adjoining house, where they remained throughout all the tragic events of the day.

A Lost Opportunity.

Up to this time the plans of the police had succeeded admirably. By 4.30 a.m. all the inmates of the house had been safely removed except the wanted men, Fritz and Peter the Painter, who had not been roused from their slumbers in the front room on the third-floor. But from this point it is a little difficult to understand or to explain the attitude of the police. Every avenue of escape was blocked. Hundreds of constables formed cordons across every street leading to the house, and detectives were hidden in the back yard of Mann and Crossman's Brewery, from which point they commanded the back of the house; others faced the front windows from the other side of the street; others were hidden in No. 102, the adjoining premises, and in Dr. Kristin's surgery at the corner of the street. There was nothing to prevent them from creeping upstairs and occupying the Fleishmans' stock-room, which was immediately opposite the room belonging to Betsie Gershon, occupied by the doomed men, or from remaining on the landing outside the door. But, doubtless having in mind the massacre at Houndsditch, they preferred to take no risks, and made no effort to occupy any portion of the house itself. This state of suspense lasted until 7.30 a.m., when Detective-Inspector Collison and Sergeants Boreham and Leeson crept out of the yard at the back of the house and flung bricks into the windows on the second-floor to arouse the sleeping miscreants. But Fritz and Peter the Painter were already on the *qui vive*, and, naturally resenting the intrusion of brickbats at this early hour of the morning, replied with four shots. One of these pierced the chest of Sergeant Leeson, who was lifted by his comrades into a place of safety under a heavy fire which fortunately did no further harm.

The Siege.

This was the commencement of the battle, for the detectives hidden about the yard and in the house opposite immediately returned the fire. From this point until one or two o'clock a desultory action continued. The fire was kept up continuously by the police on the front and back windows of the second-floor, between which the desperadoes divided their attention. Whenever one of them appeared at the window and discharged his pistol a volley was poured in from a dozen different vantage-points, but no harm seemed to be done, for the shots from the upper windows still continued to come at irregular intervals. Meanwhile, the police, feeling they could not cope with the situation single-handed, sent to the Tower for the assistance of the Scots Guards, who were on duty there. At 10 a.m. a half company arrived, and were posted in commanding positions, from which, throughout the remainder of the morning, they kept up a telling fire, which had the effect of keeping the aliens under cover and prevented them from taking aim. Just before one o'clock there was a rumour that the two men were preparing to make a dash from the house, but this proved to be groundless. Shortly after one o'clock it was seen for the first time that the house was on fire, but the firing from the upper windows still continued. But the end was near. At 1.50 the flames had made great progress, and masses of smoke were arising from the house.

About 1.30 the final shots resounded from the interior of No. 100. Whether they were aimed at the besiegers, or whether they were directed by the assassins against themselves must remain one of the unsolved mysteries of this drama. Then the flames gained full sway; columns of white smoke, wafted by no breeze, rose straight in the air. The sight delighted the vast crowds behind the police-barriers, who up to this time had been able to see nothing, and had contented themselves with listening to the rifle and revolver shots. Every minute it became more evident that, even if the miscreants remained alive in some unburned corner of the house, their power for evil was at an end. The Fire Brigade was ordered forward. Down Sidney Street went the engine and took up its place in front of the doomed house. A mass of constables, detectives in plain clothes, and a distinguished group of spectators, who for hours had been waiting for the signal to advance, surged round the engine, hopelessly intermixed, like the soldiers of many regiments in the last desperate assault on the enemy's position. Half a company of the Scots Guards, who alone preserved a semblance of order, were placed with their backs to the bullet-bespattered wall opposite, and with loaded rifles stood ready to cover the firemen as they placed their long ladder against the ruined house. Although the smoke and flames were pouring from every window, there were not a few present who, staggered by the splendid fight made by the doomed men inside, expected to hear for the last time the crack of a Colt ring out and to see the most forward of the firemen topple lifeless from the ladder.

The End.

But the spark of life no longer throbbed within those alien breasts. The flames licked upwards, devouring the woodwork, causing the three stories to topple into one charnel-house, and forming a fitting funeral pyre to the brave who were no more. Many of us forgot the sins of the assassins in our admiration for their last stand. Since seven in the morning they had withstood the besiegers, never yielding a foot, never asking for mercy, never attempting to capitulate. They had been subjected to the fire of the magazine rifles at point-blank range from the skilled marksmen of one of the finest regiments in the world; they had been exposed to the heavy bullets of hundreds of police revolvers aimed at short range by skilled detectives; they had endured the deadly discharge of double-barrelled shot-guns at a range at which the merest tyro could not have failed to tail a low pheasant; they had seen every avenue of escape gradually closed against them; they had watched great cordons of police drawn across every thoroughfare, so that, even had they succeeded in clearing the house, they could never have run the gauntlet of the solid phalanx of constables drawn up four deep. Beyond the lines of police throughout the morning they could see and hear the vast crowds drawn from the purlieus of the East-end howling for their blood. Had they escaped the police, a thousand grimy hands would have torn them to shreds. Then, at the close of the drama, almost the last sound which reached the ears of the doomed men was the roll of the wheels, the clatter of the horses' feet, and the loud cheers which greeted the arrival of the Horse Artillery. No! there was no alternative but death for Fritz and Peter the Painter. That feeble white hand showing through the window at 1.50 was the last dying effort of these desperate men. No sign of life escaped them after that; nothing more was seen of them until their charred remains were found amidst the ruins.

The Firemen.

Quickly the firemen had two hose playing on the burning building, the interior of which was completely gutted; but, thanks to their skilled and opportune intervention, the thick brick walls remained standing, and the flames were prevented from spreading to the adjoining premises, which

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were full of sightseers, detectives, pressmen, and refugees. As soon as the flames had been partially controlled the firemen, with extraordinary daring, entered the building, although every moment pieces of wood, plaster, and furniture were crashing from the upper stories. For some minutes they were driven back by the flames, which suddenly burst forth afresh in the back room on the ground-floor, for here the gas was escaping from a severed jet. Even now we remained in complete ignorance as to the fate of the besieged. Some still believed that they had managed to escape, but the foremost fireman reported that he could smell burning flesh. The firemen then set to work clearing out the lower rooms of smouldering window-frames and charred household goods. A Singer's sewing-machine first came hurtling through the door, its day's work done; no longer will it stitch alien clothes; it was followed by odds and ends—pieces of smouldering blankets and quilts, cracked crockery, and masses of ashes which were shovelled out of the front door until the passage leading to the back room had been sufficiently cleared to allow the firemen to enter. I followed them in, passing under a shower of cinders and blackened water, and looked into the back parlour, which was still bazing fiercely. One glance was sufficient. The remains of one of the miscreants lay near the window, burnt almost beyond recognition and half-covered with débris. His smouldering arm was stuck upwards, pointing towards the ceiling. I hastened back outside, having seen enough. But before he could be removed a tragic incident cast a gloom over the victory of the forces of law and order. Something fell from the top floor on to the firemen—either a portion of the ceiling or a piece of the mantelshelf. Three men were gently carried outside by their comrades in a state of collapse, one with his heavy bronze helmet battered almost beyond recognition. They received first aid, and were then borne away to the London Hospital on a Fire Brigade wagon, amidst the sympathetic murmurs of the vast crowds. This made the firemen more cautious. A cordon of police was drawn round the building, and no one else was allowed to enter.

The Humour of it.

Now that it was all over and the dread assassins were no more, a change came over the atmosphere and the serious air which most of the onlookers wore an hour previously gave way to a wholesome realisation of the comic side of the scene. Many, glancing round at the hundreds of soldiers, police, and detectives, all fully armed—at the Horse Artillery and maxim guns, the fire brigades and salvage corps—began to ask themselves: "Are not these forces a little out of proportion when compared with those at the disposal of the besieged? Has not a great deal of unnecessary fuss been made over a work which could just as well have been undertaken by fifty armed men who were skilled shots? Do not such numbers of police and soldiers look a little absurd? Do not the Horse Artillery seem a little incongruous with their well-filled caissons of shrapnel in the heart of the Metropolis?" There were many who felt a trifle humiliated, but who said nothing; there were others who gave way to uncontrollable mirth as the one-sidedness of the desperate battle, which had lasted the best part of eight hours, dawned upon them. The story of brave Horatius defending the bridge and another vision of the heroic defenders of Thermopylæ came into my head. Fritz and Peter the Painter will not go down to history as heroes because they lost their lives in breaking the laws of a civilised community; but when their action is judged impartially as a purely military achievement they will stand just as high in the eyes of posterity—if not higher—than brave Horatius and the three hundred of Thermopylæ. After all, brave Horatius stood in a narrow passage and kept back men only armed with swords or spears, and the same with Leonidas and his brave men. But Fritz and Peter the Painter stood up against modern rifles, shot guns, revolvers, maxims, not to mention the dreadful reserve of three Horse Artillery guns, each capable of firing a shell weighing fifteen pounds, charged with three hundred bullets at the rate of fifteen a minute. We should like to know who was the humorist who ordered the guns. We expect that he must be the same gentleman who sent the historic cable from South Africa:—"No cavalry required; only infantry needed." Infantry could be far more usefully employed in South Africa than field guns in the narrow purlieus of the East End, swarming with sight-seers, and absolutely devoid of any position from which a gun could be fired. We thank Providence for small mercies. Had those field guns been fired, every shell would have settled the last account of many peaceful citizens, for, missing No. 100, Sidney Street, they would have burst somewhere in the West End. Now we learn that a company of Engineers were ordered up from Chatham to undermine the house, but they failed to arrive in time. We should not be surprised to hear that the Army airship from Aldershot was under orders to sail across Sidney Street and drop explosives down the chimney.

We English are a strange race. We have the most perfect machine for the preservation of law and order among criminals of our own dull, uninspired intellectual calibre; but if ever it has to meet situations created by the imaginative alien it goes hopelessly to pieces, and we make ourselves ridiculous before a wondering world. But here is a simple mathematical problem for some fourth-form boy to solve. If it takes twelve hundred men and three field guns to dislodge a couple of Russian Jews, how many men would be required to dislodge a German Army Corps? I never believed that an invasion was practicable until yesterday morning. Now I tremble all over at the thought of it.

The Spoils of Victory.

When all was over, hundreds of sightseers swarmed over the battlefield to collect the spoils. Souvenir-hunters were busy after alien bullets, which quickly rose in price from sixpence to a shilling, and a little later 5s. could not purchase one. The dead and wounded had to be numbered, and, according to the most reliable accounts, eleven persons, including the two dead assassins, have been hit or injured by bullets or the falling débris. But whether they fell by the bullets of friend or foe it is impossible to say. A detective begrimed with powder and soot, who had exhausted over a hundred cartridges, said to me, "It wasn't the fire of the aliens we minded, but the ricochetting bullets of the Scots Guards!" A little later a brawny Guardsman complained to me that "It was not the bullets of the aliens which frightened us, but the infernally bad shooting of those detectives!"

At the finish there was a kind of triumphal march-past down Sidney Street. The Scots Guards, at a sharp word of command, fell in and marched off amidst loud cheers. The Horse Artillery then rolled by amidst cheers, the men a little crestfallen and scowling angrily from the virgin muzzles of their undischarged guns at the smouldering ruins, at the destruction of which they had not assisted. Then the fire-engines moved off, receiving a tremendous ovation, and the police were sorted out into their respective divisions. But the crowd in no way diminished, and had frequently to be pushed back by the police, harmless battles waging at every corner between the constables and the alien onlookers. The pressmen and distinguished strangers then passed to the back of No. 100 through No. 102, where we found, loudly lamenting their fate, Mr. Fleishman and his wife Mrs. Rebecca Fleishman, the owners of the destroyed building. They had left at 3 a.m. by the command of the police. Mrs.

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Fleishman had an interesting tale to tell, but she was almost hysterical and most incoherent. Strange indeed are the methods of the police. I said to her, "If you will come with me I will take you home, find you clothes, give you a meal, put you up for the night, and when you have sufficiently recovered you can tell me your whole story." I led her out of the building from under the eyes of countless detectives, through lines of police and vast crowds without a single soul questioning my right to do so. I was followed by an excited crowd who, seeing me lead the woman by the hand, thought that she was one of the desperadoes and that I was a detective taking her to the station. In Commercial Road I found a taxi-cab and conveyed her West. This woman must be the chief witness in any legal proceedings which may follow, as the aliens were in her house. I could have taken her out of England without the slightest difficulty. Surely there is something wrong with a system which allows this laxity!

The Final Scene.

One last scene remains to be recalled. Two coffins were brought to the back of the ruined house, and in one of them the remains of one of the assassins were placed and carried to the mortuary. The body of the other was found later, and lying by its side were two revolvers.

Farewell Fritz and Peter the Painter! You were rare blackguards, but you died game, and that atones for a lot. It was a pity that you did not turn your talents to a better use. But we thank you all the same. London has not had such an exciting time for years. We owe you a debt of gratitude for providing this stirring episode in our humdrum lives. Your prowess will long remain green in the memory of all who witnessed your last stand.

A BALLADE OF DREAMS

Mournfully echoing, loud and low,
  The midnight tolling shakes the air;
Over the city the great stars glow
  Dimly, lost in the clouded glare;
  Stepping down from his golden stair
Comes the stranger, at Time's behest,
  And we, desirous, speak him fair—
"This is the Year we love the best."

Never a man has lived to know
  A heart quite hopeless; here and there
The high gods, pitiful, ease his woe,
  Make him ready to do and dare.
  Comes the pealing of bells that bear
Greeting brave to the untried guest,
  And all the world puts off its care—
"This is the Year we love the best."

Pale dreams drifting to and fro—
  A girl's last kiss, a woman's hair,
Hours of passion, a beaten foe,
  Promises broken and fierce despair;
  A mystery none could solve or share
Of love that waited, unconfessed—
  For these, did we of old declare
"This is the Year we love the best"?

  Princess, honoured and loved as ne'er
Maid was cherished in knightly quest,
  Whisper we our secret rare—
"This is the Year *we* love the best!"

W. L. R.

LITERATURE AND BURGLARS

In a less impatient age we should like to have reverted to an old and pleasant manner, and named this article "Some Winter Thoughts on Burglars: being a Lament for their Little Culture and an Inquiry into the Origin of Picturesque Illusions." But the day has gone when an author would reveal his soul on his title-page, adorned with a border of grapes and sprawling Cupids. Authors to-day have forgotten the little arts by means of which eighteenth-century writers made their books as intimate as conversations. Printers are no longer lavish with their capitals, and the modern journalist does not plunge into italics every time he becomes excited. Our great-grandfathers had a wonderful gift for this sort of thing, and they were sometimes most human where a modern writer would feel bound to be most matter-of-fact. Johnson contrived to give his very admirable prejudices expression in his Dictionary, and even a list of errata might be made to convey something of a man's mind to his reader's. Dreaming at a bookstall the other day, we found a little volume on the prevention of smoky chimneys, in which the list of errors bore this charming apology. "Sith Venus hath her mole and the Moon her spots, think it not strange if this little book hath its blunders." We felt as if we had shaken hands with the author.

This by way of digression, for which also there is good eighteenth-century precedent; yet our complaint against burglars can be stated quite simply. We would not be so unjust as to blame them for not fulfilling the wakeful nightmares of children. Nothing can do that, and the most conscientious burglar would weary at last of carrying a blood-stained knife between his teeth and twisting his features to a scowl of unassuageable hatred of the human race. Our grievance lies deeper. As an intellectual conception a burglar is a rather fine thing. The spectacle of the individual leading his gallant little forces to battle against the tremendous laws of his race is one that even in defeating him it becomes us to admire. But in practice they are only sordid pilferers with a soul that does not rise above teaspoons stamped with the hallmark of convention. One of those planetary visitors or Chinese philosophers of whom our ancestors were so fond would not fail to infer this from an examination of the London shops. Books, charged with the wisdom that is beyond price, stand openly on the pavement for any man to touch with his hand, but the diamonds in the windows of the jewellers' shops are guarded by little steel grilles In a world where the thieves were men of culture this would have to be reversed. The jeweller would heap his stupid wares in barrels on the pavement, and we should peer at books through iron bars, under the watchful eyes of plain-clothes detectives. In such a world the police reports would really be as interesting as the newspapers appear to think they are. Perhaps when our habitual drunkards can quote their Omar, and our professional unemployables loll starwards with Tennyson's "Lotus-eaters" on their lips, English burglars will turn their attention to libraries and convince the common mind that since books are worth stealing they must also be worth possessing.

Outside fiction the ranks of cultured cracksmen are very thinly filled. For some reason or other, men of letters have generally preferred forgery. Possibly a milder term should be found for the venial exploits of Chatterton and Macpherson, but Wainwright, to whom both Swinburne and Wilde have devoted papers, and Johnson's Dr. Dodd, the unfortunate author of the "Beauties of Shakespeare," naturally occur to the mind in this connection. Villon was rather a cut-purse than a burglar, and the evidence as to Deacon Brodie's culture is not very clear, though in Steven-

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son's play he is educated, if not scholarly. We do not know that he ever stole any books.

In novels the educated burglar has become rather a nuisance, and the descendants of Raffles are as wearisome as the offspring of Sherlock Holmes. We believe that Arsène Lupin had a library of stolen books, but they were selected rather for their rarity than for the merit of their contents. This is the test that we should apply to scholar-burglars. They should select their booty for its intrinsic and not for its monetary value, and they should form their libraries with far greater care than those who pursue the ordinary cheque-book method. We have not heard of a burglar of this character, but it is possible that he exists. It is even possible that he is a regular reader of this paper, and, to be consistent, is at pains to steal his copy of THE ACADEMY every week. If this be so, we admire his discrimination, and at the same time envy him his nocturnal adventures. We sometimes feel that nowadays books are too numerous and too cheap for those who obtain them so easily to appreciate their true worth. But with what pleasure must our scholar-burglar regard his library, where every volume recalls a glorious adventure! How often he has crept by night into the libraries of other men and turned his dark lantern from shelf to shelf while making his cultured and leisurely choice! Looking at other people's books is always a pleasant way of passing time, and sometimes, one fancies, dawn must have discovered him still hesitating between the merits of two rival editions, or held spellbound by the charm of some plump old quarto into which he has dipped too far. Being one of your true scholars who love to leave their books to posterity in proper trim, he handles books tenderly, and would scorn to use his jemmy as a paper-knife after the manner of library subscribers. Nor does he rob proud old books of their plates in order to extra-illustrate volumes of no merit, and thus preserve his memory for the profanities of book-lovers yet unborn.

Probably the nearest thing to this ideal burglar of ours is the hero of Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," who broke into a house, if our memory serves us, in order to study, but drew the line at stealing books. But the whole spirit of the devout book-lover lies in his possession of his treasures. He likes to have them about him, and to hear them and smell them at all hours of the day and night. It was for this reason that a distinguished book-collector of our acquaintance used to keep under his bed the three editions of Keats's poems that appeared during the poet's lifetime. When he could not sleep he would lean out of bed in the dark and stroke them, and be subtly comforted. It would have fared ill with the burglar who should have sought to annex these treasures; but ordinary book-lovers have no need for expensive first editions.

It is certain that the romantic burglar is almost entirely a myth, though the exploit of Colonel Thomas Blood, who nearly succeeded in getting away with the Crown jewels, and received a pension of five hundred a year from Charles II. for his pains, is romantic enough for anybody, and provided a fitting climax for a life of which a brief account is to be found in the notes to "Peveril of the Peak." As we have already implied, the life of a man who endeavours to obtain wealth dishonestly is no more romantic than that of a merchant who acquires it honestly. But it is difficult not to admire a man who makes, as Blood remarked complacently, a gallant attempt for a crown. Just as the highwayman and the pirate dwindle to insignificant and rather pitiful figures when closely examined, so, too, the average burglar is no more than the meanest and clumsiest of rogues when we put aside the splendid conceptions of imaginative writers. It is suggestive that in England we measure the relative guilt of housebreakers by the number of convictions that have been recorded against them, so that we must believe that our most dangerous criminals have spent practically all their lives in prison. The novelists will have it that the most dangerous criminals are those who habitually escape detection, a reasonable though apparently inaccurate thesis, unless it be admitted that in practice the cleverest burglars have a very short run for their money. And that is probably the truth of the matter, and, taking the *personnel* of our criminal classes into account, we are not sorry they fare so poorly. That a man should risk his liberty because he could live no longer without the lyrics of Herrick or the diary of Mr. Pepys would be an admirable thing; but we have no sympathy with the person who blunders into prison in a clumsy effort to steal silver teaspoons and plated vegetable-dishes.

REVIEWS

CURRENT VERSE AND POETRY

Sonnets. By FERDINAND EARLE. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. and 5s. net.)

The Poetical Works of Mrs. Horace Dobell. With a Biographical Sketch. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Triumph of Pan. By VICTOR B. NEUBURG. ("The Equinox" Office. 5s. net.)

The Plaint of the English Muse. By JOHN PATRICK GANNON. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

At Various Times. By the Author of "The Professor and Other Poems." (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

Tales o' Our Town. By JOSEPH LEE. (George Montgomery, Dundee. 2s. net.)

Pygmalion and the Statue. By ROBERT WHITEHOUSE. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd. 1s. net.)

The Queen of Orplede. By CHARLES W. STORK. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

If Thou wert Blind. By CONSTANCE SUTCLIFFE. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6d. net.)

In the Net of Night. By W. W. MARSH. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Love's Protest. By ROBERT CALIGNOC. (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd. 1s. net.)

IT is a daring thing to attempt any innovation of rhyming when writing a sonnet, but the "Foreword" of Mr. Earle's volume shows that he knows his business as a poet, and we therefore approached his work with anticipations of something worth reading. Having read and enjoyed the poems, we can only say that the author might just as well have employed the accepted form. His favourite variation of the rhyme-scheme runs thus: *abbb, aaab, cddccd;* and the effect is not particularly pleasing. Nor is it particularly offensive; it simply seems to tease the reader occasionally as with a sense of incompleteness, that is all. The sonnets are of varying quality; one of the series on "Modern Venice" is entirely spoiled by eight consecutive rhymes on a single sound, and on page 61 the word "flight" is made to rhyme with itself—a flaw in an otherwise good poem.

No human reviewer could possibly read through the 810 crowded pages of small print which enshrine the verses of Mrs. Horace Dobell; but from the impression we obtain by inspection here and there we are bound to say that they are of a very mediocre type. Naturally, so prolific a writer—and for many years she seemed to scribble a rhyme on the

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slightest impulse—could not produce much poetry; some of the stanzas are pretty, others are humorous in a homely way; many are reminiscent of Mrs. Hemans. They constitute a volume, however, which in the hands of a not too critical reader might well serve to pass a quiet hour or two pleasantly.

When, dipping into Mr. Neuberg's "Triumph of Pan," we glimpsed the word "phallic," and caught him asking a lady for "purple kisses," we began to be suspicious of him. He is far too fond of verse that is odorous of eroticism, of words such as "obscene," "slime," and of maltreated adjectives. His quotation from Eliphas Levi, by way of preface, betrays him as somewhat of a devotee of astrology and the mysteries, and we cannot say that his verses impress us at all favourably. "We will crush the dream," he sings in the opening composition, "And wallow sweating in the mountain stream:"—

> And storm the mountains; we are sick of dreaming
> Of a dim past unknown;
> Oh! for the sight once more of red blood streaming,
> Of rotting warrior-bone,
> Of eagles hovering far
> Around the field of war,
> Of lust and love and longing breaking through
> The chill grey garb of life to flame anew.

Altogether, Mr. Neuburg is hardly the sort of person we should care to meet on a dark night with a knobby stick in his hand; he is rather too explosive for our comfort. Here is another stanza from "An Origin":—

> They stanched the gaping wound with turf,
> With water slaked the burning maw;
> Rolling within the boiling surf,
> They caught the brine in eye and jaw.
> They roared and rushed with tangled mane
> To rape and ruin in the rain.

We can only trust it cooled them down a bit. A certain weird cleverness runs through all the verses in this volume; but we may remind the author that of the moderns Swinburne treated love in its more earthly aspect once and for all, and that only the greatest poets can venture to pursue that theme without offence. Two or three charming lyrics, especially one entitled "Sleep in the Hills," prove that Mr. Neuburg can do really good work when he cares to forsake the hysterical mood which spoils four-fifths of this clever book. It is a pleasant contrast to turn to Mr. Gannon's very pretty little conceit, "The Plaint of the English Muse," in which he warns us of the dangers of the commercial spirit. In answer to his voice, the Muse appears to him:—

> Thus had I said, when one before me stood
> Clad in green kirtle pranked with meadow flowers,
> Wearing a wreath of berries of the wood
> And fruits that ripen in forgotten bowers;
> Her hair, loose-hanging, framed in golden hood
> A face that glistened after summer showers,
> And from her eyes, blue as a summer sea,
> Flew shafts of light that filled the air with glee.

In about fifty stanzas of the same measure as this the dialogue is carried on, and occasionally we find an exceptionally beautiful line. "The lonely mistress of the green lagoons" is an example. There is nothing to praise extravagantly, but the "Plaint" was worth writing and worth publishing—which is more than can be said for many of the "poems" in the collection entitled "At Various Times." There is some really shocking scansion in this book, and yet the author does not hesitate to attempt the sonnet form—needless to say, with depressing results. Here are two lines from a "sonnet" on page 98, "To a Poet":—

> Ah, strenuous poet, thou flooded us with song,
> And yet you seem from us so far apart.

Most of the stanzas are mere rhyming, and on the second page occurs what is really the most unpoetic conception we have seen for a lustrum or two:—

> One silver star in heaven appears
> And drills a hole through evening's shade;
> One word, to my long waiting ears,
> Had to my night the difference made.

This is unfortunate, to put it mildly; and so is the following:—

> The tide, like door upon its hinge,
> Bulging in every creek and cove.

We give one of very many faults of scansion, and may add that this verse is a fair illustration of the quality of the work throughout the book:—

> A strong wind blew the shadows o'er the fields,
> And now and then let lucid sunshine through;
> The earth's heart to the coming warmth yields,
> And the sap rises, fountains hid from view.
> It is a hoyden spring day, bickering wind,
> But leagues of sunshine, which is warm and kind.

One or two moderately good lyrics stand out pleasantly from this slipshod style of writing, and some verses entitled "Biography" are rather neatly epigrammatic. For one other thing we thank the author—the capital suggestion that wishes are "prayers without their dresses."

It is perhaps presumptuous for a mere Southerner to pronounce a very definite opinion upon a Scotchman's verse, especially when written in dialect; but, if Mr. Joseph Lee will pardon our temerity, we like his rhymed "Tales o' Our Town" exceedingly. He has a deft manner of versifying old stories of Dundee and its inhabitants, and when he embarks on the frailer craft of an original lyric it bears him quite safely into the haven of poetry; "Largo Bay," for instance, is just in the right spirit. The humorous verses to the *Fifie*, a ship "that plies 'twixt Newport and Dundee," are excellent:—

> 'Twad tax a landsman to discern
> Whare lies her stem an' whare her stern,
> A thing whilk I could never learn
> Tho' sair I've tried—
> It's said that she can tak' a turn
> Wi' her broadside.

There are also several racy ballads, and altogether the verses keep to a high level, although their burden will naturally make more appeal in the Land o' Cakes than in London town.

Mr. Robert Whitehouse, in a sequence of nearly a hundred seven-line stanzas, retells the story of Pygmalion and Galatea very attractively—only we wish he had not made "Galatea" rhyme with "ear." Also he betrays inexperience by his use of "did." In three consecutive verses we find—"And his heart sank, which did so madly dance;" "And he did breathe;" "he did quake;" "oft did see;" and on the same page "I did think." Apart from these flaws, the little book is well written; the description of the awakening of the marble to life and love is accomplished without any sense of incongruity, and abounds in felicitous phrasing. "The Queen of Orplede," by Mr. C. W. Stork, is a dainty fantasy of a poet's ideal country of dreams which demands high praise for its purity. We imagine it would be quite a success as a miniature play set to music,

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for, although there are but two characters, the Queen and the Poet, their intercourse is full of melody and lyrical interludes. The other poems in this booklet are of a scholarly order, some of them showing the care of composition perhaps a little too plainly. Would that all who try their hands at verse suffered from so slight an imperfection!

Many of the poems by "Constance Sutcliffe" have been set to music, and most of them seem to have been penned with that idea before her mind; they are rather pretty, and prettiness seems to be an imperative condition for songs nowadays. Some of them are full of what is known, we believe, as "feeling," and the metres chosen are easy; the author wisely attempts no great flights in the way of ideas, and therefore succeeds in pleasing the ear.

Mr. Marsh is too modest. At the end of his little book he writes:—

> To many men of every land,
> Book sellers, buyers, readers, cranks,
> I bow, and come to join the ranks
> Of that innumerable band
> Whose books are sold at second hand—
> ("Good, sir, your 5d. change, with thanks.")

Despite this self-depreciation, the author has some good work to show: several fascinating roundels, several sonnets of worth, and a selection of various lyrics, none to be condemned. The best thing in the book is a half-humorous, half-tragic poem, "Beata," of which we give the opening:—

> I loved you for nothing at all,
> For hair like a slow-setting sun
> At the swan-song of day in a gorse-bordered way;
> I loved you, Beata, for fun.
> I loved you in reason's despite
> For pitiless flouting of clowns,
> For the warmth of your face like a star-kiss of grace
> And a passable fancy in gowns.

With "Love's Protest" we conclude our glance at current verse for the present; but though we have left this white-and-gold volume to the last, it is by no means the least. The conversation between "Ismené" and "Tremayne" which it records is modelled into eighty beautiful stanzas of admirable art, and if the theme is rather deep—Tremayne is worried as to the meaning of life, and Ismené reasons gently with him—it is exceedingly well treated. Of the many extracts which we should like to give we must content ourselves with one, the twenty-fifth stanza, to serve as an illustration of form and quality:—

> But while he doubted thus, behold it chanced
> That downward on the earth he cast his eye,
> And soon espied a little shoe that glanced
> With buckle bright, in the sun's brilliancy,
> Whose loveliness Love's self had scarce enhanced—
> Ismené's shoe, a shape of modesty;
> Clean, at the sight, all doubt and darkness fled,
> And Hope about his brows her rosy fingers spread.

The whole poem is replete with thought, and the author has relieved it by some delicate lyrics which stamp him as a poet whose future work must receive the consideration due to a careful and capable artist in words.

SWIFT

The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D. Edited by F. Elrington Ball. With an Introduction by the Very Rev. J. H. Bernard, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's. Vol. I. (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

To all students of English literature any words from responsible sources concerning Dean Swift must be valuable and of great interest, partly because there is always a vague hope that fresh light may be thrown on that curious, contradictory character of his. To the world he presented the spectacle of a cynical, imperious, sometimes embittered mind, and this aspect of the Dean is too often emphasised at the expense of a leaven of human kindness which was carefully concealed, or only revealed, we might say, under protest. How rarely, for instance, do we hear of his gentle words regarding his mother! "If the way to Heaven be through piety, truth, justice, charity," he wrote, "she is there." To her he seems to have been an admirable son, and however resentful we may feel at his exceeding carelessness of the feelings of others—even of his closest friends—our animosity cannot but be qualified by this memorable fact—memorable, not because men are rarely good to their mothers, but because of the peculiar and puzzling nature of this particular man. The gloomy story of his later years, again, is relieved by what we know of his charity to the poor of Dublin: in spite of his avarice he would give £5 "more easily than some richer men would bestow 5s." With the first £500 he possessed he formed a fund for granting loans to industrious tradesmen, to be repaid gradually by instalments, and it was said that by this scheme he had been the means of putting more than two hundred families inside the borderland of comfort. At one and the same time parsimonious and generous; careful in conversation, yet in his writings introducing freely the most offensive detail with a kind of insane sincerity; frank to a fault, yet philandering with "Vanessa" while "Stella" was in chains to him; in all these ways, and in others, Swift is a study of inexplicable contrasts.

The correspondence, therefore, of such a man is bound to possess unusual interest, and the volume now before us has been prepared with insight. It is a matter for regret that very many of Swift's letters must have been destroyed. "Few thought it worth while," says Dean Bernard in his capital introduction, "to preserve letters from Mr. Swift, Sir William Temple's dependant; but once he became famous every one would have been proud to number the Dean among his correspondents." Collectors of Swiftiana will find, however, several items of fresh interest here; there are two letters, for instance, which show how in his early years the young satirist leaned very strongly toward the laurels of poesy. "I esteem the time of studying poetry to be two hours in a morning," he writes to Thomas Swift (from Moor Park, May 3rd, 1692), "and that only when the humour sits, which I esteem for the flower of the whole day, and truly I make bold to employ them in that way, and yet I seldom write above two stanzas in a week—I mean such as are to any Pindaric ode:"—

> And yet I have known myself in so good a humour as to make two in a day, but it may be no more in a week after, and when all is done I alter them a hundred times; and yet I do not believe myself to be a laborious dry writer, because if the fit comes not immediately I never heed it, but think of something else. . . . I have a sort of vanity or foiblesse, I do not know what to call it, and which I would fain know if you partake of it: it is—not to be circumstantial—that I am overfond of my own writings; I would not have the world think so, for a million, but it is so, and I find when I write what pleases me I am Cowley to myself and can read it a hundred times over.

This particular "foiblesse" of Swift's is, it will be perceived, common to humanity in all ages.

For the first time the series of letters from Archbishop King to Swift are printed in full, and the relations between the two men are in some degree elucidated. They were in sympathy on many subjects, yet, "neighbours for so many years, and with so many interests in common (King had been Dean of St. Patrick's some twenty years before Swift), they never heartily liked each other. Their voluminous letters are written with a certain reserve, each being

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unwilling, for all his respect for his correspondent's character, fully to trust the other." We may hazard the comment that probably in this hesitancy Swift was the person to blame, if blame there be, since the Archbishop must have regarded him as rather a prickly subject to handle at all freely.

Swift's relations with Addison, which have before now been called in question, are here brought out clearly. In a letter to Robert Hunter, dated from London, March 22nd, 1708, he writes:—

> I am now with Mr. Addison, with whom I have fifty times drunk your health since you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at present lengthen my letter no farther; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or not till he gets to Ireland. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service; and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus honnête homme du monde;* for it is certain, which of a good man's talents he employs on business, must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude.

Addison himself wrote to Swift in terms that can only be described as those of warm affection; for instance, in a letter from Dublin he concludes thus:—"You know I look upon everything that is like a compliment as a breach of friendship, and, therefore, shall only tell you that I long to see you, without assuring you that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's, or that I am, with the most inviolable sincerity and esteem, dear Sir, your most faithful, most humble, and most obedient servant." Again, at about the same period (1710), he says:—"Pray, dear Doctor, continue your friendship towards one who loves and esteems you, if possible, as much as you deserve." Surely, in the man who could inspire such sentiments—which, coming from Joseph Addison, cannot be suspected of insincerity—we must admit that there was a large proportion of human kindness and human comradeship? We are aware that the course of politics brought differences between the two great men. In W. J. Courthope's "Addison" a letter from Swift to Stella is mentioned, in which the Dean says:—"Mr. Addison and I are as different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this d—— business of party. He cannot bear seeing me fall in so with the Ministry, but I love him still as much as ever, though we seldom meet." In January, 1710, he writes:—"I called at the coffee-house, where I had not been in a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison. All our friendship and dearness are off; we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet—and that's all. Is it not odd?" But, according to the same record, the two became on intimate terms again. The point is that most critics seem to judge Swift too harshly.

In an Appendix to this volume, Swift's inveterate habit of punning is alluded to and illustrated. "Throughout his life," says the editor of the correspondence, "he had indulged in this form of wit," and gives the "Dialogue in the Castilian Language," an elaborate trifle which will probably be new to many readers. "His chief confederates," continues Mr. Ball, "were the friends of his youth—the three Ashes. Whether Swift stood to them in the relation of teacher or pupil is not known, but certainly he was the leader, and the four friends had developed together into accomplished punmakers. When Swift began to mix in other circles the pursuit, calculated as he found it was to recommend him to his fashionable friends, assumed a more serious purpose. With the Berkeleys 'to deafen them with puns and rhyme' was found a road to favour, and with the Ormonds it was probably no less successful." The Earl of Pembroke, it seems, took a fancy to Swift on the occasion of a neat *bon mot*:—

> As with viceregal attention Pembroke listened to the learned disquisition of a Dublin physician on the instinct of the bee, and was told how the inhabitants of the hive form themselves into nations and commonwealths, it came as an intense relief to hear Swift's voice proclaiming that the bee nation was one of extraordinary antiquity and reminding the audience that the Hivites were among the first nations which Joshua was appointed by Moses to conquer. Being a votary to the worship of genius and culture, Pembroke, who had never before heard a pun, was pleased, and perhaps also thought it his duty as Viceroy to encourage this form of Hibernian humour.

There are certainly some awful examples of this questionable form of wit in the "Castilian" dialogue and in other instances which are given; we can only express our pleasure that the pun, constructed thus laboriously, has practically vanished from intellectual circles.

We hear from the publishers of this book that several volumes are yet to come, and as they probably will contain very much that is of great interest (though we fear not much fresh light can be thrown on the relationship of Swift to Stella), students of the work and life of the sarcastic Dean will await them eagerly. The task of editing so huge a mass of correspondence must have been no light one, and we can congratulate Mr. Elrington Ball on his work most heartily.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S WAY

English Philosophy: A Study of its Method and General Development. By THOMAS M. FORSYTH, M.A., D.Phil. (Edin.). (A. and C. Black. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE wayfaring man, not always a fool, may be forgiven if at the mention of the word "philosophy" an expression comes into his face which is not far removed from contempt. He is puzzled, worthy fellow, and it is a peculiarity of human nature (of some human natures, at any rate) that it is inclined to sneer at what it cannot understand. What is the use of all this chatter? he may say. Of what avail are all these thick tomes written in a language which is certainly English, but which might almost as well be Hebrew or Basque for all the sense that he and his comrades can make of it? And why do not these men calling themselves professors, hiding away in silent studies, come out into the light and do some work? He has a case, certainly, if we exercise the virtue of charity and bear in mind his point of view, his probable chaotic surroundings; he is "cumbered with much serving," and has neither time nor inclination for the niceties of argument—nor would his patience stand the strain. But, if he knew it, he is just as keen in his way as are his disdainfully rejected philosophers in theirs about the mysteries of this world. He wonders vaguely at times over the meaning of "things;" he feels that they *have* some sort of a meaning, some message undecipherable to which he holds no key. As a child with a watch, he would like to take the world to pieces and find what it is made of; he wants, like the classic infant, to "see the wheels go round;" he is often possessed by an indefinite querulous sensation, embodied in the question: "What is the good of it all?" If he could be persuaded to confess, he would probably say that he would "give anything to know" what happens when he loses breath in the race of life, and death overtakes him—to know "in that sleep of death what dreams may come." And these wonderings, these shadowy desires of his, are precisely what his fellow-men who have more time, more money, and highly trained and developed brains, are trying their hardest to satisfy; for they themselves, and every one of us, suffer them likewise. "There is a curious fascination," said Professor William James, "in hearing deep things talked about, even though neither

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we nor the disputants understand them. We get the problematic thrill, we feel the presence of the vastness. Let a controversy begin in a smoking-room anywhere, about free-will or God's omniscience, or good and evil, and see how every one in the place pricks up his ears."

The same great writer—perhaps the most lucid and logical exponent who ever lectured, as far as a certain department of philosophy is concerned—observes in the same book: "Man is no lawgiver to nature; he is an absorber. She it is who stands firm, he it is who must accommodate himself." And in this condensed but very carefully wrought study of "English Philosophy" we have Professor Forsyth emphasising the necessity of close and unremitting observation, intent watchfulness in matters of experience: "The suggestiveness of experience is inexhaustible." Philosophy resolves itself into feeling and thinking, watching our sensations, reflecting upon them, and comparing them. "Philosophy," said Professor Adamson* (whom Professor Sorley, of Cambridge, considers "at least Hamilton's equal" in the range and accuracy of his learning), "must keep close to experience and draw its sustenance therefrom." Where these probings and questionings of experience and conception lead is shown in a fine quotation from Hodgson on page 209 of the present work:—

> In a philosophy founded simply on analysis of experience, there is no room for pantheism, since it is only as different from ourselves and the seen world that the Divine power is known to us; nor for gnosticism, since we have no speculative knowledge whatever of the unseen world, or the existents therein; nor for agnosticism, since we have and cannot but have a practical knowledge of the Divine power.

An exhaustive dissection of this well-composed *résumé* of the progress of English philosophy would be more suitable for the pages of a scientific journal than for the columns of this review; but we may point out that Professor Forsyth is no mere compiler. He brings to his task an original judgment and a very keen sense of the comparative values of the various systems of philosophy which have been propounded during the last few centuries. His style of summing them up, of indicating their weak points and strong points (speaking from the present-day outlook), is excellent, and cannot but prove helpful to the student. In one matter we wish he had followed Adamson's plan, and given dates more freely. For example, the very first chapter of Adamson's "Modern Philosophy" begins: "With regard to Descartes himself, the following are the requisite dates: he was born in 1596 and died in 1650." The reader gets the period and the general atmosphere at once; so also with Hume—he gives as a footnote, "Born 1711, died 1776."

From Francis Bacon, the first great English philosopher in the strict sense, spokesman of the era when the impulse toward investigation took possession of the scientific world, the author pursues his record and his commentary. Hobbes, Locke, and Hume are considered in their place, then Berkeley, with his curious declarations concerning the unreality of matter—as some of his critics have put it—which fascinate even the ordinary reader who has no special inclination towards the abstruse. "The *esse* of things is *percipi;* their existence consists in their being experienced." "All the choir of heaven and earth," said Berkeley, "in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind; that their *being* is to be perceived or known." The theories of Mill are discussed in a brief but satisfactory manner, and their failings cleverly noted:—

> He finds the explanation of our belief in an independent material world in the fact that our experience at any instant not only consists of definite impressions or ideas actually present, but also contains a reference by way of memory and expectation to an indefinite background of associated ideas, whose manner and order of occurrence are uniform and certain. . . . The question *what* reality underlies actual and possible sensations remains, on Mill's theory, unanswered and unanswerable.

The most interesting portion of the book, and the fullest exposition of the author's own ideas, is that entitled "Knowledge and Reality." Here we have many pregnant sentences, of which the following paragraph may be taken as an example:—

> All our experience implies a beyond—an unknown correlative to the known; but in order to have any meaning for us at all the reality must be continuous with our experience, and, indeed, constitute the very truth or reality of it. And this involves that much that is not definitely characterised may be known indefinitely in anticipation of more definite knowledge—that the unknown reality is not wholly unknown, and that it is what as knowledge advances becomes progressively known; for knowledge becomes definite only by defining what is indefinite, though none the less real. In fine, knowledge and existence, though not coincident, are of a piece with each other.

This is sound philosophy, and, therefore, sound common sense. We live in the present, contemplating a future which may hold much more in the way of surprises for the scientist and philosopher than the past gave to their predecessors; but with our present life we grip that future by a thin thread of continuity, handed to us from the past—a thread which never can break. We blaze our way, as it were, through the forests of thought which every now and then seem impassable; but at the critical moment we can return along our tracks, discover some error or some happy inspiration, and by its aid proceed upon our interminable way. Advisedly we use the word "interminable," for reality transcends knowledge. Professor James, we believe, once said—"A final philosophy, by which is meant a connected body of answers to all the issues involved in the general questions raised by reflective thinking, seems as far off as ever." Fortunately so! For were we to arrive suddenly at some magical solution of all our problems, how tame would life be, how sadly we should seek fresh difficulties, fresh worlds to conquer! Yet that far-away solution is what we ever strive for by divers roads. One science waits upon another. "By its effort to construct a system of truth," says Professor Forsyth, in an excellent passage at the end of his book, "philosophy acts both as a spur and a guide to the special inquiries, ever suggesting further goals for research, and pointing the way towards fuller knowledge. Philosophy by itself can yield no full and definite answers to problems which it raises. But it sets the problems, and so can estimate the significance of any answer that is proffered—and on the basis of results so far attained, it can at each stage indicate the forms which the problems assume and the lines of their further solution." Interdependence is the note of these investigations—each department of science, each method of thought contributes its mite towards the collective result. And some day, it may be, the work of philosophy will be finished; but that day is not yet near.

* "Modern Philosophy," Vol. II. (Inaugural Address in the University of Glasgow, on entering upon the Professorship of Logic and Rhetoric, October 21st, 1895.)

AS OTHERS SEE US

L'Âme des Anglais. Par "FOEMINA" (Jacque Vontade). (Libraire Grasset, 61, Rue Saints-Pères, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

THE double barriers of race and language, with their inevitable corollaries of temperament and outlook, set between ourselves and our genial friends across the Channel, might seem to prohibit for ever a complete comprehension of a

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Frenchman by an Englishman, or *vice versâ*. If for no other reason, subtleties of speech are not easily translated from one tongue to another with reasonable hope of an exact equivalence, and, as it is chiefly by means of conversational intercourse and the perusal of printed matter that opinions must be arrived at, the task appears a hard one.

Against this apparently insuperable difficulty, however, must be set the undoubted fact that occasionally each nation produces an individual of almost uncanny insight, gifted with an inexhaustible curiosity and a surprising power of "spotting" salient points in other people's business. When such a specially equipped person adds to his natural qualities the perseverance necessary to learn a strange language thoroughly, adds also to his intuition a fine faculty of criticism, and then travels in the country of his choice with a bulky notebook, the results of his investigations are bound to be worth reading, and may be worth serious consideration.

Therefore, when we find that "Foemina" has been among us "takin' notes," we are prepared to be turned inside out as politely as may be, but none the less acutely, and we are not disappointed. That placid reserve and stolidity with strangers which goes under the name of "insularity," and which has probably made for us more enemies than we deserve, was evidently of little use when pitted against this busy Gallic pen. If we never obeyed before the philosopher's injunction to "know ourselves," we must perforce do it now. With the most superb impudence—a very charming impudence, be it noted—M. Vontade entitles one of his chapters "Notre Ascétisme et Leur Sensualité," and demonstrates his point in a truly delightful manner. It is special pleading, of course; but we are bound to say that there is "something in it," although we are by no means convinced. Setting aside calmly the dictionaries, the author evolves for himself the definition that the ascetic is one "qui préfère son esprit à son corps," and that our national tendency to make ourselves "comfortable" (witness an astonishingly cosy arm-chair which he discovered at Winchester) is evidence of sensuality. It may be, according to his point of view, for, he exclaims, "I tell you that the dictionaries don't know what they are talking about!" As a specimen of the really exquisite method of reasoning, we may quote a passage which has the double merit of summing up the French way of doing things and contrasting it with the English style:—

> C'est parce que l'ancien artisan tenait pour importante la joie profondément ressentie d'être bien assis qu'il sut tailler le fauteuil de Winchester dans le vieux bois anglais. C'est le même principe qui donne lieu aujourd'hui a ces inimitables sièges, où le repos prend une telle qualité, qui, nous surprend, nous, les ascètes, et nous inquiète presque comme plaisir coupable. . . . J'ai vu de ces intérieurs, où, bien que chaque objet en soi fût laid et d'un goût fâcheux, l'ensemble restait charmant d'harmonie à cause de la parfaite concordance de tout avec un besoin, et de la possibilité qu'on y voyait de donner un agrément physique. . . .
>
> Quand un Français invente un meuble, il songe à créer une forme qui procurera du plaisir aux yeux, et partant à l'esprit. Il lui demande, à ce meuble, d'être joli, décoratif, de fournir de plaisantes sensations intellectuelles, par la manière dont ses lignes se raccordent aux lignes qui l'entourent. Les exigences matérielles de ceux auxquels il le destine ne le préoccupent pas une seconde. Il ne s'agit guère qu'on soit bien assis sur sa chaise! C'est assez qu'elle suggère avec élégance la possibilité de s'asseoir. Sa chaise est moins une chaise qu'une idée générale! Il se moque des corps qui auront à faire à elle. . . . Croyez-moi, chers amis d'Angleterre, en France le corps dédaigné n'est qu'un prétexte de l'esprit.

It will be perceived that entertainment is not lacking in this volume; but, apart from passages such as the foregoing—and there are many which seem to us to argue cleverly from false premisses—there is much genuine criticism to be found. Our behaviour in the face of grief, our horror of "gush," our charitableness, are hit off to the life. Love, says our critic, is not for us an object of philosophical curiosity, nor a theme for ingenious developments; it is the supreme affair of life. Strong passion we possess, but we do not often show it; in England love remains a secret of the soul—it does not circulate in the air. "C'est ce qui fait que l'air extérieur y est un peu froid. C'est ce qui fait aussi que les âmes closes y atteignent de si hautes températures." A very pretty compliment is paid to our steadfastness in this section, which is entitled "Quelques Rêveries à propos de l'Amour;" love, says the author, which changes with appearances, which "alters when it alteration finds," pursues a fugitive symbol, but the love of the English people pursues an incorruptible reality.

The quality of firm and calm friendship, which in a certain characteristic of mutual understanding without many words is peculiar to our race, is admirably touched upon in the same chapter; but perhaps the finest discussion in the book is that on religion. Here we feel sure that the writer has judged too conclusively from the instances which have come under his personal observation; also he quotes freely from that revealing volume by Mr. Edmund Gosse, "Father and Son," which, valuable as it is, and true withal, is certainly not to be taken as representative of English religious tendencies as a whole. It is manifest, however, that in the following acute analysis M. Vontade has us transfixed at his pen's point:—

> Within the English heart dwells an immense uneasiness. Not the nervous curiosity, the intellectual unrest, with which we are acquainted, but rather an inquietude of sensibility, an imperious need for certainty which resembles the moral extension of their need for action. They are too deeply moved by great problems to handle them freely, but neither can they rest indifferent. Too proud to bind themselves by dogma with an instinct of submission or of unreflecting imitation, too intense to live without some superhuman ideal, religion is a troublesome matter with these robust souls.

This is capitally expressed, and the whole dissection of our methods of approaching religious affairs abounds with good sense and sympathy.

We have said enough to show that this is no ordinary, superficial summary by a Frenchman who has chanced to wander among us and record his impressions. It is a book which we should like to place in the hands of every sensible English man and woman, for, with all its errors (and there are bound to be many), it mirrors us very faithfully, and is without a suspicion of offence. We congratulate the author most heartily, and shall turn to his pages again and again.

INDIAN UNREST

Indian Unrest. By Valentine Chirol. A Reprint, Revised and Enlarged, from the "Times," with an Introduction by Sir Alfred Lyall. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

Some of the most experienced Indian officers have admitted, after a lifetime spent in the Government service, that they never acquired a complete knowledge of India and the natives, and that they were always being confronted with some novelty or surprise. A few years ago no one could have suspected the timid Bengali to be capable, even in isolated instances, of murderous outrages with bomb and pistol. All Europeans in India labour under the difficulty of getting at the true facts, partly from the separation of Eastern and Western thought, partly from the want of intimate know-

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ledge of the languages, or, again, through the deliberate concealment of information; perhaps, also, through the complacent tendency to theorise on superficial evidence. It is, therefore, the more creditable to Mr. Valentine Chirol that he has done so much to unravel the causes of Indian unrest, and to piece them together in a form that may be accepted as generally correct. He has had a long acquaintance with the East, and spent some more months in India last year to make a special inquiry, during which time he consulted all the best authorities, both Indian and European. If his views appear to be open to doubt in some respects, he may reasonably claim to have been misinformed, or that opinions differ. He has at any rate avoided the arrogant style of Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, each of whom spent only a few weeks in India, and returned home to lay down the law, abuse all Anglo-Indians, and expose his own ignorance.

Mr. Chirol's principal conclusion is that the Brahmans—the ancient sacerdotal caste of India—are mainly responsible for the disaffection which has developed into unrest. Brahmanism, he shows, is one of the two forces which aspire to substitute themselves for British rule. Of recent years, he says, educated Brahmans "have figured prominently in the social and religious revival of Hinduism, and they have figured no less prominently, whether in the ranks of the extremists or among the moderate and advanced politicians in the political movement which has accompanied that revival." Sir Alfred Lyall, an ex-official, in an introduction to this book, writes that "it is beyond question that the promoters of disaffection on both sides of India have been making strenuous exertions to enlist in the movement the influence of Brahmanism;" his further statement to the effect that "the beliefs and practices of popular Hinduism are obviously irreconcilable with the principles of modern civilisation" shows the risk of irritating the whole body of Hindus by any precipitate action in occidentalizing the Orient. But Mr. Chirol's ideas on the Brahman conspiracy are contested by Sir Bampfylde Fuller, another retired official, and by an Indian writer on an "Analysis of Indian Unrest" in the *Fortnightly Review* for January. Mr. Mitra quotes Parliamentary papers to prove that of the persons accused of sedition (using the term comprehensively) "the Brahmans form but a small minority, whether among the prosecuted or among the convicted. The facts, therefore, are too strong for it to be possible to make the assertion that the so-called Brahman leading of the Hindu movement was, or is, a fact." The Indian case has some analogy in English history. In mediæval times the great English ecclesiastics held the high offices of State, and wielded power from which they have been dethroned. So in India the sacerdotal Brahmans formerly monopolised all authority; but the progress of education has given knowledge and, consequently, power to other castes also. This brings us to Mr. Chirol's second main conclusion that a modern and progressive force, generated by Western education, operating among limited numbers, has combined with the Brahman movement to develop a spirit of revolt against British rule, and that this "temporary and unnatural alliance is based on an illusory 'Nationalism,' which appeals to nothing in Indian history, but is calculated and meant to appeal with dangerous force to Western sentiment and ignorance." Mr. Chirol has much to say on education—its mistakes, results, and the remedies required—and Sir Alfred Lyall has to admit that mistakes have been made, and that the unrest is "the natural outcome of artificial culture in an educational hothouse." With the new appointment of a Member of Council for Education in India such mistakes should be avoided in future.

Mr. Chirol has also traced to their sources "some of the chief currents and cross-currents of the great confused movement which is stirring the stagnant waters of Indian life," and has performed a signal service in so thoroughly examining the subject of the unrest which at present appears to be quiescent. The recent reforms must be given time to work. Meanwhile we have to satisfy the Indians, as Mr. Chirol says, that we govern them with a genuine consideration for all their ideas, so long as those ideas are compatible with the maintenance and security of British rule.

SHORTER REVIEWS

A GREAT SINGER

The Romance of a Great Singer. A Memoir of Mario. By Mrs. Godfrey Pearse and Frank Hird. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Thirty-nine years ago Mario said farewell to the stage which he had adorned for a little more than thirty years; eleven years later he died. In those days it was not considered necessary that a memoir of somebody or other should be published every week throughout the year; the rage for personal gossip had not reached the proportions to which it has now attained; so the glory of this great singer, this interesting and lovable man, was commemorated in no biography. The present year marks the centenary of his birth, and his daughter Cecilia, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, has therefore put together all that she knows or can find out of her father's career, and made a very readable and interesting book. One gossiping collection of musical reminiscences is very much like another, and hardly worth reading unless the author has a special gift for describing and estimating the value of what he has seen and heard. But Mario was not only a great singer who knew other great singers and Royal persons, and who travelled here and there. The friend of Cavour and Mazzini and Garibaldi, who, in the difficult dawning days of the Risorgimento, played a part which led to exile and the Stage as a means of getting bread to eat—this was a man whose history might well be romantic and worth knowing. And so it is; a story with an interest all its own. Mario had destroyed his diaries and correspondence before his death, so that his daughter has had to rely upon her personal recollections and what she could gather from various published memoirs, such as those of Mr. Willert Beale. She spins out her tale, therefore, by the expedient of giving small biographical notices of most of the distinguished people with whom her father came much in contact. This may be useful for readers unacquainted with nineteenth-century history who have not a Dictionary of Biography at their side, but it certainly interrupts her narrative unduly. Still we learn a good deal about many remarkable people, and there is an abundance of excellent anecdote, a great deal of which is new. Copious extracts from the criticisms of Théophile Gautier make delightful reading, and, altogether, the "Romance of a Great Singer" is a book which deserves to be widely read and is sure to be enjoyed. We who knew not Mario as a singer can now make the acquaintance of Mario the high-minded gentleman, the charming companion, the devoted patriot, and it is an acquaintance well worth making. Should the book go to a second edition, the proofs should be more carefully read. It has too many misprints or mistakes. There are passages, also, where accuracy is not a strong point. One of these is the account of the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin.

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TWO RUSSIAN REFORMERS

The Life of Tolstoy: Later Years. By AYLMER MAUDE. (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Two Russian Reformers. By J. A. T. LLOYD. (Stanley Paul and Co.)

MR. AYLMER MAUDE'S exhaustive and intensely interesting volume on Count Tolstoy deserves far more space than we can afford at present. From about the year 1878, when Tolstoy might be said to be passing through the stage which led from an outlook which at least held something sympathetic with human frailty to an austerity which savoured of the anchorite, Mr. Maude traces the reformer's career practically to its close. He sees, it is pleasant to note, both sides of his hero's character, and, although such an admirer of Tolstoy, does not hesitate to expose the faults which abound in the severe and uncompromising later writings. The analysis of these is excellent, and shows Mr. Maude in a new light as a critic—his remarks, for example, in chapter xi., on Tolstoy's attitude to the sex question are full of good sense. Students of social problems ought to read this illuminating book, if only to note how the influence of one man can extend beyond the bounds of his own country and induce that comment and publicity which alone can ensure a true appraisal of its value.

The scheme of Mr. Lloyd's volume is less ambitious. He gives extensive outlines of the work of Turgenev, and an account of the life of the great Russian novelist which should do much to enhance his fame among English readers. Not many people, we imagine, know much of the human aspect of Turgenev, and this book is calculated to send us to the novels with a fresh zest. "To the very end Turgenev believed in the kindliness of human nature as opposed to the unseeing aloofness of Nature. Almost his last articulate words were: 'Live and love others, as I have also loved them.'" His opinion of the English seems not to have been very high; they were "a nation of originals," and Carlyle, whom he met, remained to him a problem. We cannot help thinking that Carlyle was indulging some little ironic mood at the expense of his visitor when he said that "the greatest quality in man was a blind obedience," and that every nation obeying its Sovereign blindly "is happier than free England with her Constitution."

On the theme of Tolstoy Mr. Lloyd is no less interesting. "He was to examine life under the microscope as no artist perhaps had ever examined it before. He was to reproduce the illusion of a whole lifetime from the infinitely close observation of its last few days." The author distinguishes well between Tolstoy as man and artist and Tolstoy as ascetic and reformer, and the whole book is a very genuine attempt to explain the work and character of two of the greatest literary men Russia has ever produced.

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS

Pages from the Book of Paris. By CLAUDE C. WASHBURN. Etchings and Drawings by LESTER G. HORNBY. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

ON opening this book, which is an American production, our first impulse was to look at the pictures. They are over forty in number, and some of them are very good, though others—of the ultra-impressionist kind—do not appeal to us. We feel that Mr. Hornby does not do justice to that delightful creature the Parisienne. He has made no attempt to depict a French lady (for which we are grateful), but his efforts to pourtray the female denizens of La Bohême suggest the caricatures of those French artists who, making an absolute cult of ugliness, have been libelling all womankind, indiscriminately, for a good many years past. Probably the best of Mr. Hornby's sketches of women is the one "au Rat Mort." It is a vile face, but it is true to life. As for his "Linette," she is frankly hideous. We have nothing but praise, however, for the little etching of two old women seen at the Gaîté Theatre. They are typical of their kind, we have met them a thousand times, and we recognised them instantly. The old *habitué* at a café, slightly suggestive of ex-President Loubet, is also a capital "impression." Mr. Hornby's best drawings, however, are those of old streets. For instance, we like the view of the Rue de l'École Polytechnique, in spite of its rollicking little figures, which seem to belong more to Henri Murger's period than to the present day. The Passage de la Petite Boucherie, the Rue de Rennes, the Carrefour de la Croix rouge, the old court in the Rue Vercingétorix—somewhat like Vierge's work—and the Ile de la Cité—reminiscent of Gustave Doré—are also very good. With regard to the various little sketches of cafés, inside and out, Mr. Hornby might profit by inspecting the dainty etchings of similar dimensions with which those masters, Gustave Courbet, Léopold Flameng, and Félicien Rops illustrated Alfred Delvau's "Histoire des Cafés et Cabarets de Paris," forty-eight years ago. There is already a slight suggestion of Rops in some of Mr. Hornby's work.

As for the text of this volume, Mr. Washburn philosophises and moralises in an easy, jaunty, quietly humourous, and occasionally egotistical, fashion respecting his rambles through Paris, its cafés and theatres, the Bois de Boulogne, Père Lachaise cemetery, and sundry other places, besides favouring us with his views on Parisian methods of love-making, which he finds much less secretive than ours. All that our author says is put very pleasantly, and is generally true; but similar things have been said again and again by other writers, and we do not find that Mr. Washburn has discovered anything particularly new on the banks of the Seine. This may be less his fault than that of his innumerable predecessors in the same field, they having left, perhaps, very little to be discovered. His book has interested us personally less by reason of anything it contains than on account of all the recollections it has brought to mind—our own knowledge of Paris going back through five-and-forty years. Perhaps the best part of the work is its concluding section—an imaginary interview with Anatole France, written with some intuition of what the real thing might have been like.

THE INCAS

The Incas of Peru. By Sir CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B., &c. With Sixteen Illustrations and a Map. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d.)

IN "The Incas of Peru," by Sir Clements Markham, we have a well-informed and entertaining book on a theme which the author has made his own. Sir Clements Markham is no dilettante on this deeply romantic, and withal historical, subject. He has devoted fifty years to the matter on which he writes, and the present volume has no less than eighteen predecessors dealing with the Incas and kindred topics. It was originally his intention to have written an exhaustive history of this noble race of Peruvian natives, but time had the advantage of him, and now, having passed his eightieth birthday, he has been compelled to abandon

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his intention and to publish this volume of essays in its stead. Sir Clements's successor in this field, whoever he may be, will be fortunate in having had such a pioneer to follow. And, notwithstanding what name may appear upon the title-page of the History of the Incas that is to be written in the minds of the readers, and let us hope of the author also, the name of Sir Clements Markham will stand forth as one to whom all future writers on the Incas will be very deeply indebted. A very long period must necessarily elapse before another will arise whose knowledge of the subject can hope to rival that of the author of the volume now before us.

Sir Clements Markham first visited Peru as a midshipman at the age of fourteen, and from that day until this his interest in the country and its people has never flagged. Every printed page that was to be found on the subject he read with avidity, and, in his hunger for still more knowledge, he ransacked libraries in his search for unpublished material. While Prescott still lived he seized the opportunity of sitting at his feet in order to imbibe still more knowledge of the subject which had become a passion for him, and when Sir Clements finally left Peru he continued a correspondence with many friends in the country so that his knowledge might be ever more extended. No surface acquaintance with his subject in any particular has ever satisfied him. Everything available must be made his own, and so long as one crumb of information remained outside his reach, he did not rest satisfied for a moment until he had assimilated it.

The present volume consists of a series of essays bound together by their common connection with the Incas. Some are historical, others legendary; one at least even bibliographical. The religion of the Incas, their language and literature, their calendar, festivals, and dress, and the condition of the people in the old Inca Empire all come in for treatment within the two covers of this volume; while the tragedy of the close of the Empire and the cruelty of the Spaniards is told in pathetic phrases. Many will be interested in the fabulous treasures which the Princes in their extremity concealed from the greedy eyes of their Spanish oppressors, and still more will be astonished to learn that the last who knew the secret hiding-place of this untold treasure died as recently as last century, and with him was buried the secret. Not the least entrancing of the romances which Sir Clements relates is how a portion of this treasure was realised to finance a rebellion against Spanish rule in the year of Waterloo. With the Indian, who was the sole repository of the secret, that secret died; and to-day, hidden somewhere within the interior of the territory of the Republic of Peru, lies untold treasure of vases, cups, plates, ingots, and great statues, all of pure gold, in incredible profusion.

Young Gaol Birds. By CHARLES E. B. RUSSELL, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a volume of papers on young criminals, reprinted for the most part from the *Manchester Guardian*. When we say that it is from the pen of the author of that very thoughtful and suggestive work "The Making of a Criminal" it will be seen that the facts that underlie these little sketches are authoritative. In the present volume Mr. Russell has given us the life histories of some thirteen unhappy youths, and it may perhaps be taken as a sign of his success that the perusal of his book leaves us neither optimistic nor pessimistic with regard to the possibility of reclaiming young criminals. He tells us some remarkable instances of success, and some no less remarkable instances of failure. But the most important section of the book is certainly the Postscript, in which the author makes some acute reflections on the shortcomings of the Borstal system. It is clearly unfortunate that many young wastrels who are frequently going to prison for short periods cannot come under this reformative treatment, because up to the age of twenty-one they do not do anything sufficiently wrong. Also there is a crying need for some similar system for the medically unfit, who are at present debarred from a form of reclamation that has proved very successful. This book is a really valuable contribution to an urgent and difficult problem.

The Final Faith. By W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE, D.D. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

THIS work is mainly a defence of the principle of Christian Missions, particularly to the Oriental nations. It is, as the title shows, eminently a work of deep and abiding faith. Missions cannot be upheld unless men are convinced "not that Christianity is a better religion than any other, but that it is the absolute religion, the one final way in which God Himself is concerned with the saving and perfecting of mankind." Starting with this premiss, which is expanded throughout the book, the author discusses Christian doctrines in their appeal to conscience, to the individual, and in relation to the problems of sin and death and life. So far the book is mainly theological, but it is theology with a definite purpose, and from a particular standpoint, which gives an inspiring freshness of treatment. This attitude should make Dr. Mackenzie's work valuable to missionaries, especially in dealing with the views of those who imagine that Christianity ought not to disturb the great and ancient religions of the Far East. No one could accept the view if they possessed the conviction that Chistianity was the only absolute and final faith for the human race.

Literary Lapses. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

WE can forgive Mr. Stephen Leacock for his "lapses" if he will give us some more of the same amusing order. It is not always possible to commend the humour that comes from America, but in this case praise—and, we trust, good sales—forms the author's merited portion. Some items of this series of collected sketches are old friends, others are new to us; but most of them are really funny and welcome. The story of "My Financial Career," with its exaggeration of the sublime serenity of the bank-clerk, is capital; so is the little satire entitled "How to Live to be 200," in which an age of fads and food-cranks is held up to gentle ridicule. "Eat what you want. Eats lots of it. The only test is, Can you pay for it? And listen, don't worry as to whether your food contains starch, or albumen, or gluten, or nitrogen. If you are fool enough to want these things, go and buy them and eat all you want of them. Go to a laundry and get a bag of starch and eat your fill of it, . . . and take a good long drink of glue after it, and a spoonful of Portland cement. If you like nitrogen, go and get a druggist to give you a canful and let you sip it with a straw." Thus Mr. Leacock; it may not be a very high form of humour, but there is some good sense underlying the sarcasm; and the remarks upon patent muscle-developers and cold baths, illustrated by "Jiggins, who got so that he could open and shut his pores at will," are equally pertinent and amusing. There are, unfortunately, several flaws in good taste in this book. It was a pity to waste a

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pungent wit upon Wordsworth and Tennyson by making them the centres of imaginary episodes that are by no means funny, but merely distressing. If Mr. Leacock has the good fortune to run into a second edition we trust that he will cut out these sketches; and if he writes more in the vein of "Literary Lapses"—we certainly hope he will—let him curb his sense of fun before he caricatures men whose names are dear to very many of his readers. That they have passed from our ken is no excuse; it should even be an additional reason for restraint.

Interludes. (Fifth Series.) Being Three Essays and some Verses. By HORACE SMITH. (Macmillan and Co. 5s.)

MODERATELY witty and moderately wise is this slender little book from a persevering observer of human nature. Some parts of it, such as the autobiographical sketch, will be of interest especially to personal friends and acquaintances of the writer; but it is all very readable, and there are many good anecdotes. The essay on "Selfishness" is the best, and some of our foibles are hit off very neatly. "You, my dear reader," says the author, "know very well that the trees which yield you such delightful shade in your garden darken the rooms in your neighbour's house. Do you propose to cut them down, or even to lop them? You know that your motor-car smothers with dust the whole roadside, and that people are made sick by the noxious smells which it emits. What steps are you inclined to take to mitigate the nuisance? None at all!" With gentle ironies Mr. Smith pursues his theme, and succeeds in entertaining us, if not in enthralling us. His other essays, on "Old Age and Youth" and "Growing Old," are rather too full of the ordinary platitude, such as the two following remarks:—"On the whole, I come to the conclusion that conceit is bad in old or young, and is sometimes to be found in both." "The steady and regular exercise of the brain or of the body is healthy, but an extravagant and unruly excitement is harmful; the inordinate struggle for riches, place, or power will leave its mark upon mind and body." We have been aware of these things for some time.

The verses are musical and rhythmical, with a keen sense of humour here and there. For the rest, the author has a capital eye for an apt quotation, and this Fifth Series of "Interludes" keeps worthily to the standard of its predecessors.

FICTION

Master of the Vineyard. By MYRTLE REED. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 6s.)

THE people who live, move, and have their very peculiar being in the pages of this novel make us impatient. The "hero"—we should prefer to call him a thorough cad—makes love to an unsophisticated country girl, and discovers directly after that a married lady who comes on a visit to his mother is his twin-soul; whereupon sweet, meek little Rosemary is forgotten, and the white arm of the lady is kissed "in the hollow of the elbow, just below the sleeve," to the accompaniment of Rossetti's sonnets—the very sonnets which the "hero" had previously been reading with Rosemary. Things progress rapidly, to say the least of it, and Rosemary, one summer day, sits unseen and watches the precious pair kissing and embracing and vowing eternal love. A really sound thrashing would have done young Marsh a power of good; but we have no patience with Rosemary, who, immediately the woman returns to her husband, accepts her former lover again, since he protests that his passion for the one who came between has in some inexplicable manner made him love her (Rosemary) all the more; and this notwithstanding the fact that he avers this "twin-soul" love of his will never die! There may be such people in the world; if so, they are anything but natural, and we have no wish to meet them.

On the other hand, we have nothing but praise for the picture of Rosemary's home life. "Grandmother" and "Aunt Matilda," with their constant squabbles and their abysmal ignorance of the outside world, are capital, and the humour with which they are set before the reader has a fine quality of spontaneity. The work in the portions of the book devoted to this lowly home is infinitely better than the false sentiment which pervades the mad love affair of Marsh and the other woman. The author writes well, and at times beautifully; but she would do better, much better, from a literary point of view, if she would resist the demands for sentimentality which her public makes, and determinedly try to look at love from a higher plane of thought.

Princess Flower Hat. By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

STORIES of life in the American countryside have been many of late years, and they possess a peculiar charm of their own for English readers. The author of this idyll, who is known to some of us as the "Barbara" of that delightful book "The Open Window," takes a very high place among those who tell of the simpler life. She makes interesting the least happenings of the farm and homestead; to her the garden, the neighbours, the servants are full of charming suggestion; with her as guide the reader feels the worries of the strenuous town fall into the background, and begins to have dreams of emigrating to one of these old-world townships set in the New World. Evidently there are plenty of people in the "States" who have other ideals than the pursuit of dollars. The "Princess" of this dainty little story is a young woman who is smitten with a sudden desire to "housekeep" on her own account. She takes a cottage, and her troubles with the garden, with a pair of lovers, with a scandal-loving neighbour form the theme of the story, as related by "Barbara," who lives near by and is a kind of guardian angel. To state thus barely the central idea of the story is hardly to do it justice, but we cannot spare room for quotations, and, indeed, quotations would have to be of an inordinate length if the atmosphere of the delicate plot were to be adequately rendered. We can only say that for a quiet hour or two by a fireside this little book is an ideal companion; its humour is tender, its pathos is not mawkish, and its sentiment is altogether charming.

The Rogue's Heiress. By TOM GALLON. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

WE have long realised that the code of morality for heroes in modern fiction is decidedly lax; but we had always thought that there were some crimes to which the most natural of heroes would not stoop—blackmail, for instance. Well, we were wrong. The hero of Mr. Gallon's latest novel comes out of prison, where he has been serving a sentence for forgery, and finds that an acquaintance of his has published a novel under his own name that ought by rights to have borne the hero's. Fortified by this knowledge, the hero proceeds to blackmail the villain while joining him in an infamous conspiracy against the heroine, whom they believe to be the missing heiress to half a million. We will not follow Mr. Gallon any further, but will content ourselves with remarking that, even though he wears his clothes with an air and plays the piano beautifully, the hero strikes us as being an unmitigated and irredeemable cad. The author might plead that this was his intention; but why does he allow the hero to marry the heroine, who is

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quite a nice girl, in the last chapter? We cannot help feeling that we were meant to be more impressed by the social merits of the liar, forger, and blackmailer whose final success brings the book to a most unhappy conclusion.

The Siege of the Seven Suitors. By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

IN this very amusing book the author of "The House of a Thousand Candles" has undoubtedly achieved another success. The story of the beautiful American girl who has promised the aunt who has adopted her that she will marry the seventh man who proposes to her of all her many suitors is farce if you will, but the author's tact and restraint enable him to rise often enough to pure comedy. The eccentric aunt herself is quite delightful; one of the most pleasing figures whom we have met in recent fiction. The characters of the various suitors are carefully discriminated, and the book rejoices in the presence of two girls, either of whom is nice enough to be a heroine. We need hardly say that in the end the seventh pleader of his suit proves to be the right one, and the book finishes cheerfully, as a cheerful book should. All of which goes to prove that farce in the proper hands can be a very good thing indeed.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

POLITICS naturally occupy a prominent position in many of the January periodicals, but the "English Review," with its usual good taste in literary matters, resists what must have been a rather strong temptation to break through its rule, and gives the place of honour to a remarkably beautiful poem by Mr. Laurence Binyon, entitled "The Mirror." We could almost have divined the author, had it not been signed, from various polished and scholarly verses; for instance, the following:—

> In this deserted chamber, as the evening falls,
> Silent curtains move no fold;
> Long has ebbed the floor's pale gold;
> Shadows deepen down the silent walls . . .
> Infinite human solitude invades
> Forms relinquished, hues resigned.

As a whole, however, there is more warmth in the poem than is customary with Mr. Binyon's work; his colour here is vivid and tropical, not bright with that wintry illumination of his which often compels admiration without emotion. There is so much to praise in this issue of the Review that selection is difficult. Mr. Arnold Bennett continues his picturesque series of "Paris Nights" with a lively description of the announcement of the verdict "*Acquittée!*" upon a "popular" woman criminal, and its effect on the company assembled at a not particularly high-class restaurant; he also presents somewhat luridly an evening at the Opera with the Russian Imperial Ballet. After witnessing this latter stimulating spectacle, he glimpses on his way home the vast ground floor of the deserted "Printemps," with the night-watchman and a colleague having a comfortable little *causerie* in the centre. The contrast is good, and inspires the best bit of writing in the whole article.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" has already been discussed in these columns; the review is well worth purchasing for that alone. "Under Western Eyes," by Mr. Joseph Conrad, maintains its author's reputation in the second instalment. Mr. Sturge Moore contributes a story—an uncanny fantasy—which at times is quite in the vein of Guy de Maupassant; its theme, the dilemma of a lover and husband whose bride is magically reduced to a height of eighteen inches! It is extraordinarily clever, but would impress the reader more could he avoid the knowledge that the hero would, like Alice, wake up to find it all a dream. Doubtless many who have suffered tribulation in tracing the difficult patterns of Mr. Moore's poetry will be agreeably surprised to find that he can handle the short story with such skill and ease. "The Referendum," a level-headed article by Mr. Harold Temperley, "The Osborne Revolution," by Mr. Sidney Webb, a curious plea for a History of England which shall also be a history of the people, by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and "The Irish Demand," by Professor Swift MacNeill, K.C., M.P., form the political items of a number of the "English Review" which we have rarely seen excelled in interest.

With all his usual energy and a great deal of sound sense, Mr. J. L. Garvin leads off in the "Fortnightly" with an article entitled "The King, the Constitution, and the Crisis"—a dissection, as is implied, of the present serious juncture in the country's fortunes. More calmly, Mr. Hilaire Belloc presents his views on "The Change in Politics," and we do not lose hope of a change in Mr. Belloc's views sooner or later, since he utters certain pregnant sentences concerning the behaviour of those in high places:—"When men become persuaded that those who, nominally, at least, are the guardians of the public weal, and who in the eyes of the many are regarded as its only guardians, have not the dignity of their office but merit disgust or contempt, it is an evil thing for the State."

Mr. Granville Barker's account of the repertoire given at "Two German Theatres" makes the reader long to visit each for himself. For the Hon. Whitelaw Reid's article on "Byron"—in reality an address delivered at Nottingham University College—we do not care very much; it is interesting but rather weak critically; as when Byron is described as "perhaps the greatest poet of the nineteenth century," and Wordsworth is shelved with Coleridge, Pope, and Addison as "no longer an essential part of the active literary life of the time." Tolstoi's theory of life is adequately treated by Mr. Francis Gribble; the "Post-Impressionists" are briefly discussed by Mr. Walter Sickert; and other articles, with a short story by Mr. Oliver Onions, combine to form a distinctly good New Year's number.

"An indifferent, anæmic affair," is the definition of the General Election supplied by Lord Ribblesdale in his opening article in the "Nineteenth Century" on the recent contest, and Lord Dunraven follows with a finely-considered analysis of the present situation, entitled "The Moral of an Immoral Election." He indicates a point which has often been overlooked, and which must be dealt with soon—"the relief of Parliament from insufferable congestion"—and his article is notable for its insight. On less strenuous themes we may praise highly "An Outpost of Empire," by Mrs. Watherston, in which the troubles and delights of life at a West African station are excellently described, and a capital contribution on "Carillon Music," by E. B. Osborn. Other subjects too numerous to mention are treated capably and critically by well-known writers.

Mr. Henry Newbolt occupies a large share of the current "Blackwood's Magazine" with his story of "The Twymans," and finishes the instalment with a good account of a school-boy fight. A short story of the Ægean Seas in the olden times, by Mr. John Buchan, successfully renders the Greek atmosphere of classic adventure, but will be appreciated best by scholars. As a complete contrast, an anonymous tale of the "Voyage of the *White Duck*," a rickety stern-wheeler, on crocodile-infested African streams, will bring to many readers' minds Kipling's amusing "Judson and the Empire." Colonel Callwell, C.B., presents the case against compulsory service, and Sir H. Mortimer Durand, in his very interesting series of chapters dealing with South

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African affairs, has much that is very pertinent with regard to the colour question. The "Musings Without Method" are as clever and witty as ever.

In the "Empire Review" our foreign politics are the theme of several solid and informative articles, of which the most suggestive is by Sir J. W. Taverner, on "Oversea British Enterprise and Industry." The fourth issue of "The Vineyard" induces the opinion that this little monthly has come to stay, although a stronger note of criticism in its contents would improve it considerably. The study of Tolstoi is the best contribution.

With the ever-fresh "Harper's" we must conclude our notice of the chief magazines of the month. To complain of the fare provided in this issue would be impossible. Stories, literary matter, and illustrations are of the highest quality, and the poems form a feature of special distinction.

SOME RECENT FRENCH REVIEWS

Le Mercure de France, which has just completed its twenty-first year, and therefore reached its majority, has maintained throughout 1910 its usual high standard of literary excellence. Works belonging to all branches of English literature have frequently been reviewed in its pages, which have also included translations of some of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's short stories, a selection of Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese tales, and several important passages of Carlyle's "Cromwell." In future, each fortnightly number of *Le Mercure* will consist of 224 pages, but we are informed that the price, which even abroad is only 1s. 2½d., will not be raised. The December issues of this enterprising periodical contain some very interesting notes on Tolstoi, his musical tastes, his last writings, and his death; and some of these particulars will be new, we think, to many English admirers of the great Russian author. In *Le Mercure* for December 16th M. Remy de Gourmont discusses briefly, but in his usual spirited and amusing style, the great question now agitating literary France, which is whether women ought to be eligible for membership of the French Academy. M. de Gourmont ends by pronouncing against the ladies, chiefly, it seems, because their hats are so much larger than their brains; but he makes an exception in favour of Madame Curie's claim to a seat in the Académie des Sciences, on the ground that this distinguished lady is undoubtedly a scientist of the first order. It seems, however, that the regulations of the Académie des Sciences do not even permit women to be present at the sittings of its members; and M. de Gourmont insinuates that on occasions when some question touching on radium has arisen Madame Curie has had to wait in the anteroom among the umbrellas of the gentlemen who were discussing her work. This, if true, is not as it should be, and we are tempted to ask what has become of the old French gallantry.

Some time ago that popular and ably-conducted periodical *La Revue Bleue* gave a summary of the study on Holman Hunt which appeared in the pages of THE ACADEMY, and it has now presented its readers with a skilful *précis* of another ACADEMY article—one on Shakespeare and the music-hall stage. As readers of *La Revue Bleue* are aware, the publication of newly discovered letters written by celebrities is one of its particular features. In this connection it has lately given us some of the correspondence of Mérimée with his Spanish friend, Estébanez Calderon. The letters are not of great importance in themselves, but they are preceded by an interesting Introduction from the pen of Señor Rafael Mitjana, who shows that Mérimée, in writing his famous story "Carmen," was largely indebted to Calderon for information and suggestions. *La Revue Bleue* has also lately printed a number of letters from Voltaire to his niece Marie Elisabeth, who became successively Madame de Fontaine and Marquise de Florian. These missives are in Voltaire's best epistolary style, graceful, vivacious, and at times quite witty.

A new French review has just made its bow to the public. Edited by Mlle. S. Z. Galiléah, it is entitled *Les Muses*, and is devoted to feminine work in poetry and art. The first number contains a most interesting article by the editor on the poetic genius of "Renée Vivien," by whose premature death, not many months ago, French literature suffered a loss which has been unanimously recognised. "Renée Vivien's" real name was Pauline Tarn. She was of Anglo-American parentage, and was born on the other side of the Atlantic in 1877. But the many extracts from her poems given in *Les Muses* show how thorough became her mastery of the French language, which she assimilated, indeed, as completely as did either Heredia or Anthony Hamilton. Her muse was essentially tender, tinged with longings, occasionally also with some voluptuousness, but it inclined more and more to a plaintive sorrow as she drew near to her last days. This singularly gifted woman had travelled in the East, and became enamoured for a time of ancient Greece. Some of the poems with which this love inspired her were remarkably beautiful, as may be seen by referring to *Les Muses*. A charming little piece of verse, "Le Livre de Cynthia," by Mme. Jane Catulle-Mendès, also appears in the first number of this new review, to which we cordially wish all success. It is priced at 1fr. 50c. per number, and the office is at 76, Rue Gay-Lussac, Paris.

Another newcomer is a little weekly periodical which, under the title of *Revue Française d'Outremer*, has been established by some members of the Union Française des Arts et des Lettres resident in England. The first number (issued from 39, St. James's Street, W.) contains some reminiscences by M. A. Escoffier, the well-known *chef*, respecting the time when he was in the service of Marshal MacMahon while the latter was a prisoner of war in Germany. There are also some sprightly verses which were addressed by M. Th. Gringoire to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt while she was performing at the Coliseum, and which she evidently appreciated, for she wrote to the author declaring that they had charmed her during two nights of insomnia! Among various announcements in the *Revue Française d'Outremer* we notice one respecting the organisation of a yearly Salon of French art in one or another foreign capital. It is proposed to hold the first in London during next June and July.

THE THEATRE

THE AUTUMN SEASON OF 1910

THE story of the Spring Season of the year which has just been torn from the calendar was one of failure and disappointment. Mr. Charles Frohman demonstrated the fact that panic weakened such discriminating powers as he possesses, and there was nothing in the whole of the season's output which gave rise to any enthusiasm. It was generally agreed that theatrical managers for the most part courted failure and were not intelligent enough to compete successfully with other forms of amusement. The story of the Autumn Season is much the same. Certainly it has one or two productions to its credit for which we are most grateful, and by which it will be remembered in the future. We refer to "Nobody's Daughter," which is still running at Wyndham's Theatre, and to "Pompey the Great," which is a milestone on the long and difficult road of dramatic enterprise. Among the financial successes of the Autumn Season must be placed "Inconstant George," "Count Hannibal,"

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"Priscilla Runs Away," and "Henry VIII." Playgoers cannot be congratulated upon giving their support either to Sir Herbert Tree's production, Mr. Trench's contribution, or to the hurricane play which Mr. Oscar Asche brought to the New Theatre.

"Inconstant George" falls under the category of pieces which always make money. It belongs to the school of "Pink Dominoes." It is an adaptation from the French, in which as much as possible of the French pornography is retained. It is, however, served up with consummate cleverness, dressed beautifully, and acted to perfection, and it has the advantage of Mr. Charles Hawtrey's calm, easy, and inimitable art. Of plays which would have been highly successful had they been in the hands of intelligent managers and had the good fortune to be produced at theatres that are popular with playgoers may be mentioned "Just to Get Married" and "Mrs. Skeffington." These two plays evoked the enthusiasm of the critics, but were both withdrawn before they had time to settle down. In the case of "Mrs. Skeffington" a record was constituted in managerial inefficiency. "Just to Get Married" will, however, be seen again almost at once, and "Mrs. Skeffington" has gone on a long tour in the provinces and is to be produced in America. "A Woman's Way" suffered in much the same manner from managerial incompetence, and was moved from the Comedy Theatre, at the moment when it was just beginning to find its feet, to the Globe Theatre, where it was bound to undergo the undeserved penalty of murder. No play that we can remember was so badly cast or produced with more mechanism and old-fashioned stage management.

Mr. W. J. Locke suffered from the fact that he was produced by Mr. J. E. Vedrenne. By no means a brilliant play, being artlessly constructed and written in a too flamboyant manner, "The Man from the Sea" was for the most part brilliantly acted, and contained much that was admirable and interesting. Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Grace" might have been a success in different hands. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Lady Tree were, however, physically and intellectually incapable of embodying the two leading parts to the liking of playgoers. The underlying cynicism and unreality of the play would have been less apparent with a more intelligent treatment. As a piece of dramatic writing it was perhaps the best thing which Mr. Somerset Maugham has hitherto done. What Mr. Maugham failed to bear in mind was that English playgoers, very rightly, detest nastiness, and do not care to spend the evening, even if it costs them nothing, with a set of people whom they would scrupulously avoid in everyday life. "The Eccentric Lord Comberdene," whose successor is already named, is too fantastic to make a wide appeal. All its wit, all its amusing situations, and all its artful characterisation are wasted upon a plot which bewilders the audience.

The plays which were marked out for instant failure and achieved their object were the "Bolt from the Blue," "Decorating Clementine," "The Crisis," and "Young Fernald." The last only was written in a sort of English—the English of America. The others were adaptations from the French. "The Bolt from the Blue," adapted from a piece called "Le Costand des Epinettes," deserved to fail. The French original was silly and superfluous. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton in his adaptation made a fatal mistake in whitewashing the "heroine." He did not realise that in trying to make the actress a good woman he unhitched the whole balance of the play. The piece was miscast in almost every instance and put on the stage with incredible unimaginativeness. The scenery of the last act itself was enough to damn the production. It was laid in the rooms of a woman who was, we were repeatedly asked to believe, a virtuous but Bohemian actress, who had only just made a beginning on the stage, and was therefore in receipt of a very small salary. Her rooms were in a house in one of the slums of Paris, and yet Mr. Dion Boucicault designed a set so elaborate, so luxurious, and so extravagant that it could only be found in one of the most fashionable of French hotels, or in a quarter inhabited by notorious women. Of "Decorating Clementine" it is almost impossible to write with decorum. Adapted by an American from a brilliant and delightful play, which, produced last spring, is still running in Paris, it was presented by Mr. Frohman in New York and intrusted to the tender mercies of such an actor as Mr. George P. Huntley, whose only place is in the pantomime at Drury Lane, where, as Widow Twankey, his conventional funniness would be wholly to the taste of the City clerk. So little does Mr. Frohman know of English audiences that he went to the enormous expense of transplanting the whole production from New York to London. To the infinite credit of the English public this indescribable concoction of banality was absolutely and utterly anathema. What, we ask ourselves, more curiously than ever, has come to Mr. Charles Frohman? He has only to produce a play here and in New York for it to be an immediate failure. He has only to pass on to another management a play which he has acquired and believed to possess none of the elements of success for it to succeed at once. "Inconstant George" is the best example, and a quite recent example was "Nobody's Daughter." If Mr. Charles Frohman were to retire to the Adirondacks, taking with him Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. William Lestocq, and they were to devote themselves wholly to the transatlantic pastime of whittling sticks, having placed the capital at their disposal in the hands of any one of the many hundreds of intelligent young men who come down from Oxford with nothing particular to do, it is almost certain that the Frohman theatres would be for the first time for many years the home of plays which would contain something, at any rate, that was pleasant and acceptable. It is only by accident that Mr. Frohman has produced the plays of Mr. Barrie, Mr. Galsworthy, and one or two other dramatists of literary ability.

In dealing with the acting of the Autumn Season it is pleasant to be able to point to quite a lengthy list of actors and actresses who have done admirable work. Mr. Gerald du Maurier in "Nobody's Daughter" ventured to cast himself for a part with which no manager would have had the courage and the intuition to trust him. Always an actor of originality and imagination, Mr. Du Maurier now stands head and shoulders above any man in his profession. The one hopeful thing for the future of the English stage is the fact that Mr. Du Maurier is no longer at the mercy of any manager, but is in a position to choose plays for himself and to produce them in his own inimitable manner. Mr. Robert Loraine, too, has come further to the front, and is marked out for management. Other actors who have proved themselves are Mr. Laurence Irving, Mr. Marsh Allen, Mr. Denis Eadie, Mr. Spencer Trevor, Mr. Holmes Gore, whose ability is quite remarkable, and Mr. Frederick Worlock. Among actresses, Miss Beryl Faber wins easily, and occupies a place side by side with Mr. Du Maurier. Miss Doris Lytton, whose ability Mr. Trench failed to recognise, has made a great and well-deserved success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Miss Rosalie Toller in "Nobody's Daughter" has confirmed the belief in her capabilities which was engendered by her performance in "Lorrimer Sabiston." In writing of the Autumn Season, it is necessary to make some reference to the rather vulgar squabble between theatre managers and the managers of music-halls in regard to the question of one-act plays upon the stages of the latter. *Prima facie* it seems to us that theatre managers are right, from

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a purely selfish point of view, to use every means in their power to prevent the production on the music-hall stage of boiled-down versions of plays recently produced by themselves. Already they are quite unable to offer any rivalry, except by accident, to the music-halls. They continue, in the face of public cold-shouldering, to charge excessive prices for very unsatisfactory fare, whereas the music-halls strive to give their ever-increasing public more and more that is interesting and excellent at prices well within their means. Conceive the futility of Sir Herbert Tree's attempt to compete with the Coliseum when he offers a production of "Henry VIII.," himself and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier, against a Coliseum programme which includes Sarah Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert. The proposition is reduced to an Euclidian absurdity. The lesson of the Autumn Season is obvious. Theatres are falling into disrepute, and the one chance for them to make a successful effort to compete against the variety theatres is to lower their prices and give greater value to those members of the public who can exist for three hours without smoking, and without a kaleidoscopic programme in seats which are for the most part extremely uncomfortable.

PAUL GAUGUIN

To a student of modern thought as it swirls and eddies through the activities of the world to-day, the Exhibition of the School of Painters known as the Post-Impressionists is distinctly worth considering. What has brought about this betrayal of all the broad canons of art, which have been orthodox for centuries? It is not, however, intended now to examine the Exhibition or to criticise its contents; much heated controversy has raged about both. We shall consider only certain characteristics of Gauguin's paintings in connection with that which may be termed the thought wave of the day which has given them birth.

To understand Gauguin's artistic ancestry we may turn to the Introduction in the Catalogue of the Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. There his artistic lineage is traced through Cézanne to Manet and the Impressionists, once so "new" and now *vieux-jeu!* But the writer insists on a supreme difference between the earlier and later schools. The Impressionists were always trying to record what they saw as faithfully as they could, while the Post-Impressionist's attitude to Nature is to use her to express their thought about her, and throw her over—in some cases entirely—when she is likely to interfere with the line the artist is putting round his mental conception. This leads to startling results. Sometimes the picture seems to be an attempt at art by prehistoric man, sometimes it appears the untaught but expressive efforts of a child. Gauguin's things are so, very often, but—and it is a weighty "but" in this gallery—his drawing and colour can be superb. He can deliberately choose to draw in a stiff, odd manner, reminding one of Cimabue and Giotto in line; the most impossible and perfectly delightful dogs and parrots may lurk in corners. But then the atmosphere of the wood and stream comes straight out of fairyland; they seem to be a part of Hansel and Gretel or of Pelleas and Mélisande, one never quite knows which. The little Tahitian lady is certainly wise in listening to the voices which one can almost hear calling to her out of the blue misty wood.

It is a simpler world than ours that Gauguin has caught and held; not to be led away by any prettiness, detail, or trick of modern paint, he has steadily suggested the simplicity on canvas after canvas of vivid tropical life. Did he go to Tahiti, one wonders, to search for this wonderful, direct, child-like life and world, so full of passionate imagination, mystic and yet very human? Or did he go to find the blues, and pure, plain, intense reds, yellows, and purples, the golden-brown shining bare bodies, that he paints with consummate skill? Finding them he found also something else, which made so violent an appeal that he subordinated all his power to it and became as a little child to learn its secret. The painting of the soft brown body on the bed in the picture "L'esprit veille" is simply wonderful, but the beholder was never meant to look only at that; the little negress seems to hear the same voices that she heard in the wood of Grimm's Fairy Tale, and Gauguin means us to stop and to catch their echoes. They are not always good voices though in Tahiti. "La Montagne Sacrée" has all the strange stillness and horror of a nightmare; the sunny field might have been an instant ago the scene of some secret and hideous rite or orgy; there is something unholy and fatal in the air of the place, conveyed by nothing but a little fat idol in a hilly cornfield; even "L'Esprit du Mal" cannot frighten as much, with all its suggestion of sly sensuality and sin.

Gauguin's paintings are the whole soul of this tropical island with its elements of childlike sweetness, spirituality, primitive passion, and violent emotion. They are the very truth itself; no great novelist could tell more. Take the picture "La Religieuse." It contains the whole history of Christian Missions in Tahiti. The prim little modern figure of the nun sitting on a stool looks so *imported*, so utterly incongruous to her surroundings; her neat little face brings a whole train of thought with it that is utterly alien to these natives. Yet see how they are listening! Even the one in the distance expresses absolute attention in every line. The story of the quiet little nun is simple yet marvellous, and these brown folk thoroughly understand that simple things are the most marvellous. Gauguin understands this also, and that is how he came to paint this picture and many others. He knows the worth of the fundamental and elemental, and their emotional power when put into gesture and movement.

This is an age when analysis and inquiry into the force of thought occupy many minds, and nowhere is this shown more vividly than in the new School of Post-Impressionism. Some of the pictures are merely hideous cacophonies of colour; some resemble posters; pavement-artists or mad children might have done others; but one spirit dominates them all—"Let my individual idea speak. Subordinate execution to conception," they say, or occasionally shriek, and the most imaginative and suggestive of them all is Paul Gauguin.

FRANK BRANGWYN AND HIS WORK*

THERE is something to be said for Mr. Shaw-Sparrow's opinion that only the critic who is able to appreciate it fully should permit himself to talk about the work of his contemporaries, and certainly, judged from this point of view, no one could be better fitted to discuss the work of Mr. Frank Brangwyn than the author of this book. Whatever individual opinions may be held as to the rightness of his judgment in giving such a high place to Mr. Brangwyn's art, it will be generally admitted that Mr. Shaw-Sparrow is an able interpreter of its many fine qualities, and this because he has been able to study it, as most people will agree with him that all such work should be studied, "from within its own emotion." He feels a reasonable impatience with the critic who, looking at Mr. Brangwyn's wall decorations in the Royal Exchange, sighed for "the undying loveliness that the personality of Botticelli, delicate

* *Frank Brangwyn and his Work.* By Walter Shaw-Sparrow. (Kegan Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

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as a bed of wet violets in the Springtime, conveys to us." Mr. Shaw-Sparrow does not say he considers Botticelli insipid, though he implies something of the sort in speaking of Burne-Jones and the English Pre-Raphaelites. All that is necessary here, however, is that he should appreciate the character and enter into the spirit of Mr. Brangwyn's paintings, and that he does this there can be little question. One cannot help feeling what a very real and valuable service—and we think a sufficient one at this stage—he might have rendered at once to Mr. Brangwyn and to the reader had he been content with interpreting this spirit; but Mr. Shaw-Sparrow sometimes allows his enthusiasm to run away with him. We may quote, for instance, his criticism of Whistler, when, in praising Mr. Brangwyn's manipulation and powerful treatment of a crowd, he says that "Whistler achieved much with little because he had not enough emotional endurance to do much with more." He even goes so far as to quote with approbation Mr. Macfall's pronouncement that in the pictures of Mr. Brangwyn there is "a largeness, an inimitable sense of grandeur" which has been granted to no other British painter save Turner! Mr. Shaw-Sparrow falls into a habit common to writers of books of this sort, and almost kills with kindness. His praise would have been much more impressive had it been less lavish.

A great deal is said on the subject of art criticism. The author devotes, we think, an unnecessary amount of space to quotations from the art notices which have appeared in various newspapers and periodicals since the time when Mr. Brangwyn exhibited his first picture, some of which contain little more than mere description, and are far from being really interesting. With Mr. Shaw-Sparrow's views on the morals of art criticism most people will probably agree; but he surely attaches undue importance to the writings of certain of the newspaper critics and their permanent value. On the other hand, he seems to argue that because, in spite of unfavourable reviews, Mr. Brangwyn's work has already attained a degree of success and recognition to which comparatively few now deny its right, his immortality is therefore assured, and that for the sceptics of the part there can be nothing but scorn. Only Time can prove whether or not such a view is extravagant.

A FATUOUS EGOIST

THE essential theme of the wide earth is surely Egoism. Her musics are constructed out of it, in varying assonance and dissonance, melody or cacophony. Her great and august children step to this theme set in splendour. Even those whom she would fain deny, but cannot, her bent and crooked, her dark and distempered—even to these the musics have but gone awry, being broken and no longer mellifluous. For to the denial of self there must first be possession of self. Unselfishness is not emptiness, but Egoism triumphant, sung in pure melody.

Nevertheless, be this as it may, if the essential theme of the earth be Egoism, the perennial theme of laughter is the Egoist turned fatuous. Malvolio was even such an Egoist. Strutting the earth with pride, he preened himself in the everlasting mirrors of self-contentment. Sublimely content, he read beauty and perfection in the very terms of himself, scorning as unworthy all that bore no resemblance to the fashion of himself. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" It was just what he did think. The figure he saw yonder in the mirrors was the very expression of beauty. Who could deny it? Therefore, by inevitable logic, figures dissimilar to it could only be disfigurements, to be set aside and forgotten. Thus he turned away from the world of importunate fact, and lived within the world whose law was himself.

Yet sometimes his course of duty compelled him to face the world of importunate fact, when he is bewildered, and the spirits of laughter hang over the scene and make merry at him. It was so when he faced Viola. He swept her aside; and she would not be swept aside. He bade her depart, erased her from knowledge; she would neither go nor be erased. Was ever such a problem? He returns to Olivia, and says, with perplexity and injury in every note of his voice, "Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial." What, indeed? He even defied being ignored. "What manner of man is he?" asks Olivia. "Of very ill manner," replies he, with considerable injury.

"Sick of self-love" he truly was, seen from without; but not so from within his own world self-entire and self-complete; for there he is the pattern and the rule of health. "An affectioned ass," Maria, his subsequent undoer, calls him, "that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths." Wherein she was very true, but something short of just. Being complete in himself, what needs he of book? He is his own book. "Great swaths" are merely for the compelling of others; if they will not be compelled, good! for so they approve their own worthlessness.

His was no propagandist zeal. No reformer, he. Too delicately poised was his perfect world of self to bear the jolt and tussle of propaganda and conflict. Indeed, what need was there? The contemplation of virtue is its own reward. To such contemplation he himself turned, and found the occupation gratifying and consolatory. Ambition he eschewed, for not only was he supremely satisfied with the figure his surrounding mirrors portrayed; he had, further, small reason for discontent. Was he not the only man of consequence in Olivia's household? Portly Sir Toby, singing uproarious catches at the dead of night, was already negligible—even the lady Olivia was irked by his raucous hilarity. His tool Aguecheek counted for nothing; and the fool was only an allowed intrusion. So he moved in circles of peace and self-contentment.

As long as he did so he was impervious. But could he once be tempted to essay an attack on the world without himself, then light of a different hue would break past into his world, and bring with it incongruity, that fount of humour. Let him quit the pirouetting before his eternal mirrors to venture the heights of ambition, and discomfiture would follow swiftly and inevitably. They all felt this; but who was to do it? Not Sir Toby, for this buxom yet somewhat choleric knight was eaten with anger at the bare sight of the man, and could but wrathfully bid him to "Snick up!" It was not he who could "gull him into a nayword" or "make him a common recreation."

Yet, though Sir Toby, Aguecheek, and the fool were so helpless, there was another who *could* bring pride to a fall. Maria, Sir Toby's valiant Penthesilia of subtle warfare, has her plan; she will so expose Malvolio to the cross-lights playing athwart his central self-content that he shall be seen for ever as the incarnation of fatuity. "It is his ground of faith that all who look on him love him," says she; "and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work." "I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady," she adds; and so will tempt him to fall headlong in love with Olivia; or, rather, will

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tempt him to believe that Olivia has indeed fallen headlong in love with him—a truer perception of hers!

So she weaves her plot; and for its better success lets fall innocent observations in his hearing that shall prime him the more readily to stumble into the snare set for him. Thus, wondering nothing that others should perceive the excellence he had so long known for irrefragable fact, he advances on the letter that lies in his path like a dire engine of destruction. Little he perceives Sir Toby, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Fabian lurking behind the boxwood hedge to see the woodcock snared in the gin; little he knows that innumerable spirits of mirth throng the air waiting to explode into delicate and silvery laughter of the mind. The letter opened, its contents touched in his mind its central theme.

It is as clear as daylight to him. Its very aloof suggestion and far innuendo are only matters of further conviction; for is it not thus it should be couched, bearing so delicate a burthen? "Daylight and champagne discovers not more," he cries exultantly; "this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintances, I will be point-de-vise the very man. I thank my stars I am happy." The letter bids him who commended his yellow stockings, and wished to see him ever cross-gartered! "I will be strange," says he, "stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on." It adds, "If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles becomes thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear, my sweet, I prythee." "God," he says, "I thank thee—I will smile."

As he goes off, with the poison working furiously in his blood, Maria appears and gaily informs the company that as for Olivia yellow is "a colour she abhors," and cross-gartering "a fashion she detests." The spirits of laughter are alive in the air; presently she returns, saying, "If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen; a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness." "He's in yellow stockings!" "And cross-gartered?" asks Sir Toby. "Most villainously," she replies, "he does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him."

Thus they troop off to the climax of quintessential humour. For herself, Maria goes off to her mistress's ear, and informs her that Malvolio is indeed coming as he has been bidden to, "but in very strange manner." "Madam, he does nothing but smile." And Olivia, as Malvolio floats towards her, blowing kisses at her, is aghast at her steward, lately so grave, and now so strangely bedizened. She is amazed; but he is elate. She asks him the cause of his unwonted smiling, telling him she sent for him "upon a sad occasion." "Sad, lady?" "I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that?"

The height of humour is reached, and the deeps are beyond. All heights have their deeps. Falstaff died of a broken heart; the famous and immaculate knight awoke to find himself plain Alonzo Quixano. And Malvolio shut in darkness for a hopeless lunatic is a subject of pity. But light has been broken on him. Egoism laments its hopelessness; fatuity begs for release. When release comes he spurns them all to rebuild his broken structure of self; but in different wise shall he build it. Yet is humour vindicated, for he mocked at mirth, mirth ends in mocking at him, and thus the whirligig of Time brings its revenges.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

THERE is no particular reason, save the convenience and stability of a convention, why the night of December 31st should differ from the other three hundred and sixty-four nights of the year; and yet, unless we are really exhausted of all sentiment whatever, a certain feeling of finality and of possible fresh beginnings attaches to that date. We cast up accounts other than those in ledgers and balance-sheets; we glance back over the period which we term "the past year," and exult or grieve, according to our disposition and the successes or lapses which we see written in its heterogeneous columns. We look forward with inevitable curiosity, with a rather weird, "spooky" sensation, and wonder what that hypothetical personage the New Year will bring—whether he will be merry or glum, kind or harsh, generous with his favours or close-fisted. It may even be that in secret we revert to the old custom of framing a good resolution or two—knowing all the time that in three days we shall have forgotten all about them and shall be just our old selves again. In any case, we "keep up" New Year's Eve in some fashion or other. Perhaps we only sit by the fire alone, yet we close the book and surrender ourselves to the sad, reflective mood which invariably drifts over us during the last half-hour before midnight chimes; and when the bells ring out their "music nighest bordering upon heaven" over the city, we sigh. Another year has gone, for better or for worse; we have made new friends, lost old ones; love has come, love has passed, and the pattern of our puzzling lives is still unfinished. Better, perhaps, is the way of those who drown the voices of the past by mirth and jollity, who gather at the feast, drinking a health to the new-comer and speeding the parting guest with a hearty cheer.

"No one (wrote Elia) ever regarded the First of January with indifference. The birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam. . . . The elders with whom I was brought up were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution, and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony."

Throughout many centuries the festival of the New Year has been observed by gifts or rejoicings. The Druids used on certain days to cut the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, and at the New Year its branches were distributed among the people. On this day the Romans were accustomed to congratulate their friends and to give presents: these often took the form of figs and dates wrapped in gold-leaf, accompanied by monetary gifts, and were supposed to propitiate the deities. According to an old "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," such gifts were continued under the Roman Emperors until they were prohibited by Claudius; "nor," says the writer, "did they wholly cease, although condemned by ecclesiastical Councils on account of the pagan ceremonies at their presentation." Among the Saxons the period was observed with "more than ordinary jollity and feasting."

Customs of such ancient origin die hard, and this one in particular has been preserved by ceaseless observance, at any rate in European countries. In a public record of the reign of Edward VI. occurs an entry of sundry "rewards given on New Year's Day to the King's officers and servants in ordinary, £155 5s., and to their servants that present the king's majestie with New Year's gifts." The English version of a Latin poem written in 1553 runs thus, referring to the festival:—

The next to this is Newe yeares day
whereon to every frende,
They costly presents in do bring,
and Newe yeares giftes do sende;

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These giftes the husband gives his wife,
and father eke the childe,
And maister on his men bestowes
the like, with favour milde.

It is curious and amusing to read the account summarised by the indefatigable Hone of the presents showered on Queen Elizabeth at the beginning of the year. "All the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, serjeant of the pastry, etc., gave new year's gifts to her majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, etc." To modern readers it almost seems as though the Queen must have been fully provided for the whole year to come, so numerous and various is the category. "Many of the temporal lords and great officers, and most of the peeresses, gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, sweet-bags, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with jewels, and other costly trinkets." The Master of the Savoy gave her a Bible, richly ornamented; her physician proffered a box of foreign sweetmeats—dare we entertain a suspicion of an ulterior motive here? Ginger candy, probably home-made, came from the apothecaries; "a pair of sweet gloves" was the choice of some Italian courtiers; and one "Smyth, the dustman"—good fellow!—presented her Majesty with "two bolts of cambrick." He deserves, this gallant dustman, to have his name spelt with a "y." But a pretty sidelight is thrown on the business-like Queen when we read that "though Elizabeth made returns to the New Year's gifts, in plate and other articles, yet she took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favour."

In the North of England and in Scotland it has for long been the custom to end the old year merrily and to begin the new one with laughter. At one time the maidens of the villages carried round from door to door a bowl of "wassail," or spiced ale, chanting as they did so various crude rhymes, hopeful of small recognitions, somewhat after the style of our youngsters who parade the side-streets with an effigy of Guy Fawkes on the Fifth of November. In Shakespearean days the mummers perambulated the district—often merely the youths and girls dressed up in each others' clothes—singing and dancing, stopping here and there to partake of the good cheer provided for them.

The "Candlemas Bull" is a superstition which used to be common in the Highlands; a passing cloud on New Year's Eve took the imaginary shape of the animal, and by its movements or changes good or bad weather was prognosticated. The most peculiar performances, however, were those which attached to water-drawing. The Highlanders on New Year's Eve formed themselves into bands and collected juniper-bushes; "a certain discreet person" was sent to the ford to draw a vessel of water in silence, without permitting the pitcher to touch the earth. Early on New Year's morning this magical water was drunk, and was supposed to be a charm against witchcraft and the evil eye. Then the master of the ceremonies splashed everybody in the room with water, and, as generally the hour for rising had not arrived, it was not unusual, says the chronicler quaintly, "for him to receive ungrateful remonstrances against ablution." But worse is to follow. Closing all the doors and windows, he proceeded to kindle the pungent juniper-bushes in each apartment, until the whole household was fairly near to suffocation. The operator disregards the chorus of coughs, sneezes, and groans, because the more perfect the "smeech" the more potent the spell; he "continues, with streaming eyes and averted head, to increase the fumigation, until in his own defence he admits the air to recover the exhausted household and himself. He then treats the horses, cattle, and other stock with the same smothering to keep them from harm throughout the year. When the gudewife gets up, and, having ceased from coughing, has gained sufficient strength to reach the bottle, she administers its comfort to the relief of the sufferers; laughter takes place of complaint, all the family get up, wash their faces, and receive the visits of their neighbours, who arrive full of gratulations peculiar to the day." Breakfast was then served, and we can imagine that the poor victims needed it; but we are conscious of a distinct sensation of gratitude that their faces had been washed first.

So, for many pages, we might go on recounting curious customs and New Year's celebrations. In a few distant parts of the country some faint reminiscences of the old-time superstitions are still obtainable, but the spirit of the town is shown more in the good wishes and good fare which seem to belong particularly to the opening days of a fresh year. We cast behind us, as out of tune with the hopeful nature of the hours, the sense of sadness, the vain regrets. How finely Elia broke through the bars of lugubrious memories in his "New Year's Eve"! "Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism that 'Such as he now is I must shortly be.' Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime, I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Year's Days are past." We lean to the creed of the optimist during these festivals, in spite of the fog and frost of our uncomfortable winters; we are inclined to echo the words of Walter Savage Landor:—

Each year bears something from us as it flies,
We only blow it farther with our sighs.

To analyse this curious feeling of high spirits which so often takes possession of us after we have once crossed the mysterious line of midnight on December 31st would lead us into the realms of psychology and metaphysics. There is no real reason for it, as far as we can see. The weather, which influences us to so great an extent, is usually atrocious; the days are dark and depressing, the nights are damp and clammy. Perhaps in the impression that old errors can be retrieved, old mistakes avoided in the future, that we can actually "make a fresh start" lies the secret of our sudden cheer. We realise with Thoreau that "heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads." Janus, the god of gates and avenues, is holding open for a little while the portals of a land unknown, wherein may chance many great adventures. Not until we have come off second best in some of those adventures of soul or body shall we begin to think that this year is much about the same as its predecessors. However, at present we address ourselves to the conquest of the very New Year 1911, and may well take Herrick's advice:—

Then, as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind the fled Decembers;
But think on these, that are to appear,
As daughters to the instant year.

And another stanza, most happy in its metaphor, from the poet Cowper is extremely apt at the present time:—

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But O! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

So, while "that turncoat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1910 departed" (let the shade of Elia pardon us the paraphrase) still echoes in our ears, let us take another glass to the coming year. We survive, "jolly candidates for 1911," at any rate. "Where be those puling fears just now expressed or affected? Passed like a cloud—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for hypochondriacs. And now another cup of the generous! and a Merry New Year, and many of them to you all, my masters!"

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CHANCE OR ZERO

In London it was raining, raining; all things were plunged in a sepia mist as the train drew out of Victoria. At Dover, too, it rained, and in Calais; but soon after the lamps were lighted, the curtains in our "sleeper" drawn, and the rain shut out. When we awoke in Marseilles the sun was shining as if we had swung back into August, and our clothes were unpleasantly heavy. Ruskin stormed against railways, but Turner's vision of them as magical was truer; they are the veritable necromancers of modern times, and transport you from winter to summer while you sleep. I prefer the P.L.M. to Aladdin's carpet. The rug must have been alarmingly unstable at best, and sleep on it or rest quite impossible.

Monte Carlo is at once the most fairylike place and the most materially real—like a flower on a dunghill. On the terrace in the morning crowds of well-dressed persons were to be seen in a setting of perfect scenery, looking as if they had not a care in the world; at night the glory of the Casino gardens, lit with topazes and diamonds, the palm-fronds showing grey green against the purple velvet sky, and about one the scent of flowers. Nowhere a sign of poverty or labour or care; pretty villas on every side, flowers on every wall, exotic strange plants in every garden, silent motor-cars sliding about, furs and laces in juxtaposition, signs of luxury everywhere, and all the well-being, all the comfort built on one passion.

The Casino last year made over two millions of money, it is said, half of which it is estimated comes out of English pockets. The Casino spends over a quarter of a million a year in subsidies to foreign newspapers to prevent attack and to ensure favourable notices. Consequently the Casino managers can reckon at least on their benevolent gratuitous goodwill. Not a day passes but some newspaper publishes without invitation a puff of the Casino. I take up the ——— of to-day, December 13th, and find a paragraph headed—

"Lucky Monte Carlo Visitor.

"Helped by No. 29, Mr. Darnborough wins £6,400 in day's play."

Now that may or may not be a fact; in any case, the paragraph is a puff of the gambling-rooms, and it is not paid for.

The general truth about Monte Carlo, however, is never seen in any English paper; the common experience to the effect that every one who gambles at roulette loses is never even hinted at; yet this is the truth, the almost universal experience. It would be safe to say, without knowing the facts, that if Mr. Darnborough won £6,400 in a day at Monte Carlo, he had previously lost more than £20,000 there, probably more than £30,000. For no one wins £6,400 without playing very high and very persistently, and whoever plays high and often is sure to lose very large sums before he carries off £6,000. It is heavy loss usually that makes one gamble boldly and persistently.

I have tested this theory a hundred times. At one time Monsieur S——, the head of one of the greatest steel-works in France, was a heavy gambler. He used to play three maximums a day of £480 each at *Trente-et-Quarante*, and for two or three weeks he won very often. It was therefore rumoured that he had won £10,000. The usual paragraphs began to appear in the London papers. A day or two later I happened to be introduced to Monsieur S——, and in time came to know him pretty well. One of these paragraphs gave me the cue, and I asked him whether it was true he had won £10,000?

"Strange to say," he said, "I am business-like even in my gambling, and for the last twenty years at Monte Carlo I have kept a book of my gains and losses. . . . I gamble in maximums because that gives one some slight chance of avoiding the *refait*—the odd chance that falls in favour of the bank about once in fifty times. Naturally, if you play often the *refait* is sure to come against you, but if you play only three times a day you have some chance of avoiding it. Of course, that's only a superstition," he added, smilingly; "I have found that the *refait* falls on me with almost mathematical precision. Every forty or fifty *coups*—that is, about once a fortnight—I lose half my stake." After lunch he took up a little red morocco book, and said:—

"Now I can answer any of your questions."

"The chief question is," I said, "Have you lost or won in the twenty years?"

"That is easily answered," he replied. "I have lost every year. My worst year was in 1888, when I lost £19,000; my best year 1892, when I lost only £6,000. But then in the bad year I played considerably longer than in the good year. The thing that astonishes me in the results is the almost mathematical accuracy of them. People talk of the Goddess of Chance; 'tis the Goddess of Certainty that reigns at Monte Carlo. . . . I am a shareholder in the Casino, and we notice exactly the same thing about our profits. They increase year after year, but they vary a little according to the number of visitors. Again, in this respect it is the mathematical certainty of the result which is surprising."

"Then," I said, "you agree with me that any one who comes to Monte Carlo and plays for any length of time is certain to lose?"

"Absolutely certain!" was the reply of Monsieur S——, who was one of the richest and one of the best business men in France.

"Tell me," I went on probing, "is it worse for the punter than horse-racing?"

"Distinctly worse," he replied, "from my point of view. You see there are only twenty or thirty men in France who have large studs of racehorses, and they all know one another more or less. There is a certain *esprit de corps* amongst them. Accordingly, when they know a very good thing they tell it to their friends, and this small *coterie* have a far better chance of winning than they have at Monte Carlo; but the average punter, who knows nobody, and who bets at races, is, I imagine, just as sure to lose as when he bets at Monte Carlo. 'Tis impossible to protect a fool from his folly."

"Why, then, do you play at Monte Carlo?" I asked, smiling.

"It amuses me," he said, "to see how relentless chance is—or rather, what one calls chance."

It is not chance that has built up Monte Carlo and made M. Camille Blanc one of the richest men in Europe, it is certainty; and the name of the certainty is Zero. Monte Carlo is built on Zero, and Zero is as certain as the British taxgatherer—as certain as death itself.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

The Exhibition of the New English Art Club at the well-known galleries in Suffolk Street is always interesting, irrespective of its actual merits. It may be supposed to represent the younger blood and the more ardent spirits in the art world, and it should be possible to forecast from its works more readily than from the staid and sober exhibits at Burlington House the coming developments which will result from the tendencies which may here be seen at work. We must confess to a sense of disappointment. The general impression left upon our mind is that of a want of balance. A painter gets hold forcibly of some one truth or fact in Nature, and to bring it out he will sacrifice ruthlessly a

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thousand subsidiary features which are indispensable to a satisfactory interpretation of the subject. Many fine effects can be produced with the palette-knife, but several of the pictures in this Exhibition have been ruined by its excessive use. Constable marred not a few of his great landscapes by his multiplication of broken lights which his rivals either did not see or deliberately disregarded. Now that Constable is more rightly appreciated this faulty multiplication of such lights is still more in evidence, and his disciples seem eager to emulate his deficiencies to the comparative disregard of his transcendent merits. There is, in short, a craving after originality, which more often takes the form of mere eccentricity, without waiting to acquire that mastery of *technique* through which alone any adequate self-expression—artistic or otherwise—is possible.

For sheer easy and almost contemptuous mastery of his *technique* the two water-colour sketches by Mr. Sargent stand alone. In a few bold washes and sweeping strokes he expresses perfectly the essential features of difficult subjects—subjects wholly uninteresting save for the technical difficulties which they present. Everything is there—rounded outlines, perfect foreshortening, light falling direct, light reflected, light shining through a semi-transparent screen, colour richly and easily handled, and all with that seeming simplicity and inevitability that indicate the hand of a master. Cleverness could scarcely be carried further. The expression of light and shadow is the aim of Mr. Connard in his pictures of Castleacre Castle and Priory; his method is bold even to roughness, but it is eminently expressive. Mr. William Orpen's pictures are a striking feature of the Exhibition. He, too, aims at rendering sunlight in its fullest and most vivid intensity, and he succeeds by daring methods which come nigh to failure and whose only justification is success—which is, after all, the best excuse that can be offered for anything. In sharp contrast is Mr. F. V. Poole's quiet painting of "The Creek," which adjoins it—a conscientious piece of work, and faithful and true withal, if not strikingly original. Mr. Maclaren has, to our mind, succeeded in marring—if not actually spoiling—his promising group of three children by the use of the palette-knife, which makes their faces look coarse and dirty, when smoother handling would have saved the situation. Mr. Walter Bayes' "Harbour Scene" and Mr. McEvoy's "Dieppe Harbour" are both charming and skilful pieces of work; so, too, is "The Rocky Portal," by Mr. W. Russell.

A picture which leaves an abiding memory is Mr. Wilson Steer's "Girl in Blue"—a beautiful half-length portrait, which succeeds, in spite of the almost garish tint of the dress, in virtue of the delicacy and character of the portrait and the clever and beautiful painting of the hands. Gentleness and sweetness and "the long, long thoughts" of youth have been expressed without degenerating into anything like cheap sentiment, and the *technique* is free from any eccentricities of handling which distract attention from the message of the picture itself—a point that our young painters do not always bear in mind. A fine landscape, bathed in clear light, is Mr. Hayward's "Landslip near Lyme Regis," and there is more than ordinary merit, too, in Professor Brown's "Glimpse of the Severn." Mr. Orpen is again at his best in the picture which he calls "Afternoon on the Cliff," another charming portrayal of a summer effect. Mr. Spencer Gore's "Taunton Vale" is also a landscape to recall with pleasure. There is no little feeling, too, in Mr. Talmage's "Blue and Silver"—a delightful glimpse of sea touched by the sun into a streak of silver. Among portraits we recall with pleasure that of "Gillian," by Mr. W. Russell, and two by Miss Ethel Walker and Miss Margaret Gere.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE public appears to be asleep; at any rate, it is not sufficiently wide awake to buy even bargains like Home Rails, Unions, Russians. Every one is apathetic. We are convinced that 1911 will prove a prosperous year; but our convictions are not strong enough to force us to buy stocks and shares. We do not even gamble. Investment brokers report dull days, and speculative brokers don't find enough business to pay expenses. But I think we shall soon see a change, for money is going to be cheap.

Money is the real ruler of our markets. No depression can stand up against cheap money. We must pay back a certain amount of gold to Paris, for the Bank of France holds a large parcel of our bills. But Egypt will soon be returning the gold we lent her for the cotton crop. She has taken nearly eleven millions. We must not forget that the Rand will send us well over £600,000 a week. This huge output, so steady and so certain to continue, must produce a great effect on prices.

Consols are strong, and appear certain to rise; the Government must reduce the Debt, and will probably buy Consols. The bankers do not like the Floating Debt reduced beyond a certain limit, and they are most anxious to see Consols back at 90. It may take a year to effect this—a year of peace and cheap money; yet it will come about. Consols are the barometer of our credit. I do not suggest that they should be purchased for mere market purposes, but I do think some effort should be made to popularise them. They should be easily transferable. They should be sold as Rentes are sold—in small lots either registered or to bearer, and the interest should be payable at any post-office. The Bonds should also be purchasable at any post-office. If Consols were made attractive the price would soon rise. The popularisation of Consols would increase the saving power of the nation. There are no real difficulties in the way, only the innate dislike of the banking world to any innovation.

The Foreign Market is idle, but dealers have been much amused at Sir Edward Holden's attack upon Japanese. His arguments are unanswerable, but they are the arguments of a Tariff Reformer, and Sir Edward is popularly supposed to be the faithful adviser of Mr. Lloyd George! Sir Edward Grey should insist upon six millions being spent in England. The last Manchurian Loan was spent in the United States. It was a failure, but the underwriters made a good market, and soon unloaded. The South Manchurian Railway is managed in the interests of Japanese traders; and the ports, wharves, warehouses are not exactly the "open doors" the Japanese would have us believe. I see signs of a great reaction in this market. My urgent advice is, therefore, to leave all Japanese stocks severely alone.

Americans are cheerful, but there is no business. Nevertheless, I see every sign of a good market in a few weeks. I attach very little importance to the poor returns on the Railways. The managers are determined to obtain higher rates, and they wish to make a bad showing. They tell me that Morgans have decided to help the Copper people, and that Smelters are to be put on the London market. My New York friends advise the purchase of the 6 per cent. convertible bonds now round about par. The interest is safe enough, and the option to exchange makes the speculation attractive. I have before advised the purchase of Union Convertibles. Indeed all these convertible bonds are admirable investments for those who have money to lock up. Buyers get a safe return, and the certainty that when a boom comes along they will be able to sell out and net from 20 to 25 per cent. on their capital investment.

Canadian Pacifics have risen in sympathy with Yankees. The bulls talk of melon-cutting, but this seems unlikely. The Railway will want all its funds. "Can Pacs" are an excellent investment, but I do not regard them as an equally good speculation. Grand Trunks are out of favour—the gamble is dead. An effort is being made to interest the English public in Canadian Northern, the Mackenzie and Mann line. But though this line has been cleverly managed and cleverly financed, and though both partners have appeared in the New Year's Honours list, I see no reason why investors should signalise their approval of Mr. Asquith's selection by buying Canadian Northerns. They might pause until they have perused an

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article on the line that appeared in a recent issue of the *Economist*.

Mexican Rails are, I am assured by all the jobbers, to be put up again. The reason being a good harvest and some wonderful traffics. I have a great respect for the jobber in Mexican Rails. He is as bright a man as any in the House—he has to be, or he could not live—but his tips are not always to be followed. There is a bull account. Can it be that the jobbers themselves are bulls?

I am somewhat weary of always advising a purchase of Home Rails. When the dividends are declared my optimism will be justified. I repeat—and I shall not have many more chances before the reports are out—that Great Northern Deferred, South Western Deferred, Great Westerns, Great Centrals, Great Easterns are good to buy. I say again that those who want a long shot should buy Great Central Deferred. I said "buy" when they were 11½. They are now 13. They will soon be 20, and in two years' time 35 to 40.

The Rubber auctions are not encouraging. But there is so small a market in Rubber to-day that the dealers have not the heart to sell a bear. Hardly a week passes but shareholders receive some painful surprise. The latest fiasco was Rangoon Para, floated by Guthrie and Company, who are respectable enough to have known better. Yet so intense was the excitement during the boom that the Board went to allotment upon a report procured by the vendors which valued the estates at £205,000. When the awakening came, Mr. A. B. Lake made a valuation of £35,250! Yet all parties have met and agreed to attempt to continue the Company. The Messrs. Guthrie—worthy optimists—helped the Board over an awkward fence by joining in a guarantee of 6 per cent. until 1913. But how can Rangoon Para pay upon a capital of £205,000, which may possibly be increased? No rubber-estate can hope for success if it is over-capitalised. That is why I advise those who must buy Rubber shares to buy only into companies who purchased their rubber at £50 an acre or less. You can buy land to-day and clear and plant, and bring to the producing stage at £32 an acre. Why then pay £75 to £100 for land that will not pay any dividend for three or four years?

The Spies meeting has been held, and the Board will now build their refinery. I hope that long ere it is finished the oil war will have ended. I do not understand why any shareholders should have grumbled at the arrangement for financing the new issue. It appears to me the only sound policy. I think the refinery a mistake, but once it was decided to build, it was the bounden duty of the Board to assure themselves that the cash was there. It would have been silly to rely upon the shareholders, especially as many are French, hold bearer scrip, and cannot be reached.

Kaffirs continue dull, very dull indeed. The reduction in the Crown Mines dividend was foreseen. But it is only temporary, for the new battery of 160 head will be at work by June. There is much talk of what City Deep will do when the mill cleans up at the end of this month, but the first clean up is always a disappointment. Central Randfontein will start its huge 600-head battery shortly. The new mills will increase the Rand output, but we must not forget that the older mines are daily finding some difficulty in keeping down working costs. Labour may be obtained in larger quantities, and there is much talk of the heavier stope-drills doing away with a great portion of the labour trouble; but, as I have said, the market is dull. Paris does not now buy Kaffirs, and the British public finds no incitement to purchase into the older mines. Their lives are rapidly coming to a close.

Rhodesians are written up in all the newspapers. Every man in the House says that we must see a boom. But the public resolutely stands aside. The plain truth is that most people realise that all the finance companies have huge blocks of shares they desire to sell, and everybody is afraid to buy. Again, it can hardly be said that the Rhodesian magnates are a happy family. They watch each other cautiously. There is no cohesion; there are too many trusts and too many managers. They are all too anxious to make money out of each other. Sir Abe Bailey is acute, Dr. Sauer is not an infant in arms, Mr. Latilla was not born yesterday, Mr. Sear is supposed to know his way about, and the Weil family, though full of enthusiasm for the land out of which they have made their fortunes, are not averse from taking a profit when they see it. I think that the mines are many of them phenomenally rich. They are managed by good men, but the public wants a run for its money, and it doesn't quite see how it can get it. The best thing the magnates can do is to pool all their shares and appoint one of their number to manage the pool.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

WILDE'S "SALOMÉ" AND THE CRITICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It would be hard to find a work that has provoked more unverified and unverifiable assertions than Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." From Mr. Chesterton downwards, almost every journalist has contrived to add something to the legend already surrounding the play. I had expected better things from your musical critic, whose accuracy is usually unimpeachable. But even he appears to have taken his courage in both hands, and risked an assertion without looking at either the French original or the translation of the play. He speaks of Wilde's "imaginative verses," when he must surely know that the play was first written in French prose.

Will you also allow me to object to his unfortunate comparison of the play to a "beautiful courtesan"? I am ready enough to admit that it has grave faults. It wants atmosphere and human interest, and is too literary, too cold and brilliant. I deny that it is meretricious, that its appeal is in any way to the lower instincts. Any pornographic associations are due to the lamentably corrupt decorations by Beardsley, which are not so much illustrations as frankly cynical comments on the text.—I am, etc.,

HESTER BRAYNE.

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Gilead Balm. Knight Errant: his Adventures in Search of the Truth. By Bernard Capes. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AMIDST the excitement of the Stepney affray recent developments in foreign politics have passed almost unnoticed by the large majority of the followers of current events in the Press ; but now that the East End is happily returning to its normal state we hope some attention will be paid to the recent developments in the Near East. The great event of the week has been the Russo-German Agreement in regard to the Balkans and Persia. When we consider that less than two years ago Russia and Germany were on the verge of war over the question of Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, this is a great triumph for diplomacy. It was only Germany's direct threat to Russia to stand by Austria which caused the Russian Government to withdraw its support from Servia and thus avert war. It was thought at the time that Russia would never forgive the pressure brought to bear on her at a time when she was weak from her struggle with Japan, and that she would not rest content until the insult had been wiped out in blood. But the memory of nations is proverbially short in these days. It really seems much easier for victor and vanquished to come to an agreement with one another before either has sustained defeat and humiliation. Witness the South African settlement after a war which lasted three years ; witness the Russo-Japanese Agreement over Korea and Manchuria within four years of that deadly struggle in the Far East ; and now we have Germany and Russia smoking the pipe of peace together within eighteen months of the time when they were ready to spring at each other's throats.

This understanding over the Balkans and Persia has been well received in France, and it should cause satisfaction amongst ourselves—except for the fact that the feeling against Germany is so strong that we dislike to see any Power coquetting with her, even though it goes far to ensure a continuance of European peace. But it has not given unmixed satisfaction in Constantinople. Turkey, it appears, has not been consulted over the terms of the Agreement, and is naturally alarmed at this unexpected slight from the "Protector of the Mohammedan Peoples of the World," as they were gratefully calling the Kaiser two months ago. The German Ambassador has found it necessary to furnish explanations and assurances to the Grand Vizier, but we doubt whether these will go far to heal the breach. When old lovers quarrel no explanations will set the matter right, because love can never thrive when it has to be watered by explanations. The whole essence of love between nations, as between individuals, is a union of hearts which places misunderstandings outside the pale of possibility. We doubt very much whether the Agreement will strengthen Germany's position in Constantinople, and surely the time is ripe for a renewal of the traditional friendship between ourselves and the Ottoman Turks, which of late years has been seriously impaired by Germany's more skilful diplomacy.

Germany's diplomatic activities seem inexhaustible at the present time. There are persistent rumours of a *rapprochement* with the Celestial Empire. China feels herself very isolated at the present day. England is allied with Japan, and now she sees those two former enemies Russia and Japan working in perfect harmony with one another at her expense. In despair, it appears, she turned towards the United States and sought an alliance in that quarter, but the United States Government, true to the spirit of its Constitution, which forbids alliances with foreign Powers, was unable to give her any encouragement beyond expressions of goodwill. This is not enough for China, and she is now said to be seeking an alliance with Germany as the only disinterested and unattached friend she has left in Europe. How much truth there is in the report it is difficult to say, but preparations are being made to receive the Crown Prince on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. Here, again, we have another excellent example of the unstability of European and Asiatic politics. Fifteen years ago Prince Henry set out on his famous "Mailed Fist" expedition to annex portions of the Celestial Empire for the Fatherland, and now the robbed are anxious to lie down with the robbers in the same fold.

But what effect will a German-Chinese Alliance have on the recently concluded Russo-German Agreement ? Surely both cannot give satisfaction. Have the rivals settled their disputes in the Near East in order that they may quarrel with the hope of greater commercial advantage in the Far East ? Truly world politics are difficult to follow in days of such kaleidoscopic changes ! On the outward surface only the old rivalries between ourselves and Germany seem likely to disturb the peace of Europe, but if these agreements and *rapprochements* are entered into so suddenly and unexpectedly, cannot they be broken with equal facility ?

Captain Swinton's idea that the somewhat dreary district which we synthesise under the name of "South London" should become fashionable, is rather apt to inspire a smile. "There is something wrong," he says in a recent article. "Why are the palatial buildings all on the one bank ? What is the matter with the other ?" We fear that nothing short of a wholesale reconstruction of the congested locality could remedy the general atmosphere of dull poverty and depression which prevails on the

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southern side from Bermondsey to Lambeth. It would be of little avail to erect a line of important and beautiful architectural triumphs (supposing that we are capable of doing this) along that bank where now black barges swarm and dingy factories stand; for behind the new would still remain the reeking streets and squalid tenements which poison the air and make the heart of the sociologist or philanthropist ache. No amount of official glory will bring the folk who carry fashion with them into such a quarter, save on urgent and brief business visits; for its Piccadilly, its Regent Street, its Mayfair, we fear that South London must wait many a weary lustrum. To re-plan a crowded area as large as a provincial city is not a task to be undertaken without much conflict of opinions and battling of interests. "If only the gospel of 'space' had been preached earlier!" exclaims Captain Swinton, sorrowfully; and any one who will trouble to spend a couple of hours wandering on the Surrey side of the river within the neighbourhoods of Bermondsey, Southwark, and Waterloo will echo that lament very genuinely.

THE BROAD BACK OF THE INCOME-TAX PAYER

It is interesting to observe how amateur financiers who are permitted to don the robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer proceed on lines which would rapidly ensure the collapse of any commercial enterprise. Statesmen of both parties have been, in varying degree, open to such criticism.

In no case have unbusinesslike methods been adopted in a more aggravated form than in the case of Income-tax. It is extraordinary to observe the history of a tax which is thoroughly illogical as a permanent impost, and in reality has only one advantage—ease of collection—to recommend it.

First devised during the Napoleonic era, the tax was so unpopular that it had to be abolished in 1816, even though the stress of the aftermath of war expenditure of the previous years drove Ministers to their wits' ends to meet the financial necessities of the period. It is curious to notice that the tax was revived by a Conservative statesman, Peel, in 1842, to aid him in carrying through his Free Trade policy. In 1874 Mr. Gladstone, who constantly inveighed against the maintenance of the tax in time of peace, actually made its abolition a chief item of his appeal to the country. Mr. Disraeli was returned to power, and his Administration continued the tax at the rate of 2d. in the pound.

The harm was done. The tax which, until Peel's time, was viewed simply as an impost to meet the necessities of war—a position strongly maintained by its founder, Pitt—was permanently established as a revenue-producing tax in time of peace.

As the tax was re-imposed by Peel to enable him to institute Free Trade, so it is now the indispensable adjunct and mainstay of a Free Trade Budget. Income-tax pushed up to a monstrous figure is the item which balances the Chancellor's Budgets and enables him to boast of an approaching surplus.

Is that surplus to be devoted to the relief of those who have produced it? So far, no such hint has fallen from the Chancellor. The crippling effect on trade and property of all kinds—and consequently employment—of a huge tax on industry and success is calmly ignored, whilst Socialistic proposals involving still further inroads on the resources of the same taxpayer are preached by the leading apostle of humanity at other people's expense.

It is time that a protest is entered against the imposition of bloated taxation as the means of launching and supporting Socialist schemes, even though in this connection the word "Socialist" be not employed as a term of reproach. In a period of broadened taxation, of increased production, and of consequently augmented prosperity it would be just and commendable to devote a portion of the national resources to the improvement of the lot of the least fortunate sections of the population. Such a time is not now, when Income-tax yields 17s. 10d. per head, as against 8s. 2d. in 1895-6.

The Income-tax payer has shown extraordinary laxness in protesting against being regarded as a milch-cow to provide sustenance to support Radical-Socialistic legislation. A body which is now called on to provide one-quarter of the total revenue derived from taxation is strong enough if rallied and efficiently organised to command attention to its protest.

We hear now of National Invalidity Insurance. Where are the funds, so far as the State contribution is concerned, to come from if not out of the pockets of the payers of Income-tax—either in the form of denial of just remissions out of the surplus which they have largely contributed to create, or in the form of a further impost on a class of taxpayer who utters no audible protest against the inequitable exactions of which he is now almost habitually the victim? We trust that payers of this particular tax will find their voices and speak to the Chancellor in tones which he will be bound to respect.

THE LIGHT

Put out the light; no longer let it burn,
Let night again upon herself return,
In the long revolution of the dark,
That groping man may have a time to mark
The morning stars singing in unison
Laments and monodies for the dead sun,
And the Beloved, even the pale moon,
Putting off her white robes, her silver shoon,
And fleeing frail and naked down the sky
In the vast fields of the Eastern seas to die.
Then for an hour let a torch re-illume
The blindness of man's tomb.
If he have left his feast,
His dancing and his praying and his games,
And all his toils and shames,
And all the golden garments of the beast:
If he have yet a little while delayed
To heed the glory of which the world is made,
Poets and flowers, singers and the stars—
If he have burst his bars,
And learned one word from the scripture of the night,
He hath redeemed himself from vain delight;
Then, to man's chastened soul, give back the light.

E. T.

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THE POLICE AND THE CITIZEN

BY ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE aftermath of the melodrama of Stepney is the furious controversy which has arisen over the conduct of the police on that now historic occasion. Scathing criticisms have been passed not only by Germany and other foreign countries, from where one would naturally expect them to emanate, but also from even more vehement critics at home, as to the absurdity of calling out 1,200 men, a company of the Scots Guards, and the Horse Artillery for the purpose of capturing two men. We ventured in our description of the affair last week to point out some of the errors and the ridiculous situation thus created; but our strictures were of the mildest when compared with the letters which have since appeared in the Press. Herr von Jagow, the German Chief of Police, who, by the way, was over here a few weeks ago studying our system of handling the traffic, has been the most unsparing of all in his attacks. He is reported as saying that the arrest of the wanted men would have been accomplished in Germany by three armed detectives—two covering their comrade with their revolvers whilst the third effected the desired purpose; and another critic has used the expressive phrase "shooting sparrows with cannon." In the United States the Press has also been equally funny at our expense.

The whole comedy has been caricatured in a thousand ways, and more especially are the writers amused by the spectacle of those two life-long friends and inseparable companions Mr. Winston Churchill and the cinematograph arriving at precisely the same moment, and taking up a strategical position out of range of the enemy's bullets, where they could enjoy uninterrupted communication with one another throughout the remainder of the operations. But we wish to be fair to Mr. Churchill. In the first place, it would be impossible for him, and contrary to the spirit of his whole career, to throw away this priceless chance for self-advertisement. His opportunities for sensationalism have been sadly curtailed of late, and, overshadowed as he is in political life by the superior attraction of Lloyd George, he has fallen somewhat out of the public eye. As Home Secretary, his presence on the scene was typical of the day's absurdities, and, as no pantomime is complete without a clown, so also would the Stepney Battle, as it has come to be called, have been incomplete without this prince of adventurers. But we would rather believe that he was not present in his capacity as Home Secretary. Perhaps his sporting instincts got the better of him, and, scenting the battle from afar, he could not sit quietly at his table in the Home Office while such untoward incidents were taking place a few miles from his door.

But whilst the antics of Mr. Churchill have been universally condemned, the police have found many defenders, and it is only fair to examine both sides of the case before passing a hasty judgment on their conduct. The gravamen of the charge is that: (1) the police made a bungle of the whole affair; (2) they allowed the two desperadoes to slip out of their hands when they might have surprised them in their sleep; (3) they employed too large a force, and called out the troops in an unnecessary manner; and (4) in spite of all the fuss, the net result was a burnt and ruined house, the escape of the assassins from justice, and injuries to ten police, firemen, soldiers, and citizens.

Now let us examine these charges in detail. As we pointed out last week, the whole of the inmates, including Betsie Gershon, were removed from No. 100, Sidney Street by 4 a.m. without disturbing the two men sleeping upstairs. Now, with all the facts before us, we must severely criticise the manner in which Betsie Gershon was enticed from the top floor. The police admit that it was a difficult and dangerous task. They never attempted to do it themselves, and, having failed to induce Mr. Fleishman to take the risk, they persuaded the fearless Mrs. Fleishman to do so. Undoubtedly she ran a great risk of her life, because if the ruffians had been aroused by the noise and talking downstairs, as well as the footsteps on the stairs, and, unable to see who was coming up, had opened fire on Mrs. Fleishman, she might well have paid for her temerity with her life. The police deserve no credit for clearing the innocent out of danger's way. It is Mrs. Fleishman to whom the credit is due. All that the detectives attempted was to go up three stairs, seize Betsie Gershon and carry her next door, and also to accompany Mr. Sheriman when he went to rouse the aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. Clements, who slept in the back room on the ground-floor. Apart from that, they never set foot in the house again, although all the evidence goes to show that the assassins had not been disturbed.

At the adjourned inquest on the two men Mr. Bodkin, the counsel for the Treasury, made a long statement in defence of the police, and Superintendent Mulvaney was called as evidence. But the police stand condemned out of his mouth, although there are mitigating circumstances which must not be overlooked. The interesting fact, for instance, was brought to light that the police were only warned of the presence of the two men at No. 100 Sydney Street at midnight on Monday, and therefore this only left three hours in which to make their plans and to become acquainted with the interior of the building and its occupants—a very important factor in the situation. Inspector Mulvaney admits that they knew the men were armed and likely to die fighting rather than surrender, and also that the authorities were determined at all costs to avoid any further loss of life amongst the police engaged in the case. But in the face of these facts the Inspector and his colleagues deliberately induced an innocent woman to risk her life in an undertaking which they were not prepared to face themselves. This at once opens up the whole question of the relationship in which the police stand towards the public; but we maintain that under no possible combination of circumstances was it right for the police to induce a woman to do something which entailed the gravest risk to her life.

We do not for one moment wish to insinuate any cowardice on the part of the officers engaged in the case. The bravery of the London police is beyond question. It has been proved a hundred times in a hundred different ways; but we do maintain that a very grave error of judgment was committed, and one which needs probing to the bottom, and which is deserving, if proved to be true—and of this there can be no possible doubt—of the severest condemnation. The police are the paid guardians of the public. They possess certain powers and privileges which are denied to the lay citizen, and occupy a position of responsibility and trust which entails certain obligations to the public whom they serve. In times of grave danger or emergency they stand in exactly the same position as the soldier on the battlefield, and must be prepared to take the risks inseparable from the nature of their calling. Therefore we insist that, even had such an action resulted in loss of life amongst those engaged in the case, it was their bounden duty to try and arrest, not only Betsie Gershon, but also the two wanted men, by creeping upstairs and surprising them in their sleep. Better far that some should have perished, or have received injuries in the discharge of their duties, than that we should have made ourselves the laughing-stock of the world, and that ten persons should have received wounds, with the net result that the assassins escaped the gallows

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by immolating themselves in the ruins of another man's property.

We now pass on to the second charge—namely, the futile calling in of troops to assist the police. Both Mr. Bodkin in his speech, and Superintendent Mulvaney in his evidence, defended this on the ground that the obsolete revolvers of the police were totally inadequate to cope with the high-power automatic Mauser pistols with which the assassins were armed. This is largely a technical point, but it is hardly borne out by the facts. When the assassins opened fire at 7.30 a.m. and wounded Sergeant Leeson the detectives had completely surrounded the building, and were in possession of every vantage point from which a fire could be brought to bear on the windows, at a range which would completely neutralise the superior carrying power of the aliens' pistols. There were other police present armed with shot-guns and rifles, and throughout the morning, even after the arrival of the troops, every man who carried a weapon continued to blaze away at the windows. But surely the police could have borrowed a few rifles from the soldiers if necessary. The fact of the matter seems to be that after the first shots were fired and Sergeant Leeson fell wounded the police authorities completely lost their heads, the old fear of sacrificing the life of a single constable reasserted itself, and rather than run any risk the soldiers were invited to share the dangers of the siege. And yet even after the arrival of the troops the firing never ceased until the building burst into flames; there is no certain proof that either of the men perished from the bullets of the besiegers, and, even though there is some shadowy evidence to this effect, there is absolutely none to show whether it was by rifle or revolver shot. These facts disprove absolutely the police contention that their weapons were inadequate to cope with the situation.

But here a very serious consideration arises. Is it not high time that our police were put on a level with the police of all other nations and trained in the use of firearms? Also, is it not high time that a reserve of up-to-date military rifles was acquired by the police authorities, so that each man could, if the necessity arose, be adequately armed? We do not mean to imply that the necessity follows as a natural corrollary to the Stepney fiasco, but there are fifteen thousand constables in the Metropolitan area alone—the finest body of men in the country—who could form a priceless reserve in time of war, should that contingency unhappily arise. During the siege of Paris the whole of the civil police were called out to serve with the Army, and Committees of the inhabitants of the various *arrondissements* took their place in preserving law and order in the city. Can we afford, with our meagre military forces, deliberately to throw away the services of such a picked body of men? And yet this force would be useless to-morrow, should it be required, because the men have never been trained in the use of arms, and there are no rifles ready at hand with which to arm them.

The lessons of the Houndsditch murders and the Stepney Battle can be rendered salutary if only we learn wisdom from experience, which is unhappily a rare occurrence in official circles in this country. But at the same time let us avoid flying to extremes. Something like a panic has seized a section of the community. A cry of indignation went up all over the country after Superintendent Mulvaney unfolded the story of how he and his brother-officers, armed with obsolete weapons, went to arrest desperadoes carrying pistols sighted up to a thousand yards. Yet the very rarity of occurrences such as we have just witnessed is conclusive proof that the old system has worked well in the past. Now there is a raging agitation that the police should be armed, and that their weapons should be of similar power and carrying capacity to those of their prospective opponents. Not a few responsible journals, whose duty it is to guide public opinion into sane paths, have advocated arming them with Mauser pistols similar to those found amidst the ruins of No. 100, Sydney Street. Could there be a more impractical or mischievous suggestion? Do these critics realise the nature of the weapon? Imagine each of our constables carrying a loaded pistol which will discharge ten shots in ten seconds to a distance of over a mile simply by keeping the forefinger pressed on the trigger! Why, a young and inexperienced police-officer, surprised by some burglar who might not even be armed, would very likely inflict mortal injuries on a number of guiltless citizens in the neighbourhood.

We maintain that there is absolutely no need for the mass of our police to carry firearms. It would be creating a dangerous precedent. It would cause each constable to rely less and less on his own judgment, tact, and acumen in meeting unexpected situations, and more and more on the fear inspired by his weapon. Situations will arise from time to time when it is imperative that a section of the police should be armed—always, for instance, when detectives have a definite mission to effect the arrest of a dangerous individual or gang; also, perhaps, in certain districts in the East-end where the Englishman's native inborn respect for the law is unknown amongst an alien population which comes from countries disturbed by revolutions and where authority is only maintained by the revolver and the sword. But to the mass of Englishmen the mere presence of "the man in blue" is a sufficient deterrent from crime, and more especially violence. He is the outward symbol of the faults and virtues of our national character. He is big and burly, he is good-natured and tolerant, he has all the wisdom in handling disturbances and unexpected situations which springs from self-reliance, a natural kindness of heart, and sympathy with those who do not see eye to eye with the masters for whom he works; and he is intimately acquainted with the character of those with whom he has to deal. He does not lurk in hidden corners, disguised and fully-armed, ready to trap the wrong-doer. The peculiar genius of the administration of the law in England is to prevent crime, not encourage it first and then arrest it. The *agent provocateur* is, happily, unknown amongst us. The outward appearance of the constables denotes the manner in which they are expected to discharge their duties. They are dressed in the most unwieldy of uniforms. Their measured tramp can be heard streets away. Their heavy boots and ponderous equipment render it easy for the light-footed miscreant to escape. But we do not mind this. The English constable inspires respect by the dignity of his deportment and the very solidity of his outward form. He is the visible symbol of the law and the constant reminder to evildoers that those laws must be obeyed, and, as in the past, so also in the future, he will prove the most efficient guardian which the citizens of any nation can claim.

A generation ago we were cast into a panic by the dynamitards, and the police were blamed. A few years later Jack the Ripper caused another panic, and the police were again severely criticised, but the dynamitards and Jack the Ripper have long since been forgotten. In like manner, in a few months' time the panic of the Houndsditch murders will have passed into oblivion. Such occurrences are happily rare, and if we are going to profit by our lesson, the remedy of prevention will be found, not in departing from our old traditions and arming the police, but in the proper supervision and, if necessary, the deportation of those alien criminals who, under the plea of escaping from political persecution, abuse the generous hospitality of our shores.

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REVIEWS

THE AGE OF UNREASON

Logic for the Million. Edited by T. Sharper Knowlson. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

All credit is due to Mr. Knowlson for this ably written and clearly expressed text-book. It might have as a sub-heading the description "Logic Without Tears." It is an attempt to teach a technical art with as little technicality as possible, to induct the world into a knowledge of the laws of ratiocination without the world being unpleasantly aware that it is being taught to think correctly. It is doubtful perhaps whether the avoidance of technique is not in the long run a more laborious path, but if the author succeeds in his endeavour to interest people in the logical art, to make them understand that the great analysis of Aristotle is not a mere conjuring trick fit to amuse children at Christmas parties, he will have achieved a great deal. It is difficult to deal with "the million," who are otherwise known as "the mob," for this creature is partly composed of men who belong to it by nature, and partly of those whom circumstance has treated ill. People talk nonsense with a difference; some, one feels, are born to eat nonsense, to drink nonsense, to live in nonsense, and to eject nonsense; nonsense is their vital air. And of others one says "they are ridiculous, but one can see that if they had had any chance they would have been sensible folks." There are doubtless many cannibals to whom cannibalism is wholly natural; while others eat of the horrid banquet, but with qualms and misgivings. So with the million whom Mr. Knowlson addresses; he will save those who are to be saved, the rest—the naturally unreasonable—will continue to wallow in their irrational stye.

It is interesting to consider the history of logic. Note in the first place that the logical faculty is innate in man. The rudest and the roughest age could not have existed without it; rather we may say by the logical art alone did man survive in the contest with the monsters of the slime and of the caves—survive, that is, as an animal, as a comparatively weak beast fighting for his life against much stronger creatures. "Barbara, Celarent" were latent in every action of the Old Stone and the New Stone savage; otherwise the wild beasts would have had the best of it, possessing, as they did, many physical advantages for the contest. It would be rash to say that the ratiocinative faculty is wholly absent from all animals; there are instances in the history of bees and ants which forbid the acceptance of such a dogma; but man alone, having a portion of instinct comparatively small, learned to supply his want by systematic logic. By a series of propositions he fought the monsters, by seduction he won his dinner, by chains of syllogisms he conquered the external world. Animals, though they are helped by instinct, are hampered by it, for it fails to rise to new emergencies; they are hampered, too, by lack of memory. The instinct of the dodo, admirable no doubt under a certain set of circumstances, was helpless to suggest any way of dealing with a totally new set of circumstances—the arrival of European sailors in Dodoland; and the unhappy bird who saw a number of relatives knocked on the head by the European sailor on Sunday could not deduce, for the service of Monday, the conclusion that sailormen were to be avoided. By consequence the dodo is extinct, while sailors survive.

Man, then, has always had within him the potency of logic, as he had the potency of other things unknown to the other animals—such things as poetry and religion. But—here is the curiosity—his logic was itself almost an instinct. His daily and vital decisions were all based on the knowledge of "Barbara, Celarent," and yet he could not have explained to you the simplest process; he could not have pointed out that his successful choice of a dinner or a dwelling was to be defended by a series of valid syllogisms, while his neighbour's early death was the result of an illicit process, the presence of a fourth term, or an undistributed middle. The prosperous Neolithic man syllogised naturally and validly, just as many men can play correct chords without the slightest knowledge of the laws of harmony.

Then, late in the history of the human race, came the Greek Aristotle, who analysed the process, who showed its principles and its laws, who pointed out—the example is Mr. Knowlson's—that I must not say that you are a goose because you are an animal and a goose is an animal. Perhaps it may be objected that the possession of a little common sense, without any logical *technique*, is amply sufficient to defend one from talking such arrant rubbish. Yes; when the terms are clearly known, when the absurdity of the conclusion is self-evident; but let the subject-matter be concerned with free-will and cause and effect, and mere common sense will leave the fallacy undetected. Within the last three years there was an argument between two distinguished men on a highly obscure question; and the chief conclusion of the one was derived from an exact replica of the "goose" syllogism; while the other, denying the conclusion, was unable to find any fault with his opponent's logic. It was Aristotle who taught us that the validity of argument depends on certain immutable laws; that for "goose," and "you," and "animal" we can substitute A, B, C, or whatever symbols we please; that the syllogism

All A is B,
All C is B,
Therefore all A is C

is invalid, because the middle term B is not "distributed." Our knowledge of the subject-matter teaches us that "therefore you are a goose" is nonsense; logic teaches us that a conclusion from such premises is invalid whatever the terms may be. And the laws of logic are necessary and eternal; they cannot be changed by any imaginable discovery. Up to twenty years ago many people were, probably, of the opinion that by no method was it possible to discern a bullet embedded in a man's leg without first removing the flesh; many people no doubt thought that this was an eternal law of the universe. They were mistaken; for the "X-rays" were discovered, and the "law" ceased to exist. But no such misadventure can befall the laws of ratiocinative thought; and when the syllogism of A and B and C cited above becomes valid, triangles will have two sides, or twenty; two and two will make thirteen; clocks will strike less than one; and uphills without downhills will be as plentiful as blackberries. Or, to put the case in proper form: A will be at one and the same time B and not B.

Now it would be a very astonishing thing if a sect arose denying the truth of any of the laws that have been mentioned. If large numbers of men said that the rules of arithmetic or geometry were nonsense and useless pedantry we should be amazed. If, for example, two men in a train were arguing about some question of figures, and one pointed out that as two and two made four, he was certainly right; the passengers would surely be amazed if the other replied, "Yes, I know the old arithmetic-books say that two and two make four; but what have we to do with a lot of mediæval stuff like that. They used to quote those old rules and say that two and two made four in the Dark Ages; and a pretty lot they knew about science, didn't they? Why, they used to say that. . . . ," &c.

And this astonishing state of things is exactly what has come upon us. So far as the writer is aware, no advanced thinker has formally and in so many words denied the pro-

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position that if you have twopence and somebody gives you twopence you will then have fourpence, but the laws of logic, which are as true and immutable and eternal as the laws of arithmetic, are constantly being denied. Here is an instance, quoted by the author of "Logic for the Million" in his Introduction:—

> Herbert Spencer, in a letter to Professor Brough, said:—"I have at no time paid the least attention to formal logic, and hold for all practical purposes it is useless."

Now Herbert Spencer's business was, briefly, to put two and two together in matter of philosophy; the whole of his life's work depended on his capacity for reasoning justly from premises to conclusions. And this remark of his is precisely and exactly as if a chartered accountant should say, "I have at no time paid the least attention to the rules of arithmetic, and hold that for all practical purposes the multiplication table is useless."

It may be said, in parentheses, that Mr. Spencer need not have troubled to announce his contempt for the laws of formal logic. The murderer caught in the fact might as well point out to the police that there was blood on his hands. Any one who will trouble himself to look into the works of the "great thinker" of the nineteenth century will find proofs of Spencer's utter ignorance of the laws of ratiocination on every page; he commits, again and again, absurdities, any one of which would have earned the dunce of a thirteenth-century booby class the soundest of whippings. Indeed, Mr. Knowlson takes the sentence quoted, and shows that the implied argument runs as follows:—Formal logic is useless to me; that which is useless to me is useless to the whole human race; therefore formal logic is useless to the whole human race.

It would be interesting to know the arguments on which the second premise is based; Mr. Knowlson says, gently, that it is a case of arguing from the particular to the universal: "as I find toasted cheese unwholesome, it must be unwholesome for everybody."

But all this matter of Herbert Spencer's personal disabilities apart, you have here the case of a distinguished man, who is supposed to have influenced the thought of the whole world, saying deliberately that the eternal laws of thought are not of the slightest consequence to thinkers; that whether the two and two of ratiocination make four, or five, or six hundred and sixty and six is not of the slightest consequence.

This is a feat that one would have pronounced to be incredible. But it has been done; and if it has been accomplished in the green tree of eminence, what marvels of unreason and absurdity may be expected from the dry wood of obscurity, from the millions who are now the rulers of England!

SOCIAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH: A FRENCH AND ENGLISH VIEW

The Dawn of the Health Age. By Benjamin Moore, M.R.C.S. L.R.C.P. (J. and A. Churchill. 3s. 6d. net.)

Le Milieu médical, et la Question Médico-sociale. By Doctor Grasset. Fourth Edition. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 2f.)

The success of a nation, commercially and socially, in the arts as well as in less academic spheres, may be said to depend to a great extent upon the physical fitness of its individuals. An unhealthy body induces a mind out of harmony with its environment, a brain sapped of its finest powers; the work produced by the weakling, whether he be engaged in manual labour or in artistic endeavour, is, speaking generally and making due allowance for notable exceptions, of less value than the work of a man "in good form." Every effort to emphasise this fact, therefore, is welcome, and Dr. Moore's two hundred pages of enthusiastic argument cannot be passed over with a mere hasty glance.

If anything, Dr. Moore is a little too emphatic and dogmatic; his enthusiasm leads him now and then into an unguarded statement. "It is not the slightest exaggeration," he writes on page 3, "to say that our present methods of attacking disease are mediæval in their antiquity and their ignorance." On the contrary, it is a serious exaggeration, obvious even to the ordinary layman, and had the author carefully considered his words he would not have proceeded, we think, to assert that "the labour of the thirty-two thousand medical men at present practising in this country is almost wasted as far as the health of the community which they serve is concerned. Anything more futile, less scientific, more hopelessly absurd than the present method of dealing with disease can scarcely be conceived." Not, shall we say, the indiscriminate blood-letting of a hundred years ago? Although we are aware that Dr. Moore is referring more especially to disease in the bulk and the organisation of our efforts to combat it, such incautious statements as those we have quoted are calculated to weaken his argument, not to strengthen it. Alluding to infantile mortality, he says: "Latin names figure in the returns of the Registrar-General as the cause of death, but in plain English the children die from dirt, ignorance, carelessness, and starvation. Also, sad to relate, there has not been the slightest improvement in this respect within the past forty years." "It is a peculiar irony of fate," we read in another place, "that the very name of 'doctor' means a teacher, and yet he never, or very rarely, teaches nowadays, but earns his living chiefly by pouring medicines into people who would in most cases be better without them."

While protesting against this wholesale incrimination of the profession, however, we are perfectly sure that below it all runs a deep feeling for the welfare of humanity. Many good items of advice are to be found scattered through the pages, apart from the author's eager advocacy of a State Medical Service—the great theme of the book. "Let us start to teach some practical hygiene in our schools as a compulsory and important subject," is excellent counsel; already, we believe, there is a strong tendency to adopt it. On the subject of our hospitals we can also quote a pertinent remark or two:—

> In spite of all its lofty sentiments of voluntary charity and benevolence, the curse of the voluntary hospital system is that it is blinding the eyes of those who could most help social reform to the fact that we possess no national hospital system. The voluntary system is utterly inadequate; it is strained to its utmost limit and almost bankrupt, and yet it cannot attend to more than about fifteen to twenty per cent. of the cases requiring attention. By its very excellence in attending to this small proportion of the deserving poor, it blinds our eyes and blunts our perceptions in regard to the eighty per cent. which it does not touch at all.

Following this, however, we find the extreme statement that "any person who contributes towards or endows voluntary hospitals, however good his or her intentions, is contributing to the perpetuation of a great national nuisance and great national wrong which calls aloud for redress." Then, a few pages later, comes the remark: "By all means let us keep our voluntary hospitals for the present, if only we can remember that they are not solving a great national question which is pressing urgently for solution." The arguments are comprehensible, but not logical. Even if we admit, for instance, that the "distinguished hospital surgeon is often a man of very mediocre attainments, who has "shown keen-

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ness and patience, and trained his hands well to manipulation, but often has not added one line, or precept, or practical application to the craft of which he is an exponent," is it not a good thing that such men are to be found, and do they not by their skill save thousands of lives?

Dr. Moore disregards too much, we think, the work accomplished by our great consumption hospitals and sanatoria. During one year, in connection with a certain hospital where we have made inquiries, over fifteen hundred patients' homes were watched for a protracted period; 2,468 patients were treated as "special cases"—*i.e.*, received individual attention or special correspondence; 288 patients were examined by the Röntgen rays—some, of course, more than once; 208 patients were discharged with the disease completely arrested. Surely, even though such work may not be organised by State officers and carried on as a national affair, it hardly merits such severe language as the author uses; rather does it merit high praise.

The true solution, advocated in this book, is "one national service for the whole country, under a Minister of Public Health of Cabinet rank":—

> Local conditions for hospitals and administration may be left in the hands of local authorities, but the medical officers must be appointed to a national service and be transferable from one local centre to another, and open to promotion from one place to another. . . . How much better for the doctor to get his quarterly cheque from Government, and spend his time in being a doctor and looking after questions of health and disease, leaving bill-posting and fee-squeezing to those whose business it is!

We can easily believe that the poorly-paid medical man would see no objection to this, but what would the princely practitioners of Harley Street say to an offer of salaried posts under Government? However, the principle is sound, and Dr. Moore disposes of the difficulties in a clever and thoughtful manner. The advantages of a post-graduate course of lectures are obvious; too often the average doctor has little chance of keeping up to date save by reading his professional journals; here we are in complete agreement with the scheme. Dr. Moore's essay is full of sentences which make the reader think, and if it is at present too Utopian in its ideas to precipitate or to crystallise into fact, we can yet recommend it heartily to the careful consideration of everyone interested in the important question of our national health and physique; and especially, we should add, ought every doctor to read it.

Dr. Grasset's clever study of "Le Milieu médical" in the series of "Études Contemporaines" is in its fourth edition, and may be briefly considered here, as it deals with a problem which has recently arisen in France, not altogether unallied with the subject of the previous book. Social inequality, Dr. Grasset finds, has its analogue in the medical profession of his country, which appears to be going through a grave crisis. "Le nombre des médecins augmente constamment," says the author; "l'exercise loyal de la profession est gêné par les charlatans, les illégaux, les rebouteux, les irréguliers et les forbans de la médecine." So far, we in England are in somewhat similar plight; but Dr. Grasset emphasises difficulties which have reached a more acute stage across the Channel. "Les relations avec les clients deviennent plus difficiles par suite d'une mauvaise compréhension du rôle des consultants et des spécialistes; l'administration, les associations, les sociétés de secours mutuels aggravent la situation en faisant le bien aux dépens et aux frais des médecins." The result is a sort of professional battle, and with the details of the problem—which include, for instance, the question of surgical and medical teaching in hospitals—the author deals cogently and at some length.

His most interesting passages, to English readers at any rate, are those which treat of the Socialistic point of view. Very neatly does he show that a democracy cannot exist without an aristocracy, even though it be only an aristocracy "des aptitudes et des compétences"—of ability, in short. "Inequality between men is an implacable biologic law; men differ in intelligence, in health, in nature, in the tendency of their faculties, in capacity for work, and in adaptation. . . . In a well-organised society there must be inequality:"—

> Tous les hommes sont égaux en droit d'*accéder* à toutes les positions; mais cela ne veut pas dire qu'ils sont égaux en droit d'*occuper*, tous, la même position. . . . Il y a égalité des droits, mais pas égalité des *fonctions*. Les hommes sont nativement et biologiquement inégaux. Si donc ils sont égaux en droit aux fonctions, ils ne sont pas égaux en *capacité* pour les obtenir et les occuper dignement.

In a digression, which is, however, exceedingly pertinent to his theme, Dr. Grasset discusses the confused meanings which the public attaches to the word "art." Art, he considers, is the manifestation and realisation of the beautiful; it provokes the æsthetic emotions; but when the term is applied to the profession of which he is so distinguished a member, it has another significance—it means the manifestation and application of truth; hence he concludes that "la médecine pratique est un art scientifique, ou, pour mieux dire, une science appliquée; donc, non seulement il n'y a pas opposition entre la science et la pratique médicales, mais il y a corrélation et parallélisme entre ces deux éléments." It follows—and this is his point—that it is absurd to separate doctors into the two categories of "savants" and "praticiens."

Farther than this we need not proceed, since the main subject of this interesting little volume is concerned with the affairs of our neighbours and friends; but it has been a pleasure to follow out Dr. Grasset's arguments. France, on occasion, can produce experts in logic and lucid reasoning not a whit behind the somewhat less sprightly professors of Germany and England, and we imagine that "Le Milieu Médical" will accomplish much towards smoothing out the difficulties which threaten to disunite the members of a profession which, above all others, should "work together in unity."

AN EXPEDITION IN THE HIMALAYAS

The Call of the Snowy Hispar. By WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN, M.A., M.D., and FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN. (Constable and Co. 21s. net.)

A BOOK from the pen of those intrepid explorers Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman is always welcome; doubly so when presented to us in the attractive form of the handsome volume before us. The authors have, as is probably already well known to the majority of our readers, made a number of expeditions in the Himalayas, needless to say fraught in every instance with results of no mean scientific value; but the region which includes the scenes described in this the latest record of their endeavours they have made so peculiarly their own that one is almost tempted to say of them, in the words of Tennyson, "their name and glory cling to all high places like a golden cloud for ever."

Many of us have felt and known the fascination of the Alps. The call of those mountains is one that carries far and is not lost upon receptive ears. We can therefore readily appreciate the imperative nature of such a call coming from their greater sisters to such well-tried devotees as the authors. No words could describe the sensations upon

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such an occasion so aptly as their own. "But we had breathed the atmosphere of that great mountain-world, had drunk of the swirling waters of its glaciers, and feasted our eyes on the incomparable beauty and majesty of its towering peaks, and, as time passed on, its charms asserted their power anew and called to us with irresistible siren strains to return yet once again to those regions, the grandeur of which satisfies so fully the sense of the beautiful and sublime." By means of simple, and for that very reason effective, language, as well as by a profusion of photographs, in themselves a joy to look upon, we are enabled to enter in large measure into the spirit of the enterprise.

Readers will be well advised to preface their perusal of the book by a reference to the eleventh chapter and to the appended maps in order to obtain a clear and comprehensive idea of the extent and nature of the regions traversed. It will be observed that the Hispar glacier is the most northerly of a great group of four main and many subsidiary glaciers lying within a parallelogram bounded by 35° 40′ and 36° 20′ lat. N. and 74° 50′ and 76° 40′ E, the waters from which all eventually find their way into that great river aptly described here as "remarkable"—namely, the Indus. Dr. Workman's careful and repeated observations give the Hispar a length of 36·63 miles and an average width of about two miles. If the Hispar be taken together with the Biafao glacier, into which it almost imperceptibly fades at the summit of the Hispar pass, which forms its eastern extremity, the lotal length of the ice-band will be about seventy-three and a half miles, which is the longest extent of glacier outside the Polar regions. On its south side the Hispar receives six and on the north side nine branches. Many of these are in themselves glaciers of great size.

As to the southern barrier of the glacier, the authors remark that in their six expeditions in Himalaya they have seen no ice-expanse which approaches it in extent, complexity, and grandeur. Since it is continuous with the west wall of the Biafao glacier, it forms a solid barrier of forty miles in length. It is also a noteworthy fact that while its northern face "runs for twenty-four miles in a straight line, unbroken by a single deep indentation, its southern face gives off spur after spur, enclosing important glaciers."

An interesting problem is presented by the fact that, although the bed of the Hispar is almost certainly smooth, as is proved by the absence of crevasses, its gentle gradient, and other features, its surface is in general broken up into "high hillocks separated by deep depressions." The answer to this problem is to be found in the enormous pressure exerted upon the main glacier stream by its tributaries, as is most lucidly and adequately explained in the eleventh chapter. The same phenomenon was observed by the authors in the Nun Kun in 1906.

One of the most notable peculiarities of the Hispar is the almost complete absence of median moraines, but this is amply compensated for by the abundance and size of the lateral moraines which the glacier is actively engaged in building up. The ridges of the highest of these, found on the north bank, are 394ft. above the present surface. The mountains rise too abruptly from the glacier to afford any room for the maidans clothed with vegetation which were met with on previous expeditions in the Himalayas. So much for the character of the Hispar.

The expedition in question consisted of the authors; Count Dr. Cesare Calciati and Dr. Mathias Koncza, who made a complete topographical survey of the whole of the Hispar region, the results of which are summarised in the admirable Appendix written by them and in the detailed map; the Italian guide, Cyprien Savoye, who had already participated in two of the previous expeditions (he does not figure largely in these pages, but the occasions in which he does appear are momentous); three of the porters who accompanied the expedition of 1906, and a variable quantity of Nagar coolies, about whom the less said the better. Mr. Hogg performed valuable services as agent. The route traversed was, roughly, triangular—Srinagar, Gilghit, Chalt, Hispar, Hispar Pass, Askole, Shigar, Skardo, Gurais, and Srinagar. A short distance beyond Chalt lies that stupendous and glorious mountain Rakaposhi, 25,550 feet in height, the photographs of which are among the most beautiful in the book.

It is curious and distressing to notice that the villagers of Hispar, though starving by reason of a long succession of bad harvests, were just as averse from honest and well-paid labour as are the unemployed of our own long-suffering country.

The mountains of the Hispar region do not lend themselves to climbing, but are "characterised by their extreme steepness and greatly broken surfaces, being seamed by gorges and ravines at all altitudes. In addition, their higher parts and the entire slopes of those on the south-east side of the Haigatum and south side of the Hispar are heavily coated with ice and snow, which settle into hanging glaciers and séracked ice-falls on their flanks, and festoon their ridges and apices with great stratified cornices, sometimes even double and triple in character. These, breaking away, frequently give rise to avalanches, which sweep the whole mountain-flanks down to and over a considerable portion of the glaciers." Hence the mountains are not only difficult, in most cases impossible, but also very dangerous to climb, or even to approach.

One of the most important results, from a commercial point of view, is the demonstration of the present impracticability of the Nushik La as a pass for the traveller, or even for the mountaineer, this being one of many examples of changes which take place in the Himalayas during a decade or two.

The culminating point of interest is reached at the ascent by Mrs. Bullock Workman of Biafao Hispar Watershed Peak. The view from the summit she describes as "perhaps the most comprehensive and beautiful I have seen in Himalaya." The most fitting comment one can make upon this great climb is to repeat the remark of one of the porters upon the return of the little party to camp—"C'était quelque chose à voir, cette ascension, Madame." After reading the thrilling account of such an ascent—21,350ft.—we are pleased to have proved to us by the twelfth chapter that Mrs. Bullock Workman's title to the record altitude reached by a lady-mountaineer cannot now be questioned.

As to the topographical results of the expedition, readers may remember that Sir Martin Conway made a somewhat rapid ascent of the Hispar in the year 1892. The present was the first complete survey. Drs. Calciati and Koncza set out their conclusions in a separate portion of the book, entitled "The Basin of the Hispar Glacier." The map published by the Trigonometrical Survey of India is, according to them, completely valueless as regards the topography of the Hispar district.

Geologists will probably find this Appendix the most interesting portion of the whole work. Indeed, having regard to the existing state of our knowledge of glacial phenomena, information such as that acquired by the learned doctors upon this expedition is of the highest possible interest and scientific value. It is satisfactory to learn that they went to considerable lengths in setting up *in situ* various indications available for future explorers, a comparison of which after the lapse of many years will probably afford valuable data. Those who are desirous of studying the scientific results of the expedition further will find the necessary references given in the Appendices.

But for the general reader the pleasure afforded by this book is that of being enabled to participate spiritually in the

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glorious scenes described by those who understand and appreciate the splendours of the high places of the world. "Dawn is beautiful in the plains when heralded by the swish and twitter of innumerable song-birds; lovelier still at the bases of the hills, when shafts of dark violet flare up the spurs, turning to pale mauve and pink as they dart upward into the advancing light; most beautiful of all, higher yet above the abodes of man, beyond even the voice of the high-flying chough, where, as the curtain of darkness which has held the upper world in its inky grip is uplifted, glaciers, arêtes, and peaks, hitherto unseen, are revealed, spreading out on all sides in the calm, simple magnificence of ante-sunrise lighting." We wish we also could see that magnificent spectacle of the East.

MR. BELLOC AS POET: WITH SOME OTHERS

Verses. By H. Belloc. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)
The Search for Loveliness, and other Verses. By G. Rostrevor Hamilton. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)
Reaping the Whirlwind, and other Poems. By G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
Open Spaces. By Irven. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Queen of the Fiord, and other Poems. By John Cave. (Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co. 5s. net.)

Place of honour in this list must be given to Mr. Hilaire Belloc, not only because of his fine sense of rhyme and rhythm, but because to these qualities he adds a very neat irony and his characteristic shafts of incisive wit. Those who are familiar with his prose-work know well how aptly he will drop into verse when the mood takes him; we have here, for example, that splendid, swinging song "Heretics All," from "The Path to Rome." Very glad we are, too, to find it; but does it not add immensely to our pleasure to turn to the account of its inception? On the road to Moutier, we are told, Mr. Belloc asks "a young man chopping wood" for coffee:—

> And as he refused it I took him to be a heretic and went down the road making up verses against all such, and singing them loudly through the forest that now arched over me and grew deeper as I descended. And my first verse was:—
>
> Heretics all, whoever you be,
> In Tarbes or Nimes, or over the sea,
> You never shall have good words from me.
> *Caritas non conturbat me.*
>
> I sang it to a lively hymn-tune that I had invented for the occasion. I then thought what a fine fellow I was, and how pleasant were my friends when I agreed with them. I made up this second verse . . .

But we must resist the temptation to quote, or we shall do the author an injustice and reproduce, in our enthusiasm, all the poem and half the "Path to Rome."

Some of these poems (for half the contents of this beautiful book are true poetry, in spite of the modest title) are bright and keen as a sword-blade; others are as tender as a mother's whisper to her drowsy child. When, as often happens, the verses are in a martial spirit, how well Mr. Belloc understands the power of resonant words and the effect of a choice distribution of vowel-sounds! In "The Leader" the lines thud and resound as the tramp of a distant battalion, and we seem to hear the heavy artillery booming in the mist:—

> I hear them all, my fathers call,
> I see them how they ride,
> And where had been the rout obscene
> Was an army straight with pride.
> A hundred thousand marching men,
> Of squadrons twenty score;
> And after them all the guns, the guns,
> But she went on before.

On the page facing this is a lovely lyric entitled "A Bivouac," which introduces several place-names in a most musical manner. We may give the opening stanza:—

> You came without a human sound,
> You came and brought my soul to me:
> I only woke, and all around
> They slumbered on the firelit ground.
> Beside the guns in Burgundy.

Towards the end of the book there are several feats of accurate rhyming, combined with an irony that can be very biting. A mock "Newdigate Poem" is simply irresistible, and the "Ballad of Consols" shows how acutely Mr. Belloc studies the times. His postscript runs thus:—

> Permit me—if you do not mind—
> To add, it would be screaming fun
> If, after printing this, I find
> Them after all at 81.

The refrain of the ballad is that "Consols are at 82;" alas! they are now at 79, and Mr. Belloc must try again. Those who do not know Mr. Belloc as a poet should get this volume at once, for they have indeed a treat in store. Many other exquisite songs and ballads, which we should like to mention if space availed, hide within its pages.

Mr. Hamilton's title-poem, "The Search for Loveliness," contains a pretty idea prettily carried out; many of his lines are of quite haunting beauty, and the whole effect is satisfactory from a poetical point of view. The warmth of a vivid imagination pervades all his poems, and, as we expect from one who owes much inspiration to Greek sources, his *technique* is as a rule impeccable. A fair example of his style will be conveyed by the last stanza of the opening poem:—

> The lights of Loveliness, like scattered stars
> Hung in the canopy of darkness, shine.
> Still it is Night. Still with her prison-bars
> She hems the fire, whose burning shall refine
> The dross of Earth. Then Loveliness divine
> To them who seek her shall be manifest.
> Yet may we now, now at her earthly shrine,
> With perfect vision of her light be blest
> A moment—ere it rise and shine from East to West.

A charming little New Year's lyric, some Greek translations, and a small collection of verse in humorously satirical mood are worthy of notice as completing a clever little book.

The French Revolution is the somewhat sanguinary theme of a great part of "Reaping the Whirlwind," and we may say at once that the author gives some uncommonly fine pictures of the period, which he has evidently studied closely. The verses entitled "The Connoisseur" are as gruesome as any we have read for a long time, but they are restrained judiciously, though the description of the

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eager crowd round the tragedies of execution induces uneasy thrills :—

> For they push you and they jostle all around the guillotine,
> And the riders on their horses come and thrust themselves between,
> And the killing's done so quickly that there's nothing to be seen.

The most powerful thing in the book, in our judgment, is a blank-verse poem of seven or eight pages concerning Robespierre, glimpsed with a sheaf of wild flowers in his hand, talking to a country girl. For some mysterious reason the wrath of the onlooker, who was about to murder him, is stayed. The impression is conveyed in a masterly fashion, and this poem alone stamps the writer as worthy of a high place. Considerable pathos is shown in a rhymed musing on the theme of the little Dauphin, but nothing in the book is better than the "Robespierre." Some melodious lyrics and some quite smart "Lay Sermons" show the author in another attractive, but less powerful, mood.

With "Irven," who appears to greet us from Australia, we have to find a few preliminary faults. The didactic method, and the too frequent use of the vocative, mar much of his work; lucidity, too, is sacrificed to a curiously complicated construction. Very few of the poems read naturally or smoothly; the desire for an exotic word, or a familiar word employed in strange company, has proved a pitfall, and the author exploits his mysterious fancy for the capital letter in a way that puzzles the reader who wants to penetrate his meaning. One or two passages will exemplify this. In a sonnet addressed, rather unfortunately, "To Lucid Burns," he writes :—

> . . . he caught
> The glorious Truths wherewith the Heights are fraught,
> And spent his life for Fusion, where earth-qualms
> Forget the Unity that God has taught
> Through Love. This is the goal all Life has sought.

In some verses entitled "Sleep's Servitors" the following cryptic stanza occurs :—

> Lead they through purple-tinctured phantasy
> Visioned with joy,
> And veined with pulseful throbbing ecstasy,
> Which they employ
> As flowers their petals, so that garnering bee
> Life's seeds alloy.

On page 55 we find another curious piece of writing :—

> Thy Secret Thoughts are guiding hands, that lead
> By their own nature. They spill fruitful seed,
> And Body grows them, be they flower or weed!

This has a somewhat comic effect, as though "Body" were a rather independent sort of gardener. Why truncate so many phrases by dropping the defiuing article? The fault occurs time after time, and gives rise to a sensation of accumulating irritability:—"Haste we on long road;" "Bearing its standard to nearer hour;" "Started from Womb of Thought" are three more instances of this blemish. There is also more than a suspicion of the "New Thought" jargon in many of these verses. But, despite the necessity for complaint which we have indicated, the author proves himself a true poet by three or four lyrics, such as a delightful "Ode to the Wattle Bloom," sheer music, and a fine little song entitled "Enigma." These two stand from the rest of his work in surprising contrast, and we can only wish he had written more in the same vein, leaving his advice to "Be Thyself" and to "Think Noble Thoughts" to those who occupy pulpits and have small need for rhyme.

Not often do we find an idyll of modern love related with the grace and taste which Mr. John Cave brings to his "Queen of the Fiord," a story of love at first sight and its tragic ending. Truth to tell, we like the work best when the author leaves his rather jerky rhyming for the more stately measure of blank verse; he is rather too fond of the anapaestic rhythm, which is a trap for unwary feet in more senses than one. Here and there we seem to catch clear echoes of other poets, as in the verses on page 16 :—

> Such men leave footsteps on the sands of Time,
> And carve their names upon the solid rocks,
> And live in legends and make others great,
> And where they lead a host of lesser men
> Follow, and creep a little nearer God.

This, after reminding us of Longfellow, glides into a very Tennysonian measure. A sequence of short poems, under the title of "Two Locks of Hair," deals with a problem which Meredith treated in "Modern Love." The plot is very well thought out and exhibited, and some of the lyrical portions show Mr. Cave at his best, although they are strangely unequal. It was hardly wise, perhaps, to attempt so grave a theme in such light stanzas, but in justice we must say that the whole effect is remarkably good. We cannot spare more space over this volume of two hundred pages, save to note that the remainder of its contents, chiefly lyrical, keep to a high level of accomplishment, and in a few instances rise to real poetry of a distinguished order.

A FRIENDLY WARNING

The Age of Folly: a Study of Imperial Needs, Duties, and Warnings. By CHARLES J. ROLLESTON. (John Milne. 5s. net.)

DURING the last few years all responsible people of well-informed and rightly-balanced minds have been conscious of a vague feeling that a critical period is approaching in the political, social, and economic status of our land. Especially has this haunting, uneasy sensation of impending national ill-health developed among true lovers of England in the last twelve or eighteen months. Socialism, the noxious weed that is ready to blossom at any hour into the poisonous nightshade, to bear its corrupt fruit of anarchy and misrule, has spread its rank growth in the most unexpected quarters, and threatens to choke and stifle the finest flowers of wise counsel and thoughtful endeavour. To the Governments of other countries who have keenly studied our history and watched our rise to the splendid position of premier world-Power, we present a problem for serious consideration; we suffer tactless legislators to chatter where they will; allow the human refuse of other capitals to settle in our very midst without the slightest attempt at control or registration, and proceed generally as though the stability of a mighty realm were a perfectly natural and permanent result of its greatness, instead of an attribute which requires the most vigilant care and the most skilful guardianship to preserve intact. It is no cause for wonder if to many acute minds the thought has occurred, as they read of the decline and fall of other historic empires, that unless some drastic reforms of our present "popular" legislative methods can be secured, the country will soon be at a crisis in her fortunes such as she has never been confronted with before.

With the praiseworthy object of emphasising this danger Mr. Charles J. Rolleston has written his critical study of our time, entitled "The Age of Folly," and at the outset we may remark that it is a book which deserves the earnest consideration of all politicians; for, although occasionally

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he is inclined to employ gloomy colours too freely, his common sense is notable, and his figures, we imagine, cannot be challenged. Proceeding from introductory chapters on the lesson of Rome, of Spain, and of the Netherlands, to sketch the state of affairs in England, he paints a sad picture, part of which we may reproduce:—

> Agriculture is becoming a bankrupt industry; others are vanishing or departing for foreign lands; the middle and lower classes complain of shrinking incomes, bad trade, want of employment; tens of thousands of intelligent artisans and workers are emigrating to Protectionist countries, while tens of thousands of aliens, often of a very low type, are crowding into England, taking the place of emigrants of English stock. Suicide is increasing in proportion to the population; insanity is also increasing rapidly. The birth-rate is decreasing. The virile peasantry of other days, leading a healthy country life, are rapidly diminishing in numbers, and masses of the modern English, huddled together in town purlieus, are producing a race of physical degenerates and mental defectives.

This is a lurid, and perhaps an extreme presentation; but it is perfectly true that "the Tariff Reformers can hardly adduce a better object-lesson in defence of their views than by comparing the glowing forecasts [of Cobden] with the conditions of English life after his theories have been accepted for sixty years." Where the author errs, however, is in suggesting, or rather seeming to suggest, that no other influence has been at work to produce this sorry condition of affairs. Later on in the volume he, of course, corrects himself automatically, bringing forward many flaws in public administration, and instancing various faults in our system of party Government. It is unfortunately true that while the electorate is composed of seven and a half millions of voters, in round numbers, three-fourths of these have not studied the contemporary history of their country from an Imperial standpoint, or, we might almost say, from any standpoint at all.

Turning for a moment from politics to the sphere of internal economics, a lengthy and very striking section of Mr. Rolleston's book is devoted to the enormous wastage in England of public and private moneys in more or less indiscriminate charity. Here, again, we fancy that some of the statements are rather too sweeping—as when the author says that after careful inquiries he "was completely satisfied that gross deception plays a large part in the solicitation for charitable subscriptions, and that in many cases benevolent institutions are carried on very largely for the benefit of employees connected with them; also that in the administration money is often misapplied, wasted, or even embezzled." Nevertheless, his warnings and his advice are opportune, for England is indeed the paradise of the wastrel, of the man who desires to live without working; and our present lawgivers seem intent upon making things still more comfortable for him.

With regard to the question of Socialism, there are many pertinent remarks, although the author does not definitely treat it as a burning problem of the day. His views, however, are sound, for he indicates the dangers which would overtake the country if the noisy clamouring of the agitators ever brought them their much-desired boon—the distribution of wealth: of other people's wealth, of course. If our "spending classes" were ruined, "the ruin would fall with terrific force on the masses of working men whose very maintenance must necessarily depend on those moneyed classes. The disappearance of capital would mean the wholesale disappearance of employment." This is so obviously true that it seems to demonstrate itself; and yet it is the very fact which thousands of working men cannot, or will not, see. The point is emphasised:—

> Those composing the British proletariat might look with indifference on the extinction of income pertaining to those occupying other and higher social positions. They would, however, evince less indifference if they understood the real truth, that . . . the ruin of the classes would also bring ruin to the homes of the working men themselves. There ought to be no difficulty in demonstrating this, yet, unfortunately, the working men whose votes now represent the governing force of our country do not generally understand it.

The important questions of afforestation, the revival of agriculture, the Army and the Navy, are all dealt with in due course, but it is impossible here to discuss all Mr. Rolleston's ideas at any great length. If we do not invariably agree with him, he none the less gives us food for much close thought, and as far as we can see in an attentive perusal has made few errors either in fact or deduction. One slight slip we may point out in his figures as to the importation of eggs from Denmark. "Half a billion" is the number given on p. 242, whereas it should be 500,000,000—unless, as may be the case, the word "billion" is used in the French significance. We recommend the book as a very thoughtful and timely discussion of problems which in the near future threaten to take upon themselves a vital importance in the history of our land and its empire.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Young People. By One of the Old People. Second Edition. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

VARIOUS items of internal evidence, such as a smart slap at the "Christian Scientists" and a certain neat facility in reasoning, gave us hints as to the authorship of this very delightful little volume, although not until the colophon was reached did a list of books "by the same writer" divulge the secret. For the book chanced to be new to us in both senses, and most pleased we have been to wander through the digressive essays which it embodies. The hand that wrote "Confessio Medici" might be expected to provide something good in the way of gentle and pertinent philosophising, and in these chapters—written primarily for lovers of young people rather than for the young folks themselves—there are many points which appeal to us very strongly.

The sections entitled "London," "Sunday Out," and "The Run of the Streets," all of which deal with aspects of the great city or its surroundings, contain more humour and good sense with regard to the treatment of the growing boy and girl than are to be found in a dozen ordinary books of cut-and-dried instruction and "advice to parents." In the guise of one who resides with a happy family where are certain healthy, inquisitive youngsters who "want to know" all about things in general, the author distributes so many excellent musings that we are at a loss to select any for special reference. Those who think they know their London should read this book, and find how well and sympathetically it can be known, and, possibly, feel abased. "I long to be able to see London for the first time," says the author. "To come as a tourist—to see London in that spirit!"—

> To find my way to Westminster Bridge, and stand amazed at the sudden beauty of the Embankment. To enter, for the first time, the Abbey. I would not lose my head and rush

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into the Abbey: I would compel myself to study its exterior majesty, and the cloisters, and Dean's Yard, and the little cloister, and I would read my guide-book over the grave-stones of the Norman Abbots, and where the brethren are buried who died of the Black Death. The Abbey would be calling me, drawing me to itself, till I could no longer bear to wait. Then I would take a deep breath, and say Now, and go inside.

There is no lack of comprehension of that delicate mystery, the heart of a child, in these pages. "Decent liberty is good for children" runs the friendly counsel in chapter thirteen. "Streets are places where things happen which cannot happen at home: processions, open-air services, Saturday markets, queues outside theatres, special editions, electric sky-signs, pavement toys, shop-windows, obstructions of traffic, and all adjustments of differences between the police and the public." "I should be suspicious of any child who professed to care for the Elgin Marbles." "If I had to choose, for a child who was musical, and even for one who was not, the wisest of all music-teachers, I should choose a Promenade Concert twice a week, and St. Paul's on Sunday afternoon, with leave to come out before the sermon." That last happy touch is just the thing; no one can possibly question the author's wisdom after so acute a remark. We wish heartily that every one who has ever repulsed a child's questionings, or sent it off as a "troublesome brat" or a "little nuisance," could read this series of essays; he or she would receive lessons in tact and management which could not by any chance be tedious or give offence, since the grace of a ready pen and the relief of a genuinely humorous and tender outlook on life informs it from cover to cover.

The Fauna of British India: Coleoptera Lamellicornia. By J. G. Arrow. (Taylor and Francis.)

Most people have no knowledge of beetles, except of the common or kitchen variety, on which they wage war ruthlessly. To such persons this book will not appeal. It is a volume of the fauna of British India, published under the authority of the Secretary of State. The fact that it is edited by Dr. A. E. Shipley, Fellow and Lecturer of Christ's College, Cambridge, joint-editor and part author of the Cambridge Natural History, &c. &c., is a guarantee of its scientific value. Mr. J. G. Arrow is the author, and Mr. Marshall has assisted in its production. It deals with the Lamellicornia, one of the best defined and most readily recognisable of the primary divisions of Coleoptera. Of the 15,000 known species about 1,300 belong to the Indian fauna; but the collections are very incomplete. The beetles of this super-family are of a primitively fossorial type, their fundamental structure has been determined by burrowing habits which more or less still persist in the majority. Their chief distinctive feature is in the antenna. These Lamellicorn beetles are remarkable for the variety of stridulating organs to be found amongst them and still more for the occurrence of these structures in the larvæ. A special characteristic is the tendency of the sexes to differ markedly in their external features. They are by no means prolific. In this work methods of classification somewhat varying from those hitherto adopted have been introduced, and it is anticipated that some of the change may not find approval. The illustrations appear to be excellent, especially two-coloured plates of the Scarabeidæ at the end. The glossary of fifty-two words might well have been amplified. To appreciate the nomenclature a knowledge of Latin and Greek is required. Does not this justify their compulsory study by scientific students?

FICTION

ESPIONAGE BY HYPNOTISM

A Waif of Destiny. By L. G. Moberly. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)

The plot of this story is obvious from almost the first chapter, and it affords nothing new for the delectation of admirers of sensational fiction. Nevertheless, the interest is strongly sustained throughout, and it is probable that the book, once taken up, will not be put down again until the end is reached. It is crammed with exploits calculated to take the reader's breath away, especially those affecting the heroine, and as these generally culminate at the end of each chapter, it would seem that the story was originally written for serial publication. This heroine, the "Waif of Destiny," is a young woman of extraordinary vitality, for in the course of the narrative she is entrapped and compelled to stay a night alone with an unknown corpse, is injured in a railroad collision, and assumes the personality of a fellow-passenger who is killed, escapes from a house by climbing down a wall by the aid of a water-pipe, and is run over whilst under hypnotic influence, besides being twice an in-patient at a hospital.

The adventuress, Madame von Hagen, "so fairy-like, so dainty, so charming in her delicate fairness," is a spy in the pay of a certain foreign Power whom it is needless to mention. Though small in person, she is none the less formidable through the hypnotic power she possesses, as the following quotations will show:—

> At the same moment she looked straight into his eyes with her innocent blue ones, leaning a little towards him once more as she did so. Her eyes dilated and darkened as they gazed at him, and a strange, dreamy expression slowly crept over the man's face, whilst in total silence she looked, and looked, deep into his eyes. "It—is—imperative," she repeated very slowly, after that long, long look; "you—have—the—papers—there—give—them—to—me;" each word was uttered separately, with curious emphasis, and never, for a single second, did her unflinching gaze leave his eyes. Almost mechanically, and looking at her all the time, he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and drew from it a sealed packet, which, with the same mechanical movement, he put into her hands.
>
> Brian found himself looking into her blue eyes, which suddenly dilated and changed in a most extraordinary fashion. An odd feeling came over him that he must continue to look into her eyes, that in them he would find—something, something . . . A strange sense of being opposed by a personality, as strong as, if not stronger than, his own nearly overwhelmed him. . . . And for one long, strange moment he realised acutely that their two personalities were grappling together in a silent fight.

But, unlike the shady, unscrupulous Sir Matthew Barnes, to whom our first quotation refers, Brian Merivale successfully resists the adventuress. He is everything that an English gentleman should be, and we think the best-drawn character in the book, which, with the additional aid of a kind aunt, a stagey villain, a bloodthirsty, murderous dwarf, and a host of other characters, provides sufficient material for half a dozen stories. Strange to relate, the ubiquitous detective does not once put in an appearance. In her usual able style, Miss Moberly has made use of most of the stock phrases which are recognised as the peculiar property of the sensational novelist. We quote a few:—

> "He paused and glanced before and behind him with a swift, searching look." "Again came that chuckling sinister laugh." "For the electric light shone full upon a dark,

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deep stain." "A man who . . . paused for a moment almost as if he were listening to the silence."

A feat which we venture to suggest achieves the impossible. For those who relish this sort of fare Miss Moberly's book is the very thing.

A Large Room. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Heinemann. 6s.)

In "A Large Room" Mrs. Henry Dudeney has given us a very able book, but a very bitter one. There is no joy in it, no divine carelessness, and very little faith in the value of everyday human nature. The story tells of a very innocent poetical and friendless girl, and her trials at the successive hands of a stepmother, a blasé and despicable man of the world, who betrays her by a mock marriage, and a stupid and fleshy husband, with whom she thinks to find peace. Amaza Meeks is first shown to us as a queer, precocious child, who walks daily with her nurse in the gardens of the square where she lives, and talks with other children of her class without much liking them or being liked by them. She has one friend—Sebastien Gooch—a very wise youngster; in after years he becomes a High Church Rector, and stifles his love for Amaza by his belief in celibacy for his Order. The children in the gardens, with their snobbish talk, are splendid, and, despite an occasional unnatural cleverness in the conversations of Amaza and Sebastien, we think the long and full prologue the most enjoyable part of the book. Afterwards, when Amaza is grown up and her father is dead, the story becomes sad and bitter, and remains so to the end, with but short interludes of comedy.

The mere recital of the plot of this book would give a melodramatic impression which the reader will not derive from it. Mrs. Dudeney is a very subtle artist; so finely does she handle the most familiar incident that, while one is reading her book, originality seems a very small virtue. Her comedy is better than her tragedy, which is apt to be feverish. The servants, the second Mrs. Meeks—a fine example of the female philistine—her two athletic and otherwise lifeless daughters, Marcia, the priggish young widow, lately bereaved, and many sketches by the way, are all creations of pure and delightful humour. Mrs. Dudeney's male characters are like those of other women writers; one sees only the outside of them, and the best fall short of the least of her women. Nevertheless, they live, and one at least, Amaza's Nonconformist father, who appears only in the prologue, is a very convincing portrait. He is also one of the few lovable people in the book. If we might make a criticism of Mrs. Dudeney's style, we would say that it is too abrupt. Her use of the general "you" is excessive also, and there are a few touches of downright bad grammar which might have been avoided. "Such a much finer specimen," and "wouldn't have dared left" are bad. But these things do not seriously detract from the merits of a very clever book. The meaning of the title, by the way, is a mystery beyond our understanding.

The Soul of India: an Eastern Romance. By O. Schultzky. (Wm. Süsserott, Berlin. 3 marks 50.)

This little brochure—evidently a translation from the German—is such a mixture of fiction and politics, of mystery and molecules, that it is difficult to give any brief and intelligible account of it. Under the strange designation of "The Soul of India," a silver monkey idol, which had descended from an Indian race of higher culture more than twenty thousand years ago, belongs to Champa, an Oodeypore Princess (educated incognito at Girton); it climbs up the mizzen-mast of a steamer, jumps into the brine under hypnotic hallucination, travels to Trikasht, the "Indian Rome," and is restored in gold to its owner by Mom, the arch-plotter, though no one could elucidate the marvellous metamorphosis. But it has no connection with the story, which describes a plot worked by a few conspirators, including Champa, Merlin, Mom, and others. They entrap the Viceroy and the principal officials to a party on a steamer at Calcutta, where Mom and his assistants hypnotise them all, carry them off to sea, and make them commit many absurdities. The sea voyage takes them to Rangoon and Colombo, where the plot fizzles out rather tamely, and India goes on much as before. But the conversations between the *dramatis personæ* turn on many psychological and speculative questions, such as Germans and Indians love. For example, "India must be governed ethically," explained Mom. "Whatever that may mean," said a British Colonel. There is much about mentality, hallucination, telepathy, hypnosis, occult licence, sublimation, which finds expression in this romantic garb, but can only convey an erroneous notion of India as it exists, or of the problems to be solved. The writer has ideas and some power of thought, but they require reduction to practical standards of existence.

Out of the Dark. By the Countess of Cromartie. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

This fantastic story, quite incredible, but written as a record of actual occurrences, leaves a rather unsatisfactory impression on the reader's mind. The heroine falls in love with a very mysterious personage whom she encounters in a rock chamber below the earth's surface—"Arâs, the King;" her love, it seems, will redeem him from the doom of misery which has hung over him since his exploits in long-dead ages. They live together in a very sentimental atmosphere, travel, and incur the suspicions of the conventional world. Much of the writing of the story is pretty, but the infatuation of the girl expresses itself constantly in the exclamation "My King!" while her frequent references to the slender, steely hands of her lover and to his embraces become very tiring. Orient and Occident, with an added element of confusion in the "past" from which Arâs suffers, do not commingle at all well in these pages, and the book disappoints in another way, for the reader continually expects a climax which never arrives.

THE THEATRE

"THE PIPER" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

If we had witnessed a performance of Mr. F. R. Benson's Christmas production of "The Piper" at the St. James's Theatre in the last days of the old year there would have been an addition to the pathetically short list of autumn plays which mattered. The order in which this list would have run in our article in last week's number would have been thus:—"Pompey the Great," "Nobody's Daughter," and "The Piper." We saw the last-named play this week. We hope to see it again before it is withdrawn from the St. James's Theatre, and every Christmas for many years. It is a play which, like "Peter Pan," should be a perennial. Parents should be privileged to take their children to see it every Christmas. Among the list of Christmas productions—a list which goes back for twenty years—it stands out alone. It is infinitely more poetical, immeasurably more beautiful, and very much more moving than its only rival, "Peter Pan." "The Piper" does not belong to the same school as

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Mr. Barrie's inimitable play written by a child for children. We mention it in the same breath with "Peter Pan" because it is the only Christmas play which is worthy of the honour. "The Piper" is written by a poet for children, and both "Peter Pan" and "The Piper" should belong annually not only to children, but to grown-up children. In a word, they are unique. Mr. George Alexander and Mr. F. R. Benson deserve well of the British public. "The Piper" confers honour upon the St. James's Theatre, and Miss Josephine Preston Peabody shares with "George Paston" and John Masefield the dramatic laurels of 1910.

"The Piper," Michael the Sword-eater, and Cheat-the-Devil are strolling players who wander from village to village with a sort of caravan. It is their mission in life to awaken children's laughter. They worship the sun and all the other wonders of Nature, but the Piper—an everlasting child himself—worships children more than all. It happens that he has arrived at Hamelin when it is at the mercy of a plague of rats. All the devices of the Burgomeister, of Kurt the syndic, Peter the cobbler, Hans the butcher, Axel the smith, Martin the watch, Peter the sacristan, Anselm the young priest, Old Claus the miser, and Old Ursula have been unable to prevent the storming of their houses by this great army of destroyers. Suddenly into their midst stroll the three mountebanks, oddly garbed, the Piper in a sort of motley, Cheat-the-Devil hiding his round and beardless face beneath the mask of Mephistopheles, and Michael, the perfect man—young, handsome, and honest—who pretends to eat swords. Jacobus the Burgomeister, of the wine-flushed face and mighty body, and his mercenary collection of leading townsmen eye these strangers askance. To them they are gipsies, pretenders, mere creatures whose lives are spent in amusing noisy children for pence. They button their pockets and look sharply after their goods until the Piper, who has no name, but who remembers with reverence his mother's face, hears of the town's great trouble, and offers for a thousand guelders to rid the place of all its rats. Incredulous but hopeless, Jacobus accepts the offer, and the Piper, putting his pipe to his lips, sends his quaint, alluring melody into the air and charms the rats away. He leads them to their death by drowning and returns to the town, whose cathedral bells chime thankfully, to claim his reward. With his return the curtain rises. In his absence Michael has fallen in love with Babara, daughter of Jacobus, and he finds, without astonishment, that the men of Hamelin, now untroubled by the plague, regard the stipulated reward as altogether out of proportion to the deed performed. But the Piper insists upon the reward in full, and when he is finally offered fifteen guelders in all he is so hurt at the dishonesty, meanness, and treachery of the townsmen whom he has rescued that he waits until they and their wives have gone into the Cathedral to kneel in thanksgiving, and then puts his pipe to his lips. From all parts of the town, from houses big and small, from supper-table and from bed, child after child, girl and boy, come creeping on tip-toe to the irresistible call, until there is not one, however small, that is not dancing beneath the pipe. And then, as mothers and fathers kneel before the altar and the organ of the Cathedral swells in thanksgiving, the quaint melody of the wooden pipe passes from the market-place into the open country and is heard no more, and with it have gone the children. Before its appeal has died away the acolytes are caught by it, and fly from the church to follow, pursued by the outraged sacristan, and when the sound has faded into the distance the square fills with distraught fathers and mothers, whose cries of terror and despair drown the chiming bells.

The children are led to a beautiful cave inside the Hollow Hill, and here, with all their feeling for adventure alive, the Piper, a great child among children, works his charm upon them, a charm as simple as it is irresistible. He makes himself young again. He pipes and dances and tells stories until sleep puts dust into all their eyes, and in their sleep awful dreams come to them. Their fathers assume horrible personalities and threaten; their mothers are forgotten. They wake gladly enough to find themselves in what appears to be fairyland, ruled over by their friend the Piper, whom they love and trust. For all that he pipes and laughs, tells stories, and doles out food, the fatherless Piper is on tenterhooks of anxiety. Where are Michael and Cheat-the-Devil—Michael, who is held to Hamelin by the eyelashes of Babara, and Cheat-the-Devil, who is a timid and nervous youth? They may betray his hiding-place and bring down upon Hollow Hill all the angry parents of the children he has won. Cheat-the-Devil comes, but Michael lags behind, so the Piper goes forth to find him, leaving his beloved little ones in the care of the man who wears the purple of the enemy of mankind. It is on the crossways where silver birch-trees try to shelter with their delicate limbs the outstretched figure of Christ from sun and rain that the Piper finds Michael. The sword-eater has a breaking heart, for Babara, who has captured it, is to be sacrificed by all the mothers and fathers of Hamelin as an offering. In order that God may restore their children, the beautiful girl, ripe for motherhood, is even at that moment being led to a convent in the valley, there to be hidden from the world, and left to eke out her life behind the grill. Michael implores the Piper to charm the children back to Hamelin so that Babara may be saved. The Piper refuses. "Those Hamelin mothers and fathers," he says, "do not understand the very rudiments of parenthood. To them children are not the living rays of the sun, but are merely instruments to provide them with roof and meat in old age." He will keep the children, lead them to the place, through all the beauties of Nature, where the rainbow touches the earth. They are his children. He is their father and mother. He loves them all, especially Jan, the lame boy, the only son of Veronica, wife of Kurt the syndic, whom he wishes to carry upon his shoulders for ever. Up the winding path through the forest of firs, with their shadows flung behind them, chanting and priest-led come Babara, dressed as a bride, and all the weeping parents and grown-up children. The Piper and Michael hide behind the Calvary, the Piper having undertaken to rescue the girl. High above the chanting sounds the thin, alluring note of the pipe. The priest and acolytes, men, women and maidens, still chanting, dance to the air, bewildered, almost blinded. So long as the pipe plays, on they go dancing, down the hill to the convent. But Babara remains. The Piper, laughing and triumphant, stands in front of them, Michael trembling with love. It is, however, the Piper to whom Babara turns with outstretched arms, the Piper to whom she murmurs loving words. Laughter dies from the Piper's lips and passionate anger blazes in the eyes of Michael. "No, no!" cries the man without a name, the fatherless man; "not for me your loving words." Amazed and disconcerted, smarting under the accusations of treachery from Michael, the Piper then fills a horn cup with water from the well, makes it into a love potion, and gives it to Babara. She drinks, and, seeing Michael for the first time, goes into his arms. The Piper with a smile blesses them and watches them as they disappear together lost to everything, even to the beauty of the setting sun, but themselves. Just as he is about to return eagerly to his children the tinkle of a cow-bell holds his steps. Weeping and calling for Jan, comes Veronica, wife of Kurt. She sees the Piper as he is slipping away behind the figure of the Lonely Man upon Whose face Jan was so anxious to see a smile. The broken-hearted woman flings herself at the Piper's feet and begs for her little boy. The Piper is adamant. The broken-hearted mother's appeal

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stirs him and pains him, but how can he make an exception? How, in any case, can he give up the best loved of all his stolen family? He tells her that Jan, like the rest, is happy and crutchless, and never once has spoken the word mother, and at last, utterly broken, the woman goes back to Hamelin to her empty nest. The Piper turns gleefully, and is once more about to rush back to his children when his eyes fall upon the figure of the Lonely Man, Who wears no smile upon His face. He stops and argues with Him. He pleads that he may retain the children. The light has faded. The moon comes up and a beam finds its way through the sheltering arms of the silver birches to the Saviour's face. The Piper looks into it, draws back, receives His command for the restoration of the little ones, his love for whom the Lonely Man shares, and bows in obedience.

Back in Hamelin Old Ursula is croaking that there will never again be young life in the market-place. One by one fathers and mothers come out with hanging heads and quivering voices. The priest leaves the Cathedral to give the last rites to the dying Veronica. Old Jacobus, whose daughter has been charmed away, comes for sympathy, and it is into the midst of these people that Michael and Babara suddenly appear hand in hand. Babara had been conducted forth as a bride. She returns a wife. The angry fathers and mothers surround the friend of the man who stole their children. Violence is about to be used, when silence falls upon them all. An unexpected sound has reached their ears. It is the shrill laughter of boys and girls. Nearer and nearer it comes, mixed with the pattering of feet. Trembling, and hardly able to believe their ears, men and women fall back and wait. Into the square, running, laughing, gambolling, troop the children of Hamelin, aud spring into their parents' arms. Finally comes the Piper with little Jan upon his shoulders. After relief comes anger. He is buffeted and pushed from man to woman. He asks for Veronica. He is told by the priest that her soul is passing, and rushes to her window to implore her to stay. He has brought back Jan. He cannot believe that it is too late. He will not believe it. And then to the window all in white comes Veronica. She opens it, and the Piper catches up the crippled boy and places him into her eager arms. Once more she hears the word mother, and is asked to admire the winged slippers which the Piper placed upon his crippled feet in fairyland, the slippers which had rendered the crutch unnecessary, Where is the Piper going? Back to the road, the long, winding road. He has piping to do. But before he goes Jan has a request. Will the Piper place the winged slippers at the feet of the Lonely Man, so that His face may wear a smile at last? The Piper does so, stands facing the children, who are his no longer, and without a smile passes on his way.

From so inadequate a description as this it will be impossible to gather more than the faintest indication of the beauty, the charm, the humour, the irresistible and exquisite poetry of this play. We do not ever remember to have seen anything upon the stage in this country or the Continent so deserving of preservation as "The Piper." It is beautifully mounted and played to perfection. In the hands of Mr. F. R. Benson the nameless man lives and breathes. This actor, so rarely seen in London, from whose company the London stage has been recruited for many years with all its most intelligent actors and actresses, and whose whole life has been devoted to providing provincial playgoers with admirable representations of Shakespeare's masterpieces, brought to bear upon his part a personality and a refinement of elocution, an elusive and indescribable sense of beauty and poetry, second only to that of Mr. Forbes Robertson. From a long cast, every member of which was excellent, we must select Mr. Eric Maxon, Mr. Alfred Wild, Mr. Alfred Brydone, Mr. J. M. Johnston, Mr. Nigel Barrie, Mr. Murray Carrington, Miss Hetty Kenyon, Miss Violet Fairbrother, Miss Ellen Aickin, and Miss Marion Terry, whose performance of Veronica was very beautiful indeed. Mr. Christopher Wilson's overture and incidental music were quite worthy of the play. We offer our sincere congraulations to Mr. F. R. Benson for having provided London with such a gem, and we trust that playgoers generally, and all who can appreciate what is best and most beautiful in the drama, will give him their support.

MISS EDYTH WALKER AT THE "PALLADIUM"

To Charles Lamb the giving of oratorios in a theatre was a "profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse," and to such fogeys as look back with something of regret to the old-time music-hall with its wealth of tumblers and conjurors and tricksters, its merry comicalities and its refreshing freedom from the pretence of being anything but what it was—a place to be amused in—to such fogeys the new type of entertainment to which we are invited, instead of the old music-hall, may not improbably give an Elian feeling of disappointment. For the thrilling wizard who brought many more rabbits out of his pocket-handkerchief than the lady in Hogarth's picture did out of her petticoats, we have a popular actor and "his full company;" for the Frères Zemganno we have a prima-donna of the first rank in selections from Wagner. It is all a little mixed and disturbing, for we are constrained to admit that some of the more inane and unamusing features of the old music-halls are still to be found flourishing in the most modern of our Variety Palaces. "La variété, c'est le poivre de la vie," said the shrewd old philosopher; and we used to think it an admirably true saying. But as to the bewildering variety of these up-to-date programmes we begin to have our doubts, and will frankly confess that we should have better enjoyed our evening at the "Palladium" if Miss Walker had not been there. She is now one of our finest singers, and her performances given with the proper environment of Covent Garden opera, when our minds were attuned to sympathy with the joys of Elizabeth, and to respectful consideration for the woes of Elektra, were undoubtedly very striking. But no, we were not transported out of ourselves into the magic land of Wagner by Elizabeth's entry into a hall of song tenanted but a moment previously by the "greatest Lady Trick Cyclist in the world" (she was indeed a wonderful cyclist), nor yet by her appearance—after a Fregoli-like "quick-change"—as Adrian in the scena from "Rienzi." We tried to concentrate our attention on music and singer, to forget all that had gone before; but in vain. The remembrance of the lady cyclist's convolutions, and of the queerest little trot who had played an "Impertinente" in the ballet (she was the first portrait of Thackeray's Betsinda to the life) prevented us from taking our Wagner with the high seriousness which he requires of his listeners. It may have been our own fault; our hearing may have been dimmed; but it certainly seemed that Miss Walker was not as happy on the stage of the "Palladium" as she is on that of Covent Garden. She sang with a feverish earnestness; she was unsparing of her voice; yet it all left us cold. Elizabeth at the "Palladium" could not persuade us that she was a Princess, and no belief could be conjured up as to the mental exultation of Adrian. We speak, however, only for ourselves. The majority of the audience, more finely sensitive perhaps to operatic emotions, seemed vastly well pleased, and Miss Walker was called

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many times before the curtain, amid lusty cries of "Encore!" Yet had Dr. Johnson been musical and present at this entertainment he might have addressed the audience with his celebrated "You are to consider what your flattery is worth before you bestow it." For it was hardly half an hour since this same audience had wished to "encore" a young person who had sung two verses of Tosti's "Good-bye," and in this performance all possible faults of misplaced sentiment, misused rhythm, and dragged tempo had been apparent. But these crimes are held to be virtues by the uncritical. That the introduction of great music, performed by great artists, on to the "Variety Stage" may encourage a healthy taste for what is great and good we must all hope. But we fear it will take some time.

DRURY LANE AND THE CHILDREN

We have noticed that, in writing about pantomimes, the critics of our contemporaries usually make two rather serious mistakes. The first is the assumption that pantomime is really intended for the amusement of children, and the second (which to a certain extent is implicit in the first) is the conclusion that most pantomimes are unsatisfactory because they fail to provide the children with suitable fare. A glance at any pantomime audience should dispel the first illusion. Even at matinées the children are in the minority, while at night the disproportion is quite startling. As we remarked a few weeks ago, the real purpose of modern pantomime appears to be to give conscientious objectors to music-halls an opportunity of witnessing a music-hall entertainment without shame. It follows that, even if the second criticism were just, it would not be very important; but though we agree that the average pantomime is far removed from the ideal entertainment for children, it is at all events quite harmless, and contains a number of elements that children like. They appreciate the colour of the pageant, the papier-mâché treasures, the gilt moons and ultramarine sunsets, the jewelled and gilt scenery; they like the funny clothes and red noses and boisterous horseplay of the low comedians; they like the "little girls" in short skirts, in whom the sophisticated recognise the tired ladies of the ballet; they like, in fact, nearly all the things which writers with sentimental views on children think it necessary to condemn. As a general rule they do not care for the love-making or the singing; after a long experience of pantomimes we are prepared to say that they are right, though our reasons are not perhaps theirs. The singing in pantomimes is nearly always extremely bad, and the fact that the principal boy is always the principal girl makes the love-scenes ridiculous. The wonder is that in an entertainment that must at all costs be made attractive to adults there should be so much that gives genuine pleasure to young people.

From the days of our youth we have always had a kindness for Drury Lane Theatre, and above all for Drury Lane pantomime. The theatre has an individual atmosphere, the pantomime is not like the pantomime one sees anywhere else. In order to appreciate the size of the place it is necessary to put on a very small pair of knickerbockers and gaze upwards from the stalls between the chocolates and the ices. It is like looking into the deeps of heaven, though here the gods suck oranges and make catcalls—those fascinating sounds that our youthful lips would never achieve. Drury Lane is the only theatre that preserves the old glamour. We never enter its doors without thinking of Charles Lamb, and it would hardly astonish us if Mistress Nell Gwynn came to greet us with her basket of China oranges, wearing that famous pair of thick worsted stockings that the little link-boy gave her to save her pretty feet from the chilblains. Outside, the image of Shakespeare leans on its pedestal, sadly contemplative of the grey roofs of Covent Garden. The porters who carry about bunches of bananas, unconsciously reproducing the pictures of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, do not concern themselves with the poet's passionate dreams of the whitely wanton, wherein they show more discretion than Mr. Andrew Lang. If Shakespeare ever slips down from his perch to watch a scene or two of the pantomime from the shadows of the auditorium, he must wonder a little at our twentieth-century masques. Like the children, he would probably appreciate the splendid colour and brightness of the spectacle, and, having been an actor himself, he would perhaps pardon the actors' cheerful neglect of the rights of the dramatist. For modern pantomime is a business of strongly contrasted individualities rather than the product of blended and related effort. This is especially true of Drury Lane, whose stage at this season of the year is always crowded with vaudeville Napoleons and musical-comedy Cleopatras. In detail the pantomime is excellent; as an artistic entity it does not exist.

At first sight this seems rather a pity. Given a wonderfully appointed stage, gorgeous mounting, a fine orchestra, and a number of gifted performers, it is natural to expect that the result should be more than the mere sum of these units. But, as a matter of fact, pantomime is essentially formless. Those critics who clamour for straightforward versions of the old nursery stories would be vastly disappointed if they got what they wanted. The old stories are well enough when told by firelight in the nursery after tea of a winter's evening. But they lack humour, and are not, as a rule, dramatic. ("Bluebeard," of course, is a striking exception.) When a story lasting twenty minutes must be expanded to last four hours the story is bound to suffer. When, in addition, all the characters are played by performers whose strength lies in their individuality, it will be surprising if any part of the illusion created by the original fable survives at all.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" is a very good story, capable, like most good stories, of treatment in many different ways. We imagine that if Mr. Barrie had chosen to prepare it for the stage we should have had a tearful picture of Jack's mother mourning at the root of the Bean. The author of the "Blue Bird" would have pointed out to us that the Bean grew upwards and not downwards, and thereby compelled us to realise the significance of Jack with his climbing-irons. At Drury Lane they avoided the sentimental though not wholly the symbolic aspect of the legend. There was a magic harp that puzzled us dreadfully, even though it was no more than a part of a Boy-Scout's dream. We do not believe that Boy-Scouts ever dream of magic harps. But this and a bunch of fairies out of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" apart, we found the new version very satisfactory. There were plenty of moments in it to please a child, especially the boots and hand of the giant, and there was nothing really fatuous like the enormous crystal slipper they have provided for poor Cinderella at the Lyceum. Then for adults there are the subtle humours of Mr. George Graves, who may, if you will, speak the words of Mr. Arthur Roberts with the voice of Mr. Dan Leno, but seems to us extremely original and extremely amusing nevertheless. There are other clever comedians; there are comely females; there is an admirable cow. The scenery, especially the growing beans, is as good as it can be. What more can anybody want? We shall go again next year.

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SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

THE Académie Goncourt has just awarded its annual prize. This year the fortunate laureate is M. Louis Pergaud, who certainly deserves the honour that has been conferred upon him, as his book "De Goupil à Margot: Histoires de Bêtes" ranks among the best animal stories ever written, and contains some very exact observation and delicate pathos. M. Pergaud has devoted his attention to the study of the wild beasts of the woods, and all the tales contained in "De Goupil à Margot" are delightful. We are alternately amused and saddened by the adventures they record. The book might appropriately bear as sub-title "The Animals' Martyrology." Man, as seen from the point of view of the author's furry and feathery heroes and heroines, certainly appears the most despicable animal in creation.

Of course, English readers of this book must not search for any affinity—except that of a deep love for our dumb brothers—between M. Louis Pergaud and some of the great English or American writers on animals—such as, for instance, Ernest Seton-Thompson or Rudyard Kipling. M. Pergaud's work is thoroughly French; it differs in thought, conception, and style from the English. It is, perhaps, less true to nature than Seton-Thompson's creations, but it is infinitely more tender; it is far less virile or beautiful than Kipling's Jungle-books, but in certain aspects is much more graceful. It is very personal, and for that reason interesting.

It is generally exceedingly painful to hear French or Continental people criticise England, and it occasionally becomes a positive suffering when they venture to publish a book containing the results of their misleading observations. It is, therefore, specially interesting to note M. André Chevrillon's last work, "Nouvelles Études Anglaises," which contains some of the best critical essays on England and English-speaking countries that we have seen. They are, moreover, expressed in beautiful French, and written in a sober and faultless style. That M. Chevrillon should thus understand and depict English life, thought, and psychology is not astonishing when we remember that he is the nephew of Taine—Taine who applied the positive method to literary criticism and history, and who also wrote that wonderful "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise" and "Notes sur l'Angleterre," and in whom we find the strength, imagination, and humour which are also characteristic, though in a lesser degree, of M. Chevrillon's prose.

One of the finest of these "Nouvelles Études Anglaises" is that entitled "La Psychologie d'un Couronnement," written in 1902—a Frenchman's analysis of the various states of the English mind during the festivities of the Coronation of the late King. "La Jeunesse de Ruskin" is also another intensely interesting article, in which the author retraces with great conscientiousness and evident care for precision of detail the youth of the great critic. It is a delightful study, written with an undercurrent of complete sympathy with and understanding of the great man's personality and genius which considerably add to its charm. M. Chevrillon's serious but withal exceedingly captivating work contains several other essays; all are equally imbued with penetration and observation. In short, "Nouvelles Études Anglaises" should have a real success in England.

"La Vagabonde" is Mme. Colette Willy's latest novel, and was even proposed for the Prix Goncourt, which fell to Louis Pergaud. In it the author describes the tribulations of a young woman who, having divorced a most despicable husband, becomes a music-hall dancer and *mime*. The heroine, Renée Néré, manages to retain a certain distinction, and does not become *encanaillée*, though she affects no prudery, which, be it said, would be sadly out of place in the smoky, dingy *coulisses* of the fourth-rate music-hall in which she dances. One night a rich young man, a *cercleux* as is styled that particular kind of Parisian idler, presents himself at the door of her *loge*, after a representation during which she has mimicked a most violent and suggestive dance, and gives her to understand with a most brutal frankness the passionate admiration he feels for her, and the very unplatonic nature of his desires. Renée has him put out; but ultimately they meet again, and even become friends. Max, the young man, nearly succeeds in making himself loved. He ventures to propose marriage to Renée, who will not hear of it. She starts on a professional tour in the provinces, the last she will ever take before going to live with Max, but while travelling thus finds herself removed from the influence of her would-be lover. She realises that she is a vagabond, a stray, and the prospect of the comfortable, settled, and quiet life her existence with Max, even if irregular, would be, fills her with distress. This repulsion grows on her so that at the end of her tour, instead of returning to the man who is confidently waiting for her, she hides in a village, with Fossette, her dog, and Blondine, her maid, before starting on a long journey in South America. "La Vagabonde" is well written, and is flavoured with a certain ironical humour. There are some exquisite sketches of scenery, some amusing paintings of life behind the scenes of a popular Parisian *café-concert;* scattered here and there are some very true analyses of the sort of defiance and disdain the heroine feels for those belonging to the class of society she has voluntarily abandoned. "La Vagabonde" would have gained greatly however, if the author had shortened or even omitted some of the love-scenes, which are repeated rather too often in the course of the work.

M. Maurice de Waleffe, in his last study, "Héloïse, Amante et Dupe d'Abélard," has declared that his work constitutes the "end of a legend." Abélard is rather brutally deposed from the pedestal he occupied until now as type of the long-suffering lover. Héloïse, on the contrary, benefits by the author's deepest sympathy; she is presented to us as a beautiful, cultivated, and naïve damsel of seventeen, who fell an innocent prey to the machinations of a selfish, sensual pedant. If the affirmation made by M. de Waleffe is correct—and it is probably so, as it is based on the many documents of the time, such as, for example, some of Abélard's own letters—then Abélard's memory is in great danger of being regarded with something closely approaching to disgust! M. de Waleffe's book is written in the bright, clever style which characterises some of his earlier works, as "Les Paradis de l'Amérique Centrale"—which, by the way, is soon going to be published in an English translation. Though "Héloïse, Amante et Dupe d'Abélard" may not be precisely a book for young girls, it is almost certain that those who take an interest in medieval questions will read this captivating study with great pleasure, as it contains some exceedingly curious descriptions of the life, thought, morals, customs, and dress of the France of the *moyen-âge*.

MARC LOGÉ.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE was born in Paris in the year 1821. He has often been called the poet of decadence. If by this vague and much misused term we understand that instinct which leads men to wander into the realms of the artificial and the morbid, towards the antithesis of the simplicity and almost crude brutality of classical ideals, or to contemplate the beauties of a decaying civilisation for their inspiration, then Baudelaire has merited the title. For he took as his doctrine that the development of human intelligence and the constant wandering of man farther and farther from the primitive sources of nature, together with the complexity of

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his insatiable desires, have rendered the naïve simplicity of classic art unsuitable to express his present sentiments and sense of beauty. Baudelaire has known how to penetrate ever deeper and deeper into the muddy, obscure haunts of modern life, and from the refuse-heap of humanity has picked a wonderful poetry of vice, crime, and decay. His style is complicated and ornamental, while his vocabulary is rich and varied. This is but a corollary of what we have already pointed out. For how could he paint, with the simple style and vocabulary of a classic poet, the mysterious complexity of the modern character, those poisoned cankers which eat into the virgin freshness of an over-civilised mind, or sound the multi-coloured chords of human fantasy raised by centuries of luxury and indulgence? It is this necessity which drove him to search among the unplucked blossoms of his language for fit words to express the paradoxical sentiments which he paints. He has himself declared that he preferred the florid Latin of the decaying Roman Empire and the wild adornments of the Byzantine Empire to the simplicity of the times of Greek and Roman greatness.

Now as to Baudelaire himself, this great landmark on the threshold of modern art. His outward appearance was almost English in its pleasing simplicity; his mind never lost its mathematical balance even in its wildest wanderings among the tortuous paths of perverted human sentiments, and his poems are perfect in their form. He was in a sense the disciple of Théophile Gautier, the great founder of the doctrine of "l'art pour l'art," or Art for art's sake. Gautier had started life as a painter and afterwards became a poet. But the painter's instinct never deserted him, and he strove to make of poetry a plastic art. For Gautier and his disciples a poem which was written with a moral or doctrinal end in view lost its position as a work of art, as the one object of the poet should be the almost plastic portrayal of pure beauty. Baudelaire was in fact a disciple of Gautier, but his poems have a depth of feeling and analysis which is altogether lacking in the essentially superficial beauties of Théophile Gautier's creations. The great service which this school rendered to French poetry was the perfection of its form, and this is particularly noticeable in the works of Baudelaire. Baudelaire's was a great mind, which scorned the petty commonplaces and platitudes of every-day life. In an age of action his restless, ever-penetrating genius would have driven him to conquer continents and rush him ultimately to Napoleonic ruin. Forced to inaction, his mind wandered away from the trivial and the apparent to explore the dangerous channels of perverted human passions. He penetrated beyond the veil of hypocrisy, and dissected the human mind before an astonished world, laying bare all the sores and cankers of corruption which eat in to the soul of over-civilised man. He scorned the smiling bourgeois landscapes of Parisian suburbs; the homely gardens filled with the simple violet and forget-me-nots and conventional rows of trees. His spirit longed for great tropical landscapes; for forests strewn with rich-scented orchids, and hung with crimson, juice-filled fruit; for suns which burnt in cloudless, amethyst skies; for the long, oily swell of equatorial oceans, where no breath of wind disturbed the virgin freshness of the deep blue waters; for stretches of sand where the humming of countless insects and the monotonous boom of the ever-breaking waves served to lull the languorous repose of this dreamer of wild dreams. He loved those dark beauties who scarcely veiled their athletic charms beneath the folds of some brilliant-coloured cashmere. He loved those richly-scented Southern landscapes where the sun sets in a glorious blaze of crimson, copper, and gold, and where its last rays draw a trail of blood across the ever-deepening blue of the ocean.

His wild fantasy, with its grim, despairing reactions, drove his great mind to seek for satisfaction in that "artificial Paradise" which the fumes of hashish call up in the imagination. His poems themselves are like some wild mysterious, and fever-haunted dream. Baudelaire's predominating sense was that of smell. He said of himself:—"Mon âme voltige sur les parfums comme l'âme des autres voltige sur la musique." But here again to the delicate scent of the violet and the rose he preferred dangerous, feverish perfumes such as oliban, myrrh, and even the sickly, voluptuous musk—the perfume of crime and prostitution. He also had a great affection for cats. Their gentle, quiet mystery charmed him. He wondered at the calm, intelligent scorn in their eyes, and at the mysteries of their nightly roamings among the dim and horrible shades which haunt the dark. Of the poet's love affairs we know little, for he seldom talked about his feelings, and never of his life. But from his poems and the nature of his mind we can infer that the woman he loved must always have been an ideal—a vague and beautiful figure which floated in the ever-changing mists of his fantasy. Personal and individual love was hardly possible for this great searcher towards the mysterious and the vague. It savours too much of brutal definition. The atmosphere of mystery which he loved would have vanished had he concentrated all the rays of his affection and analysis on one living object. Paul Verlaine has expressed this type of idealistic, never-satisfied love in his poem which begins:—

> Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant
> D'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
> Et qui n'est, chaque fois, ni tout à fait la même
> Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend.

Baudelaire in his tropical voyages had loved some dark Beatrice of the forests, and in his poems he constantly refers to this dark vision of his dreams.

When Baudelaire published his collection of poems entitled "Les Fleurs du Mal," they created little short of a sensation in the Parisian literary world. The poet introduces his bouquet of wild poisonous blossoms with a poem to the reader in which he penetrates into his inmost soul, and lays bare the wild, insatiable desires and hectic dreams which lie hidden beneath a veneer of hypocrisy and dissimulation. And then we enter on this wonderful collection of poetic gems. At one moment Baudelaire leads us through the mud and prostitution of a great city, and the next soars with us far above the clouds towards the realms of joy and light. Now he paints some woman full of beauty and life, and the next some poor, lost soul lying dead among the tawdry ruins of her splendour. Now he sees some poor forsaken, ill-fed beggar-maid, wandering among the haunts of drunkenness and vice; then in his imagination he clothes her in the silk of prosperity, and covers her with the kisses of admiring Paris. He describes in "Les petites vieilles" how he used to follow poorly-clad and wasted old women through the dusk of the streets, and used to mark the soul which still lived within these dilapidated forms; and how as he watched them he would weave beautiful dreams of the splendours which had once been theirs. In his poem "Le Masque" he paints a lovely woman, before whose beauty all the world bows down; then snatches from her face the disguise of smiles, and finds a visage bathed in tears beneath. He ends with the beautiful lines:—

> Mais pourquoi pleure-t-elle? Elle, beauté parfaite
> Qui mettrait à ses pieds le genre humain vaincu,
> Quel mal mystérieux ronge son flanc d'athlète?
> Elle pleure, insensée, parce qu'elle a vécu!
> Et parce qu'elle vit! Mais ce qu'elle déplore
> Surtout, ce qui la fait frêmir jusqu'aux genoux,
> C'est que demain, hélas! il faundra vivre encore!
> Demain, après-demain et toujours!—Comme nous!

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No poet has ever known better than Baudelaire how to sum up a whole age, a whole life and world of feeling, in a few lines. In his poem "L'homme et la Mer" he epitomises the relations of man and the ocean in the lines:—

> Et cependant voilà des siècles innombrables
> Que vous vous combattez sans pitié ni remords,
> Tellement vous aimez le carnage et la mort,
> O lutteurs éternels, ô frères implacables.

His "Don Juan aux Enfers" is one of the finest poems of all times. In five short verses he sums up all the figures in that great tragedy of almost superhuman cynicism. The sombre and proud beggars grip with joy the oars to row Don Juan towards the shades. The unhappy victims of his promises raise a cry of despair as he passes, and bare their breasts as if to show the life-blood flowing from their pierced hearts. Then comes the verse:—

> Sganarelle en riant lui rêclamait ses gages,
> Tandis que Don Luis avec un doigt tremblant
> Montrait à tous les morts en haut sur les rivages
> Le fils audacieux qui railla son front blanc.

Doña Elvira seems even in death to smile with hopeful love at her destroyer:—

> Frisonnant sous son deuil, la chaste et maigre Elvire,
> Près de l'époux perfide et qui fut son amant
> Semblait lui réclamer un suprême sourire
> Où brillât la douceur de son premier serment.

But Don Juan preserves his cynical indifference even on his journey across the Styx, and the poem ends with the two lines:

> Mais le calme héros, courbé sur sa rapière,
> Regardait le sillage et ne daignait rien voir.

And now the varied genius of the poet shows a scene of modern life and crime. In "Une Martyre" he leads us to a haunt of luxury, where a table is spread with flowers and rich wine, and the air is filled with dangerous heavy perfumes which oppress. We penetrate beyond the arras, and there, decked out in all her splendour, the mistress of the feast lies dead in careless pose—the murdered victim of unquenchable desire.

S. A.-B.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISH JOKE

By Frank Harris.

Every one admits that *Punch's* advice to those about to be married is probably the most famous joke in English, and certainly the best known. It is quoted almost every day as the best joke that has appeared in *Punch*, and in some degree has made that paper's reputation for humour.

Again and again when I have asked who was the author of the *mot*, I obtained no satisfactory answer. It is a tradition of the *Punch* office, it appears, that some one on the staff sent in the joke; it was not accepted for some time, and then was inserted long after every one had forgotten who coined it. This story seemed incredible. I have always held the belief that the great phrases all come from great men, that all the beautiful images of our language, all the beautiful words in it, were made at some time or other by men of genius. And the other day I discovered that the author of this memorable joke was Charles Reade, the writer of "The Cloister and the Hearth."

I do not know when the word first appeared in *Punch*, but a comedy by Charles Reade in which the phrase occurs was published in Paris in 1859. I feel certain that *Punch* borrowed without acknowledgment from Charles Reade, not Charles Reade from *Punch*.

Of course, if the joke had appeared in an English book of Reade's, in any of his novels or plays, it would be certain that he was the author of it. But it has not adorned any of his English works; it is to be found in a comedy written in French entitled "Le Faubourg Saint-Germain," a little piece in two acts which I have only just seen, through the courtesy of Charles Reade's niece; she is now in possession of all his famous note-books, and is perhaps the only person living who knew him intimately.

Very few people know that Reade was a first-rate French scholar. His style in French resembles his style in English, is excellently lucid and idiomatic, pointed with wit and epigram. In his lifetime Charles Reade admired the French even more than Meredith did. In spite of the brilliant language in which it is written, this little comedy could never be a success on the stage. The action is worse than slight; it is far-fetched and improbable.

The time is in 1792; the persons of the piece are the Duke de Lanzac and the Duchess de Lanzac; they live their lives in different apartments in the same house. The Duke is bored with everything, and the Duchess is unhappy because she loves her lord and master, who seeks to relieve his *ennui* by running after other women. The action of the piece is concerned with a M. Poitevin, a lawyer of Tours, cousin to the Duchess, who seeks to effect a reconciliation between the pair with the aid of a clever valet. M. Poitevin, who is not known to the Duchess, wins her confidence by feigning interest in her flowers, and then kisses her. She tells the Duke and asks him to turn the insolent visitor out of the house; jealousy lights up the dormant passion of the Duke, and brings about a reconciliation.

The whole comedy leads up to, and is indeed written for, the famous joke at the end. M. Poitevin comes down to the footlights with an air of profound reflection and announces: "Advice to those who are going to be married: Don't!"

I give the exact French words:—

> "Avis à ceux qui vont se marier." (*Pause.*) "Ne le faites pas." (*Il se retourne et remonte la scène, la Duchesse le suit, le reprend et le fait redescendre.*)
>
> La Duchesse—Ah! traître! (*Au public*). Ne l'écoutez pas, au moins!
>
> Poitevin (*s'avançant encore*)—Avis à ceux qui se sont mariés!
>
> La Duchesse—A la bonne heure!
>
> Poitevin—Ne soyez qu'un. (*Il joint leurs mains derrière son dos, puis avance deux pas.*) C'est ce qu'il vous reste de mieux à faire, je vous le jure! (*Il se retire auprès de la Duchesse.*)

It is evident from the way it is put that Reade appreciated the whole force of the joke. He either took it from *Punch* and wrote his comedy on purpose to set it forth in French, or else his comedy was read by some one who took his joke and put it in *Punch*. I believe that *Punch* is the plagiarist and not Charles Reade. A comparison of dates will settle the matter. Reade's comedy was published in 1859; when did the famous joke appear in *Punch?* Perhaps the editor will supply that piece of information.

The whole question is one of interest, for Reade, in my opinion, was the greatest of English novelists, and the joke in *Punch* is perhaps the most famous *jeux d'esprit* in the language.

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THE ANARCHIST ENEMY—I.

It was perhaps only natural that the Houndsditch murders and their remarkable sequel in Sidney Street should have been followed by a revival of some of the fallacies respecting Anarchism which have been current ever since that movement declared itself. Some journalists still seem to imagine that it has a real organisation with a governing body, which is supposed to meet in London, whence orders, it is said, are issued for one or another outrage in different parts of the world. It has also been asserted yet once again that the assassinations both of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and of President Carnot were planned in London, though the evidence respecting those crimes fully shows that such was not the case. At the same time, however, the presence of so many Anarchist refugees in our midst undoubtedly constitutes a real and very serious danger in regard both to ourselves and to foreign nations also.

Nihilism and Anarchism are virtually synonymous terms. The former originated in Russia, the latter in France, where it was made familiar some sixty years ago by the writings of Proudhon, the Socialist. But the sect may claim a much earlier origin. Its views found exponents during the risings in England in the fourteenth century, and among the German Anabaptists two hundred years later. The nineteenth and twentieth century Anarchist is, however, more particularly the offspring of some of the "philosophy" current during the French Revolution. Jean Jacques Rousseau, Abbé Meslier, and Diderot may be counted among the modern Anarchist's progenitors. Indeed, his belief is almost summed up in these two lines which fell from Diderot's pen :—

> La nature n'a fait ni serviteurs ni maîtres,
> Je ne veux ni donner ni recevoir des lois.

Those were doctrines favoured by the Hébertists and Babouvists of the Reign of Terror. Subsequently Anarchism found French exponents in Bellegarrigue and Claude Pelletier, but the movement of our own times undoubtedly proceeded from the teachings of Michael Bakúnin, the Russian Revolutionist, who, after escaping from Siberia to Japan and thence to England, there became one of the promoters of the notorious International Society of Workers founded some fifty years ago. Bakúnin's ambition clashed with that of Karl Marx, and at a Congress of the "International" held at the Hague in 1872 a split occurred between their respective followers, and Bakúnin, turning his back on Socialism, ended by evolving the theories on which the present-day Anarchist still claims to act. We admit that there are degrees of Anarchism, but beside the mere theorists there are all the more fanatical sectarians, who are associated with what is called the Propaganda by Deeds.

This has been attempted in several countries—Russia, Spain, Italy, France. In Russia, perhaps, it has only been a phase, though an extremely prominent one, in a general revolutionary movement; and in Spain it has been chiefly associated with the discontent prevailing in Catalonia. The Barcelona Revolutionaries are not all Anarchists, but belong to three parties—first, the Anarchists proper; secondly, a party which, largely for economical reasons, wishes to secure the autonomy, perhaps independence, of Catalonia; and finally, a party which desires to be united to France. This last is more numerous than some people imagine, and has representatives both in Paris and in London. However, both the party which favours autonomy and that which desires incorporation in the French Republic have joined hands with the Anarchists in more than one of the risings by which Barcelona has been given over to bloodshed, conflagration, and pillage.

It was in 1882 that the French Anarchists first began to practise the so-called Propaganda by Deeds. The great coal-mining district of Montceau-les-Mines in Saône-et-Loire was the scene of the first outrages, which were followed by others at Lyons. The rising at Fourmies on May Day, 1890, when several people were shot down by the military, had little if any connection with Anarchism, but a petty disturbance which occurred on the very same day in the outskirts of Paris led to the memorable Anarchist Terror which lasted in France until the end of 1894. It so happened that a procession of a small party of men, carrying a red flag, came into conflict with the police. There was no great affray, but several arrests were made, and two of the men, known to be Anarchists, were sentenced to long terms of hard labour. From that one affair proceeded a score of outrages. A man called Ravachol undertook to "avenge" the two imprisoned Anarchists. His real name was Koenigstein, his father being a German who had married a demoiselle Ravachol belonging to that department of the Loire where the country is so often wild and rugged, and life so hard. Ravachol was a journeyman dyer with some little knowledge of chemistry, sufficient at all events to compound nitro-glycerine and prepare dynamite cartridges. His wages not sufficing for his extravagant habits, he took to a career of crime, and it is certain that he committed several murders with the object of possessing himself of money. He butchered an old *rentier* named Rivollier and the latter's servant, he rifled the grave of the Countess de Rochetaillée, he strangled Brunel, the so-called Hermit of Chambles, and was perhaps guilty also of the murder of an old woman named Marcon and her daughter, who kept a small ironmongery business at St. Etienne. At one moment Ravachol was arrested, but he escaped from the gendarmes, and, reaching the neighbourhood of Paris, he joined some other Anarchists in stealing a large number of dynamite cartridges at Soisy-sous-Etiolles. Those cartridges helped him to perpetrate the outrages which soon afterwards threw all Paris into a state of alarm. No actual loss of life occurred, but several people were injured and considerable damage was done to property. For those affairs Ravachol was sentenced to hard labour for life, but some of the murders he had previously perpetrated being proved against him, a sentence to death ensued, and he was guillotined at Montbrison in July, 1892.

The idea, as we have said, had been to "avenge" two imprisoned Anarchists. No sooner had he been executed than there arose a succession of miscreants bent on "avenging" his death. There was Meunier, who perpetrated the tragical outrage at the Café Very; Emile Henry, who was responsible for the terrible affair of the Rue des Bons Enfants; Léauthier, who murdered the ex-Servian Minister in the Avenue de l'Opéra; and Vaillant, who flung a bomb into the midst of the Chamber of Deputies. Meunier and Léauthier escaped with sentences of transportation for life, Henry momentarily remained at large, but Vaillant was guillotined. Neither that act of vigour, however, nor the issue of three thousand perquisition warrants and the arrest of several hundred suspicious characters sufficed to stop the outrages. On February 7th, 1894, two days after the execution of Vaillant, a large branch of palm was found lying on his grave in the *coin des supplicés* at the Ivry Cemetery, and attached to the branch was a card bearing these threatening lines :—

> Sous les feuilles de cette palme
> Que t'offre le Droit outragé,
> Tu peux dormir d'un sommeil calme,
> O martyr, tu seras vengé!

Those were no vain words, for on February 12th there was a terrible explosion at the Café Terminus, followed in March by the bomb of the Rue St. Jacques, the bomb of the

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Faubourg St. Martin, and the bomb of the Madeleine. Then, in April, there was the affair of the Foyot Restaurant, and in June came the assassination of President Carnot. Of that abominable crime (which we witnessed personally) we propose to speak in a second article, when we shall also explain why it was that the authorities so long failed to stamp out the Anarchist Terror in spite of their many strenuous efforts to do so. This point is the more important as the difficulties with which they had to contend confront us in England at the present time.

LONDON BRIDGE

THERE are certain places in this English "hub of the universe" which never fail to bring a thrill to the true lover of London; history or situation or associations have given them a glamour and a peculiar charm. The open space by the Bank is one, with its marvellous surge of traffic, and to see it nearly empty, at three o'clock on a summer morning, is to realise a new aspect of the city. Trafalgar Square is another—viewed, preferably, from the portico of the National Gallery, with a vista of Whitehall in the distance. The Tower, again—stolid, strong, very British-looking and imperturbable—impresses us in its own rather solemn way; but perhaps of all that could be mentioned London Bridge is the finest.

At any hour of day or night London Bridge is good to behold—or possibly we should say the prospect from the bridge. Sunset time, in summer, brings over the Pool atmospheric changes which are the despair and the joy of all artists; the smoky vapours are charged with heavy, velvety colours towards the east, while on the western side wreaths of steam trail from the black cavern of Cannon Street Station and take to themselves the purest tints of amber, grey, and gold above the shimmering water. Autumn darkens the scene with a sombre, sadder touch, as though the harmonies of colour were being played on muted strings; and often in winter it seems that only echoes remain—a rift of pale blue here, a flush of deep crimson there, a veil of purple and brown over all; the orchestra drones in the distance, out of sight.

Winter, however, brings hours after dark when a different quality enters into our thoughts as we stand to gaze, entranced, from the low stone parapet. No rays from the clearest star can pierce that thickened gloom, but high in the east rides a moon of burnished gold, like a shield hung on the far wall of heaven; now and then her glow is tarnished by wisps of dun smoke from the funnels of the noisy steamers that lie close to those long, busy wharves. From the southern side of the bridge her pale, wavering track can be seen thrown across the river as a rival bridge for other folk than mortals—a bridge broken and refashioned ceaselessly as the little panting tugs swing lustily down with their burdens of dull barges and their glimmering red and green lights. Over by those tramp-steamers the spidery arms of the cranes wave and sink as though making some magical incantation; the buzzing flares show spots of yellow radiance through the thick, cold air, and shouts from unseen men come faintly across the river. All the year round, at evening, a line of fascinated people stands to watch silently, spellbound at the weird effect.

From the opposite edge the lights stretch up the long, serrated banks until they deepen and are lost in hazy obscurities of smoke and vapour; for here the great stations come into the scene and contribute to the general murk. Cannon Street's cave of mystery is invisible, save perhaps for a slight intensification of the pall of night; but from it the ghostly mists from stertorous engines still emerge, sway, and vanish on the cloudy bosom of the night. Ever and anon a line of faint gleams traverses the river—the "moving street of lighted windows" which denotes a train speeding upon its way. Below it all, pervading it all as the murmurous pedal notes of an organ in some mighty symphony, the watcher is conscious of the presence of that darkly moving water, heavy with mystery, slipping and sliding past the piles, clasping the motionless shipping in its smooth embrace, gurgling into crannies and swishing into silvery webs of light, ever hastening towards its ocean home.

For many centuries there has been a bridge of some sort at or near this spot, though of very different quality from the handsome structure which now spans the Thames. It is supposed that about the year 994 A.D. the priests of St. Mary Overies built the first bridge of timber. This was washed away by floods in 1090; the second was burned in 1137. The earliest stone bridge was erected at the beginning of the thirteenth century by Peter of Colechurch, who died before it was completed, and left it to be finished by the merchants of London. It had nineteen stone arches, a gate-house at each end, and a chapel in the centre, and must have been a triumph of engineering for those days. From this time to the early eighteenth century houses lined the bridge, which, indeed, looked more like an ordinary street. In 1756 an Act of Parliament was obtained in order that the Corporation of London might make the necessary alterations in the cause of safety. The *Observer* for December 2nd, 1810, contained an advertisement of a "proposed New Bridge from Bankside, Southwark, to Queen Street, Cheapside," in which the public is "respectfully informed that Books for receiving Subscriptions for this undertaking are open at the Banking Houses of Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith's, Mansion House Street, and Messrs. Ramsbottom, Newman, Ramsbottom and Co., Lombard Street, to whom a deposit of £2 10s. per share must be paid at the time of subscribing." On the fifteenth of June, in the year 1825, the first stone of "New London Bridge" was well and truly laid amidst a great ceremonial gathering. It was quite time that something was done. Many of the arches of the previous bridge—which, as we have noted, was crazy with age—were too narrow for the passage of boats of any kind, and the resistance thus caused to the waters of the Thames produced a fall, or rapid, which rendered river-traffic dangerous—as can easily be perceived in any print of the period. Even at ebb-tide prudent passengers landed at the Old Swan Stairs, and walked to some wharf below to continue their journey.

In 1820, in consequence of protests from barge-owners and proprietors of other craft, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the problem, and it finally recommended the construction of a new bridge. Preparations were hastened on, and the notable day arrived when the stone called by courtesy the first was in position, slung from chains, ready to repose in its bed.

At a very early hour of the morning the neighbourhood was alive with people; every point of vantage, high and low, was occupied by noon; the roofs of Fishmongers' Hall, of St. Saviour's Church, and of all warehouses within sight carried their quota of eager spectators; while, of course, wooden stages had been erected in advantageous positions, seats on which were sold at prices varying between half-a-crown and fifteen shillings. "Southwark Bridge itself," writes an eye-witness of the affair, "was clustered over like a beehive, and the river from thence to London Bridge presented the appearance of an immense dock covered with vessels of various descriptions, or perhaps it more closely resembled a vast country fair, so completely was the water concealed by multitudes of boats and barges, and the latter again hidden by thousands of spectators and canvas

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awnings, which, with the gay holiday company within, made them not unlike booths and tents, and contributed to strengthen the fanciful similitude." "Worthy of Venice at her best of times," he concludes, in quite a modern strain. The coffer-dam for the building of the first pier was utilised cleverly as a select enclosure for the *élite*, decorated, divided into four tiers of galleries, and covered with an awning.

After a long wait the procession of State arrived, announced by the reports of two six-pounder guns at the Old Swan Stairs; it was then about four o'clock. The cavalcade was a most distinguished one, including the City Marshal, the Barge-Masters, the City Watermen, the Water-Bailiff, members of the Royal Society, members of the Goldsmiths' Company, the Under-Sheriffs, and various other officials; lastly came the Duke of York and the Lord Mayor, riding in the State coach. Opposite the stone a seat had been constructed. "His Lordship, who was in his full robes, offered the chair to his Royal Highness, which was positively declined on his part. The Mayor, therefore, seated himself; the Lady Mayoress, with her daughters in elegant dresses, sat near his Lordship, accompanied by two fine-looking, intelligent boys, her sons; near them were the two lovely daughters of Lord Suffolk, and many other fashionable ladies."

A cut-glass bottle containing the coins of the reign was presented, and in the presence of John Rennie, Esq.. F.R.S., the engineer and builder of the bridge (jointly with his father) the ceremony began. A copper plate, engraved with a lengthy Latin inscription, was placed beneath the stone—the inscription having been first read aloud; then came the speech of the Lord Mayor (less dry than the majority of official outpourings), and the lowering of the granite block on to the mortar. "The City sword and mace were placed on it crossways, the foundation of the new bridge was declared to be laid, the music struck up 'God save the King,' and three times three excessive cheers broke forth from the company, the guns of the Honourable Artillery Company on the Old Swan Wharf fired a salute, and every face wore smiles of gratulation. Three cheers were afterwards given for the Duke of York; three for Old England; and three for the architect, Mr. Rennie." During the ceremony it was observed as a good omen that "a splendid sunbeam, which had penetrated through an accidental space in the awning above, gradually approached the stone as the hour for laying it advanced, and shone upon it with dazzling lustre."

After the proceedings were over, a journalist of a lively turn of mind created a diversion by leaping on the stone and dancing on it until the onlookers cheered him. Several ladies were allowed to walk across it, and all who were so indulged, says the chronicler quaintly, "departed with the satisfaction of being enabled to relate an achievement honourable to their feelings."

So began that fine span of stone across London's river which we admire to-day, and which within the memory of boys was found to be too narrow for the tremendous traffic of the district. It has been compared to the British merchant, uniting plainness with strength and capacity; and the comparison is not inapt. The surprising part about our bridges, to those unfamiliar with London's enormous needs, is that even now, with London Bridge, Southwark, Blackfriars, and the other bridges so near together, and so splendidly wide that they seem adequate to any demand, London city clamours for still another road across the river. It is almost as though every fresh means of transport and access doubled the traffic, and brought with it, in the course of a few years, fresh problems with which to deal. Whether or no that high-sounding Bridge of St. Paul's will ever be built is as yet not certainly known; but, if so, it is curious to let the mind run on and to wonder what will be the state of our traffic when its hundredth anniversary arrives. Perhaps by then the river will flow under a tunnel of bridges; perhaps by then we shall have solved the difficulty in another way—that of flight.

THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE

OWING, doubtless, to the wretched weather which prevailed, the attendance at the Royal Society of Arts last Monday afternoon to hear the Rev. J. J. B. Coles, M.A., F.R.G.S., lecture on "Theosophy" was not so large as could have been desired; those, however, who braved the constant downfall enjoyed a most interesting session, for both lecture and discussion were exceptionally good.

The lecturer opened by noting the striking reaction from materialism which has taken place during the last ten years, and, remarking that a well-balanced mind was neither too prejudiced nor too sceptical, observed that he could put forward his ideas at the present time with less danger of opposition than would have been possible some years ago, Strong opposition came, however, in the course of the discussion, which we shall allude to later on.

The word Theosophy, said the speaker, means not the "Wisdom of God," but the "wisdom of the gods," of Universal Wisdom. This wisdom is the inner, hidden. spiritual truth which underlies all the outward forms or religion, and its central thought is the belief that the Universe is in its essence spiritual, that man is a spiritual being in a state of evolution and development, and by proper physical, mental, and spiritual training humanity can so progress on this path of evolution as to develop faculties and powers which will enable it to get behind the outward veil of what we call matter and to enter into conscious relations with the underlying Reality. The whole Universe is in a continual state of progression; the spiritual, having descended into matter, is ever and always working its way upwards, and the duty of man is to assist this upward evolution by every means in his power. So far as regards himself, this evolution cannot be completed in one lifetime, and the Theosophist therefore believes in *Reincarnation*. That part of man's intelligent nature which reincarnates in successive personalities and lives is called the Reincarnating Ego. In man, self-consciousness and moral responsibility are attained, and the duty then at once arises to subordinate the animal and passional part of the nature and to develop the spiritual, so as to prepare for the next incarnation. At the change which is called death the Reincarnating Ego passes, not into any particular place, like heaven or hell, but into a state of subjective consciousness, remaining thus for a longer or shorter period according to the way in which the earth-life has been passed. When the time comes for it to take up another body the Ego again incarnates, and this goes on until all experience has been gained, and until, by spiritual advancement, the necessity for reincarnation ceases, the ultimate destiny of the higher spiritual principle in man being its conscious union with the Absolute, the Universal All. The whole of this evolution and reincarnation is governed by law, for the Theosophist does not believe in anything *miraculous* or *supernatural*.

With excellent impartiality the lecturer treated his subject, and quoted the words of Sir William Crookes, who, in a recent address on "New Elements in Chemistry," said:—

> It must never be forgotten that theories were more than mutable; they were only useful so long as they admitted of the harmonious correlation of facts into a reasonable system. Directly a fact refused to be pigeon-holed, and would not be explained on theoretic grounds, the theory must go, or it must be revised to admit the new fact. The nineteenth

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century saw the birth of new views of atoms, electricity, and ether. Our twentieth-century views of the constitution of matter might appear satisfactory to us, but how would it be at the close of the present century? Were we not incessantly learning the lesson that our researches had only a provisional value? A hundred years hence should we
℮ acquiesce in the resolution of the material universe into a swarm of rushing electrons?

From this point the Rev. Coles took the field against Theosophy, and, adducing some mystical sentences from one of the text-books, asked, "Is it possible to believe that there are professing Christians who have exchanged the 'living oracles of God' for such profane and ludicrous theosophical teaching as this? The true and all-powerful answer to Modern Theosophy is the fuller and deeper teaching of the Epistles of St. Paul to the Ephesians, Philippians and Colossians."

The chairman, Dr. A. T. Schofield, remarking that the subject presented "the most notable phenomenon ever discussed in the Victoria Institute—the juxtaposition of two rival *inspired* theories or religions"—then threw the meeting open. Mr. E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S., author of "The Astronomy of the Bible," led with a short speech. "There are two things worth serious consideration in this life," he observed, "religion and science, both eminently clean and sane; but we have seen abroad of late years many things that are un-clean and in-sane, and Theosophy, I think, is one of them." Mr. Howard followed in a masterly little address, alluding to the wonderful manner in which the ancient philosophers—Lucretius, Plato, and others—sought for truth, and he labelled the Theosophists as "muddle-headed mystics." Both these speeches brought forth strong condemnation from a lady, Mrs. Sharp, who professed herself a Theosophist of many years' standing. Such remarks, she protested, should not be made hastily, since, after all, Theosophy, putting it at its lowest, was a real system of thought which had occupied the energies of many fine intellects. Mr. Weir, a visitor from Ireland, supported her, inferring that our modern materialistic tendency is merely the accentuation of the scientific side of things, while the East over-emphasised the introspective side. Another speaker inquired what Theosophy had done to help the degraded, and a brief reply came from Mr. Wedgwood, who stated that he had just returned from a stay at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society in India, and recounted an anecdote which seemed to prove his contention that the instruction of Theosophy led to a more hopeful attitude on the part of the lower strata of humanity.

The lecturer, in his answer, defined rather neatly, at the request of the Chairman, the difference between reincarnation and resurrection—the one being more a bodily change, the other having spiritual aspects and significations. The usual remarks concluded a lively and interesting session, which we were sorry to see so scantily attended.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

"THE sentiment is good." This is an old-fashioned *cliché*, and, like all such phrases, has no more dynamic power than the "Here we are again" of the clown in the pantomime. We keep on saying how satisfied we are. But, candidly, there is very little business. I hope and believe that we are going to have a good time—that is to say, the punters and the promoters. It would appear that prices must rise, mainly because there is no bull account in any market. The most minute order has an effect quite out of proportion to its size. When the public regains its strength and begins gambling we might then see a new boom. Each clique hopes that the boom will attack its particular market. The tin people—Bastard and his followers—point to £183 a ton for the metal and declare that Nigerian tin shows will earn prodigious profits. The rubber people have dozens of unfloated properties they wish to sell, and if they can only persuade Heilbut, Symons, and Co. to put up Fine Hard Cured Para they assert that they can make a new rubber boom. Rhodesia blazes—in the Press; the public appears chilly, notwithstanding the heated puffs. Yet they may melt in time. Never was there so much optimism.

There are great arguments going on in Lombard Street about the Money Market. A big division laugh at the idea of cheap money. They say that India wants more gold, that Brazil must have gold, and that the Argentine will also ask for one or two millions; they point out that Paris must be repaid; that the Government taxes will take a great deal. In short, their arguments are numerous and widely spread. But the people who support the "dear money" cry forget that the Transvaal is sending us over £600,000 a week; that Egypt may pay back half of the ten millions, and that Paris has abundant supplies, Russia more than she wants. Holland has reduced her Bank Rate to 3½ per cent.—an excellent sign, for Amsterdam has been in trouble all the autumn. The country will be returning the money it absorbed before Christmas, six months' Bank bills are due at 3½ and any trader can get his bill done at 4. Thus the talk and the practice do not fit.

In the Foreign Market the gossips still discuss Sir Edward Holden's attack upon Japan; and the South Manchurian Railway Loan was done at a discount. Why investors should rate good sound English railway stocks at less value than speculative Japanese bonds is one of those anomalies the House so often supplies. We have not heard the end of the Japanese Loan story. Russian Fours are gradually creeping up; they will touch par. Turkish are still bought, the excuse being that the agreement between Russia and Germany makes for peace. The real truth is that the Deutsche Orient Bank will make an issue in the Spring, and is steadying the market as a preliminary.

We now await the dividend declaration in the Home Rail market, and prices are firm. They must continue hard, for few of the companies can fail to increase their distribution. L. & N.W.R. and Great Western are the soundest investments. There is no bull account in the Heavies, but I should not be surprised to see a small reaction after the dividend declarations in such stocks as Hull and Barnsley, Great Eastern, Little Chats, Dover A's. Great Easterns are a stock that must go to par sooner or later, but as they are gambled in occasionally they will fluctuate. I again say that the junior stocks of the Great Central are an excellent lock-up for the man who can wait a few years.

Yankees are weak in London, but no one does any business. In New York the whole of the banking circle consider Unions, Chesapeakes, Steels, Southern Pacifics, and Atchisons as good, sound purchases. I take no heed of London or her views. Berlin, through her great banks, always receives admirable information. The Wall Street bankers rely upon the Deutsche, Dresdener, and Disconto when it is necessary to finance, and they never play false to the houses in Berlin. New York uses London to build up the indispensable bear account. Beyond placing gold bonds, this is the only use the Yankee has for the Britisher.

Canadian Pacifics have been the one talk of the week. It has long been known that the 1 per cent. dividend they have been paying out of their land department was paid from the interest received, and that the sum obtained for interest was more than sufficient to pay a much larger dividend. This larger dividend has now been paid. There is a saying in Canada that there are only two ways of ruining yourself—getting drunk and going a bear of Can. Pacs. This would seem to be true, for the net earnings of the Canadian Pacific during the past four months show a 17 per cent. increase, notwithstanding the poor crop. Shareholders must not, however, expect to get more than their present 10 per cent., which is surely magnificent enough for any one,

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since within another year both the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Mackenzie and Mann Line will be competing strongly with the Canadian Pacific. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President, has often warned people not to expect too much from the C.P.R. But the plain truth is that the line has run away from him, and not even those who are the most closely responsible for the working of the company ever anticipated such magnificent results. The stock is mainly held in England, not 10 per cent. being in the names of Canadian shareholders and Wall Street, although the nominal market home of Can. Pacs. is financially but little interested.

So many people have lost money in rubber, and so few made any, that most City people consider the present dyspeptic conditions of the speculator entirely due to an overdose of rubber. It is quite certain that there is no business done; prices fall not because they are attacked but because they are too weak to stand up against even the slight trickle of genuine selling-orders. If the big Trusts could engineer a bear account they might dash in and raise values. But the bears have no heart, and the Trusts are not really clever speculators. They buy with the faith of the believer. We want pessimism in the rubber market. The Kaffir jobbers who used to dash in and bang prices are sadly missed. A Stock Exchange has been opened in Singapore, but it is the day after the fair—not an exhilarating hour in which to start a new speculative movement.

The bears are buying back their Shells—that is the only point worth recording. Promoters who are choke-full of oil shares would like to see a boom, but the Standard Oil declines to end the war. It must end soon, because none of the business people who sell oil are filled with joy at the present price of kerosene. Russian petroleums are to try and increase their output; but I have no confidence in the management of any of the Baku companies. I hear bad reports of the oil trade in Russia, and there is talk of further trouble amongst the Russian companies.

Waihis look like going higher. A new lode has been cut at the 1,000ft. level. It is said to be 7ft. and worth 63s. a ton. Waihi is a most extraordinary mine—a mass of reefs, some hardly payable, others rich. The shares fell from 10 to $4\frac{3}{4}$, and most of us thought that the rich shoots had come to an end. To-day the Waihi people are buying, and good judges place the profit value of the ore reserves at three millions, which should make Waihi worth six millions. They are vigorously working in the lower levels of the mine, and may conceivably find more lodes; many are known to exist.

Kaffirs do not move much, and the only excitement last week was the Robinson coup, by which the great J. B. decreed that Randfontein Central and Randfonteins South should be amalgamated. As the first were quoted last Thursday at 2 11-16, and the latter $2\frac{1}{8}$, any one who sold the one and bought the other would have made money on each deal; yet no one either bought or sold. This speaks well for Robinson's honesty and also that of his employees. There was no leakage, although, had any one known, a large sum of money might have been made without risk. I never abuse Robinson, for I see no reason why the Stock Exchange should dislike him as it does. To me he appears a man who has always gone his own way regardless of markets and market-manipulators. He will make a fine mine, and the Souths are cheap to-day. They should pay 25 per cent. dividend on a forty years' life.

Rhodesian bulls might cry, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." They say that all the magnates have now agreed upon a definite plan of operations. I am glad of it; but will they stick to the plan, and will they forego the pleasure of unloading upon each other's markets? I am not saying anything against the mines. They are good enough to gamble in, but the public has never had a chance in Rhodesians. Willoughby's Matabele Queen met with an icy reception. These market deals are not popular to-day. The shares are decidedly *not* worth 12s. Rhodesia Consolidated are one of the best buys in the market. They are much sounder than Matabele Queens and 25 per cent. cheaper. This is a Tilden Smith deal; it may come off.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

POST-IMPRESSIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Can you allow space for one word more anent the Post-Impressionists?

The avowed aim of this school is, by extreme simplification, to bring back into modern painting the significance and gesture of primitive art.

I have not seen it noted in the various discussions on the subject that the same endeavour may be seen in Chinese art. Among the Chinese paintings at the British Museum, No. 106—which represents a sage in a pavilion on a lake, with a waterfall dashing over boulders in the background—is a striking example of this. The painting is of the seventeenth century, and the artist is Shih T'Ien. There is also among the collection of Chinese illustrated books in the King's Library of the British Museum a small portfolio of landscape-sketches, some of which—notably that of "A Cliff and Water," by Peen Yuen Foo—show the same tendency. These signs of desire to return to primitive devices as a new means of expression appear to me to be very interesting at this moment, and a further proof of the astonishing modernity of the older Oriental art. Perhaps it is not too out of place to note here that in this same collection of books the drawings of animals by Yasunobu of the early eighteenth century recall the best manner of Fauré. "Nil novi sub sole."—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

G. M.

Hampstead.
January 7th, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

Hawtrey's Deputy. By Harold Bindloss. Illustrated. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.

Young Life. By Jessie Leckie Herbertson. William Heinemann. 6s.

The House of Horror. By Robert Halifax. With Frontispiece Digby, Long and Co. 6s.

A Drama of the Telephone. By Richard Marsh. With Frontispiece. Digby, Long and Co. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

A Short History of the Church of England. By the Rev. J. F. Kendal, M.A. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE narrow escape of M. Briand, the French Premier, from the revolver of an assassin on Tuesday last reminds us that there are some dangers due to publicity which no care can possibly avert, unless, as a matter of precaution, all "persons of weak intellect" are permanently incarcerated. The plea of incomplete mental equipment has been used before, and seems hardly solid enough to bear the blame which must attach to such deliberate attempts at the taking of human life; the criminal was sufficiently sensible, at any rate, to obtain a good vantage-point for his operations, to bring his revolver, and to select his man. It seems that he had previously attacked a public functionary, yet was allowed to go free, and to obtain firearms. Here, however, we must not throw stones, since, in the light of recent events, our glass houses are none too safe on this side of the Channel. We may note, however, while congratulating M. Briand upon his fortunate escape, and expressing our pleasure that no serious injuries resulted to his confrères, that of late a much stronger tone has prevailed in French politics. Not so very long ago it was customary to quote France to all students of national and social affairs as a reprehensible "moral example," an object-lesson of retrogression; her influence was supposed to be nearing a stage when it would become practically negligible. Now all that talk is out of date. France, under the more vigorous tutelage of M. Briand and M. Pichon, can claim that the dangerous period of her decline—which undoubtedly existed—is arrested; she takes her place once again in spheres more robust than those of literature and art. The Chamber of Deputies may still on occasion be lively with the light-heartedness which to our somewhat serious minds is hardly compatible with the gravity of large issues, but the work there accomplished is of a firmer and more lasting texture and of greater national value than has appeared for sometime. With a good Army and a smartly-organised Navy France has little to fear from the developments of European international politics which may occur during the next few years.

It is high time that a word of protest be entered against the impertinent details—devoid of any attribute except that of imagination—which are set forth, with a great show of authority, in the "Society" columns of various newspapers. The journalist—often lady-journalist—whose metier it is to supply "facts" relating to noble or prominent families is no doubt often hard pushed for material for copy. Peerages and various handbooks are the common property of the fraternity. Where then is new ground to be broken? Clearly the realm of imagination must be drawn upon. Various details as to pedigrees of the most inaccurate and impertinent character are dogmatically set out. Estimates of incomes or of acreage, the figures differing to a ludicrous extent according as the particular contributor is of a lavish or a parsimonious disposition, are laid down as if they were derived from a secret view of Income-tax returns, or confidences exchanged with the Yorkshire blacksmith on the returns made to him under Form 4, or a vision of what may some day be recorded in the New Domesday Book. The person whose family and private affairs are thus handled at so much a line is, in all probability, the only person who could furnish accurate information, and he is the person who is never, by any chance, consulted. A request for his permission to allow intrusion into his private relations is never made. Journalism of this description has nothing to recommend it. It is usually supplied by persons who pretend to inner knowledge of great houses, when their entrance has, no doubt, been barred on the front-door step, leaving no alternative but the area. Editors would, we think, render their productions far more popular if they would cease to be, by special appointment, purveyors to the Snobocracy.

We refer in another column to methods of excluding Anarchists from our shores. The power of expulsion is somewhat more in doubt, doubt which we hope will be dispelled, if necessary, by an amendment of the law. The interesting letter of a high authority on the possibility of using sulphurous fumes to dislodge desperadoes such as those of Sidney Street deserves careful attention. If some such method had been adopted most valuable documents might now be in the hands of the police, and the criminals on conviction would have graced the gallows. There is nothing ludicrous in the suggestion that sulphurous fumes might have been used in the recent siege. Naval officers who have served in the China Seas are well acquainted with the efficacy of the "stinkpot." The Chinese pirate, who is not usually an over-sensitive person, and who is not habitually accustomed to live in an atmosphere sweetened by all the perfumes of Arabia, metaphorically throws up the sponge, and actually flings himself into the sea as soon as the "stinkpot" arrives on board. This admirable engine for enforcing surrender might, it is contended, have been introduced into the Sidney Street room propelled from an air-gun, or in the shape of a grenade either through the window or through an aperture in the door. Its effect would have been instantaneous. If in any quarter such a suggestion is thought to be incongruous, it must be remembered that chemicals play a prominent part in modern warfare, and it is quite reasonable to meet picric with sulphur.

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THE ANARCHIST RAT

THE graphic articles which we have published during the last fortnight dealing with the incidents of the Sidney Street siege, and many of the lessons to be drawn from that occurrence, will have attracted much attention. The whole subject will doubtless engage the attention of the House of Commons when Parliament meets, and many gladiatorial contests will be fought. The heavy ordnance of debate will be requisitioned, and tongues equalling long service rifles in their power to wound will pour forth an incessant fusillade. The net result will probably be as unsatisfactory as the cremation of the anarchist miscreants, and, what is much more important, the loss—the preventable loss—of the incriminating documents which would have laid bare the springs of their foul intrigues. The right of asylum will be freely insisted on. Mr. Churchill will explode a carefully prepared impromptu joke, and extol by implication his own heroism, coupled with the hint of a lament that there is no special decoration for valour which can be bestowed upon Home Secretaries, even when they fail to get captured.

The incidents of the siege have been ably and exhaustively dealt with. Whether illegality will be found to be branded on the measures adopted will be closely probed; whether method and knowledge would have obviated the ridicule of the world will doubtless emerge into the light of day. Meanwhile, a travesty of "Peterloo" has been enacted. It is true that the parallel is not exact; that Hunt's meeting was—at least in semblance—a meeting to advocate constitutional reform; and it is doubtful whether in these days the magisterial prohibition which was then held to render the meeting illegal, would now be upheld. The action adopted in summoning soldiers and the Manchester and Cheshire Yeomanry to suppress the meeting was at least adopted under magisterial authority. Under whose authority was military force employed in Sidney Street?

The affairs of Tottenham and Houndsditch and their sequels have disturbed the smug complacency which was wont to lull this country into apathy in the belief that the nation which afforded asylum to murderous wretches who masquerade as the exponents of a political faith would secure immunity for itself from their diabolical designs. It is now seen that such a belief is a profound delusion. It will have to be realised here, as it is clearly realised in the countries in which this anti-human species can be observed in its lairs, that humane methods are entirely unsuited to, and will always fail in grappling with, a species of criminal who, owing to congenital insanity—whether partaking of the attributes of homicidal tendency or abnormal egotism—is the permanent pest of society and the sworn enemy of the human race.

If such a view comes at length to be grasped, Great Britain, instead of being a byword among the nations, will attract to herself far more sympathy and goodwill than hitherto and wield extended influence for good in the councils of the world.

How then is it possible to cope with the question of refusing shelter and asylum to the criminal off-scourings of Continental nations? One or two possible answers to this inquiry present features of interest.

In our view the main essential and efficient weapon is that England shall at last join hands with Continental Governments, and that a highly organised system of international police, in which England would participate, shall be instituted. By such a method murderous miscreants would be known and hounded down throughout the world. They would fail to secure a foothold of sufficient permanence, or to shroud themselves in sufficient obscurity, to be able to bring to fruition their schemes. If these persons are unable to escape from the surveillance of skilled police their power for mischief is largely neutralised.

We have not much faith in the efficiency of legislation for the exclusion of the worst type of alien criminal. Such legislation is useful—if it is efficiently administered—in limiting the immigration of an undesirable class of alien, whose circumstances and attributes render him a potential criminal, and who is in any case a set-back to civilised progress and an element of danger to the public health. Legislation is also useful in so far as it places in the hands of judicial authorities the power to recommend for deportation aliens convicted of ordinary crime and who are an undesirable addition to our population. Here again, however, an apparently salutary provision is often valueless, because as England does not participate in such a system of police as we have mentioned above, the deported alien frequently returns.

It is not generally known that, given the indispensable knowledge and information which would be in the possession of our branch of an International police, we already possess the power to exclude dangerous criminals from our shores. Such action can be taken as an "Act of State." The Executive, making use of the prerogative right of the Crown, may legally refuse to admit aliens to land on British shores. The necessary element to enable action is knowledge, and that element will never be forthcoming until Continental and British police are closely federated for the purpose of the suppression of Anarchist crime.

TRUE HISTORY

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE average reader who has made a complete study of a particular epoch in the history of a nation knows little or nothing of the domestic life of those whose political fortunes, or misfortunes, he has examined with such infinite care. Yet true history is surely that which brings before our mental vision a clear picture of the manner in which the average citizen spent his time when at work and when at play; how his home was organised; the position occupied by his wife and family in the home; and all that appertains to their happiness, troubles, education, religion, and occupations. With this knowledge in our possession we can estimate how the social life of various classes was affected by the laws, the administration of those laws, and by the domestic and foreign policy of the government of the day. But how little has the average historian to tell us of the inner life of a bygone age! History usually consists of an endless recital of the fortunes of the opposing parties who make up the body politic in a constitutional monarchy or republican government—or in the case of an autocratic monarchy, or dictatorship—of the fortunes of kings and queens, of rival houses to the same throne, of court favourites, of rebellions successful or crushed, of all those who happened to compose that little coterie who surround the despot's throne, and on whom the sun of the historian's researches alone deigns to shine.

The most elaborate descriptions will be given of any sudden change in the government of a country. If an absolute monarchy gives place to a constitutional, if a republic is swept away and a monarchy substituted, if a worn-out and discredited dynasty is driven from the throne by another of younger stock and stronger vitality, the causes which led up to the change will be most carefully examined and analysed. Such events will share equal honour with the recital, so beloved by the historian, of wars waged against other States, of battles lost and won, and endless time and endless trouble will be devoted to reading contemporary accounts and searching

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contemporary archives in order that the exact numbers of those who were slain or maimed may be accurately known. Yet these things are but the externals in the life of a nation, and possess little or no value except as an academic chronological record unless, contemporaneously parallel with them, we have a complete and accurate picture of the daily domestic life of the masses who, taking no part in politics themselves, have to abide by the laws and actions of the particular *régime* with which the historian happens to be dealing. These two branches of history, the national and the domestic, are inseparable the one from the other, and almost all historians make the mistake of devoting their study and research to the former and in leaving the reader to draw, in his imagination, already dulled or atrophied by countless unimportant dates and facts, a mental picture of the latter, which is usually hopelessly wrong.

It is not difficult to see the reason for this. It is always a temptation to the historical writer to deal with events for which the largest amount of contemporary data is available, and the stories of the varying fortunes of kings, of administrations, of favourites, of statesmen, and of wars are to be found in abundance in State archives, contemporary books, in letters, and private journals; whereas he who would write the story of the domestic life of a family or of an individual finds no such records available, and scant facts must be culled from any available source, however indirect. No State archives, as far as I know, contain any official records of the social life of the people, and therefore the historian must turn to three unofficial sources if he wishes to add to our feeble stream of knowledge. These are (1) the poetical, (2) the architectural and plastic, (3) the private record. With the relative value of the three I will deal in detail.

In almost all ages the poet has left a reliable picture of contemporary rural and urban life. Material poetry, as distinct from mythical or philosophical, has risen to its greatest heights when employed to describe the haunts and occupations of the humble, and it has usually sunk to its lowest rhetorical depths when employed to record history or to commemorate the deeds of heroes. The true poet is usually inspired with a love of Nature and with sympathy for the humble and oppressed, and where these traits are found there follows, as a natural corollary, simplicity, and where there is simplicity there is truth. Thus the poet gives us a picture of domestic life, idealised, it may be, by the imagination of genius and by a desire to eliminate the sordid but of priceless value, once allowances are made for these natural weaknesses. True poetry can only deal with the immutable; human nature and character alone remain unchanged. When poetry is employed to read the deeds of kings or governments, or to glorify victories and other transitory phantoms, it leaves its proper sphere of activity and becomes artificial, and bears a false ring. All systems of government, whether autocratic, constitutional, or republican, are but transitory, therefore artificial, and the great poets of antiquity have seldom wasted their efforts on building on a foundation which at any moment may be swept away by the substitution of another edifice equally fragile. They have naturally turned to the solid rock of the immutable, which is human nature as displayed in the domestic life of a nation, and to descriptions of the localities amongst which those lives have been passed. Thus the poet is of far more value to us than the mere historian.

The second source of our knowledge is derived from the architectural and plastic remains which have survived the call of time. The occupations, taste, and in a lesser degree the character of a person or of a family, can be gauged with fair accuracy by even a cursory examination of their homes and surroundings. In like manner the habits, customs, and daily existence of a decayed civilisation can be deduced from its architectural ruins, plastic art, and household utensils which have survived. Painting would naturally be a valuable auxiliary, but except in rare instances this branch of art, fragile and perishable as it is, is seldom available beyond the Middle Ages. Archæology is, therefore, an essential and integral branch of the domestic history of a people as distinguished from the mere academic record of things, governments, and wars.

The third, and by far the most valuable, although the rarest, record of the commonplace life of a people is contained in those private diaries, books, and letters in which the writers reveal their everyday doings and their real outlook on contemporary affairs,—not perhaps as they desired the world of their day to believe they saw it, but as they honestly saw it for themselves—works in which the writer, generally with no intention of doing so, but in spite of himself, has left a priceless word-picture of the age in which he lived. But such books are rare for the simple reason that few people are born so constituted as to be able to place on record the daily, almost hourly story, of an existence which may never have risen above the commonplace and which possibly passed unnoticed and unhonoured by their fellow citizens. Yet it is just this picture of the commonplace which is of such supreme value to a proper understanding and appreciation of a former age. We want to study a sample of the lives of the majority, not of that small minority who appear in the limelight throughout all ages.

An unusual combination of qualities, good and bad, are required to produce such a work. There must be a great and sustained egotism which sees importance in trivials because these trivials happen to revolve in the same orbit with the writer; a keen sense of proportion must be wanting, and also the lack of a keen sense of humour; a certain *naïveté* is usually found, often priggishness, and considerable powers of observation and industry are essential. The writer's life must be removed from public activities, or at least they must not be the all-absorbing interest in his life, because once he is drawn into the vortex of affairs he is almost certain to leave a record of events, which, although they may be of some value to the chronicler of the history of governments, kings, and parties, will be useless in portraying the domesticity of his age.

It is for this reason that we attach such consummate value to books of the type of the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," to the writings of St. Paul, to Chaucer's "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims," to "Pepys' Diary," to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and, in a lesser degree, to Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe." Many others might be mentioned, such as Plutarch's "Lives" or Suetonius' "Lives of the Caesars;" but in the latter class of work we are dealing more with hearsay than with direct evidence, because the writers were not contemporary with the personalities they are portraying. Thus we are not treading on such good ground, and there is something open to doubt. We cannot be sure whether the author's picture is a true, or a false one which his imagination has created. But in the other works which I have mentioned at random we have the most valuable examples—in Marcus Aurelius' "Meditations" of self-revelation; in the writings of St. Paul, setting aside the theology—of travel and the administration of the law and of the men who administered it, throughout the various provinces of the Roman Empire; in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" of the poet leaving a unique picture of contemporary life; in "Pepys' Diary" the most perfect example extant of an author revealing himself and his age without having the faintest idea that he is handing down a masterpiece to posterity; in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," not only a first-class study of contemporary England, but also the revelation of the workings of a great mind when

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applied to the little ups and downs of everyday life as seen by a constant companion; and in a lesser degree this applies to Eckermann's "Goethe's Conversations."

But, looking back down the tide of time, works of this class which give an insight of real human interest into the daily lives of our progenitors are lamentably rare. We are fairly well supplied with memoirs of Kings, of Courts, of various statesmen upon whom fortune has placed the stamp of distinction and prosperity. During the last four centuries printing has become cheap, and since education has spread, we have become the heirs to a plethora of such works. But these intimate revelations have seldom percolated beyond the favoured class who throughout all ages cluster round the courts of kings. Of the lives of the middle classes and of the masses we know next to nothing, and more often than not the perusal of stereotyped history leaves an absolutely misleading impression on our minds. What, for instance, were the feelings of the primitive Britons when the Roman Eagle first appeared in their midst? We know the details of the Norman Conquest; but how did the Saxon serf and the Saxon landowner regard their change of masters? How did the peasants of Italy regard the invasions of Attalia, and what difference did they make in their daily lives? How did the man in the street fare when Constantinople was captured by the Ottoman Turks?

Of these events we have no true picture to guide us. By reading history and Court memoirs one would believe that every person throughout England carried a Psalter under the Protectorate of Cromwell, and that later on every man was a dissipated roué during the reign of Charles II., unless we had Pepys' inimitable Diary to give us a true insight into the lives of the middle classes and the masses. Our knowledge of the life led by the literary giants of the eighteenth century is chiefly derived from Boswell's "Life of Johnson;" history does not help us there. But for his "Meditations" we would probably believe that Marcus Aurelius, when not actually fighting the Germanic tribes, spent his leisure hours in camp, not in silent meditation, but in drunken orgies and in the rough horseplay of the Legionaries.

No doubt an ideal state of society would be that where the mass of the population of a country lived their lives peacefully, oblivious to dynastic changes and to the varying fortunes of parties. If the majority of the inhabitants of a country had it in their power to stand aside and regard with indifference Kings and professional politicians struggling for the mastery, toppling one another over, carrying on wars with other nations without feeling the effects, they would probably choose to do so. The average man wishes to live and to let live, and to go through life peacefully, duly observing those social codes for the regulation of his dealings with his fellow-men, which the common-sense and the experience of ages, not Kings and parties, have prescribed as essential.

When we have little or no direct knowledge extant of a nation's domestic life we owe a debt of gratitude to the historian who, after long research amongst all the available contemporary material, by dissecting the works of the authors of the period for light on abstruse and doubtful points and by a careful examination of its archæological and plastic remains, is able to rebuild the whole edifice of the social world so that we can mentally travel over the same ground and lead the same life as the Roman citizen of 1900 years ago. Such a work Professor Tucker has produced in his "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul."* It is a book of inestimable value to those who wish to correct the mistaken impressions, or to clear away the miasma of uncertainty, which have arisen in their minds after a perusal of commonplace history.

Professor Tucker takes the year 64 A.D. He conducts us through the Roman Empire from Chester in the north to Syene, the modern Assouan, in the south. He tells us of the roads to take, and provides us with suitable escorts over those on which we may expect to be waylaid by robbers or footpads; he gives us necessary information as to suitable hostelries at which we may put up for the night, and warns us of the bad food and lack of cleanliness of the majority. He informs us of the ships, of the accommodation we may reasonably expect to find on board and of the chances of shipwreck or piratical attack. On the way he points out historic sights, temples, shrines, and battlefields. He takes us in turn to the principal cities of the Empire, and we go the round of their theatres, circuses, museums, libraries, public buildings, and waterworks.

We then find ourselves in the Rome of the year 64 A.D., before its destruction by fire; he rebuilds the city for our edification, and after a careful examination of its public buildings, temples, and palaces we are conducted to the house of Quintus Silius Bassus, a typical senator and aristocrat of the period, whose home is on the Caelian Hill, facing the Palatine, near the modern church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. We spend one day in the company of Silius, from the very early hour at which his valet calls him to trim his beard. After his early breakfast we watch him hold his levée, at which his friends, followers, and satellites attend; then we are conducted over his house, and peep into every room, examining the furniture, nick-nacks, pictures, and sculpture; we follow his litter to the Imperial Palace on the Palatine, which he enters to attend the levée of the Emperor Nero. This function quickly at an end, we return to his house and sit down to a light mid-day repast, which is followed by the customary siesta. On awakening we repair to the Forum and listen to Silius's address on behalf of the suit of a friend, whilst the hired claque, whom he has taken the precaution to bring with him, keep up a vigorous round of applause. Then we are free to share his sports and amusements throughout the afternoon. We are included amongst his guests at dinner and listen with interest to their conversation, reclining on heavily becushioned couches, and sipping his excellent wine from the vineyards of Tuscany. Now we must leave him for the night, and our last glance shows the benevolent senator in bed engaged in reading the current news of the day, and the Imperial Decrees—one of which, by the way, may contain the disagreeable surprise of an order for his immediate suicide—out of the official "Court Circular."

Having bid a reluctant farewell to Silius, until, indeed, we accompany him to his country residence when the heat of Rome becomes intolerable, we are chaperoned on the following morning to the chamber of his wife Marcia, and are permitted to see that worthy dame arrange her toilet and have her hair dressed. We follow her movements throughout the day, which apparently was passed in much the same manner as that of any modern up-to-date society lady—in shopping, gossiping, visiting, intriguing, and in hastening from point to point to escape from the *ennui* of luxurious ease. But Marcia possessed one inestimable advantage. If in the course of her idle peregrinations she meets some one whom she likes better than her husband, all she has to do is to walk home, pack up her belongings, and scratch on a wax tablet with the homely "stylo" the laconic message—unless indeed she is saved the trouble by finding one to the same effect from Silius: "Dear Silius—I am not coming back, because I have found some one I like better—your affectionate Marcia;" and the marriage at once came to a summary end. Marriage in those days was but a civil

* "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul." By Professor T. G. Tucker, Litt.D. Camb., Hon. Litt.D. Dublin. (Macmillan & Co.)

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tie, and could be broken at any time by either party; but nevertheless the system seems to have worked very well. Subsequently we learn all about the lives, childhood, education, and periodic castigations of young Silius and his sister, and of the ceremonies attendant on their coming-of-age and marriage. The season at an end, we follow the family to the country, and pass a few pleasant days at their villa.

But Professor Tucker does not only deal with the life of the Senators who formed the cream of the Roman aristocracy. He tells us with lucidity and wealth of detail how the Knights, the commercial money-making class, accumulated their fortunes; of the houses and flats of the townspeople, of their trades and wages. Then he deals with the rabble who thrived on Saturnalias, free corn, occasional doles of wine, and the bright sunshine of Southern Italy. Neither is the poor peasant neglected, and his humble homestead is duly visited. We are next taken to the camp of the hardy legionary, and follow his fortunes as he resists the encroachments of the Barbarian in return for inadequate pay and the eventual hope of a small pension or free grant of land. We learn of the laws, and ofthose who administered them; of the tax-collector and his methods, and of the religion of the period. Rome is rebuilt before our eyes, and the domestic life of the Roman is painted with a sure hand and delightful charm.

Many illusions will be shattered. Those who believe that under Nero every Roman went in hourly terror of his life or of having his property confiscated, will be agreeably surprised. Nero, a man of besotted sensuality, was by no means a bad Emperor, though recklessly extravagant. He was beloved by the masses, and the Provinces were excellently administered during his reign. Only on very rare occasions did he illuminate his garden with torches made out of primitive Christians, and his cruelty was confined almost entirely to the aristocracy of Rome, whom he seems to have hated almost with the vehemence of a Lloyd George; and if his language when speaking of them was more moderate, it was only out of respect to his own exalted position.

The spread of humane ideas and the less summary usages of modern society do not permit the approaches to the Chancellor's house in Downing Street to be illuminated by inflammable dukes and smouldering earls; but, except for this comparatively unimportant distinction, the aristocracy of present-day England seem to suffer from much the same troubles as did the Patricians in the age of Nero.

THE DISCOVERER

You lured me, Dearest, with those veilèd eyes—
  Eyes that half speak and half conceal the deeps
  That in your bosom lie—to scale the steeps
Of lofty Love, if haply I might be wise
To unlock such cloistral secrets; yet surmise
  Whispered but thinly of the abyss that leaps
  Now to my awed regard—a world where sleeps
Heaven germinal, and Pain in Love's disguise!

So the old venturous shipman laid in store
  That breathless moment by the virgin sea,
On heights unscaled by Latin feet before,
When in the drowsy, far Castilian lands
  He heard, and answered unresistingly,
The importunate call of undiscovered strands.

P. J. F.

REVIEWS

AINSWORTH AND HIS FRIENDS

[First Notice.]

William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends. By S. M. Ellis. Two Vols. (John Lane. 32s. net.)

In one of his least-inspired moments of talk with Eckermann, Goethe declared with customary autocratism that a character develops by contact with the world, talent by an environment of calm and quiet, contrasting thus absolutely "Welt" and "Stille." The dictum does not even present one of those half-truths in which the great German was so astoundingly prolific. It is barely a quarter-truth. A few moments' thought at once recalls to the mind the names of ten or twenty men of letters of the first rank, well known throughout the world, about whom it can be most emphatically said that they owed at least as much to the "Welt" as to the "Stille." As to England, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Sheridan immediately occur to one, together the numerous and distinguished band, which includes men like Browning and Thackeray, who have found frequent inspiration in the whirl and frivolities of London society. Abroad, we reflect on the careers of artists like Rubens, Cervantes, Dante, Velasquez, and Goethe himself, about none of whom it can be affirmed, without an amount of "hedging" that practically invalidates the Goethean maxim, that they owe the growth of their talent mainly to calm and quiet. Character and talent grow indeed most often together.

Yet there are cases, especially those of the smaller-gifted writers and artists, of which it may at any rate be argued that, in all probability, a life in the world of action spoilt their abilities in the realm of art and the imagination. William Harrison Ainsworth appears to have been one of these unlucky mortals. Extraordinarily precocious and creative, at an age when most boys are hardly able to write two consecutive sentences, of unusually handsome face and physique, with a rich father who humoured all his whims and caprices, free-handed, generous, impulsive, rather hot-headed, serenely audacious and a trifle inclined to be masterful in disposition, an interesting and fluent talker, always fond of society and of conviviality, friendly to every one and eager to make friends, with above all an undoubted natural talent if not for pure literature, at any rate for the writing of breathless "Rides to York" and such-like romances, this fine, dashing Ainsworth, coming up to town from his native and much-beloved Manchester, quickly found himself to be one of the most sought-after men in London society.

D'Orsay and he were considered in their day the handsomest and best-dressed "bucks" in London. They would sit one on each side of the throne on which Lady Blessington held her Court. "Venus between the two Graces," observed an Irishman, "only there were three of them!" Ainsworth and Dizzy became intimate; their first novels appeared almost simultaneously; they were born within a few months of each other (but not, as Mr. Ellis erroneously states, in the same year); and Ainsworth was probably correct when he sadly wrote, amid the ruins of his brief fame and fortune, to his bosom friend, William Crossley:—

> It was a great misfortune to me that Disraeli went out. He would have given me something better than a pension.

In the years that ushered in the triumphs of "Jack Sheppard" and "Rookwood," with its Turpinian hero and Black Bessian heroine, there was hardly a more popular

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man in England than Ainsworth, from the racecourses and pugilistic meetings, where the crowds sang rapturously his slang verses beginning "Nix my dolly, pals, fake away," to the great London *salons* and the theatres and Opera House, where he was everywhere recognised as "the darling of the ladies" and "the lion of the season."

A jovially happy life followed for the next twenty-five years. Ainsworth made for himself a large circle of friends and many intimates, among the latter being Dickens and his biographer Forster, and the inimitable Cruikshank, among the former being numbered nearly all his contemporaries who had any claim to literary or artistic renown. Thackeray, Maclise, Father Prout, Tom Hood, Douglas Jerrold, Lemon, Blanchard—Lamb and Sir Walter Scott he had long before known—Mrs. Norton, the Countess of Blessington and her daughter were all among our author's friends, though some of them, like Thackeray, Father Prout, and Forster, had a curious way of doing him bad turns—in order to prove the sincerity of their loyalty, no doubt. Whether such a mode of life was really suitable to the development of Ainsworth's special talent may well be questioned. If, like his intimate friend "Dizzy," or like Dickens or Thackeray, he had been able to assimilate and utilise in his art his observations of contemporary men and things, he would have benefited by the tense and bracing atmosphere in which he spent most of his time. But his gift lay quite another way. It was of a romantic, antiquarian order, like Scott's, but limited by a lack of the highest culture, an apparent inability to grasp the widest views of men and circumstances, and a quite extraordinary incapacity or distaste for characterisation.

This latter was the most serious of his deficiencies, and condemned him throughout life to write romances, which had, it is true, a great temporary, almost accidental, vogue, and have since permanently sunk to the level of books which can hardly be greatly enjoyed by any but boys and youths. It is most probable that had he withdrawn from London and its lures, and quietly devoted himself to the serious pursuit of his art, he might not only have conquered his want of quick adaptability to the fluctuations of taste in fiction, but also have produced in his own particular historical-romantic line some works of permanent literary value.

As it was, he wrote story after story with conspicuous success—for a time; "Old St. Paul's," "Windsor Castle," "The Tower of London"—to name a few of the best known; he turned publisher and editor, in both cases without success, except in giving a helpful start to new writers, such as Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Henry Wood, and a number of others; on and on he went, not recking of his gradual but sure eclipse by the ever-growing reputations of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, Trollope, Charles Reade, until one day, in the prime of his manhood, he suddenly awoke from his dreamer's life to find himself out of fashion, gradually dropped by former friends, reduced to writing for comparatively obscure publications, compelled to live a life of poverty and self-denial.

Throughout his life, however, Ainsworth rarely or never showed himself in the light of complaining or self-pity. He manfully accepted his banishment from further literary success. Certainly his character was much truer and stronger than his work.

Ainsworth as a character is seen at his best in his letters, his conversation, and actions. The man who, in his gay and brilliant youth, was described by Crabb Robinson, after a visit to the Lambs at Islington, as "a forward, talking young man, a Mr. Ainsworth," was one of the most interesting of talkers and letter-writers. He shows himself a keen observer, self-confident, frank, generous, and cheerful.

GOLDWIN SMITH

Reminiscences. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Edited by Arnold Haultain, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

Probably few people of the younger generation realise what a tremendous alteration the last seventy or eighty years have brought about in our mode of life, our trend of thought, our social and political worlds, our methods of communication between both individuals and countries. It is very difficult, for example, to conceive of a London without its District Railway, its tubes, and its motor-driven vehicles—difficult even for those who knew the City before the present swiftly-moving panorama of the streets took the place of the comparatively sedate horse-traffic. It is even more difficult to imagine England without her magnificent railway-systems, by the aid of which we can lunch in bonnie Devon and take early afternoon tea in town, or breakfast in town and dine in Scotland, or in other ways approach the modern ideal of being in two places at once. Therefore the memories of a man who was well acquainted with the days of stage-coach and tinder-box, of high-backed pews and charity-boys, of beadles and the stocks, impress us as a voice recounting events and travels in a strange country, and we are driven to consider the contrast between the calm, unhurrying life of those exceptionally contented times and the atmosphere of ceaseless change, of rush and jostle, which characterises our own period.

Professor Goldwin Smith was born at Reading in the year 1823, and in his opening chapter paints very clearly the conditions which then prevailed. "The mail-coaches travelling on the Bath Road at the marvellous rate of twelve miles an hour, change horses at the Crown and Bear. The watchman calls the hour of the night. The Quaker dress abounds. It is worn by Huntley and Palmer, who keep a little biscuit-shop in London Street, where a little boy buys cakes, and from which has sprung the biscuit-factory of the universe. The shop of the principal draper is the ladies' Club." In some respects this part of the book is the most interesting, short though it is, so vividly is the reader confronted with the complete revolution in ideas and opinions which has since taken place. As the author observes:—

> From this state of things I have lived into an age of express trains, ocean greyhounds, electricity, bicycles, globe-trotting, evolution, the Higher Criticism, and general excitement and restlessness. The Reading of my boyhood has almost disappeared over the horizon of memory. Whither is the train rushing, and where will the terminus be? . . . Between that state of things and the present there is only a single lifetime; yet I feel as if I were writing of antiquity.

For readers who are students of social and political history, however, the chief interest will lie in Goldwin Smith's intercourse with the men who have made the nineteenth century so extraordinarily dominant a term in the equation of progress. Among his schoolmates at Eton were the future Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Farrar, and Henry Hallam (brother of the Arthur Hallam immortalised by Tennyson); but before we leave Eton days, we may picture mentally the young historian-in-embryo running among a crowd of boys "behind Queen Victoria's carriage from Eton to Windsor on the night of her marriage." Oxford, with which city so large a portion of his future career was to be bound up, claimed the youth at the age of eighteen, and there Matthew Arnold was one of his contemporaries. The criticism of Arnold, who was "outwardly a singular contrast to his almost terribly earnest sire," seems very reasonable, if not particularly original:—

> He exerted unquestionably an elevating and liberalising influence on a large class of minds. He pierced the hide

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> of Philistinism with the silvery shafts from his bow, though his idea of Philistinism may not always have been perfectly just. But in all fields, social or theological as well as literary, taste was supreme in his mind. If there is nothing disparaging in the phrase, I should say that he was the prince of connoisseurs.

It is rather hard on A. H. Clough, however, to say that "some short poems and a translation of Plutarch were the only products of a great intellectual power;" but we have to bear in mind that the fervour of the poetic spirit was not part of the Professor's equipment; controversy, history, and a rather cold, solemn outlook seem his predominant traits as revealed in this autobiography.

Many anecdotes are here preserved of the days when Goldwin Smith lived in London. He met Macaulay at the house of Sir R. H. Inglis, and criticises him freely, with the suspicion of acidity which tinctures so many of his remarks:—

> Macaulay did talk essays and engross the talking—conversation it could not be called. One could understand how he was a bore to other talkers. He would seize upon a theme and dilate, with copious illustrations, from a marvellous memory. Mention of the exclusive respect of the Ritualists for churches in the Gothic style led to an enumeration of the Fathers of the early Church who had ministered in churches which were not Gothic. A question about the rules of equestrian statuary led to a copious dissertation proving that nature was the only rule. I have seen a whole evening party kept listening in a ring to an essay on final causes and the limits of their recognition, with numerous illustrations. But it seemed to me all exuberance, not assumption or ostentation.

The debates of the House of Commons strongly attracted Goldwin Smith, and, through his friendship with the Speaker (J. E. Denison, afterwards Lord Ossington), he frequently attended them; he gives an amusing account of the poor acoustic qualities of the House. "It seems," he writes, "that architectural science has not yet learned to produce with certainty a room in which you can be heard, a place in which you can breathe, or a chimney which will not smoke. It was said that the Leader of the Opposition went out and bought an evening paper to learn what the head of the Government was talking about." The author's memories of Gladstone have been given in another volume; he adds here a few paragraphs which show his critical turn of mind to advantage:—

> Archbishop Tait told me that what he most feared in Gladstone was his levity. This may seem paradoxical: yet I believe the Archbishop was right. That Gladstone's moral aspirations were high cannot be doubted. It is more than doubtful whether his sense of responsibility was very strong. At a dinner-party at which I was present he came late from the House. He was in the best of spirits, and seemed to have nothing on his mind. At last he spoke of the motion of which he had just given notice in the House. The motion, as afterwards appeared, was one which would have brought the two Houses into collision with each other, and the notice had been given amidst extreme excitement. When his love of power and his pugnacity were excited, it is questionable whether he thought much of anything but victory. . . . That Gladstone was a statesman of the very highest order I should find it difficult to believe. His moves always seemed to be impulses rather than parts of a settled plan . . . If he attacked the Lords, it was not that he had deliberately made up his mind in favour of a change, but that they came in his way at the moment. . . . As a speaker he was in the highest degree effective, but the effect was produced by his command of the subject, by the ascendancy of his character, by the impressiveness of his manner, and an admirable voice, rather than by any grace or force of language.

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The great speeches of John Bright, on the contrary, are described as "literature, first-rate of its kind." On the debated point as to whether his orations were prepared, Goldwin Smith remarks that there can be no doubt. "I have stood by him when he was speaking, and seen the little sheaf of notepapers, on each of which probably his sentence or his catchword was written, and which dropped into his hat as he went on."

Professor Goldwin Smith was at one time (about 1855) on the staff of the "Saturday Review," contributing political articles; but his appointment as Regius Professor of History at Oxford in the year 1858 ended this connection with journalism. This position, which he retained for eight years, was the height of his desire. Under the impression that he was settled in it for life, he built a "little house," planted a garden, and entered upon some of his happiest days. Fate, however, intervened later on most curiously to take him across the seas to the Cornell University as exponent of history, and from that time Canadian and American affairs became his special study. During the Civil War he visited General Butler, and gives his own personal view of certain incidents which have been alluded to in these columns comparatively recently.* The war at times had a Gilbertian aspect, as on the occasion when a Federal commander found himself in difficulties, and had to choose between wasting his force by fighting, and surrender. Under the protection of a flag of truce he paid a visit to the Confederate lines, explained matters to his enemy, and asked for a candid opinion, as he did not wish to sacrifice life in vain. The Confederate, a true gentleman, showed him round the position, and said that "if his command formed part of a general plan of operations, he was bound to fight; otherwise he might with propriety surrender!"

We might go on selecting items of interest from this record of a remarkable career; but we must pause, and conclude by inquiring why, after the perusal, we are haunted by a lingering sense of dissatisfaction, and a feeling which may almost be termed sorrow. It arises, we think, from the impression of an outlook on life which on the whole was inclined to be gloomy. Intensely stern and humourless is the face of Goldwin Smith, as here reproduced from several photographs, and in the progression of his pages we miss the quality of geniality, of sympathy with the views of other men, which would have brought that personal touch between author and reader indispensable to thorough pleasure in a volume of this character. The book owes very much to Mr. Arnold Haultain, the editor, who receives high praise in the closing sentences—"Without the aid of a first-rate Secretary I could not have stumbled on as I have done." There are repetitions which might have been avoided—we are twice told, for instance, that Coleridge was "the Arnold of Eton;" but they are slight flaws, and the editor to some extent explains them in his prefatory note. The reader will not easily forsake the book until he has finished it; but he will feel probably that it needs a little more of life's sunshine for its full enjoyment.

TWO FAMOUS MEDICI.

The Romance of a Medici Warrior: Being the True Story of Giovanni delle Bande Nere; to which is added the Life of his Son, Cosimo I. A Study in Heredity. By CHRISTOPHER HARE. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN the life story of "The Fighting Medici," as one may well call "John of the Black Bands," for he was pre-eminently the soldier of his race, Mr. Christopher Hare has

* THE ACADEMY, No. 2001, September 10th, 1910.

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found a very congenial subject, one lending itself to that picturesqueness of treatment and style which usually characterises his writings. The first part of this book is brimful of romance, such as would have appealed strongly to the elder Dumas, and we can imagine the creator of D'Artagnan evolving a masterpiece from the stirring adventures of Condottiere Giovanni, or those of his remarkable mother, that Caterina Sforza, who, as Mr. Hare rightly says, stands forth supreme among the warrior-women that Italy delights to honour.

She it was who, when a rebellion broke out one night while her first husband was lying dangerously ill, galloped sixteen miles in order to suppress it, rode back with the subdued leader of the revolt in her charge, and two hours after sunrise gave birth to a son. She it was also who, after her aforementioned husband had been assassinated, refused to surrender her citadel even under the threat of seeing her captive children butchered before her eyes. She dared her enemies to do their worst, and told them plainly that she would find it easier to replace her offspring than her fortress. Again, it was Caterina who fought like a lioness against the combined hosts of Cæsar Borgia and the French King, Louis XII., winning in that unequal contest the admiration of all her enemies save the Borgias themselves, who, directly she had been captured, threw her into the castle of Sant' Angelo, where they would have kept her till she died had not D'Allègre, the French General, eventually insisted on her release, declaring, with the characteristic gallantry of his race, "*On n'emprisonne pas les dames!*"

It was by her third husband, Giovanni dei Medici, the only member of his family ever surnamed the Popular, that Caterina became the mother of the future commander of those Black Bands who fought now for the Pope, now for the Emperor, and now for the King of France, in the many contests which desolated Italy during the earlier years of the sixteenth century. The Lady of Forli's son inherited her vigorous, pugnacious nature. He was far more a Sforza than a Medici. Impulsive, passionate, delighting in the rush of battle, glorying in personal feats of arms, a strong man among the strongest, contemptuous of those improvements in artillery which were increasingly modifying the character of warfare, Giovanni delle Bande Nere stepped into the Renascence like a reincarnation of some doughty knight of the Middle Ages fresh from such fields as Bouvines and Poitiers. In a sense, of course, he was a mercenary, but a mercenary who was paid but seldom, and never in proportion to his services. Moreover, Giovanni's solicitude was chiefly for his followers, on whom he spent almost his entire means. Personally he was lavishly generous, and at times even ridiculously disinterested. When Francis I., at the outset of the siege of Pavia, wished to shower honours and wealth on him he refused the offer, as is shown by one of his letters to his friend Aretino:—

> My brave Pietro. . . . I have been treated like a brother by the King of France. . . . I sent back the Order of St. Michael to that great Prince, and I tore up the treaties which contained the provision for my salary and an income for my wife . . . telling him that he should bestow such a dignity on one who has served him longer than I have, while, as for the pay, that should be in proportion to the service.

It must be said also that Giovanni enforced strict discipline among his men whenever he was with them, and that the excesses which they now and again committed occurred during his absence from his command, being generally due to some remissness in paying them. Their colours were originally purple and white, and it was only on the death of Pope Leo X. that their commander, as a sign of mourning for his kinsman the Pontiff, provided them with the black banners and shoulder-belts which they ever afterwards retained, and whence they derived the appellation by which they are known in history.

It is with the help of numerous letters written by Giovanni, his wife, their relations and friends, that Mr. Hare narrates his hero's brief but strenuous career. We follow the young Condottiere through the turbulent violence of his youth to his deeds of daring on the stricken field; we see him leap on his horse with a wounded soldier in his arms, we see him lead a forlorn hope to victory, and hold a candle to light the surgeon who is amputating his limb. A ball, had severely wounded the reckless young warrior in the leg whilst he was guarding the Po against some of the forces which, under the Constable de Bourbon, were advancing through Italy to the sack of Rome. Amputation, as it happened, came too late to save Giovanni's life, and he passed away when he was only twenty-eight years old. Yet such had been his prowess that he was already renowned as one of the foremost captains of Europe.

He had married Maria Maddalena Salviati—a granddaughter of Lorenzo dei Medici, "il Magnifico"—who was deeply attached to him and devoted to his interests. Mr. Hare seems to be quite in love with Madonna Maria, so tenderly and attractively does he pourtray her. She gave Giovanni a son, Cosimo dei Medici, who was destined to become the ruler of Florence and the first Grand Duke of Tuscany. He differed greatly from his father. Mr. Hare likens him to a fox coming after a lion, and there were certainly some unpleasant vulpine traits in Cosimo's character. Perhaps, however, our author is not quite fair to him. Politically, he simply followed the tendency towards absolutism which was general among the rulers of his age. In many respects he was a very able Prince, and even Mr. Hare is obliged to say something, though by no means everything, about the draining of marshes, the digging of canals and artificial lakes, the building of aqueducts, bridges and palaces, and the patronage of art, associated with Cosimo's name. His services to letters and learning might also have been mentioned. With respect to Cosimo's beautiful wife, Eleonora de Toledo, our author seems to have been somewhat carried away by Florentine feeling and prejudice. He repeatedly calls Eleonora proud and cold; but her portrait by Bronzino leaves a different impression, and, besides, she gave her husband ten children, and was devoted to them. When her sons, Giovanni and Garzia, died under distressing circumstances—pointing, some writers think, to crime—Eleonora, overcome by grief, speedily followed them to the grave. The Florentines certainly disliked her—they were good haters, and often fierce, unreasoning ones—but this, we believe, was more particularly because she was a Spaniard, a race which they detested.

We could have wished that Mr. Hare had given us a rather more explicit account of Alessandro, the bastard Medici who preceded Cosimo at Florence, and particularly of his assassination, which inspired one of the most remarkable tales in "The Heptameron," as well as the stirring "Lorenzaccio" of Alfred de Musset. On the other hand, we are glad to see that our author does not blindly accept all the stories of poisonings associated with Cosimo and others of his race. During recent years various able works dealing with that subject have appeared in Italy, where, indeed, attempts have even been made to whitewash the Medici of virtually all the crimes imputed to them. That, no doubt, is going too far; but we believe there has been much exaggeration respecting the criminality of the Medici generally.

Besides recounting the careers of Giovanni and Cosimo, Mr. Hare's narrative abounds in touches illustrating Italian manners and customs in the sixteenth century. The book

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is not quite free from misprints, and we find such variations as "Po" and "Pŏ," "Cibo" and "Cibò," "di Toledo" and "de Toledo," whereas uniformity would have been preferable. There are sixteen illustrations, chiefly portraits, including a photogravure frontispiece which shows Giovanni delle Bande Nere as Titian pourtrayed him. This must be a somewhat idealised presentment of the gallant condottiere if San Gallo's famous bust of him (also depicted in this volume) is true to life.

THE LAWS OF POESY

A Historical Manual of English Prosody. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A., &c. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

THE task which Professor Saintsbury set himself when he conceived the idea of concentrating all the best part of his great work on English Prosody into the comparatively small space of a handy manual of single-volume form could not have been an easy one; but, as is usual when he determines to enlighten us on literary themes, he has made a splendid success of it. Many readers who admired the learning and taste displayed in the larger books must have wished for something more convenient in shape and size. Here they have it, and nothing could be better in its way than the method of treatment which the author has adopted.

From the outset serious difficulties hinder the progress of any one, however thoroughly equipped he may be, who attempts close and lucid definitions in the sphere of prosody. "The subject," says the author in his Preface, "is one not very well suited for elementary instruction, and in endeavouring to shape it for that use there is a particular danger of too positive and peremptory statement in reference to matters of the most contentious kind, and the danger of unhesitating adoption of positive statements on doubtful points must have been found to be only too real by any one who has had to do with education." To take a single problem—that of terminology; the unending, recurrent bother between "accent" and "stress," and the disputes over scansion which inevitably result: this alone is enough to daunt any man who wishes to disentangle from the mixture of theories some distinct thread of his own, and to follow it consistently. A most amusing note of pugnacity steals into Professor Saintsbury's conclusions more than once; for instance, at the head of an invaluable chapter on the "Rules of the Foot System" he places this remark:—"These rules are not imperative or compulsory precepts, but observed inductions from the practice of English poets. He that can break them with success, let him." A whole volume could be written on the subject of these forty-two precepts; but we must pass on to notice briefly the major portion of the book.

For nearly a hundred pages continuous illustrations of English scansion according to the foot system are given, ranging in period from the Old English examples—unreadable without special study—to the poems of Ernest Dowson. Book II. is devoted to a Historical Sketch of English Prosody, and for the student who wishes to grasp the fundamental principles which have gradually come into being bearing on the poetry of to-day this part of the treatise is the most important. In such a closely-woven sequence of deductions the selection of a passage for quotation is not easy, but we may give a few sentences from the "Halt and Retrospect," in which section the author pauses at the Caroline period to survey the position:—

> In Shakespeare first the whole freedom as well as nearly the whole order of English prosody discovers itself. But this freedom is pushed by others to licence, and blank verse becomes practically as ruinous a heap as the rhyme-royal of the fifteenth century, with one form of decasyllabic couplet keeping it company, if not quite in actual cacophony, at any rate in disorderly slackness. Then Milton restores blank verse to almost all the freedom and more than the order of Shakespeare, infusing also into all the other metres that he touches this same combination, so that in these two practically everything is reached. But poetic fervour dies down; blank verse for a time becomes unpopular; the age calls for the more prosaic subject-kinds of verse—satire, didactics, &c.; prevailing standards of prosody are strictly regulated to an accomplished but decidedly limited "smoothness."

Then came the "Romantic Revival," ushered in by Gray, Chatterton, Burns, Blake, and continued by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the great names which are reverenced by all lovers of our literature. In tracing the technical development of poetry through these masters of the art Professor Saintsbury is particularly happy.

After a very necessary and exceedingly useful glossary, an alphabetical list of poets is given, with special reference to their prosodic quality and influence; and here we note again the fighting spirit which we alluded to previously, in the paragraph on Robert Browning:—

> BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889).—Often described as a loose and rugged metrist, and a licentious, if not criminal, rhymester. Nothing of the sort. Extraordinarily bold in both capacities, and sometimes, perhaps, as usually happens in these cases, a little too bold; but in metre practically never, in rhyme very seldom (and then only for purposes of designed contrast, like the farce in tragedy), overstepping actual bounds.

This is one of the few points in which we disagree with the author. Some of Browning's rhymes were simply atrocious, and no amount of special pleading from his admirers—among whom we count ourselves—will persuade us to the contrary. If he deliberately chose such contortions of language as "fabric" and "dab brick," "failure" and "pale lure," and many others which will occur to our readers, we venture to say that it was in direct opposition to good taste and art; and if he wrote them in that divine hurry of his which at times produced his most magnificent effects, it is a pity that in calmer moments he did not revise and eliminate them, since they give the reader a most uncomfortable shock. No one cares to be pulled up short in a serious poem by a method of rhyming which has been relegated to the province of the scribbler of topical or humorous verses.

With an excellent little dissertation on the origins of lines and forms of stanzas, which is really an amplification of the glossary, Professor Saintsbury brings his book to a close. To read it is a work of many hours—we say "work" advisedly, since every page requires the exercise of thought; but it is, at the same time, a great pleasure and profit to any one who is interested in the wonderful manner in which our poetry has reached its present stage from the crudest beginnings. To the author as a literary critic and essayist we owe many a delightful hour, and corresponding debts of gratitude; by issuing this condensed edition of his standard work on English Prosody he has placed us under fresh obligations for rendering the results of his learning and indefatigable investigations so accessible and so inexpensive.

THE JEWS

The Jews: a Study of Race and Environment. By MAURICE FISHBERG. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s.)

FOR two thousand years and more the Jewish Question has persisted wherever in the civilised world a community of Jews has been found, and from Biblical times until to-day men have set themselves the task, hitherto quite fruitlessly, of finding a solution to that problem. All who have hitherto

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endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the Jewish people or to effect an assimilation between them and the nations in whose midst they dwell, in short all who have turned their attention to the Jewish Question in any of its aspects, have found themselves faced by an insuperable difficulty. Apart from vague generalisations, the ignorance of all relating to Jews as a race was appalling. Their number, their distribution, the rates and causes of increase and decrease in different countries could only be guessed. No data existed on which any reliable estimate could be based. Some said that Jews were immune from certain diseases; others gave the reasons for this alleged immunity. The homogeneity of the Jewish race was spoken of as if it were a cardinal principle. "As rich as a Jew" became a proverb. Certain trades and occupations were termed Jewish. It was firmly believed, and probably still is, that at least half of the bankers, financiers, stockbrokers, &c., of the world are of the Jewish race. Even a specific Jewish physical type was depicted and described, and having been avidly appropriated by the comic paper and the popular stage, it will need acres of cold, hard facts and centuries of time to eradicate the superstition into which it has developed, and the Jewish race will probably have ceased to exist before the caricature of a Jew created by popular fancy passes into oblivion.

Serious students of the Jewish Question have at length lost their excuse for adopting, without test, any of the many popular beliefs current regarding the Jews. Despite innumerable difficulties due to the varying practice in different States regarding official statistics concerning the Jews and even the varying interpretations given to the term Jew, Dr. Fishberg, in his book, the latest volume of the Contemporary Science Series, has collected, sifted, and co-ordinated a mass of material relating to the Jews in all States and in most periods of history, and has presented them lucidly and attractively to his readers, so as to place all who have any serious interest in Jews or Jewry under obligations to him, which in the case of students, at any rate, it would be difficult to measure or to appraise. Dr. Fishberg must have spent years in preparing the present volume; in it he has done a work which has been overdue for a century.

The number of fallacies, hallowed by the acceptance of centuries, which Dr. Fishberg exposes in this volume is astonishing. The cold blasts of reality disperse one cloud after the other in the pages of his book, until at length it is found that, given similar conditions, the Jew would in a generation or two be indistinguishable from the Gentiles who surround him. In his earliest chapters Dr. Fishberg demolishes the superstition—for it proves to be nothing else—of the purity of the Jewish race. He shows and brings forward a mass of evidence in support of his contention that during Bible times, and ever since until to-day, there has been a continual, considerable admixture of alien elements. The very fact that almost every physical type is to be found among the Jews of Europe and America proves his argument, for physical characteristics, such as complexion, shape of the head, and features are never changed by environment, but are always due to heredity. It will come as a surprise to many that almost half of the Jews of the world are fair-skinned or blue-eyed, and that a relatively small proportion possess the supposed typical feature, the so-called "Jewish" nose.

Another current fallacy is the supposed rapid rate of increase of the Jews. Upon investigation this is also found to be baseless. It is a rule, with few exceptions, for the birth-rate among Jews to be less than among the non-Jewish surrounding populations. It is true that the infantile death-rate, in consequence of the greater care given by Jewish mothers to their children, is also lower; but even the natural increase, the number of births less the number of deaths, falls often below the corresponding rate among non-Jews, and in consequence in many Jewish centres, apart from the loss, which is considerable, caused by baptisms and other secessions, the Jewish population is stationary. If it were not for the vast reservoir of Jewry in the East of Europe, where assimilation is forcibly and artificially prevented, a century hence Jewry and Judaism would be little beyond a memory and an archæological survival. Three chapters are devoted by Dr. Fishberg to pathological characteristics, and the conclusion at which he arrives is that wherever the Jew is relieved of all disabilities, and anti-Jewish discrimination, social as well as economic and political, has entirely disappeared, pathologically there is no difference whatsoever between Jew and non-Jew. The same is said regarding the so-called Jewish occupations. Set him free to engage in any occupation, and after the passing of a generation or two the Jew wille b found in every calling and no disproportionate number will be found in any.

Dr. Fishberg has for the most part devoted himself to the collection of material concerning the Jews, and to its scientific arrangement, so that it may be utilised by those who come after him. One polemical subject, however, he discusses at some length—Assimilation *versus* Zionism—and decides definitely against the latter or anything resembling it as a solution of the Jewish Question. In assimilation he sees the inevitable solution, a solution which is only retarded by the persecution—physical, economic, and social—which the Jews are continually suffering in one part of the world or another.

A GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie. By J. G. A. Baird. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 15s. net.)

The publication of these private letters until fifty years after his death was prohibited by Lord Dalhousie's will. Even after this interval they are of great interest, not only to all concerned with Indian affairs, but also to any one who cares for good literature and real knowledge of public men and events. They are the spontaneous outpourings of a mind of singular vigour and strength, and deal with important and personal matters of which most people like to read. They were addressed to Sir George Couper, the writer's oldest and dearest friend, though twenty-four years his senior. In the splendid isolation of his position as Governor-General of India Dalhousie could unburden himself to nobody but his wife and his intimate friend. The letters display, as is the intention of their publication, the real nature and true character of the man who, during eight laborious years, though generally worn by maladies tempered only by intervals of good health, and overwhelmed for a time by bereavement, sustained the burden of his high office with courage, conscientiousness, industry, and genius. He was incapable of any exertion after leaving India, and died within five years at the age of forty-eight.

His name is writ large in Indian history as the Great Proconsul. His official acts are studied by his successors and other statesmen. His merits as an administrator were long since delineated by a contemporary observer. He was credited with firmness, penetration, decision, capacity for command, a power of grappling with tough and intricate problems, but his chief characteristic, which tradition has embalmed, was masterfulness. These letters corroborate the tradition. He would not brook a rival or allow his authority to be challenged; he was fearless in rebuking. His troubles, it appears, were chiefly with the Military Commanders. He complained of Lord Gough's want of generalship at Chillianwallah, feeling in him "no confidence

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against disaster." With Gough's impulsive successor (Sir Charles Napier) Dalhousie's quarrel was very serious, though they had started as friends. He was "obliged to give the Commander-in-Chief a punch in the head at last." Napier had issued the famous *batta* order, sanctioning on his own authority a higher rate of compensation for the native troops in the Panjab than the latest Government ruling allowed. Practically, Dalhousie could not withdraw the sanction; but he was greatly displeased with Napier, who behaved badly, and finally resigned his appointment without bidding farewell to the Governor-General. Dalhousie was annoyed also with Sir William Gomm, Napier's successor; also with General Godwin, commanding in the Burmese War. He reprimanded, too, Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde, of Mutiny fame), when in command on the frontier. Among the civilians and politicals he showed his dislike for Sir Henry Lawrence, for his want of method, for being "such a harum-scarum worker," so he transferred Henry from the Panjab to Rajputana, and gave his full confidence to John Lawrence.

The reader will not find in these letters any elaborate defence of Lord Dalhousie's acts of annexation, which have been so often wrongly attacked. He carried out the "doctrine of lapse" with the sanction of the home authorities; the annexation of Oudh for misgovernment was not his policy, but when authorised he gave effect to it thoroughly. Sir William Lee-Warner's biography of Dalhousie has fully explained his share in these matters. In his retirement at Malta, Dalhousie admitted that he did not foresee the Mutiny, and boldly averred that no other human being foresaw it. This volume of letters will certainly enhance Lord Dalhousie's already great reputation.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Italian Poets Since Dante, with Verse Translations. By WILLIAM EVERETT. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

To those who have already made acquaintance with these pleasantly critical studies in Italian literature their reissue in a handy form will be a welcome event. Having been delivered originally as lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, they are free from all stiffness and pedantry, and contain almost a personal note at times which is by no means disagreeable. The difficulties which beset the way of one who desires to investigate the recesses of Italian lore are fully appreciated by the author. "Everything Italian is fascinating," he writes, "but its charm is like a tropical forest—its luxuriance is almost deadly; its very beauties will strangle and poison an incautious explorer. There is no moment in the ages at which we can gaze on Italy that she does not overwhelm us by her countless treasures of beauty and sadness, and defy us to exhaust them."

In several passages in the volume Professor Everett discovers himself as no servile imitator of other men, and his work gains piquancy thereby, even although we may not invariably agree with him. He is rather sweeping in his remarks when dealing with Ariosto of Modena, the author of the famous "Orlando Furioso," and need not have gone out of his way to depreciate Wordsworth:—

> His fields, his forests, his mountains, his rivers are merely the background to his men and women, affording them difficulties to surmount or retreats to enjoy. The prying and poking into the details of clouds, brooks, hill-sides, weeds, insects—the botanical, anatomical, and physiological poetry of Wordsworth and his successors, where everything inanimate thinks and feels, and only man is dumb while celandines and beetles talk—would be far too profound for such a simple, untrained soul as the author of the "Orlando Furioso." A primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose would have been to him—and, candidly, is it anything more?

This simply shows how many leagues of thought separate the writer and our loved English poet of Nature. It would be hopeless, of course, to argue with anybody who can seriously put that last question—"Is it anything more?" However, such a sudden access of innocent cynicism does not prevent Professor Everett from being an exceedingly good companion through the poesy of his chosen country. His brief biographies of Tasso, Alfieri, and many others are well written, and the translations, as far as we have been able to ascertain, express the originals excellently. For many readers the chapter on Petrarch and his wonderful sonnets will be the most interesting portion of the book; but the whole course of the essays presents a very luminous exposition of the progress—with periods of degeneracy—of Italian poetry from the time of Dante to that of Manzoni, who died as recently as the year 1873.

The Discovery of the Book of the Law. By Professor EDOUARD NAVILLE. Translated by M. L. MCCLURE. With an Introduction by PROFESSOR SAYCE. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

THE talented author of this clever monograph very justly claims that the development of archæological research is gradually throwing an entirely new light upon Biblical criticism, which must tend to alter the theories which have been so elaborately built on merely textual criticism. For example, "the discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets and of the Code of Khammurabi has shown how profoundly erroneous it was to call post-Exilic everything that bore a Babylonian character, especially in legislation." Professor Naville advances an entirely novel and remarkable theory concerning the discovery of the Law under King Josiah mentioned in 2 Kings xxii., a theory which, if upheld, would quite upset the conclusions of the most eminent modern critics, Maspero, Cheyne, Driver, and others.

Starting from the analogy of Egyptian custom by which certain famous chapters of the Book of the Dead were buried in the foundations of the temples, Professor Naville concludes that the Book of the Law, part of Deuteronomy, was concealed in the walls or foundations of the Temple of Solomon, *circa* 1000 B.C., and that this MS. was the book found by Hilkiah when workmen were carrying out repairs in the reign of Josiah, 623 B.C. Hitherto most critics have assigned the Book Deuteronomy to this seventh century B.C. regarding this very chapter of 2 Kings as the key to the whole problem. Some, indeed, have gone so far as to say that Deuteronomy is a forgery, of which Hilkiah, for his own ends, was the author. It is to be noted that, according to the account in 2 Kings, Hilkiah himself was unable to read the document discovery. This astonishing fact is accounted for by Professor Naville by a most interesting theory, that the MS. was written in cuneiform characters. He brings forward a number of reasons deduced from archæological research, that the "most ancient books of the Hebrews" were originally written, not in Hebrew, but in Babylonian cuneiform. This view opens out a very wide field of inquiry, and one result would be a considerable modification of the present theories and late dates of "established" Biblical criticism. At the same time, it must be admitted that Professor Naville's ingenious theory as to the Book of the Law overlooks the fact that the later part of the Book of Deuteronomy deals with abuses which crept in for the most part during the centuries immediately follow-

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ing the reign of Solomon, unless his view is accepted that this code of laws existed in only one copy, and was lost and buried for four hundred years. Even then many difficulties of internal evidence remain.

Life and Habit. By Samuel Butler. With Author's Addenda. (A. C. Fifield. 5s. net.)

Between the formidable tomes which deal in recondite language with the themes of heredity, evolution, memory, personality, and similar problems of the scientist and psychologist, and the popular primers which seek to introduce the inquisitive mind of youth to these tremendous subjects in a manner more or less genial, a great gulf was at one time fixed. Of late years, however, men have written in a style which is lucid without being childish, simple without conceding too much to the disabilities of the busy reader; and among these we may place the name of Samuel Butler. It has always seemed to us a matter for regret that Butler's works are so neglected by the young people of the present generation, for no author precisely takes his position in the world of thought, and few who deal with parallel subjects can be read with so much pleasure. How many persons, we wonder, who pride themselves upon the extent and versatility of their reading have experienced the charm of "Erewhon," or pondered the irony and wisdom of that penetrating novel "The Way of All Flesh"?

The present new edition of "Life and Habit," therefore, we are glad to see, since it will probably gain for this philosopher of thirty years ago a fresh circle of readers. A great part of Butler's fascination arises from his unequalled power of metaphor and illustration, as when, discussing the mystery of life, he imagines some supernatural being who needs a microscope to perceive the inhabitants of the earth and to learn their ways. "He would put Covent Garden Market on the field of his microscope, and would perhaps write a great deal of nonsense about the unerring 'instinct' which taught each costermonger to recognise his own basket or his own donkey-cart." This gives the reader a little shiver of appreciation as to what may be happening when he examines a colony of lively animalculæ beneath his own powerful lenses. There is no need to review Butler at this time of day; some of his opinions need qualifying, and many of the questions which he treated have had fresh light thrown upon them by subsequent discoveries, but his work is always eminently readable because of his extremely individual method of dealing with intricate matters which are usually somewhat above the head of the ordinary well-educated man. We wish this excellent reissue all the success it deserves.

Golfing Curios and "The Like." By Harry B. Wood. (Sherratt and Hughes. 7s. 6d. net.)

Considering the wonderful popularity of golf at the present day, and the enormous numbers of its devotees all over the world, the literature of the game is by no means large. Old records are scarce, modern publications deal chiefly with hints on the game and the laying-out of golf-courses and suchlike subjects; but in the interesting publication before us we find something quite new that should appeal to every enthusiast, for it deals very thoroughly with the history and the development of golf. The author has evidently formed a most interesting collection of curios connected with the game from very early days, both in the way of implements and literature, and, with this rich fund of material to work upon he has evolved a really valuable contribution to the modern literature of the golfer.

A review of the immense variety of clubs and their development is equally interesting, and from the praise that the old makers received—makers of clubs whose names have been handed down to the present generation—it is evident that the old players worshipped their favourite clubs in just the same way as the modern enthusiast. It is interesting to note the names of clubs that have fallen into disuse—notably the "track-iron," which was evidently the forerunner of the niblick. It was a weighty and somewhat unwieldy implement with a small face, specially designed to extricate balls from cart-ruts and tracks, for the links in those days were on the more open ways where vehicles possessed a right to pass. The chapters and plates that deal with games very akin to golf that were played in Holland and France open out quite a field of speculation as to the origin of golf, for the rules in force and some of the technical terms used, evidently as far back as the very early part of the seventeenth century, suggest a common inception. There are two reproductions of Jan Steen, 1626-1679, "The Eve of St. Nicholas," in which golf-clubs play a part, and there is a delightful plate of a "Young Dutch Golfer of the Seventeenth Century." "Kolf" and "Het Kolfen," as it was played in Holland, and "Jeu de Mail," as the game was called in France as early as 1717, certainly differed from our modern game, but the similarities are wonderful to note. The instructions for "Jeu de Mail," published in 1717, contain much that would apply to the modern player of golf, and the following extract is worthy of attention by many a player of the present day:—"We do not like to see people standing in public with vest, jerkin, or wig. It is quite easy to be lightly dressed without wearing motley or odd costumes in ill-matched materials."

This interesting publication finishes up with a Bibliography of Golf that makes it well worth while, on that account alone, to add the volume to one's library.

A Manual of Occultism. By "Sepharial." (William Rider and Son. 6s. net.)

It would not be wise for any nervous person to read this book too attentively, even in broad daylight, for it has produced quite a few shivers in the soul of at least one reviewer. What with references to the "astral" life, the "sidereal" man, visions, dreams, and their interpretations, the uncanny art of crystal-gazing and the science of divination, the accomplished writer succeeded in giving us a dose of the "creeps" that made us desire fervently the dawn, in order that all morbid fancies might be blown from us by the nearest approach to "a wind on the heath" that was obtainable near London. Almost every department of the secret arts is touched upon in this manual, and, for those who are interested in such things and have the time to study them, it is a mine of information. Whether it is worth while to endeavour to pierce the mysteries which surround us by the methods of astrology and kindred means is questionable; the labour of drawing up a correct horoscope would seem to be rather a formidable affair, and in any case the astrologists leave themselves so many loopholes for escape if the "indications" fail to come true that we should prefer some more definite form of prophecy than the arrangement of the planets.

Palmistry and "fortune-telling" by cards, talismans, the magical properties of numbers, psychometry—all these subjects are dealt with seriously by the author, and many others which we have not space to mention. The average man has no time to spare for investigating these things, but he may well be astonished, should he chance to read this thick treatise, at the amount of material that can be accumulated regarding matters which are in the nature of a sealed universe to him. Whether he will try his fate with the next pack of cards he comes across, or will look up the hour of his birth and seek to know his prospects, or examine his hands to discover that he ought to have died some years ago, is an open question. At any rate he cannot fail to be interested, although he may possibly become so scared that

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he will consult the configuration of the planets before he dares to cross the street. If so, he has our deepest sympathy, for we shuddered for an hour over the awful idea of going to bed.

A Vagabond in the Caucasus. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE is something attractive about a man who can write in the prologue to his book of travels that Thomas Carlyle, "who died three years before I was born, was a friend closer to me than a lover, one to whom I longed to say caressing words, one whom I longed to embrace and fondle—to kiss even," and we think that most readers by the time they have finished "A Vagabond in the Caucasus" will be even more interested in the author's personality than in the Caucasus. Mr. Graham writes with the intimate personal touch that gives distinction to Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" and Mr. Belloc's "Path to Rome," and with an experience of many books of travel, we believe that this is a rarer gift than that of picturesque description. Moreover, Mr. Graham's adventures among the snows and wild flowers, and the "many hundred tribes" of the Caucasus are interesting enough in themselves. We like his meeting with a wild Ossetine, a man who could not understand any sentence in which the word wine did not occur, who started by lending him a mount and ended by shooting at him with a revolver. We like, too, the account of his arrest as a spy, and of his being waylaid by four roughs. There is an agreeable kind of vanity in his description of these things—as if, doubting his own courage, he was pleased to find himself doing courageous things. Best of all we like the girl who threw a handful of confetti in his face on Easter Day, though we blame Mr. Graham for not ending his chapter then and there. There are some little mistakes that might be corrected in the next edition. A line has been dropped in quoting one of the most famous of Mr. Gilbert's songs; Dorando's Marathon Race finished at Shepherd's Bush and not at Earl's Court, and on page 135 the sun is made to rise fairly and squarely in the west.

How to Write a Novel. (The De La More Press. 3s. 6d.)

"IF he liked," said Mr. Thomas Hardy, "a man could go on writing till his physical strength gave out." Sincerely thankful must the reviewer be that most men are too busy about other affairs to test the truth of this statement, but there are some who feel the need of expressing themselves or their experiences by the medium of fiction, and to these the instructions contained in this handy little book will be very useful. We may say frankly that it seems to us a superfluous task to tell a man how to write a novel—in the sense that it is impossible to give a man the power to compose poetry by imparting the technical details of the work. Nevertheless the output of wretched fiction—wretched in grammar, style, and plot—has become so great that any attempt to set inexperienced writers on the right track is to be welcomed.

The author of this text-book gives much information gathered from many sources—from successful novelists both living and dead—and the advice which he adds on his own account is nearly always good, though in some instances it is so obvious that it seems unnecessary, as when he says: "Perhaps your novel will take the reader into aristocratic circles. Pray do not make the attempt if you are not thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of such circles." The chapter entitled "How to Begin" is excellent, as also is the section on "Pitfalls." But after reading the volume through we remain firm in our belief that no amount of instruction and information will make a good novelist. If a man must write he will, and if his impulse is so strong as to prove irresistible he will probably write well. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and it is the same with the pen; inspired by the full heart, the story that must be told, its sentences will reach the reader more surely than any that have been shaped by the careful coaching of a school.

The Markhor: Sport in Cashmere. By COUNT HANS VON KOENIGSMARCK. Translated from the German by NORAH BASHFORD. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

A MARKHOR'S horns are a *testamur* of sportsmanship, as an undergraduate's oar, or bat, or racquet, is of his athletic prowess. The creature is scarce and difficult to find; he lives at great heights, accessible only by arduous climbing, in certain ranges of mountains in Cashmere and Baluchistan: he may be viewed through a telescope across a deep ravine, but he has vanished before he can be brought within range! Cold and severe camping, perhaps without tents, must be borne patiently by the candidate for the trophy, who may have to run considerable risks. The *Capra Falconeri megaceros* is the king of the mountain-goats, called by the author the Indian Zlatarog. There are at least four varieties of markhor known to naturalists; in some of them the horns spread out, curling widely; in others they stand up straighter; the largest specimens run to near four feet in length. The joy of the author is delightful, when he had satisfied his ambition by shooting a markhor and looks "in respectful silence at his beautiful horns, his splendid beard, and his strongly-built body in its rough silvery coat." The little book, translated from the German by a lady, is full of enthusiasm for sport, and of a general cheeriness which stamps the author as a genial sportsman and companion. He is a Major on the German General Staff, who has visited Cashmere for sport more than once and evidently made himself welcome. There is no pretence about the book; it is a bright, short narrative of a shooting expedition, which the reader cannot help enjoying.

The Artistic Side of Photography in Theory and Practice. By A. J. ANDERSON. (Stanley Paul & Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THAT photography has an artistic side is sufficiently proved by the beautiful reproductions from photographs which illustrate this book. There are still, of course, considerable differences of opinion among artists, and a good deal of opposition—especially from miniaturists and illustrators, who have suffered most from the introduction of the camera—to the right of photography to be regarded as one of the fine arts. Mr. Anderson, who is an expert on the subject of photography, has written a valuable defence of its claim to be so regarded. If his enthusiasm in matters of theory sometimes carries him rather far afield it is because he is conscious of a good deal of misunderstanding, not only among artists and the general public, but also among photographers themselves. Much photographic work is, artistically, a failure, because, like the embroiderers who tried to imitate oil-paintings in silk, the photographers do not grasp the great essential of all real art—that it must keep strictly within the limits of the medium employed. It is a book which can be read with interest even by those who know little of the technicalities of photography, and to the student it should be valuable.

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Memories of Eighty Years. By JOHN BEDDOE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. BEDDOE has led a life replete with interest and quiet adventure, and he has written a charming book about it. To the reader with an imagination this would be a sufficient notice to induce him to read the book, and we feel that in recounting the bare facts of Dr. Beddoe's life we are doing him an injustice, so much of the charm of his tale lying in the manner of the telling of it. He has seen Wordsworth, corresponded with Darwin, climbed mountains and laboured at archæology and anthropology with passionate enthusiasm. He went, as a member of the civil medical staff, to the Crimean War, and studied the country and its inhabitants. He has visited France, Ireland, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, and Queensland, and, unlike the majority of travellers, he has always come back wiser than he went. But for us his main achievement lies in the book before us, which tells the story of a useful life with taste, modesty, and humour.

FICTION

PHILOSOPHER OR NOVELIST?

The New Machiavelli. By H. G. WELLS. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE novelist who is interested in great problems of the day, and who is at the same time a close and logical thinker, evolves for himself in due course a more or less comprehensible philosophy; he has, that is to say, his own ideas as to the correction of faults, the organisation of diffused interests, the solution of baffling difficulties. As a rule we can admire him, whether we agree with him or not, for the energy of his work tends to prove the urgency of his convictions. Mr. Wells, in this story of the tragic downfall of a fine character, may be taken as the latest exemplification of our words. The bigger the problem, the more eagerly he attacks it, and if his lance is sometimes broken, what matters it?—we are left gasping at his courage, and perplexed as to what he will be at next; yet all the time we are conscious that he is no haphazard Quixote tilting at windmills. He is, rather, in deadly earnest, and out of his innumerable blows upon the present state of education, of political life, of social life, many are bound to hit their mark and to leave our ears ringing.

We glimpse Mr. Wells's creed in a passage at the very beginning of this lengthy book—he stands for progress:—

> The things that might be done to-day! The things indeed that are being done! It is the latter that give one so vast a sense of the former. When I think of the progress of physical and mechanical science, of medicine and sanitation during the last century, when I measure the increase in general education and average efficiency, the power now available for human service, the merely physical increment, and compare it with anything that has ever been at man's disposal before, and when I think of what a little straggling, incidental, undisciplined, and uncoördinated minority of inventors, experimenters, educators, writers, and organisers has achieved this development of human possibilities, achieved it in spite of the disregard and aimlessness of the huge majority, and the passionate resistance of the active dull, my imagination grows giddy with dazzling intimations of the human splendours the justly organised state may yet attain. I glimpse for a bewildering instant the heights that may be scaled, the splendid enterprises made possible.

The Socialism with which Mr. Wells began is gradually changing, we fancy, to an outlook very different from that affected by the people who call themselves "Socialists" to-day, changing, it is pleasant to note, to a more reasonable, less narrow, more catholic frame of mind. The picture of things as they are is still chaotic, but traces of a design and ultimate clearness are emerging, relationships between apparently antagonistic patterns are being discovered, and the author is impelled to put forth his views in various ways that other men may be roused to see with him and to contemplate the tiny symptoms of order and unity which he strives to perceive ever more distinctly. "Muddle," says Remington, the hero of this novel, "is the enemy." In his youth he was a Socialist "because individualism meant muddle, meant a crowd of separated, undisciplined little people all obstinately and ignorantly doing things jarringly, each one in his own way." Life taught him the value of the individual, and the story of his gradual secession to the Conservative side is one of the most illuminating studies of character that Mr. Wells has given us.

In the methodical, detailed, patient manner of "Tono-Bungay," the hero is introduced as a boy living at the easily identified "Bromstead" in Kent; and as a youngster his dreams are of "states and cities and political things." The second and third chapters are almost uncanny in their knowledge of boyish thoughts and immature aspirations. With "Adolescence" we reach the first glimpse of the possibilities of love and passion in the young man; but not until very much later does he find out what love is. The career of the budding politician is traced in the utmost detail, but with such skill and subtlety that it never becomes wearisome. The Baileys, for instance—a couple devoted to the statistical side of political work—are drawn so thoroughly that they seem to live; we have met them, talked with them, laughed at them. She, Altiora of the "bony soul," met Bailey in the pages of a review:—

> The lurking woman in her nature was fascinated by the ease and precision with which the little man rolled over all sorts of important people; she was the first to discover a sort of imaginative bigness in his still growing mind. . . . She took occasion to meet and subjugate him, and, so soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his abject humility and a certain panic at her attentions, marry him. . . . She saw in a flash her opportunity to redeem his defects, use his powers, and do rather large, novel, startling things. She ran him.

She also, to some extent, "ran" Remington, for she artfully managed his marriage with the calm, worshipping, too unexciting Margaret, who was to help his career so splendidly, and to be cast aside so cruelly for the woman who came between. And here comes the crucial part of the story.

Remington's girl-friend Isabel works for him at an Election, writes for his "Blue Review," brings her brilliant, restless mind to bear on questions of the day in a manner that inevitably arouses Remington's sympathy and admiration. After a time they discover that love, an uncalled-for, unsuspected third, has entered unperceived into their deliberations. They resist, without avail. They discuss the matter from every conceivable point of view—the tragic position of Margaret, the terrible wreck of a career which might reach the high places of Government, supposing their secret were laid bare; but, after a tremendous effort to part, they give up the endeavour. Then comes the dreaded exposure, and Remington, to save the shame of the news reaching his wife from outside sources, tells her of his fall. The end comes with Isabel and Remington, miserable enough now that the climax of their resolution has come, departing for the Continent. Up to this point our sympathies have been with the much-worried Remington; but right here we are bound to say that his behaviour is anything but manly; it is, in fact, caddish and contemptible. Such a finish may be the logical working out of

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an unstable, gifted, emotional character, but we cannot help thinking that the author errs in deliberately closing on so unfortunate a note. The cleverest of arguments are used—the tale is told in the first person—but they amount, we fear, to sophistries; if such an infatuation is "love" (we take the liberty to doubt it) even in its most permanent form, it could lead to nothing but misery for the two who were centred in themselves to the exclusion of all considerations of happiness for others. Mr. Wells has a peculiarly deplorable knack of spoiling books which are otherwise nothing less than masterpieces by some such distortion of his story.

Comments have been made to the effect that many of the characters in this novel have well-known originals. It is not an essential matter whether this or that person has his prototype, whether on one page we seem to recognise Mr. Hubert Bland, on another a portrait of Mr. Balfour, although these speculations doubtless add extremely to the interest of the book. What does matter is that Mr. Wells has written a remarkably fine novel—always bearing in mind the reservations just made. There are detached phrases that might have come straight from the pen of Mr. Henry James, such as "the bleak lucidities of sleepless nights," or "interests and fine affections and indolences." In one portion of the book we were startled with the resemblance to Mr. Arnold Bennett's method of piling up details of observation in "Clayhanger," and when we found the scene suddenly changed for awhile to the "Five Towns" we took another glance at the title-page to make sure of our author. The passages in which some of the characters criticise present-day Liberalism and Radicalism are excellent, and in this respect especially we can praise the keenness of Mr. Wells' insight.

What will the philosopher-novelist (for such we must in the end term him) come to if he goes on in this rather alarming and exciting fashion? If we cannot answer that question satisfactorily, we may at any rate speak of him the words he uses concerning one of his most happily conceived actors, the amiable Willersley—"He goes on, anyhow; most men don't." But we do earnestly pray Mr. Wells not to omit that comma in his future work.

THE TRAGEDY OF DESTINY

Crown, Coronet and Clover. By CAROLINE CORNER. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

"BY apt alliteration's artful aid" the Austrian Alpine patrician and peasant life is set forth in an interesting if disconnected manner in Caroline Corner's "Crown, Coronet and Clover." The plot is somewhat reminiscent of Anthony Hope, although treated in quite another manner and related in a very different language, the latter being sadly faulty at times. A certain Prince Carl, the Heir-Presumptive to some petty German State, falls in love with Sadie, a Slav peasant-girl, and after various happenings he marries her morganatically. A few short months of wedded bliss pass by, and then Prince Carl, for reasons of State, deserts his young bride and espouses a cousin, the Princess Amelia. This second matrimonial venture proves a failure, the union is a childless one, and it is not long before Prince Carl turns his thoughts again to Sadie, with whom he had been so happy. She, however, rejects all his advances. In the meantime she has borne him a son, and he would fain make the infant his heir with the consent of the Princess his wife, but Sadie refuses to part with her child, and as she is eventually discovered to be a Russian Princess, heiress to vast estates, she is able to have her own way in the matter. For the tragic climax the reader should go to the book itself.

Most of the characters are cleverly drawn, but the story rather overflows with the stereotyped outbursts of a Yankee millionaire, Marmaduke J. Dakins, and his daughter Josie—"'Poppa, they're all ascare!' 'Any throat-scrapers going?'" and so on *ad nauseam*. Other characters include an Austrian Prince and Princess and some members of the English aristocracy. One of the latter, Lord Carisbrooke, is an artist, and he paints the peasant girl's picture. It is a remarkable picture, and is supposed to lead in some mysterious way to a great deal of the tragedy narrated. It is called "Destiny," and depicts "a girl in Carniolan peasant costume standing against the copper wall whereon the bloody Crusades were depicted in life-like relief. And the last red gleam of the setting sun shining on that coppery battlefield cast a gory reflection athwart the fair face of that girl." It is a pity that the authoress should have such a partiality for gore, which she spills with a lavish hand over no small number of the three hundred and odd pages preceding the tragedy of destiny. The picture, the clover, the sunset are all stained with blood, though none has been shed, and "fire like hell" generally accompanies it. A little of the occult is introduced—"It was as though the astral of that ancient stronghold beckoned to this peasant girl;" but, as the Schloss was "darker than the darkness"—a gem in the way of description—it is probable that Sadie would not have noticed it had the "astral" really done so. In spite of defects of style, made worse by several printer's errors, "Crown, Coronet and Clover" will no doubt please those who are fond of melodrama—and gory sunsets, &c.

Martin the Mummer. By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

LOVERS of the history of the age of Chivalry and the Tournament times of 1450 and thenceforward, when Philip of Burgundy was a power to be reckoned with in the Low Countries, will enjoy this book.

England, France, and Spain were all plotting and scheming as to whom should be chosen to wed the beautiful Doña Isabella de Coimbra, then living at the Court of her uncle, Duke Philip, and the tale opens with one Sir Aylmer Willoughby, the English Envoy, mistaking a wandering mummer (but of noble birth, and a most marvellous mummer withal) for the son of Duke Richard of England in disguise How it falls out that the said Martin fills the place at the Court of Burgundy of the English Envoy and spends English money in a lavish fashion (including wax-candles, then an almost unheard-of luxury) on himself and his surroundings, one must read the book to know. Suffice it to say that he well discharges his duties—not easy ones—of watching England's interests and frustrating schemes inimical to them. He is equally successful in holding his own in the plots and counter-plots in the Court, the chase and the tournament, but loses his heart in the doing of it, and, unfortunately for his peace of mind, can only play the part which Miles Standish played later.

His own love-sick state is best described by a stanza from a song he sings at the Court:—

> Can love die! I thought him dead.
> Lo! a flame springs from the bier,
> Death and time are vanquishèd,
> Love on sorrow deep hath fed.
> But he lives unconquerèd,
> Here in my heart here.

Our mummer does many kind and knightly actions, saves the life of one Peter Stalkin (a merry friar), gives generously to a convent of Poor Clares, and is rewarded by a wooden cross, which serves him in trouble. Finally he

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goes through unspeakable tortures at the hands of his vicious enemy, a Spaniard (aided by a money-lending Moor), to save the lady of his dreams. All this material, woven into a brilliant mediæval tapestry of life as it then was, makes the story a very interesting one, and we leave Martin the Mummer, having laid down his falsely-assumed position, hastening away in his original garb to escape the sound of the betrothal bells, which ended all his hopes, to embark on a career which perhaps may make "another story." The illustrations are appropriate and vigorous.

A Dual Resurrection. By BERTRAM MITFORD. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

AFTER reading the first nine or ten chapters of Mr. Mitford's new book, we thought ourselves embarked upon a dull task. Mr. Mitford is not successful in dealing with the English countryside; no doubt the wider spaces and fiercer colours of South Africa have spoiled him for its subtleties. His "noble, arching oaks and the green velvet of fragrant fields," and many such phrases, do not suggest the real thing, and the people he puts amid his artificially described scenes are dull with the dullness which only a fine humorist could make interesting. Paul Ingatrew, the young story-writer, is one of the most feeble characters we have ever met in a readable book; nor does his sister, the heroine, with her "long, artistic fingers," charm us as she charms Halfont, the carefully drawn but colourless hero. Halfont's father is pathetic at times, in his old age saddened by early struggles little relieved by opulence that came too late, and by estrangement from his children. But we wish Mr. Mitford would leave his pipe alone; smoking is very much over-chronicled in modern fiction. Halfont's two sisters are very cut-and-dried types of the learned and the religious young lady respectively. All things considered, we were very glad when the bad reputation of Halfont's double came home to settle on him and drive him away from Agnes Ingatrew to South Africa. This event ought to have occurred much sooner. In Africa Mr. Mitford is on firm ground. He knows the veldt and its people thoroughly, and his Colonials and his Zulus, especially the Zulus, leave little to be desired. Harvey Harland, gun-runner, liquor-smuggler, general "rip," and exact double of the hero, is the best character in the book. All that part of the story which treats of the Zulu rebellion is excellently done, and we wish there had been more. It was disappointing to be snatched away from the thick of it and brought back to Mr. Mitford's lifeless version of English middle-class rural life.

Fancy Farm. By NEIL MUNRO. (Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

FOR the first few chapters of this book we retained our hope that, in spite of an unpromising beginning, it would presently prove to possess something of that humorous charm that pleased us in "Daft Days." Then we realised our mistake, and set ourselves manfully to accomplish our tedious task of reading it through. There is a Captain Cutlass in it, a person of shadowy eccentricities; there is a girl called Penelope, an ill-bred prig who seems to have read Bernard Shaw without understanding; there is also another girl called Norah—she is the one tolerable character in the book. There is too a poet, another of those novelist-poets of whom we are utterly weary. There is a storm and a broken ankle, and a conflagration in the heroine's bedroom. The volume is, we believe, what is known as a "pawky" book; it is also a very foolish book, quite unworthy of its author. Mr. J. M. Barrie is responsible for a good deal of really bad fiction; as in the case of Dickens, his imitators appear to find it easier to imitate his faults than to reproduce his merits. We hope that after this Mr. Neil Munro will return to his earlier manner.

The Handicap. By ROBERT E. KNOWLES. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 6s.)

IF this book had been a first novel we should have said that its author gave great promise of becoming a pure and earnest writer. But as Mr. Knowles has already given the world half a dozen books, we cannot speak so highly of him. It is quite time he became somewhat more alive to the complexities of human nature; that he learned, for instance, to make his good people a little less like the heroes and heroines of parish magazine stories. "The Handicap" deals with life in a Canadian frontier town, and deals with it in a way which is more likely to appeal to schoolgirls and soft-hearted old ladies than to men and women who are awake to the realities of life. The story contains a profusion of rather mawkish sentiment, and also a good deal of humour, both the Irish and the Scotch varieties, which, though not always of the best, is much better than the sentiment. Mr. Knowles is a writer of the very best intentions, and we cannot deny to him a certain grace and simplicity of style which lead us to think that, if he in time grows more sophisticated, he may yet write a good book.

A Gentleman of Leisure. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

THE hero of this entertaining story is a rich young man who wagers that he will make a burglarious entry into a house in New York. The house he chooses, aided by a real burglar, proves to be that of a prominent police official, a successful dealer in "graft" and the father of a beautiful girl with whom our hero has previously fallen in love. We do not propose to give away any more of Mr. Wodehouse's agreeably extravagant plot, but will content ourselves with remarking that he has succeeded in writing an extremely amusing book. The inconsequent wit of the hero is to our liking, and we have derived real enjoyment from his fellow-criminal Spike, who speaks that exotic language, slang-American, with fluency and precision. Mr. Wodehouse dedicates his book to a friend, "without whose never-failing advice, help, and encouragement this book would have been finished in half the time." We commend "A Gentleman of Leisure" to all those who like light-hearted fiction.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Hazell's Annual. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Literary Year-book. (Routledge. 6s. net.)

A Modern Dictionary of the English Language. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 4d. net.)

Stormonth's Handy Dictionary. (Blackwood and Sons. 7d. net.)

Guide to Palestine and Syria. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

Historical Atlas. (W. and A. K. Johnston. 1s. 6d. net.)

OWING to the General Election taking place during the latter part of last year, the publication of MESSRS. HAZELL'S ANNUAL has been somewhat delayed, but, at all events, the delay is amply justified, for the present edition includes a biographical list of the members of the new House of Commons, details of the pollings, and comparative tables showing the changes in representation. There is also a chapter devoted

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to "The Crisis of 1910," which contains summaries of the most important speeches and resolutions made during the past year. Such affairs of note as the Referendum, the Veto Bill, and the Conference are set forth in a concise and impartial manner, and must prove of great assistance to the busy politician and leader-writer. The successive editions of this annual furnish a most useful and invaluable encyclopædic view of British and foreign politics, diplomatic information, geography, and history. There are also chapters dealing with the Church, Education, Insurance, Sport, Art, Music, the Drama, and Finance, as well as special articles on Engineering Schemes and Aeronautics. Altogether we think that we can safely say that Messrs. Hazell's Annual is, as always, one of the best and most complete books of reference published.

THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK for 1911 is, as usual, divided into two parts, the first dealing more particularly with authors, literary and press agents, translators and indexes; while the second half is taken up with town and country booksellers, libraries, publishers, societies, and literary clubs. It cannot, of course, be expected that the portion relating to authors should be treated at the same length as we find it in that famous guide, "Who's Who," but sufficient space is allotted to each name mentioned to enable any one to trace the works of a particular author. Some very useful information is also contained under the heading of "Pen-Names and Pseudonyms," where we are supplied with the real names of writers who prefer to attach a *nom de plume* to their effusions. Many additions have been made to the list of Indian periodicals and a separate list of Canadian publications is given. We have heard complaints from one or two sources to the effect that some of the details with reference to the authors' section are not quite accurate, but as Mr. Basil Stewart, on page 9, invites all and sundry to assist him in getting together his information, we do not think that the editor is to blame if some slight errors should have crept into this otherwise excellent and well-arranged volume.

A remarkably cheap Dictionary is that issued by Messrs. Macmillan for the modest price of 1s. 4d., which claims to be "specially suitable for the use of pupils in secondary schools and the upper classes of elementary schools," and which contains in the body of the book the prefixes, abbreviations, and foreign words and phrases usually found in separate Appendices at the end. We also have an enlarged edition of STORMONTH'S SCHOOL DICTIONARY, which is perhaps best described by the term "handy" on the title-page.

For the fifth time we have before us a GUIDE TO PALESTINE AND SYRIA, which has been carefully revised from that issued two years previously. Many developments have taken place in these much-desired and entrancing countries. Two new railways have been opened for traffic which will considerably increase the facility of travelling to and in the Holy Land: many new roads are being made, and we understand that Fast's Hotel in Jerusalem is now lighted by electricity. There are thirteen maps and six plans, and although at first sight it might appear that the book was small when compared with the price charged, a further glance would be sufficient to convince any one that such a mass of information as is contained in so small a compass could not have been collected without great research and considerable expense.

A compact little Atlas is that supplied by Messrs. Johnston under the name of HISTORICAL ATLAS, which must prove a most useful guide to students of history; besides forty-four maps representing the different countries and districts of the world at various periods in their history—such, for instance, as Prussia and Austria during the Seven Years' War—there is also a chronological table of national history, as well as a chapter devoted to Historical Notes.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

I.—AN ENCHANTED PLACE

WHEN elder brothers insisted on their rights with undue harshness, or when the grown-up people descended from Olympus with a tiresome tale of broken furniture and torn clothes, the groundlings of the schoolroom went into retreat. In summer-time this was an easy matter; once fairly escaped into the garden, any climbable tree or shady shrub provided us with a hermitage. There was a hollow tree-stump full of exciting insects and pleasant earthy smells that never failed us, or, for wet days, the tool-shed with its armoury of weapons with which, in imagination, we would repel the attacks of hostile forces. But in the game that was our childhood, the garden was out of bounds in winter-time, and we had to seek other lairs. Behind the schoolroom piano there was a three-cornered refuge that served very well for momentary sulks or sudden alarms. It was possible to lie in ambush there, at peace with our grievances, until life took a turn for the better and tempted us forth again into the active world.

But when the hour was tragic and we felt the need for a hiding-place more remote, we took our troubles, not without a recurring thrill, to that enchanted place which our elders called contemptuously the "mouse-cupboard." This was a low cupboard that ran the whole length of the big attic under the slope of the roof, and here the aggrieved spirit of childhood could find solitude and darkness in which to scheme deeds of revenge and actions of a wonderful magnanimity turn by turn. Luckily our shelter did not appeal to the utilitarian minds of the grown-up folk or to those members of the younger generation who were beginning to trouble about their clothes. You had to enter it on your hands and knees; it was dusty, and the mice obstinately disputed our possession. On the inner wall the plaster seemed to be oozing between the rough laths, and through little chinks and crannies in the tiles overhead our eyes could see the sky. But our imaginations soon altered these trivial blemishes. As a cave the mouse-cupboard had a very interesting history. As soon as the smugglers had left it, it passed successively through the hands of Aladdin, Robinson Crusoe, Ben Gunn, and Tom Sawyer, and gave satisfaction to them all, and it would no doubt have had many other tenants if some one had not discovered that it was like the cabin of a ship. From that hour its position in our world was assured.

For sooner or later our dreams always returned to the sea, not, be it said, to the polite and civilised sea of the summer holidays, but to that sea on whose foam there open magic casements, and by whose crimson tide the ships of Captain Avery and Captain Bartholomew Roberts keep faithful tryst with the *Flying Dutchman*. It needed no very solid vessel to carry our hearts to those enchanted waters—a paper boat floating in a saucer served well enough if the wind was propitious—so the fact that our cabin lacked portholes and was of an unusual shape did not trouble us. We could hear the water bubbling against the ship's side in a neighbouring cistern, and often enough the wind moaned and whistled overhead. We had our lockers, our sleeping-berths, and our cabin-table, and at one end of the cabin was hung a rusty old cutlass full of notches; we would have hated any one who had sought to disturb our illusion that these notches had been made in battle. When we were stowaways even the mice were of service to us, for we gave them a full roving commission as savage rats, and trembled when we heard them scampering among the cargo.

But though we cut the figure of an old Admiral out of a Christmas number, and chased slavers with Kingston very happily for a while, the vessel did not really come into her

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own until we turned pirates and hoisted the "Jolly Roger" off the coast of Malabar. Then, by the light of guttering candles, the mice witnessed some strange sights. If any of us had any money we would carouse terribly, drinking ginger-beer like water, and afterwards water out of the ginger-beer bottles, which still retained a faint magic. Jam has been eaten without bread on board the *Black Margaret*, and when we fell across a merchantman laden with a valuable consignment of dried apple-rings—tough fare but interesting—and the savoury sugar out of candied peel, there were boisterous times in her dim cabin. We would sing what we imagined to be sea chanties in a doleful voice, and prepare our boarding-pikes for the next adventure, though we had no clear idea what they really were.

And when we grew weary of draining rum-kegs and counting the pieces of eight, our life at sea knew quieter though no less enjoyable hours. It was pleasant to lie still after the fever of battle and watch the flickering candles with drowsy eyes. Surely the last word has not been said on the charm of candle-light; we liked little candles—dumpy sixteens they were perhaps—and as we lay they would spread among us their attendant shadows. Beneath us the water chuckled restlessly, and sometimes we heard the feet of the watch on deck overhead, and now and again the clanging of the great bell. In such an hour it was not difficult to picture the luminous tropic seas though which the *Black Margaret* was making her way. The skies of irradiant stars, the desert islands like baskets of glowing flowers, and the thousand marvels of the enchanted ocean—we saw them one and all.

It was strange to leave this place of shadows and silences and hour-long dreams to play a humble part in a noisy, gas-lit world that had not known these wonders; but there were consolations. Elder brothers might prevail in argument by methods that seemed unfair, but, beneath a baffled exterior, we could conceal a sublime pity for their unadventurous lives. Governesses might criticise our dusty clothes with wearisome eloquence, but the recollection that women were not allowed on board the *Black Margaret* helped us to remain conventionally polite. Like the gentleman in Mr. Wells' story, we knew that there were better dreams, and the knowledge raised us for a while above the trivial passions of our environment.

We were not the only children who had found the mouse-cupboard a place of enchantment, for when we explored it first we discovered a handful of wooden beads carefully hidden in a cranny in the wall. These breathed of the nursery rather than of the schoolroom, and yet, perhaps, those forgotten children had known what we knew, and our songs of the sea stirred only familiar echoes. It is likely enough that to-day other children have inherited our dreams, and that other hands steer the *Black Margaret* under approving stars. If this indeed be so, they are in our debt, for in one of our hiding-places we left the "Count of Monte Christo" in English, rare treasure-trove for any proper boy. If this should ever meet his eyes he will understand.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE ANARCHIST ENEMY—II.

IT was mentioned in our previous article that the execution of the Anarchist Vaillant for throwing a bomb into the midst of the French Chamber of Deputies was followed by several other outrages. The worst of these, that which occurred at the Café Terminus, when one customer was killed and a score were injured, some of them severely, was the work of Emile Henry, who, by the earlier explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants, had caused the death of six police officers. This young miscreant was not the same type of man as Ravachol the journeyman dyer, Meunier the carpenter, Léauthier the bootmaker, and Vaillant the barely educated petty clerk. He belonged to a good middle-class family, and had qualified for admission to the École Polytechnique by his remarkable proficiency in mathematics. But he had afterwards deliberately apprenticed himself to a clockmaker in order to learn a branch of mechanics which, said he, would enable him to construct and regulate the most effective of infernal machines. Arrested after a desperate resistance, while he was seeking to escape from the Café Terminus, Henry was tried and sent to the guillotine. A Belgian named Pauwels then came forward to "avenge" him, and, after perpetrating two outrages in the Faubourg St. Martin and the Rue St. Jacques, was killed on the steps of the Madeleine by the premature explosion of a bomb which he was about to throw into the church.

Again there were many perquisitions and arrests; but the authorities, who stubbornly clung to the idea that there must be a central organisation which issued orders for all these outrages, could discover none, and although several Anarchists were sent to prison, no complicity in the recent explosions could be traced to them. Matters were in this unsatisfactory position when in June the same year (1894) President Carnot repaired to Lyons to visit a Colonial Exhibition which was being held there. The present writer happened to be in the city at the same time, and on the evening of June 25th he found himself in the Rue de la République at the moment when the President was assassinated there. The crime was committed at a little past nine o'clock. M. Carnot was on his way to a gala performance at the Grand Théâtre, and his carriage, escorted by a detachment of Cuirassiers, had just turned out of the Place des Cordeliers, the horses both of the escort and the vehicle going at a walk—for although the Rue de la République is seventy-five feet wide the crowd was extremely dense, and there was scarcely room for the Presidential party to pass. As it reached the street a young man rushed forward, holding in his raised right hand a paper which was generally supposed to be a petition. Resting his left hand on the side of the low-built landau in which M. Carnot, the Mayor of Lyons, and two general officers were seated, the young fellow in question sprang up and struck the President a terrific blow. Within the paper which he carried was a poignard, and as one subsequently learnt, the force of his blow was such that the weapon penetrated to a depth of four and a half inches, perforating the liver and opening the *vena porta*. No sooner was the crime committed than the assassin sprang down again, dived between the horses of the landau and those of the escort, and darted across the road towards the spot where we were standing. At that moment few people knew exactly what had happened, but some folk who noticed the young man's sudden rush and excited appearance took him to be an escaping thief; and a pretty servant-girl, who was under that impression, pluckily caught hold of him by the sleeve. He wrenched himself free, however, and struck her in the breast with his fist—for after stabbing the President he had left his weapon in the wound, whence M. Carnot himself withdrew it, letting it drop into the road. The girl we have mentioned reeled backward towards us, and as we caught hold of her to prevent her from falling a shout of indignation arose from several bystanders who had noticed the assault. Some police agents also sprang forward, and the man was seized, just as an *officier de paix* rushed up, shouting, "Tenez le ferme! Il vient d'assassiner le Président!" It was a wonder that the assassin was not lynched on the spot, so great became the indignation when his crime was known. Carnot, it may be remembered, lingered for about

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three hours, but from the outset the doctors pronounced the wound to be mortal.

The assassin's name—often given incorrectly—was Santo-Geronimo Caserio. He was born in September, 1873, at Motta-Visconti in Lombardy, where his father was a bargeman, but he had learnt the trade of a baker at Milan, in which city he had also imbibed Anarchist notions from his fellow-journeymen. We have no desire to cast undeserved aspersions on a calling which is a very necessary one, and which is followed by thousands of perfectly respectable people; but there is no doubt that a good many Anarchists are to be found among bakers on the Continent. To avoid military service Caserio left Italy for Lugano in Switzerland, proceeding thence to Geneva, and thence to Lyons, Vienne, and Cette, in France. He pursued his calling in those localities, and became more and more steeped in Anarchism by his intercourse with Swiss, Italian, French, and Spanish members of the sect, several of whom followed the same avocation as himself. It was the execution of Vaillant which first inspired Caserio with the idea of murdering the French President, and he set out from Cette on the Mediterranean, not far from the Spanish frontier, with the deliberate intention of committing that foul deed. Such was his determination that, as he lacked sufficient money to make the entire journey by rail, he covered the last twenty miles on foot, only reaching Lyons some six hours before he carried his abominable design into effect. And yet, the other week, more than one London newspaper asserted that the assassination of President Carnot was planned in our Metropolis. That is a very great error.

Caserio was guillotined, and once again the authorities made perquisitions, effected arrests, and secured a number of stringent enactments from the Legislature. During the following twelvemonth, however, there were three more outrages—two of which were directed against the Rothschild family—and others ensued in subsequent years. An attempt directed against the life of President Faure when he was setting out for Russia may have been due to some Russian Anarchists, even as the one on King Alfonso, while he was driving with President Loubet in Paris, was the work of Spanish members of the sect. Of recent years the French Anarchists seem to have executed an evolution, perhaps because they found the Propaganda by Deeds to be futile, as it only rendered the authorities more vigilant and stringent with respect to them. In any case the French Anarchist has now drawn nearer to the extreme Socialist, with whom he combines for the purpose of diffusing the so-called principles of anti-militarism, the idea being that before anything else is done the armed forces of the State must be got rid of, or won over. To teach soldiers to refuse to do their duty, and if need be to shoot down their officers—such to-day is largely the programme of the Anarchists of France. At the Anarchist Congress of Amsterdam in 1907 the American and Italian members, however, were still prominent in advocating the old Propaganda by Deeds—that is, the throwing of bombs and the assassination of rulers. Proposals were made at that time to form an Anarchist Federation, but they fell through, which in a sense is to be regretted, as federated Anarchism would be a more tangible and extinguishable thing than the elusive Anarchism of petty independent groups or isolated *solitaires*, by whom society has so long been confronted.

Russian Nihilism may perhaps work in a more or less systematic manner, and there may be, or have been, some organisation among the Spanish Anarchists of Barcelona; but no Government has discovered that the sect possesses a central ruling body, and as its principles include the denial of all laws and all authority, it may well be that no "central board" has ever existed. We feel, indeed, that it is precisely because Anarchism has remained sporadic, hydra-headed, and elusive, that the many efforts made to stamp it out have failed. Nevertheless, apart from the contagion of example, which is responsible for a great deal, the sect undoubtedly comes under a directing influence, that of its secret literature, its secret periodicals, which are passed stealthily from hand to hand; and in this respect particularly there is scope for much greater vigilance on the part of every Government. It is chiefly the dissemination of Anarchist principles by means of the printing-press which keeps the movement alive. Our Police Service did good work not long ago in regard to Indian seditious literature. We await from it a similar service with respect to the literature of Anarchism, in favour of which nobody can possibly claim the "freedom of the Press."

Further, the registration of foreigners arriving in this country is becoming a more and more imperative measure, and there must be a much stricter inspection of foreign clubs. On the subject of the Aliens Act so much has been written in the daily Press that we need only ask that it may be fully and properly administered in accordance with the intentions of Parliament, and not in accordance with the regulations set up by Lord Gladstone, who deliberately transformed a measure from which much benefit might have accrued to the country into a delusion and a sham.

The foreign Anarchists, the foreign Socialists, the foreign cracksmen, the foreign prostitutes, and the foreign bullies in our midst are more numerous than ever. Such a state of things ought not to be allowed, but we confess that we despair of seeing it effectively remedied so long as our social safety is in the keeping of the George, Asquith, Churchill Triumvirate.

INDIA BEFORE THE MUTINY

I.—DEVELOPMENTS OF BRITISH RULE AND LAW.

THE Mutiny of 1857-8 closed a chapter in Indian history, and afforded the opportunity for a fresh departure in England's relations to her greatest Dependency by the Crown assuming in 1858, from the East India Company, the direct government of India. We propose to show in a few papers how successive Viceroys have since that date discharged the trust reposed in them. By way of introduction it will be desirable to survey briefly the preceding period and note the progress already achieved.

By the battle of Plassey in 1757 and the extinction of the French power in 1761, the supremacy of the British in India was established. But their possessions were limited to settlements on the coasts until their contact with the "country powers" drew them onwards. With Clive's acquisition of Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa in 1765 British territorial sovereignty began; Warren Hastings and Cornwallis made some additions; the wars of the Marquess Wellesley (1798-1805) and the Marquess of Hastings (1813-1823) against Mysore and the Marathas constituted the Madras and Bombay Presidencies; Lord Amherst acquired Assam, Arakan, and Tenasserim in 1826; Sindh was annexed in 1843, the Panjab in 1849, Pegu in 1852, Oudh in 1856; some Hindu states, such as Satara, Nagpore, Jhansi fell to the British through want of direct heirs. When, before his death in 1839, Ranjit Singh, the Sikh Maharaja of the Panjab, observed how much of a map of India was coloured red, and was told that the colour indicated British territory, he said with a sigh, "It will soon be all red." His anticipation was not fulfilled. With the exception of a small strip in Bhutan and Upper Burma, annexed in 1886, no territory

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has been added to British India since the Mutiny. The native States, numbering some 700, with their different degrees of sovereignty, still occupy three-sevenths of the area, and contain sixty millions, or about one-fifth of the population of India. Clive, in his second Governorship of 1765-7, introduced English rule and endeavoured courageously to eradicate the abuses of private trade, bribery, and corruption. Warren Hastings organised, in the interior of Bengal, the administration of justice already systematised at the Presidency town; he also remodelled the Revenue administration. The Executive Council and the Supreme Court of Justice were created by the Parliamentary Regulating Act of 1773. Cornwallis reformed the Civil Service. Parliament renewed the Company's Charter for periods of twenty years in 1793, 1813, 1833; the last Charter of 1853 retained the Indian territories under the Company in trust for the Crown until Parliament should otherwise direct.

The Statute of 1784 created the Board of Control. The power of legislating was introduced into India, and was first effected by Regulations from 1772, and afterwards by Acts of the Legislative Councils constituted in 1834 and 1854, which passed the numerous laws required to place every department of the Administration on a legal basis. Provision was thus made for the Army, Police, Customs, Salt Revenue, Emigration, Post, and all the details of judicial, revenue, civil and municipal affairs. Acts of Parliament allowed the admission of independent Europeans, previously called interlopers, into India under licences; recognised missionary enterprise, dealt with China trade, the trade in tea, the general India trade; provided for religion, learning, and education. Thus, in 1813, the Bishopric of Calcutta was established and other Bishoprics followed. Also, one lakh of rupees a year was "set apart and applied to the revival and improvement of literature and the encouragement of the learned native of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories in India."

In 1833 important provisions were made for enlarging the rights of European settlers and for protecting the natives and ameliorating their condition. The policy of freely admitting natives of India to a share in the administration of the country was declared in the words "that no native of the said territories, nor any natural-born subject of his Majesty resident therein, shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the Company." The Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-West Provinces dates from 1836; that of Bengal, created to relieve the Governor-General, from 1854; Chief Commissionerships for several parts of India also from that year. The reign of Law has been established throughout, justice also by the maintenance of Judicial Courts. Other matters received attention. A Committee of Public Instruction was formed in 1823. In 1829 suttee, or the immolation of widows, was abolished by Lord W. Bentinck by making the abetment of it a punishable crime. Measures were taken for the extirpation of the Thugs who infested Central India. Laws were passed in 1832 and 1850 to secure liberty of conscience by preventing the laws of the native religions from operating to deprive litigants of any property to which they would otherwise be entitled, and to protect converts and others from losing their property on religious grounds. In 1833 Raja Rammohun Roy, who had laboured to advance religious and social reform in India, died in England.

English education in India dates from 1835, when Macaulay's powerful Minute induced Lord W. Bentinck to decide in favour of the Anglicists against the Orientalists. During his rule the principle was affirmed that India is to be governed for the benefit of its peoples. The Press and Printing were serious questions in India from the eighteenth century. After vicissitudes of control, censorship, licensing, the Press was completely freed from all restrictions by Sir Charles Metcalfe from September 15th, 1835. The first vernacular newspaper was published in 1816, and others followed, but the vernacular Press had no great circulation until the Mutiny. The disasters of the first Afghan war of 1838-42 greatly damaged British prestige in India. Communication between England and India was metamorphosed by the foundation of the Peninsular and Oriental Company in 1840. Slavery was abolished in 1843.

When Lord Dalhousie became Governor-General in 1848, he found an effective Government in working order and the civilisation of India advancing by regular, if slow, methods. To every Department of the Administration he applied a stimulus, and left on each the impress of his personal vigour. In July, 1854, the Court of Directors sent out their famous Education Despatch, which has always been regarded as the Magna Charta of education in India, as it contains the principles which have since been generally followed. It led immediately to the creation of the Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras Universities in 1857. Lord Dalhousie added to British India some of the territories already mentioned. His final Minute of February 28th, 1856, of 180 paragraphs, presented to Parliament, recorded the results of his Administration. He introduced railways, the electric telegraph, and uniform postage; developed the material resources of the country; improved the finances, the Civil administration, prison discipline, education in all branches; he encouraged commerce and navigation, internal and maritime, irrigation and agriculture; he developed the ports and extended the roads; reformed the Department of Public Works; strengthened the measures against *Suttee*, *Thuggi*, gang-robbery, female infanticide, and the Meriah sacrifices; he did much for the military services, and passed various laws for the regulation of criminal justice and police, civil justice and procedure. Briefly, in every direction great progress was made, and foundations were laid for future development. He suppressed internal risings, and left, as he wrote, "the Indian Empire in peace, without and within." The great military revolt of 1857 took the nation by surprise.

WALLACE AND DARWIN

By Frank Harris.

On Sunday last Dr. Russel Wallace, the great scientist, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, and on Monday there appeared an interview with him in which the Doctor, as a determined Socialist, poured contempt on his creed as a scientific observer. The contradiction is common enough and interesting enough to be set forth at some length.

Every one knows that Dr. Russel Wallace shares with Darwin the honours of being the first to attribute the origin of species to Natural Selection. While Darwin was still thinking over the subject and preparing his book for press, he received a MS. essay from Wallace, who was then in the Moluccas. Wallace desired Darwin's opinion on his essay, which he then wished to forward to Lyell. Darwin was startled to find in the essay an admirable statement of his own theory of Natural Selection. Every one knows now how Darwin sent the essay to Lyell, who fortunately was acquainted with his views on the subject. As soon as Dr. Wallace understood the position, he admitted with rare generosity and modesty the claim of Darwin as more important than his own. In fact the two great men seemed to vie with each other in magnanimity and selfless devotion to truth.

The scientific doctrine of Evolution, or of progress as a result of the struggle for existence, has had the most pro-

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found influence on every department of human thought. It has changed our way of looking at things; it has founded a new school of sociology, modified our opinions on religion. We are studying religious beliefs to-day historically, as a development of the spirit of man: we are studying, too, the historical development of institutions and the growth of societies as organisms. We are tracing the theory of Evolution in the history of human thought itself, and thus looking at ourselves, as it were, from the outside, by the aid of this new light. We notice, for example, how the atomic theory came to view in science at the moment when the theory of individualism usurped the throne in political economy. And when the atomic theory merged itself in the molecular theory the school of individualism in economics began to be disturbed by theories founded on the claims of the family and of society.

No generalisation has ever exercised such a far-reaching effect on thought as this theory of evolution through Natural Selection. It is hardly necessary to point out that the corresponding belief in sociology is that all progress must come from the gifted individual, from the "sport" who survives and as the fittest propagates his kind. Darwinism lays stress not on the democratic mass and their comfort, but on the few men of talent and power and their incomparable value to society. Darwinism is the creed of the oligarchy, and Dr. Russel Wallace should be the first, one would think, to preach this creed to the people.

But in his interview the other day Dr. Russel Wallace proclaimed himself a Socialist, praised the present Government—"which I have never seen approached;" declared that it is the duty of the Government "to abolish starvation;" and summed up: "You cannot be said to possess civilisation when your people are without food, clothing, and warmth." Dr. Russel Wallace was one of the first, I believe, to advocate the nationalisation of the land, and he will hardly deny that all his efforts as a sociologist have tended towards the levelling-up and lifting of the masses of the people. In other words, his creed as a man of science is contradicted absolutely by his political activity as a Socialist.

Reconciliation.

It is, of course, just possible that Dr. Russel Wallace might defend this evident contradiction. He might contend that the masses of the English people were too far sunk in poverty and destitution even to yield "sports" or talents of the highest class. He might point to the fact that the very lowest classes in England, though the most numerous, scarcely ever produce men of rare ability or character, and declare that it was in the interests of "sports" or men of talent themselves that he desires the amelioration of the masses. But that is not his attitude. As a social reformer Dr. Russel Wallace stands for doctrinaire equality. "One man, one vote; one woman, one vote," he cries, maintaining boldly that the voice of Hodge politically (or of Mrs. Hodge) should count for as much as his own voice. He does not see, or will not see, that Equality is the worst injustice. It is for Dr. Russel Wallace himself to explain this patent antinomy of thought—this flagrant contradiction is his preaching.

Comfort as a Creed.

Here, in the South of France, one can study democracy and the democratic ideal better than in any other country. The United States, though nominally also a republic, is in reality ruled by capitalists and trusts and given over to the wildest struggle for existence and the maddest inequality. The astounding difference between the two countries all comes from the fact that the Revolution gave the land of France to the people of France, and the law of succession perpetuated the gift. France has now over five millions of peasant proprietors; more than thirty millions of her population of forty millions live on the land in security, if not in ease, at any rate in such comparative wellbeing as is not given to the masses in any other country. What are the results of this general comfort? First of all, the wheels of progress have been clogged; the population is stationary; France is no longer among the first-rate Powers. Clearly we men are not here for happiness and comfort.

A concomitant of this universal comfort is that France will not face war. It is well known in our governing classes that France the other day refused to support us in combating German pretensions in the Near East. Delcassé was broken on the wheel of peasant prosperity; Ferry wrecked by the adventure in Tonquin. The French peasant will not fight if he can help it.

Secondary consequences are innumerable; nowhere in Europe is paid labour so difficult to get and so inefficient as in France. Here in the South the inconveniences are annoying. Something goes wrong in the house or flat with gas or drain, or clock or handle of a door; one has to wait days and days to get the repairs done. Blame the workman at your peril; he shrugs his shoulders, picks up his tools, and leaves you to your own devices. In every contract now one has to insert "time" as a condition with a penal clause, and even then one has to handle the condition gingerly. The artisan's life is too easy for him; he is too well paid; he works three or four days a week at most, and he works with one hand while smoking a cigarette; he has no ambition except to live as a lazy animal. Things are a little better in the North, but they are bad everywhere. Comfort has killed progress from one end of France to the other.

In this review I have purposely left out of the account other and more obvious ill results of democratic government. Municipal and State, and even Communal life are all honeycombed with corruption. The parade at Nice was extended this summer, and is now falling into the sea; the drain-pipes all showing, the smell even on the Promenade des Anglais horrible, the street cars ridiculous, the gas and electricity tenth-rate. On all sides corruption, inefficiency, and laziness, the inevitable results of democratic institutions and the democratic ideal of comfort. We men are "a little breed," and seem to require the spur of injustice and the whip of necessity to make us do our work even fairly well.

Dr. Russel Wallace.

But my disagreement with Dr. Russel Wallace does not diminish my sincere admiration for him as a man of genius. It is now twenty years since I first met him and had much talk and pleasant intercourse. He is very tall, about 6ft. in height, and well though loosely made. His whole face is framed in silver hair: the features are regular, well-balanced; the eyes super-excellent—the light in them that of genius; he has the candour of a child. Dr. Russel Wallace meets every one with amiability and gentle courtesy. He will discuss any subject, and while defending his own views with rare ability, will listen to diametrically opposed opinions with keen sympathy. A very noble, simple, great nature.

If the Order of Merit had had any meaning, his name would have figured first in the list when the Order was first created, instead of the name of some general or admiral whose services to man never spread beyond his quarter-deck or the mess-room table; which reflection reminds me that Dr. Russel Wallace would have an easy reply to me in pointing out the shortcomings of our aristocratic institutions. But so long as there is progress there is hope.

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CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.—II.

It is impossible to consider the whole work of a poet of such original and diverse talent as Charles Baudelaire in the course of two short articles, and he stands too close for us to be able to adjust properly our mental perspective in a consideration of his genius. His influence is still a living factor in modern poetry and art, and has not as yet been worked out to its logical conclusion. He stands on the threshold of an age of art in which we live, and it must remain for future generations to analyse his works with the calm gaze of a disinterested age. And it is hard to classify Baudelaire's poetry, as he stands more or less alone. Some of his poems resemble beautiful, richly-coloured pictures. They rather evoke an image in our minds than play upon our emotions. Here, of course, we see the influence of the "l'Art pour l'Art" school, with its founder, the painter-poet, Théophile Gautier. Yet Baudelaire cannot definitely be classed as one of this master's disciples. For the dim haze of mysticism creeps into his work, and from time to time veils the architectural definition of his pictures; while the poems of Gautier are like fair landscapes and palaces of rose-coloured marble standing in the full rays of the sun. Baudelaire has sometimes been called a "Réaliste," one of the school of Auguste Comte, the philosopher, and Flaubert, the author of that grimly realistic novel, "Madame Flaubert." True, Baudelaire, by his unblushing precision in the description of the horrors and evils of modern life seems to belong to this school. But the richness of his phantasy to a great extent marks him as a figure apart. Baudelaire has had a considerable influence on modern English poetry; traces of this are to be seen in the works of Oscar Wilde, and to an even greater extent in in those of Swinburne. One of Swinburne's choicest works, indeed, is his "Ave atque Vale," a poem which breathes genuine sympathy and devotion; a worthy memorial erected in memory of the dead French poet on the highway of English literature. This beautiful verse—

Thou sawest, in thine old singing season, brother,
Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us:
Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,
Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other,
Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in clime;
The hidden harvests of luxurious time,
Sin without shape, and pleasure without speech;
And where strange dreams in a tumultuous sleep
Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits weep;
And with each face thou sawest the shadow on each,
Seeing as men sow men reap—

is an admirable epitome of Baudelaire's strange genius.

Baudelaire's philosophy consists in a sort of restless pessimism; a sense of the impotence of man's petty struggles to escape from the folds of the black shroud of "ennui." His beautiful poem entitled "Le Voyage," and itself included in a series called "La Mort," expresses the grim, despairing world-weariness and melancholy of his restless soul. In the first verse he grasps the vagaries of human phantasy, and the power of illusion in the two wonderful lines:—

Ah! que le monde est grand à la clarté des lampes!
Aux yeux du souvenir que le monde est petit!

He then proceeds to sketch, in the language of disillusionised melancholy, illumined by flashes of scenic beauty, the voyage through the world. Some to fly a country which disowns them; others a home which has become hateful; others, maddened by the scorn in a woman's eyes, to drown their sorrow with the intoxicating draught of light and space. Then come the two verses:—

Mais les vrais voyageurs sont ceux-la seuls qui partent
Pour partir; cœurs légers, semblables aux ballons,
De leur fatalité jamais ils ne s'écarlent,
Et sans savoir pourquoi, disent toujours; allons!
Ceux-là dont les désirs ont la forme des nues,
Et qui rêvent, ainsi qu'un conscrit le canon,
Des vastes voluptés, changeantes, inconnues,
Et dont l'esprit humain n'a jamais su le nom!

These verses show the poet's love of dreams, his realisation that only the realms of phantasy are beautiful. We may call it the philosophy of dreams. Then come the matchless verses in which the travellers through the world, the seekers of distraction in unknown lands, describe their voyages:—

. . . . Nous avons vu des astres
Et des flots; nous avons vu des sables aussi;
Et malgré bien des chocs et d'impie ou désastres,
Nous nous sommes souvent ennuyé, comme ici.
La gloire du soleil sur la mer violette,
La gloire des cités dans le soleil couchant,
Allumaient dans nos cœurs une ardeur inquiète
De plonger dans un ciel au reflet alléchant.
Les plus riches cités, les plus grands paysages,
Jamais ne contenaient l'attrait mystérieux
De ceux que le hasard fait avec les nuages.
Et toujours le désir nous rendait soucieux!

The centre verse is a perfect picture. The last two lines of the third verse describe in wonderful precision the illusionary nature of all hope. The poem ends with the two verses—

O mort vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancre!
Ce pays nous ennuie, Ô Mort! Appareillons!
Si le ciel et la mer sont noirs comme de l'encre
Nos cœurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons!
Verse nous ton poison pour qu'il nous réconforte
Nous voulons, taut ce feu nous brûle le cerveau.
Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou ciel, qu'importe?
Au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau!

Here again we see his restless burning passion for novelty and sensation, a longing to be rid of a life which held no further secrets or hopes for his penetrating mind. All through his works we find death considered as a longed-for consummation, as a great comforter. "La Mort des Pauvres" runs:—

C'est la mort qui console, hélas et qui fait vivre,
C'est le but de la vie, et c'est le seul espoir.

In "La Mort des Amants" his lovers mingle in their phantasy the mystery of death with the perfumed luxury of their marriage couch, and dream of death as a sort of consummation of their insatiable love:—

Nous aurons des lits pleins d'odeurs légères,
Des Divans profonds comme des tombeaux,
Et d'étrange fleurs sur des étagères,
Éclores pour nous sous des cieux plus beaux.

There is one poem of Baudelaire, "La Danse Maccabre" in which death masquerades at the ball, beautiful in the lean horror of its charm. It reminds us of an engraving by Felicien Rops, entitled "La Mort au Bal Masqué." Another where he describes all the terrible surroundings of a gambling-hell: the faded cushions; the brilliant glare of the lights falling on the haggard, careworn faces of the players; women who, on the verge of the grave, cannot tear themselves from the tables, and poets who dissipate the fruit of their labours in an hour. Space will not permit us to describe more of the genius of Baudelaire's poetry and his prose poems, and the greater portion of that bouquet of rich blossoms, "Les Fleurs du Mal," must remain for the present unmentioned. In conclusion, we may, perhaps, be permitted to apply a verse of his own poetry to a description of his talent and mission in life:—

. . . Il descend dans les villes,
Il ennoblit le sort des choses les plus viles,
Et s'introduit en roi, sans bruit et sans valets,
Dans tous les hôpitaux et dans tous les palais.

S. A.-B.

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THE THEATRE

THE LITTLE THEATRE

The Saloon. By HENRY JAMES.

Just to Get Married. By CICELY HAMILTON.

IF the writings of any author in the world of English fiction should be named as unsuitable for adaptation for the stage, those of Mr. Henry James would probably be the first to occur to us. His art is so subtle, so dependent upon the ability of the reader to turn back a page, tighten the threads of the story, retrace the paths of thought, that the stage, with its direct representations, seems an impossible place to meet the author of the intricacies of "The Golden Bowl," the delicate suggestions of "The Sacred Fount," and the serene studies of "The Soft Side."

In "The Saloon," however, produced at the Little Theatre on Wednesday evening last, Mr. Henry James took for his central idea a theme which had dramatic possibilities, and he was fortunate in the fine acting which was placed at his disposal. Owen Wingrave, descendant of a long line of warlike ancestors, hates war, is of the opinion that "the military delusion is a barbarism," and refuses, for the sake of his "beautiful high convictions," to carry on the tradition and fight for his country. The girl to whom he is engaged pours her contempt upon him in a scene of tremendous effect—a scene which few who saw it will easily forget. "Life! what do you call life?" he demands, as she upraids him. "Glory!" comes the answer. "Rot!" he snaps, each word sharp as a pistol-shot. His people disown and disinherit him. The final interview is thrilling; Kate Julian calls him a coward, but, repenting when too late, is thrust aside by him in a frenzy of emotion. Wingrave falls, in dense blackness, and the curtain descends to a whisper of "Dead . . . dead!" He has died on the very spot—"The Saloon"—where another member of the family met his death at the hand of his resentful, soldierly grandfather for similarly "showing the white feather;" the spectre still haunts the scene, and the supernatural element is introduced as the cause of his death. This aspect of the play, however, is melodramatic and perilously near to absurdity.

Such is a meagre outline of the plot; but half the effect is due, as every student of Mr. Henry James will know, to the magic of the dialogue. Humour is not lacking, and were the author's name concealed it would be guessed from the unmistakable phrases—"I don't want *not* to know"—"Scruples, doubts, discoveries"—"Beautiful high convictions"—which are inseparable from his style. Mr. Everard Vanderlip as Wingrave was as portentous a young man as the occasion demanded, and Miss Dora Barton acted the furiously indignant *fiancée* excellently. Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, Miss Frances Wetherall, Miss Mary Stuart, and Mr. Owen Nares took the subsidiary parts with taste and skill. In spite of the too lurid ending, we confess to the same desire which results from reading some of Mr. James's books—the wish to have it all over again, for he is one of the few authors of whom it can be said that to know what is coming does not spoil the charm.

Miss Cicely Hamilton's clever comedy, "Just to Get Married," revived this week at the same theatre, portrays the dilemma of a woman supported by her relations chafing at her intolerable sense of dependence, anxious for a husband merely that such a miserable state of affairs may be ended. Having accepted her suitor, whose bashfulness and hesitation provoke much mirth, she cannot bear the thought of the coming marriage without love, and in a tragic scene on the eve of the wedding informs him that had he been any one else she would have "said 'Yes' just the same," and refuses to marry him. Reconciliation comes in the last Act, in the waiting-room of a country station—a very realistic waiting-room it is, too; but her reversal of the *rôle*, when she asks him to marry her provided he will not do it "out of pity," seems too sudden to be at all natural. Miss Gertrude Kingston, however, gave her audience so fine a display of acting as Georgina Vicary that the flaw was minimised. At times she approached greatness—as when she says: "You know, poor relations don't count for much, even when they're young and beautiful; but when they grow old and plain . . . O, my God, they ought not to be allowed to grow old!"—and bursts into a fit of sobbing. Mr. Rupert Lister as Adam Lankester had a difficult part, which he played extremely well, and Mr. Thomas Sidney fitted the character of Sir Theodore Grayle with a delightful humour. A fairly high level of accomplishment was maintained by all concerned, and there is good reason to congratulate Miss Gertrude Kingston upon her combination of two so different and by no means easy plays in a single evening's bill.

MUSIC

ELGAR'S NEW CONCERTO

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S new Concerto was heard at the Queen's Hall on Monday last (the 16th inst.) under circumstances sufficient to test its virtues to the utmost; for, though it was the chief concern of the afternoon, it had as its introductory the triumph of triumphs in that most difficult test of the composer's power—Beethoven's Concerto in D Major. The fact that it bore the test with such unqualified success makes it an undeniable fact that we have to face in this work the most important contribution to the music of Europe for some time past. These are not words in excess of the fact. We remember hearing, not so long ago, one of Straus' Tone-Poems coming after the Third Leonora Overture. It was a severe test; it was too severe a test. It threw up into sudden and brilliant lustre the success of Monday afternoon. There was another excellence about it too that is worthy of note. At the earlier concert it appeared in company with Brahms. It then seemed a noteworthy work indeed; but it bore the sterner test with even greater splendour of success than the lesser test—and this is the hall mark of supreme work.

We had not heard Fritz Kreisler's interpretation of Beethoven's Concerto before. It is, perhaps, too late in the day to praise either Beethoven's one masterly effort in this difficult branch of composition or its exponent of Monday. It is the highest of possible praise to say that Mr. Kreisler made no attempt to overwhelm Beethoven with Kreisler. He made it his business to do what it is the business of every virtuoso to do—to interpret, and only to interpret. So much was this virtue in evidence, that even in the solos he gave us Beethoven, making these recapitulations of the leading antecedent motives in the work. The result was that the mind emerged on to the subsequent argument not only with renewed strength, but with the whole progress hitherto achieved clearly before it.

This is to say that when subsequently we turned to Elgar it was after hearing the greatest of Concertos at its best. The mind was so lifted and purged with lofty emotion that one almost feared for the coming work. Yet it was not wholly owing to this that we felt a little disappointed with the opening *Allegro*. It is admirably constructed, and is proof, if proof were needed after "The Dream of Gerontius," that in the architectonics of music Elgar is not wanting. But it was uneven in excellence. The opening *Tutti* and

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the subsequent motives make an admirable preamble to the majestic introduction of the solo instrument. The emotional mood is ripened in us for the opening dignity of low, unostentatious, yet dignified entrance of the soloists. But, then, as the gravity gives place to the contest with the orchestra a change comes over the music, and, it must be said, not altogether a desirable change. That is to say, instead of relying on broad emotional effects he turns to such effects as we are becoming accustomed to in, say, Debussy and the later Straus—a reliance on complicated and unconvincing mimicry of the mood in him rather than an effort to create that mood for and in us. This change starts a little before the key changes to D minor and continues nearly to the end.

Yet even this has its advantage, although it is very doubtful if the advantage was intended. For being released thus from a high emotional mood we are the better prepared for the beautiful *Andante* that follows. Of this movement it is impossible to speak too highly. Comparisons are invidious; but the two other beautiful things in modern music, "Elektra's Welcome to Orestes" and the third or fourth movement in "Finlandia," seem puerile beside it, particularly the former. It is above analysis; it is almost above praise. It is Elgar at his best because it is Elgar in his most characteristic mood. Its beauty, that is to say, is contemplative and deep with all intimate emotion. One remembers the similarity of mood in parts of his symphony, but it is incomparably purer and richer in this *Andante* movement. To hear it is to pass through an enriching experience, which is more than one can say of much modern work, which is not concerned with enrichment but with excitement.

The concluding *Allegro molto* opens with a violent contrast, almost too much of a contrast, indeed, for those who have lingering in their memory the tender beauty of the earlier movement. With its chords given *vivace*, *fortissimo* in *tutti* it leads us quickly away to new experiences. But when we strike the *Rondo* we recover some of the old mood, for Elgar is like Beethoven in this, that he can awake memory of his deepest moods in his brightest movements. In this way he works his way to a predominance of the solo-instrument accompanied by the "thrumming" of most of the strings of the orchestra. This is Elgar's innovation. We can see that it has excellent possibilities, but as it was given by the orchestra on Monday it was scarcely a success. The "thrumming" was not continuous enough, nor emphatic enough.

The movement closed fitly with reminiscences of the *Andante*. Dealing with the work as a whole, we could wish that Elgar would reduce some of the complication at the end of the *Allegro* movement, and also that he would bring some of his power of architectonic to bear on the third movement, giving it more of compactness. It needs a little purging even as the Second Leonora Overture needed, and received, purging. But as it stands it is a lofty piece of work, the noblest contribution to the world's music for this many a day. It is with some pardonable pride that we reflect on the composer's nationality.

ROYAL ACADEMY: WINTER EXHIBITION

THE work of the "Five Deceased British Artists" which constitutes the forty-second Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy this season may be regarded as an admirable foil, or antidote—which the reader pleases—to the more vivid and exciting phases of Post-Impressionism that have recently been widely discussed. An atmosphere of almost classic restraint, of coolness and sanity and English good taste, pervades the familiar galleries, and, while we speak of "atmosphere" (poor overworked word!), it is interesting to compare the visitors who promenade so quietly with the crowd which throngs round the noted "pictures of the year" in May." Dresses and manners are different; there is more of the serious, less of the vivacious; there is also, apparently, a greater proportion of genuine appreciation and capable observation than can be found among the gay assembly of Spring and Summer. One overheard, for example, few of those inept remarks which are so frequent in the Maytime, and which would be funny were they not so pathetic—"Too sweet for anything," "Simply delicious," "A ripping thing," and so on—qualifications which might be applied equally aptly to a box of chocolates or a new hat. However, we must not neglect the paintings for the fascinating, shadowy figures that glide, and point, and murmur as in some dim, memorable dream.

The first gallery is devoted entirely to the work of John M. Swan, and presents one or two curicus contrasts. "The Young Orpheus" and the "Endymion" are finely spiritual, full of ethereal beauty, while a portrait of the artist's daughter seems unaccountably flat and unappealing. Another "Orpheus," very much larger than the first, stands out from the pictures round it by reason of its delicacy of colour and line; the delightful touch of dense blue distance glimpsed beneath the trees holds the eye wonderfully. The artist's first Academy picture is here—"Dante and the Leopard"—and many of the animal studies which formed so large a portion of his art.

The famous "Railway Station" of W. P. Frith claims, perhaps, most attention in the second room. It is a peep at almost an early stage of civilisation compared with our railway scenes of to-day, so strange is the antiquated locomotive, so curious are the costumes of the characters. We may call them characters legitimately, since they are so evidently brought to the front of the stage for the benefit of the beholder. Perhaps some artist will idealise the present-day Paddington for us on a less crowded canvas, although we can hardly hope for the same marvellous skill in grouping the essential "story-telling" points and presenting them as a whole. "Hogarth before the Governor of Calais," with its perfectly drawn hands, and "King Charles the Second's Last Sunday" are two other large pictures by Frith shown here. How exquisite is the view of the distance through the window in the latter painting! In this room are several portraits by Sir W. Q. Orchardson, and the next is filled with his work. A portrait of Lord Swaythling arrests the spectator, and is of mournful interest just now.

The picture of "Mrs. Siddons in the Studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds," the "Social Eddy: Left by the Tide," with its charming clarity of colour, and the quaint "Housekeeping in the Honeymoon" are three of the artist's happiest paintings on view; and the delicate yet realistic tapestry on the wall in the picture of "The Young Duke" is one of those secondary effects which are liable to be missed in the more striking display of the main theme. In "The Last Dance" (Gallery IV.) it is interesting to perceive a great difference between this and the other very English work; the picture might well be by a Frenchman of the Modern school, so suggestive of warmth and movement is it. It is unfinished, but there is enough in it to keep the attention fixed: the attitude of the man sitting, leaning forward, watching—how impressive and tense it seems! Many of the portraits are well known and need hardly be mentioned; but in the painting of Miss Moxon (afterwards Lady Orchardson) the bright red dress seems to overwhelm the eye; it grips vividly, distracting attention from the face.

In this room and the next are hung some beautiful landscapes of David Farquharson and Robert W. Macbeth—the exquisite "Aberfeldy" and "The Storm at Haytime," and the "Sardine Fishery." This last seems to lack the sense

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of atmosphere, and the sea looks hard; the same effect is noticeable in two or three other paintings by Macbeth, and it is somewhat inexplicable when we consider the fine veiled charm of his "Sodden Fen" and "The Lass that a Sailor Loves" in the fifth gallery. These, however, are his later and better work. Farquharson's magnificent "Full Moon and Spring Tide" is here, its waves seeming to dash and swirl against the dark Cornish cliffs, and his splendid "Dartmoor," with its suggestions of bleak, wide spaces and heathery winds.

The Water-Colour Room is full of interesting studies—many of them in chalks, and the etchings in the Black-and-White Room exhibit another aspect of the work of Macbeth. A few statuettes—notable is a lovely "Orpheus" by Swan—complete a remarkably interesting and profitable exhibition.

FACILIS DESCENSUS

On a bluff overlooking the storm-beaten coast-line stands an ancient mansion surrounded by fair gardens. By imperceptible advances the sea, age on age, has planed down the adjoining land frontier and crept homeward. When the old house was built the edge of the cliff was a long ramble across the meadows. Down in the dells and grips through which the footpath led you by zigzagging ways grew great patches of meadowsweet and willow-herb. In the Spring-time all the grassy slopes and terraces were studded with the rathe primrose. In those days a troop of boys and girls ran races about the coombes and ravines, and, to the children, the yellow primrose and all things else, from the majestic roof fretted with golden fire to the sandy marge where the slow, sad pulse of ocean beat, belonged to a land of romance. Fairies had not then grown too stiff in the joints to dance o' nights. Wisdom was not bottled into a preserve which fermented when the air got to it. Wisdom dropped as the gentle dew from heaven. When the long days drew to a close, and lights crept upward in the old house, like stars into the sky, borne upon the wings of the evening breeze came visions and dreams and memories, as of some other world. Surely the young-eyed cherubim had their home in the dome strewn with stars. An old house such as this must have been the children's home in a former existence. To them the wind sang with an insistent voice. Its language was quaint but real. The birds were God's choristers. Their notes were no mere chance sounds, such as men scrape or blow or hammer.

Years crept away. The children were children no longer. They had been put through the mill of "education." The boys had grown conscious, the girls artificial. The navvy's graphic phrase was true of both of them—they were "too big for their boots." The boys' babble was mainly of "good form," the girls' of "accomplishments," not accomplishment. "Sport" had early claimed both boys and girls for its own. Sport was no longer a spontaneous impulse. It was part of "education."

Another fifteen years slipped away. The troop of children had boys and girls of their own about them. Each of the original children moved in a groove which had no passage to right or left. To them the whole game of life consisted in travelling forward a defined distance and slipping back over the same ground. It was pitiful, but they had become automata. Volition, initiative, had almost disappeared from their economy. The puppets worked on wires, social, political, and what not. What was worse still was the fact that, whereas they themselves started with visions and dreams, they took very good care to discourage such nonsense in their own children.

Herein is a parable of the modern edition of the word "development." The nineteenth century, which folk are now so anxious to tell us was a dark age, at least produced a gallant crop of names that have carried on the tradition of our race. The history of a race is the history of its great men. The name of many a Field-Marshal of that era who carried a bâton in his knapsack is now inscribed upon our banners. The old Imperial temper flashed forth when we fought with our back to the wall, amid nations who stood around and watched for our downfall. Now our foes are of our own household. The poison of asps is under their lips. Trick and artifice are statesmanship, scurrility is eloquence:—

> 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
> Each step from splendour to disgrace.

Will the English people rouse from its torpor and shake off the deadly force creeping over its vitality from within and without? Racially we are changing fast. Cosmopolitanism has lowered the resisting power of the breed, but we cannot blot out our nobility of lineage as a people. The Imperial trumpet-call is now sounding in our ears. The Englishman used to be bad to beat. Napoleon, according to all laws of strategy, ought to have beaten us at Waterloo, but our thick-skulled obstinacy saved us there and otherwhere. The nation that was wont to conquer others stands to-day at the parting of the ways. One road leads to mob-law, chaos, revolution. The other path leads to ordered advance, reform of old abuses, and ancient power rekindled.

Our great allies of British blood beyond the seas watch whether the Motherland is stooping to her decline and fall or if they may still look up to her as leader. Ill will it be for those who, whether from apathy or drift, play traitor to our Constitution at this supreme moment of our national fate.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED RAILWAY NOTIONS

The youth of the present day, to whom railway travelling is as familiar as walking, can have little idea of the wonder with which grave and learned people regarded it in the early stages of its development, or of the crude and comical notions that were then entertained concerning railways and their management. The writer discovered the other day a reprint of two pamphlets on "Railway Accidents" which were published more than sixty years ago as part of a scientific series. Some of the impressions ventilated are incredibly queer and amusing in the light of our later knowledge; others are sound and sensible, indicating common-sense improvements which even yet are not perfected.

The first brochure begins with a solemn enunciation of the axiom that whatever may be the agency by which personal locomotion is produced, it has always been attended with danger to life and limb. Enlarging on this theme, it goes on to give elaborate tables and analyses of accidents and their causes, and comes to the mild conclusion that there is no very great amount of danger in travelling by rail after all. The sources of disaster—collision, derailment, etc.—are dealt with, and suggestions are made that more efficient brake-power should be provided, also better means of communication between passengers and guards. Realising that these points have been emphasised for over half a century, and are not satisfactorily settled now, one is inclined to wonder at the scarcity of reliable inventions, and perhaps at the long-suffering character of the public.

The more curious of the tracts is the second, which starts by insisting on the need of intercourse between the passengers in the train and the driver. It is stated that the Great Western Railway proposed to "fix at the back of the

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tender a seat for a conductor, in a sufficiently high position to see along the roofs of the carriages, so as to have a perfect view of the entire side-length of the train, and a means of passing from side to side of the tender, so as to get a view of each side of the train. Such a conductor, from his proximity to the engine, could immediately communicate with the driver, and each guard upon the coaches of the train could communicate with such conductor by signals." One is conscious of a feeling of pity for any official so situated on, let us say, the "Cornish Riviera, Limited," running from Paddington to Plymouth without a stop. What salary would be necessary to tempt him nowadays?

The London and North Western Company proposed "that the underguard should always stand in his van next to the engine, with his face to the train, so as to observe any signal of distress, irregularity, or derangement among the carriages which the chief guard stationed at the rear of the train might make." A communication between the underguard and the driver was necessary to complete this arrangement, and the Company accordingly directed "that means should be provided by which the underguard should be enabled at pleasure to open the whistle of the engine." The picture of the poor guard glued to his post, clutching the whistle-cord, is an entertaining one.

Proceeding to comment on such accidents as can be avoided by the passengers' own care, the pamphlet supplies solemnly several "Plain Rules for Railway Travellers." The first gives the familiar caution to refrain from getting into or out of a train when it is in motion. The second enjoins them never to sit "in any unusual place or posture," and goes on to say:—"On some lines of railways seats are provided on the roofs of the carriages. These are to be avoided. Those who occupy them sometimes inadvertently stand up, and when the train passes under a bridge they are struck by the arch." Again:—"Passengers should beware of leaning out of carriage-windows, or of putting out their arm, or *if a second-class carriage, as sometimes happens, has no door, they should take care not to put out their leg!*" It sounds somewhat as though the country possessed a one-limbed population; but the advice was doubtless well meant and necessary. Instances of accidents are then given by way of enforcing the caution, some of which are worth quoting:—"On the Manchester and Leeds Line a passenger getting over the side of a carriage instead of going out by the door fell, and was killed." On the Bodmin and Wadebridge Line, on the 3rd of August, 1844, a passenger, jumping from one carriage to another, fell between, and was killed." "On the Preston and Wyre Line, on the 8th of August, 1845, a passenger, improperly sitting on the side of a carriage, fell off, and was killed." Some of these remarks remind us of the time when passengers were carried in open, unroofed trucks, and porters were distinctly forbidden to assist third-class voyagers with their luggage.

Another quaint rule advises that express trains should be used only when great speed is indispensable, as they are attended with more danger than ordinary trains. In amplifying this the mentor adds:—"To work express trains with safety an additional line of rails should be laid down and appropriated to them. Their number per day being necessarily small, and the duration of their trips short, the same line of rails might, without inconvenience or danger, serve for the traffic in both directions, as on single lines of railway." This is illuminating, and sounds rather terrifying; but then our sixty-mile-an-hour flyers were unknown and undreamed-of in those good old times.

Rule 9 says:—"Beware of yielding to the sudden impulse to spring from the carriage to recover your hat which has blown off, or a parcel dropped." The writer was perfectly serious, too, for he remarks—dear man!—that "there is an impulse, it would appear, which in some individuals is almost irresistible, to leap from a train to recover their hats when blown off or accidentally dropped;" and he gives instances and dates, as before. Reading these lines, an overpowering regret takes hold of the modern man that their composer cannot be treated to a run north or west on one of the famous non-stop expresses of the present day. His opinions might be worth hearing.

Rule 12 brings us to a state of things which is now obsolete. "If you travel with your private carriage, do not sit in it on the railway; take your place by preference in one of the regular railway carriages." This is driven home by a vivid description of an accident which occurred to a Countess and her maid on December 8th, 1847. The private carriage, on a truck, contained the two as passengers; it caught fire from cinders projected by the locomotive, and the passengers suffered, the maid having her skull fractured through jumping off to escape the conflagration.

Such were some of the ancient notions; but it is not wise to laugh too heartily, for some day—who knows?—people may be smiling at us and our antiquated ideas as to travelling in the air.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION

The Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, M.A., in opening his lecture entitled "Some Thoughts Suggested by Travels over the Empire" at the London Institution last Monday, observed that were it not for the horrors of the British climate there would probably have been no British Empire; a remark which was called forth by the foggy state of the atmosphere outside, which had doubtless thinned his audience. Those who came, however, had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent and very pertinent address.

The lecturer gave it as his opinion that the modern facilities for locomotion, which have rendered a tour of the world as easy as was a tour of Europe in Chesterfield's day, entail upon everyone who has the time the duty of knowing the world as much as possible. He then enlarged upon the extent of the Empire, and commented upon the great debt owed to Queen Victoria, he having been impressed, when in India at the time of her death, by the spontaneous action of the poor in closing their little booths in token of sorrow—the common people had learned to look on her as their friend.

The growth of the British Empire, continued Bishop Welldon, might be divided into four periods. In one sense it was the child of the Reformation, since the ideas of great opportunities and responsibilities which subsequently pervaded England were born at about that date: the spirit of courage, intrepidity, adventure, and piety which animated the famous Elizabethan mariners was also mentioned, and the names of Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Chancellor, and Grenville drew forth a natural eulogy. The second period, that of Oliver Cromwell, was marked by the conflict between England and Spain. To Cromwell was attributed the idea of making Westminster Abbey the resting-place of our illustrious dead for all time. Milton was the "first true Christian British Imperialist;" in him lived and burned the conception of the Empire and its work in the world which has actuated his countrymen for so many years; the lesson he taught has never been lost.

William Pitt, Lord Chatham, represented the beginning of the third period. The Battle of Plassey had laid the foundations of the Empire in India just before George III. came to the Throne; and, incidentally, the lecturer remarked that there could be no greater mistake than the forcing of a Western secular education on the natives of India. All over the world the majority of people want to be left alone. The defeat of Russia by Japan in recent years was the rolling back of the tide of Western progress, and marked the first

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real triumph of the Orient over the Occident. Wolfe's victory, which gave us Canada, was alluded to, with the colonisation of Australia and the capture of Cape Colony. England at this period began to extend her domains in the Southern hemisphere, and the part played by the Pilgrim Fathers was emphasised by comment on the legal, political, economic, and religious ties which bind us to our neighbours across the Atlantic.

The remarks which followed the theme of the fourth period—the Victorian—were perhaps the most interesting of the evening. It is customary, said the speaker, to consider the British Empire as though it were an isolated phenomenon in the history of mankind; but, in the words of Sir John Seeley, it was "the only considerable survivor of a family of empires now vanished, which arose out of the contact of the Western States of Europe with the new worlds opened by the discoveries of Vasco di Gama." Our insular position tended to preservation, keeping us free to a certain extent from entanglement with European affairs; but that isolation may be gravely threatened by the development of aeronautical science. When he first took an interest in aviation, said Bishop Welldon, he was much amused by receiving a letter from a lady who reproached him with forgetting who was the "Prince of the powers of the air."

The vital importance of the colonies was insisted upon—"the first article of a true Imperial policy is to knit the colonies to the mother-country by every possible tie." With some humorous but extremely sensible observations on the extraordinary prevalence of the English language, the lecture was brought to a conclusion.

On Monday, January 23rd, at 5 p.m., Professor Walter Raleigh will lecture on "Hazlitt."

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY

Sir James Yoxall, M.P., at the meeting of the English Goethe Society on January 12th, Dr. L. T. Thorne in the chair, delivered a most interesting address, taking as his subject "Goethe Back from Italy." Those members of the Society who had taken part for the last two years in visits to the Weimar celebration, as well as the members of the Reading Circle of the Society who are making a special study of Goethe's Italian journey, could fully appreciate the lecturer's graphic and intensely sympathetic description of the great poet's standpoint when he found himself once again in the confined limits of the Grand Ducal capital after his fuller intellectual and artistic life in Rome. Regarding his subject, perhaps more from the imaginative point of view of the novelist than the purely literary one, Sir James Yoxall sought to disprove the popular theory as to the relationship between Goethe and Christiane Vulpius, taking a much more favourable view than has hitherto been the case of the character of Goethe's companion. Goethe's attitude to the French Revolution was also thoroughly gone into, and a most interesting discussion on these points ensued. Arranged round the hall was an interesting collection of portraits, prints, original sketches by Tischbein, medals, &c., all bearing on the period, kindly lent by Mrs. Ludwig Mond from her collection.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

A real change has come over the markets since I last wrote. The public has come in. There are so many members on the Stock Exchange and so many professional punters in the purlieus of the House that, public or no public, there is always business of a sort. But when the public comes in then the business becomes profitable. Buying began at the end of last week, and all markets were moved up to celebrate the event. It seems to me that we are approaching a period of excellent trade, combined with high prices. There is no denying the high prices. The Board of Trade returns, which show the record figures of 1,202 millions, would seem to point to an extraordinary revival in trade. But, above all, we are confident. We believe that we shall make money. That is half way on the road to fortune.

Consols are now above 80, and there is little doubt that they will continue to rise. We must remember that, all the banks having written down their Consols to 80 or below, are now actively anxious to see a good rise. It means a splendid secret profit. Sir Felix Schuster once said that he heard a great deal about secret reserves and secret profits, but that he never heard any bank suggest that they had made losses that were equally secret. Banks make losses which remain on the books until such time as they can be wiped off by profits that are hidden from the world. The Government will be compelled to purchase some large blocks of Consols before the end of the financial year. Their purchases upon a rising market will have a great effect. The Bank Rate will come down, and this will also send up the price of all gilt-edged stocks.

The Foreign Market has been strong, and all the great finance houses have been steadying their pet loans with the view of unloading when the public comes in at the top, as it always does. Norway has asked for money, and she is still busy negotiating a few more millions which will probably go to the Paris Consortium. The Russian Railway Loan is being discussed, but it is doubtful whether London will be allowed to contribute. No State Loan will be required, but as Russia owns and runs her own railways there is really not much difference. The cynic remarks that there is no such thing as "earmarking" in St. Petersburg. As long as the railway is built, it doesn't much matter whether the actual money subscribed is used or whether the State uses the money and afterwards repays it. Russia is now in good credit and very prosperous, but her finances are "casual," to say the least. Japanese continue weak, but there has been no serious unloading; that might come, however, if Japan did some outrageous thing, which she is most unlikely to do, or suffered another bad rice crop, about which it is less easy to prophesy, as her finances are not in a good state.

The Home Railway dividends are being announced as I write these lines, and up to now they have pleased everybody. The market is very steady, for there is no bull account open in anything, except perhaps Dover A, Little Chats, Great Eastern, and Brighton A. The strikes kept speculators out of the market, and the rise is therefore assured. One of the cheapest stocks is Lancashire and Yorkshire. Trade in the North is now good, and this line has been neglected. The price should rise to par. North Easterns are steady, and the line is so well managed that the dividend may be relied upon to remain constant. At present prices the yield is too high for a gilt-edged stock, and if the accounts show only a moderate increase in profits I expect a rise. An increased dividend is not looked for, while the change in chairmanship will benefit Brums. The new man, Mr. G. H. Claughton, has a considerable reputation as a clever business man. He is comparatively young, and full of energy. There is no line in England that possesses the advantages of the L. and N.W.R., and, managed with foresight and skill, it could easily pay 1 per cent. higher dividend and maintain this rate. Great Westerns still hang below 128. They must rise to 140 before the end of year. The Board has spent large sums upon which as yet it gets no return. It should electrify a track to Maidenhead, do away with the branch line trains, and substitute rail-motors. Then it would be in a position to raise its dividend another $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It is also essential that it connects up the Bakerloo Tube with Paddington.

Yankees might react. I do not say that they will, but many of the Wall Street speculators must have made

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large profits on the recent rise. The small gambler in the States is quick to take a profit. The general feeling throughout the States is growing more hopeful, but the trader and the country speculator are not in the Market. The great banking houses are still bullish, and they have many bond issues ready to place. The New York City Bond is a sound security, and will be worth buying when marketed. I am told to always buy Unions or Steels on any relapse in values. Readings and Norfolks are also tipped.

CANADIAN PACIFICS are still a great market and the price is steady. It is possible that speculators will put the shares much higher, but careful people will decline to go in on the top of such a big rise. In the opinion of those who should know, Canadian Pacifics are now right on the summit. In another year they will have to face steady competition. But Canada grows so fast that the traffic in a year's time may be big enough to keep the C.P.R., Grand Trunk Pacific, and Canadian Northern all three busy.

The RAW RUBBER market was decidedly weak, and though the amount of rubber offered this week was only 380 tons, it could not find buyers, and ordinary sheet only fetched 4s. 6d. The best price, 5s. 6d., obtained was for Linggi smoked sheet. I shall be anxious to note how those companies that sold forward at high prices, such as Straits Bertam and Mount Austen, will fare. Will they be able to enforce their bargains? Grand Centrals are being pushed and puffed. They must be avoided. The estates are much over-capitalised. The shares are not worth par, much less the extravagant premium now demanded. Patalings are now beginning to look cheap. The share market follows the auctions very closely indeed, but if it falls beyond a certain point all the leading shares should be bought. The buying of rubber shares is really a simple matter. Take Parry's A.B.C., allow 1s. per lb. profit for next year and work out the dividend. If it comes to 15 per cent. on the market price the share is cheap. Never be deluded by promises of 600lb. yields. They cannot be obtained. 200lb. an acre will be the average yield all over the Malay; 300lb. on moderately good land and 400lb. on exceptional land. But 600lb. an acre means over-tapping. Never buy into a company that is over-capitalised per acre. Remember that you can bring any decent estate to the producing stage for £35 an acre all told. If the fall continues, rubber shares must be bought as an investment. To-day they are too high. Do not listen to any talk of a new boom. It is most unlikely to come. Never go outside the Malay. We know that the F.M.S. grow good Hevea. Why take risks outside?

The buying of OIL SHARES still continues. Paris is rapidly becoming excited over oil, and most of the large option dealings in Shells, which are mainly responsible for the big rise in this share, are on French account. I see no signs of the oil war ending, but I am told that it will not be carried on with vigour. "The war will smoulder for some time," said our leading oil man to me on Tuesday. Nevertheless the excitement in oil shares may last, for there are many big oil companies ready to come out, and two or three large Galician and Roumanian concerns are talked about in Paris.

KAFFIRS are very steady, and seem to be marked up by the jobbers as a precaution. The English public holds almost as many shares as Paris, and these shares were purchased at very high prices. Therefore I do not anticipate that it will pay many people to realise. I am not confident about a revival in the Kaffir Market. Prices are low, but not too low. There are a few bargains, and if the rise continues another week I will mention them. But to-day I suggest caution.

RHODESIANS always appear about to spring. But they don't. The spurt in Chartered died down. I again advise the magnates—though the mere idea of telling a Rhodesian magnate how to manage a market sounds ridiculous—to put up Chartereds. They are the bell-wether of the flock, and I am sure that the public will not come into this market till they see Chartereds over £2.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

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The Beauty Doctor. By Florence Warden. Greening and Co. 6s.
Friends of Fate. By Lucas Cleeve. Greening and Co. 6s.
The Justice of the King. By Hamilton Drummond. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
Tillers of the Soil. By J. E. Patterson. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
The Brand of Silence. By Fred M. White. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.

PERIODICALS

United Empire; Publishers' Circular; Mind; The Bookseller; Willing's Press Guide; Mercure de France; Top-Notch, New York; Book Monthly; Travel and Exploration; People's Magazine; School World; Revue Bleue; Literary Digest; Idler; Tourist Magazine; Smith's Magazine; St. George's Magazine; Hazell's Annual; Economic Review; Book Buyer, N.Y.; Dublin Review; Scottish Historical Review; Peru To-day; N.R.A. Journal; Good Health; University Correspondent; Cambridge University Reporter; The Engineer's Review.

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No. 2021 [Registered as a Newspaper.] JANUARY 28, 1911 PRICE THREEPENCE

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements may be addressed to MESSRS. ODHAMS, as above.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

Next week we shall publish the first of a Series of Articles by MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

IT is officially announced that the Canadian and American Commissioners have arrived at a provisional understanding regarding a Reciprocity Treaty to regulate trade between Canada and the United States. The details are at present lacking, and will not be known until the full text of the Treaty is published at Washington and Ottawa next week. But it is the principle involved, and not the actual details, which is of such vital importance to the people of this country. We shall not know until we see the text of the Treaty whether it will have an injurious effect on our trade—it is hardly conceivable that it can have a beneficial—but it is one of the gravest dangers which we Tariff Reformers have never ceased to point out—namely, that if we continue to offer the cold shoulder to our Colonies and Dependencies and refuse to enter into reciprocal arrangements with them, they in self-defence must form commercial alliances with nations who, if on excellent terms with us, are at least our competitors in the world's markets. But for party prejudice and obsolete Cobdenism, we should long ago have had reciprocity, not only with Canada, but also with Australia and South Africa. Now we must face the possibility of seeing American goods enter Canada on better terms than our own. How long are the British public prepared to put up with this deplorable ineptitude and lack of foresight?

Rijaat Pasha, the Turkish Foreign Minister, made a statement in the Chamber on Saturday with reference to Turko-German relations as affected by the Russo-German agreement respecting Persia and the Baghdad Railway. He communicated to the Chamber the assurance of Baron Marschall von Biberstein, the German Ambassador, that Turkish interests would in no wise suffer by the Russo-German *rapprochement*. Rijaat Pasha then dealt with Turkey's sovereign rights in the Persian Gulf, and emphasised the excellent relations existing between Turkey and Great Britain. He declared that all outstanding questions could, and would, be settled by friendly negotiations. This statement has been well received in Turkey. This is all highly satisfactory as far as it goes, but Sir Edward Grey must not forget that Great Britain also has rights and interests in the Persian Gulf which she cannot afford to overlook. The opening of a new highway to the East is a matter of vital importance to the future security of our Indian Empire. The control of the terminus of that line at Basra must be either in our hands, or its neutrality in the event of a European war guaranteed by the Powers. Many years must elapse before the line is completed, and many changes may come over the international stage, but we in England must keep our eyes fixed on that little-known port, which is destined in the future to be the gate to the highroad to India. We must remain the holders of the key.

According to the *Daily Mail's* Bloemfontein correspondent, when General Botha leaves to attend the Imperial Conference in April next, he will carry with him the outline of a South African Defence Scheme for submission to the naval and military experts of the Empire. It will be based on a compulsory adult liability for service, but no standing force will be called into being. The meaning of this last sentence is not very clear, but probably there will be no long service army even for those who wish to make it their profession, and adults will be only called upon to go through the various training camps and annual manœuvres. But there must be permanent establishments for the officers and training staffs, and also, we should have thought, for the artillery engineers. A staff college is, therefore, to be established for this purpose. The scheme is at present in a nebulous state, and we await further information with interest. Australia and New Zealand prepared the way for compulsory service. South Africa is shortly to follow their example. England alone hangs back. What will arouse us from our foolish dream of false pride and fancied security? The writing on the wall is clear enough: "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." Are we only to understand these words when it is too late: "You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting"?

On Saturday last the Japanese Diet was opened. The Marquis Katsura, the Premier and Minister of Finance, declared in his opening speech that Japan's relations with all the Powers were cordial, and that the British Alliance was "gaining with age." He expected to complete new treaties with all the Powers "without difficulty." This is most satisfactory especially if it foreshadows a better understanding with the United States. The Island Empire seems to have passed out of the cycle of depression which followed the Russo-Japanese war, and the finances are, as far as we can judge, in a highly satisfactory state. The ordinary receipts for the year amounted to £49,200,000, and the extraordinary to £5,900,000—total, £55,100,000; while the ordinary expenditure amounted to £40,700,000, and the extraordinary expenditure to £14,400,000—total, £55,100,000. No less a sum than £19,300,000 has been appropriated to the prevention of flood damage. The supplementary naval expenditure for

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the year amounted to £1,400,000. During the next six years £27,400,000 will be appropriated for railway improvements. The increase of trade for the past year amounted to no less than £48,000,000, to which manufactories contributed £14,000,000. Marquis Katsura had every right to congratulate the country on its great prosperity. Free Traders might note that Japan is a highly-protected country which has recently been raising her tariffs.

For real progressive methods commend us to an American Court of Justice. Mrs. Schenck is being tried at Wheeling, Virginia, for poisoning her millionaire husband with a cocktail flavoured with arsenic. It seems such a strange and unnatural charge to bring against a woman—namely, killing a husband who was also a millionaire. It is quite refreshing to find some one who refuses to bend the knee to the God of Wealth. But in America the millionaire is not such a *rara avis*, and his life is apparently not regarded as so sacred. We confess to having tasted almost every variety of cocktail, but never one made of arsenic; the others, however, seemed poisonous enough. Mrs. Schenck's counsel deny that she had any intention of killing her husband. They say that he took the arsenic as a medicine for an internal complaint, and that she is the victim of a conspiracy. They called medical witnesses to testify to this, and one of them was challenged by the prosecuting counsel to drink the cocktail if it was as harmless as he declared it to be. The heroic doctor promptly complied with the request, and suffered no harm. The jury were then invited to taste, and, trembling with fear, they took the fatal draught, and likewise suffered no harm. But the Judge, with his eyes fixed on a pension in the near future, refused to touch Mrs. Schenck's loving-cup. This experiment opens up boundless possibilities for future criminal trials. When the jury are invited to experiment on themselves with revolvers, bowie-knives, anarchists' bombs, hyoscine, and other poisons, the service ought to become even more popular than it is at present.

Petitions are coming from all parts of the Empire against the ratification of the Declaration of London. It seems incredible that a British representative could ever have appended his signature to such a document. The main features of the Declaration are these: 1. It permits in effect the capture of all foodstuffs on the way to Great Britain in neutral ships. 2. It admits the principle of the destruction of neutral prizes. 3. It fails to forbid the conversion at sea of merchantmen into commerce destroyers. 4. It limits the powers of a blockading force in time of war. Before the Declaration can take effect as far as the country is concerned the Naval Prize Bill must be passed, which will subordinate the judicature of the British Admiralty Prize Courts and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to the new International Prize Court which is to administer the Declaration of London. As it stands the Declaration may be said to benefit every Power except ourselves. We shall propose to deal fully with the matter in a special article next week.

Since we wrote the above the *Daily Mail* makes the important announcement that the Government has decided to postpone the ratification of the Declaration of London until the Agreement has been submitted to a discussion by the Imperial Conference which meets in London in May. The universal agitation against the measure has had its effect, and the Naval Prize Bill, without which the Declaration falls to the ground, will not be introduced and discussed in the House until after the Dominions have given their verdict. We see in this common-sense arrangement how easily and how satisfactorily we can manage our Imperial affairs once they are removed from the sphere of party politics.

THE SOUTH WIND

When Winter's dying thy flags are flying
From casements of the sun;
In lonely valleys thine army rallies,
And Snow Kings, one by one,
Go northward dashing, with hail-flights flashing
Like arrows as they run.

Thy sportive minions on sun-warmed pinions
Follow the storm, until
With cry and caper and flame-tipped taper
They leap on vale and hill,
And shout with delight while setting alight
Crocus and daffodil.

O'er surf-fringe foaming thy zephyrs roaming
Ruffle the long lagoon;
In chanting legions they rush through regions
Where fireflies flit at noon;
The Sphinx unsleeping can hear them sweeping
Soft lyres beneath the moon.

In trancéd measures they tread where treasures
Are hid in coral caves;
They pine for flowers from secret bowers
That bloom beneath dim waves,
Where dead men driven by tides are given
Pearl palaces for graves.

When Summer's dying thy hosts are flying
Back to their old domain,
Through leafy millions that dance cotillions
In mists of silver rain,
And fade fast under the shaking thunder
And frantic hurricane.

E. A. M.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT

At present there are no barometric indications of the course of policy and affairs in the coming Session. It is impossible to predict whether storm or calm will prevail. That unusually grave questions, foreign and domestic, will present themselves for solution is abundantly clear. It will be of absorbing interest to observe whether the present Parliament vindicates its existence by rising to occasion, or condemns itself by the most miserable spectacle of all—a collection of individuals obviously unequal to the responsibilities which have fallen to their lot—

> "To be weak is miserable
> Doing or suffering: but of this be sure
> To do aught good never will be our task,
> But ever to do ill our sole delight."

Absit omen! May the Parliament about to assemble never seek to attract to itself the gospel of Milton's magnificent Arch-Enemy!

In the sphere of Foreign Affairs the Opposition may be confidently relied on to maintain patriotic reserve and to give general support to Sir Edward Grey and the sane elements in the Ministerial majority. In the sphere of

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domestic politics less restraint will be observed. Many measures of a highly contentious character will be introduced amongst which are generally mentioned the Parliament Bill, Payment of Members, and the Abolition of Plural Voting.

The Parliament Bill ought not to be proceeded with. It was introduced in a hurry, rather as an indication of the views of the Government than as a coherent and well-considered scheme. The Government have had plenty of time to formulate their Bill for the reform of the Second Chamber, and they ought to be forced by relentless pressure to produce it. The recital in the preamble of the Parliament Bill that the substitution of a Second Chamber based on a popular instead of an hereditary basis cannot immediately be brought into operation has ceased to be valid as a dilatory plea. It was introduced when there was in some quarters a passionate demand for a declaration of policy on the part of the Government—a declaration which it was believed would profoundly stir the people.

The Parliament Bill was produced professedly as a stop-gap. The people were not only unmoved, but, as was shown by the result of the General Election, were absolutely cold and indifferent. It was assumed that they demanded something; it was conclusively shown that they made no demand at all. It follows that an inchoate policy has no *raison d'être*. So far as the electorate are concerned, they are quite willing that the Government shall take ample time to produce a well-considered and coherent scheme. This they must be forced to do, and the House of Lords will be entirely unworthy of its traditions if it does not take a firm stand on that ground.

The Bill for the abolition of plural voting is merely a party move. We think it will affect the balance of votes very little. There are a large number of persons, Cocoa magnates and others, whose sympathies are with the Liberal Party, who are possessed of many votes. The measure is meant to be punitive, but, in effect, we think it will be innocuous. At the same time it is not demanded by reason, as Parliamentary representation has, at least in theory, a local as well as a national basis. All will agree that the creation of faggot-votes is a fraud on the representative system, but multiplied voting power in respect of property honestly held in divers places is strictly compatible with the representative principle.

The question of the payment of Members is in no way a burning one. It may conceal a craven desire to avoid the necessity of a decision to introduce legislation to subvert the logical and honest principle contained in the Osborne judgment, otherwise it is a matter which might well be dealt with at the Greek Kalends. It will certainly do nothing to enhance the purity of Parliament, and it will encourage many of the undesirable unemployed to seek Parliamentary honours for mercenary motives. Such a measure will further impose a large and quite unnecessary burden on the taxpayer—which may be interpreted to mean the income-tax payer. The dignity of the House of Commons will inevitably be lowered, independence and uprightness will be subjected to a strain which in not a few cases will lead to deplorable results.

Disraeli in one of his novels dwells on the folly and misery which await the man who enters the Parliamentary arena inadequately endowed with means. Few were in a better position than he to speak with authority on that subject. It is well known that M. Clemenceau forfeited the Presidency of the Chamber because he lost the vote of a deputy whom he had mercilessly assailed because he observed him transferring cakes from the buffet to his pockets. The deputy was a paid member, but the pay was just sufficient to lure him into a position in which, if he had not had a family, he might have starved with every appearance of decorum. A bachelor can live in a garret and dine on a crust, wrote Bulwer Lytton. Tragedy occurs when dependents have to be provided for. The French deputy purloined the cakes because his children were starving. In our opinion, payment of members will not be a blessing—even in disguise.

For the rest there is no reason to anticipate violent action on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He will have a comfortable surplus derived from an unabated income-tax. How he will dispose of that surplus will be a criterion of his financial honesty and capacity. We have no desire to predicate that his action will be other than such as justice and wisdom dictate.

Outside of the sphere of Foreign Affairs, which are undoubtedly threatening, we think that an interval of comparative tranquillity will succeed the storms through which we have recently passed, and for the continuance of which the people have not evinced a vestige of a desire.

THE CLOSING OF THE SCHELDT

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

The agitation which has arisen throughout Europe over the proposed fortification of the Dutch coast, and more especially of Flushing, which guards the mouth of the Scheldt, has somewhat subsided because a general impression is gaining ground to the effect that, owing to international complications, the Bill providing £3,000,000 for this purpose will not be proceeded with. The Dutch Parliament will be well advised if it adopts this course, and Holland will prove herself a true champion of the peace of Europe. The Hague is the home of the Temple of International Amity, and it would hardly be becoming for the guardians of so sacred a shrine to throw the apple of discord amongst the nations who have undertaken to try and settle their disputes at the Hague Tribunal.

The questions involved, if the scheme is carried into effect, are of the gravest consequence to this country, and they affect in a lesser degree the interests of France and of Belgium. The real issue, however, is between ourselves and Germany; Holland is but a pawn in the game, and Germany wishes to move that pawn to her own advantage. But as the conflicting interests of England and Germany can have no official recognition among the nations until they pass beyond the nebulous stage of misunderstanding and innuendo and assume some concrete shape, issues of secondary importance have been raised by France, who is playing the *rôle* of second to England in her duel with Germany.

By the Treaty of 19th April, 1839, the neutrality of Belgium in the event of a European war was guaranteed by

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England, Austria, France, Holland, Germany, and Russia. Now M. Pichon, as the spokesman of France—and Belgium taking her cue from her Gallic neighbour—maintain that the proposed fortification of Flushing, which commands the mouth of the Scheldt, and consequently the approaches to Antwerp, is incompatable with the Treaty of 1839. The reasons are these: If in the event of a European war the neutrality of Belgium is violated—and in the present grouping of the Powers only Germany and Holland can be the aggressors—it may be necessary for one of the guarantors to come to her assistance, and here again, in the present state of Europe, the only Powers capable of throwing a protecting army into Belgium would be France or England; then, if the mouth of the Scheldt is closed by the fort of Flushing, it would be impossible for England to come to Belgium's assistance.

This argument is of course a little thin, because in the event of such a contingency an Anglo-French army—always assuming the *entente* was still maintained—would probably march by way of the Franco-Belgium frontier rather than by Antwerp. The reasons for this are obvious: (1) The sea-route from Dover, where the transports would assemble, to Calais is far shorter than from the Thames to Antwerp. (2) The duty of guarding the transports in the narrowest part of the Channel could be far more easily undertaken by the British Fleet than if they were exposed to attack in crossing the North Sea. (3) A junction could be formed at once with the French army and combined operations undertaken; whereas if a British army landed at Antwerp and a French army moved across the Franco-Belgium frontier they would stand the risk of being separated by a German army hastily thrown into Belgium, in just the same manner as Napoleon endeavoured to separate the English and Prussian armies in the campaign of Waterloo. (4) In the event of defeat the combined Anglo-French army would have a line of retreat across the Franco-Belgium frontier, whereas a British army defeated at Antwerp would either have to stand a siege or retire across the North Sea, and such an operation would, for the time being, paralyse the action of our Fleet and narrow its radius of operations. Thus M. Pichon's contention will hardly bear close examination, but in lieu of a better it has served its purpose in bringing the whole question into the sphere of examination and discussion.

Naturally, not one of the Powers considers the question simply on its merits—that is to say, whether it is incompatible with the due observance of the Treaty of 19th April, 1839. No one is interested in that purely academic question. The Powers take sides in the usual manner—namely, the Triple Alliance, Germany, Austria, and Italy, are ranged against the Triple Entente, England, France, and Russia. We can eliminate those who have no direct interest at stake—that is to say, Russia, Austria, and Italy—and we find the old rivals, as usual, face to face—viz., England and France *versus* Germany, with the two pawns Belgium and Holland, the former lined up with England and France, and the latter hesitating what course to adopt, but at present inclined to side with Germany.

Germany assumes the familiar *rôle* of a disinterested spectator, and declares that she has no right or power to interfere with the internal affairs of another country, and as a natural corollary denies that France has any right to interfere in a purely domestic question affecting Holland alone. France, on the other hand, asks for a general discussion among the Signatories to the Treaty of 1839 before the proposed scheme is developed.

But the true issue is not, as we have already pointed out, the possible violation of the Treaty of 1839, and consequently of Belgium's neutrality. The real issue is the struggle for the mastery and control of the Belgo-Dutch seaboard between England and Germany. The coastline of Belgium and Holland is of vital importance to both Powers in the event of war, but more especially to Germany, as it would provide her with a base for her fleet, and, should the opportunity arise, for an invading army, closer to the British coast than any of her own ports. Assuming that the neutrality of Belgium is respected, there is nothing to prevent Germany from throwing an army into Holland and occupying Flushing, the mouth of the Scheldt, Schevingen and Texel, except the resistance that the Dutch Army could oppose to her, and this would be slight. If Holland were once occupied by Germany, she would never be given up, and would speedily be incorporated into the German Empire, and we should have the enemy at our very doors. Therefore, in the event of war, the only means by which we could prevent this catastrophe would be by seizing strategical points on the coast and by throwing an army into Holland to resist any force which Germany—presumably engaged elsewhere with France—could spare in that quarter.

Up to this year Holland has acted on the assumption that the only enemy she is likely to have to face must come from the German frontier, and consequently she has annually devoted a sum of money towards keeping her forts on that frontier in good repair. But lately German military instructors have been called in to reorganise her Army, and these gentlemen have not unnaturally endeavoured to stop the further fortification of the Dutch-German frontier and to divert the money towards the protection of the coastline against a possible British invasion or occupation. The issue in brief is this: England wishes to see a strongly fortified Dutch-German frontier, so as to give her time to throw a covering army into Holland; Germany wishes to see a strongly fortified Dutch seaboard which will prevent England from undertaking any such operations, and which will also give Germany time to overrun Holland and to occupy the Scheldt and Flushing, and thus obtain a base close to the Channel from which she may operate against these Islands.

If Holland continues with her coast defence scheme she can only be regarded as having definitely joined the Triple Alliance, and must henceforth be numbered amongst our enemies in the event of a European war. There are semi-official rumours to the effect that if the Bill becomes law England, France, Russia, and Belgium will withdraw from the Hague Conference and Arbitration Courts on the ground that the *venue* is no longer suitable or neutral for the exercising of impartial justice between the nations. Holland gains not only in political and moral prestige, but also very materially, from these important peace and arbitration meetings, and the long-headed Dutch will surely hesitate before sacrificing the substance for the shadow of a very empirical advantage. There is also another grave problem. What effect would a rupture of our friendly relations with the Netherlands have on the South African settlement just at a moment when we propose to withdraw our garrisons and leave South Africa to look after herself?

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REVIEWS

AINSWORTH AND HIS FRIENDS

[Second Notice.]

William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends. By S. M. Ellis. Two Vols. (John Lane. 32s. net.)

In spite of the streak of arbitrariness in his disposition, Ainsworth had a delightfully pleasing habit of giving way when the affair in question was of no really serious import. His tact and self-control are always remarkable. So about Forster, Dickens's biographer, he says he cannot explain the secret of his influence over people:—

> He had a knack of making people do as he liked, whether they liked it or not. It was difficult at times to put up with the bluster of the "arbitrary one."

When two such pronounced characters met that is easy to understand. Ainsworth was fond of retailing a story in exemplification of the way in which Forster would autocratically have his own way. Our author, who had a fine taste in the Arts, had been fortunate enough to come upon a set of Hogarth's engravings, which he was anxious to purchase. But, like most other men of letters, he often had not any considerable sum of money at his disposal. And the price of the engravings was five pounds. He could not just then spare the amount. However, in Ainsworth's own words—

> I took John Forster down to see the Hogarths, whereupon he actually said that he would, and *must*, have them himself, and as he had not five pounds of loose money at that moment, *I* should lend the money to him. I pointed out the absurdity of the position—that I wanted the engravings for myself, and could not afford to lay out the money; how, then, could I lend it to him? It was of no use. He overruled me, had the five pounds of me, and bought the Hogarths I was longing for.

This, it will be admitted, must have been a somewhat severe test of temper, and Ainsworth comes out of the ordeal with flying colours.

The romancer's descriptions and estimates of some of his famous contemporaries are full of spirit, vivid, always good-natured, generally appreciative. Christopher North, whom Tennyson disdainfully jeered at as "Crusty Christopher," Ainsworth declared to be "a yellow-haired, good-humoured, pleasant, jocund man." So do we find in men what we have in ourselves! In 1836, when Browning was encountering his usual difficulties in the way of getting his poetry published—"Sordello" was then in question—Ainsworth thus depicts and appreciates the then comparatively unknown poet:—

> He is full of genius. In appearance he might pass for a son of Paganini, and Maclise and we must hide our diminished heads before his superabundant black locks—while even your whiskers are insignificant compared with his lion-like ruff.

There were not many who recognised Browning as a genius in those days.

While our author was still almost in his boyhood he had with characteristic ardour and impetuosity struck up a correspondence with Charles Lamb, for whose work he felt the greatest admiration. When he finally left Manchester and settled in London, Ainsworth eagerly seized the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of his idol. What happened is what, unfortunately, happens only too often in such instances. He thought to find a demigod; instead of which—

> A visit which I paid to Charles Lamb the other night has given the death-blow to my admiration of literary men What a *bonâ fide* Cockney he is!

When we recall, in connection with this estimate of a young "buck" Carlyle's confirmatory, though far more contemptuous opinion of the same writer as a personality, we must admire Ainsworth's impartial acuteness of intelligence. His profound admiration did not obscure for a moment his powers of clear-sighted observation.

One last pen-portrait by Ainsworth may be given as a taste of his quality. The book is full of good things of this graphic kind. As a precocious youth, endowed with abundance of this world's goods, a handsome physique, splendid audacity, and liberty to do pretty well as he pleased, our future author went to Edinburgh. The renowned "Blackwood's Magazine" was in the full swing of its successful career. Ainsworth promptly got to know the chief contributors, and thus irreverently visualises the famous Blackwood himself:—

> This man of the inexpressible visage—for never before saw I such a one, with those funny teeth of his, that queer one eyebrow up and down.

Which is, we venture to think, wonderfully clever for a youth not yet out of his teens.

Ainsworth gave magnificent proof of his innate good-humour and courage during the latter half of his long life. It ended, as so many lives, especially literary lives, do—pathetically, almost tragically. He had, indeed, occasion to practise some of his most sterling qualities merely to endure the situation in which he found himself. After 1848, the date of "The Lancashire Witches," or at latest 1851, few people read what he wrote and fewer cared. It was one of the completest literary eclipses on record; it was completer than that of Martin Tupper or, *magna componere parvis*, that of Milton. He was unlucky in being fated to encounter a perfect galaxy of literary stars of larger magnitude. He was utterly wiped out, forgotten—to all interests and purposes dead.

His last festal, dinner-giving days were at Brighton. From there he retired to live the life of a recluse at Tunbridge Wells, where the only incident we hear of in his connection is a complaint of his house-agent that his numerous books are so heavy as to make the floor bulge in his library and the ceiling fall. Still he preserves a serene, unembittered demeanour to the outer world. It is a marvel of fortitude, of truly heroic endurance, under a wellnigh ignominious dismissal and entire neglect! Not long before his death there occurred in 1881 the public banquet at Manchester in his honour. He had outlived all his notable contemporaries. What his feelings must have been!

So ruthless had been Ainsworth's ostracism from the republic of letters, so long dead had he been to the world, that as early as 1860, at a dinner given at Teddington by Frederic Chapman, the publisher, when Browning told Forster he had met Ainsworth, "a sad, forlorn-looking being," who had recalled the old days of joy to him, Forster, Ainsworth's former intimate friend, exclaimed—"Harrison Ainsworth! Good Heavens! Is he still alive?"

Such a word from a "friend" is the slab on one's grave.

THE SUPER-TEACHER

Day and Evening Schools. By F. H. Hayward, D.Lit., M.A., B.Sc. (Ralph, Holland and Co. 5s. net.)

Dr. Hayward is an able man, and from one point of view has written a very clever book—far too clever. It is altogether beyond the capacity of the average teacher in our elementary day-schools, who has not yet "become the professor of an esoteric system of specialised psychological knowledge" (!) We sincerely hope he never will. But until he does, he will certainly not grasp the meaning of many of Dr.

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Hayward's complex notions of scientific education so-called. The nomenclature and phraseology alone would be unintelligible. "Atavistic," "heuristic," "humanistic," "rudimentary apperception masses," "correlation formula"—"automatism," "pragmatism"—what do words like these connote to the ordinary elementary teacher? Or the sensori-motor or idea-motor processes and other like terminology of the Herbartian philosophy?

Ne sutor ultra crepidam. Let elementary teaching be elementary, and more thorough as such, and then we believe that the youth of the country will be better equipped for the self-building of their future education, than by ill-propounded doses and the smatterings of many subjects quite beyond their province.

It seems ludicrous to lament of the modern waiter at the Holborn Restaurant that "rarely does the vision rise before his mind of how some nameless ancestor of his once wandered dinnerless along the seashore, until at length he was pressed by hunger to experiment upon unfamiliar plants," and tried "the wild *Brassica oleracea*, the ancestral form of the cultivated cabbage." The acquisition of such knowledge would probably make him but an indifferent waiter. In another place Dr. Hayward writes:—

> I would urge, then, that not only should our older pupils be provided with copious materials for the induction of concepts and principles, but that they should know what "induction," "concepts," and "principles" mean, and should have helped to work out many of them. Starting, as our pupils must, from the rough-and-ready psychological concept, they must be helped and encouraged to advance towards the logical concept of exact formulation.

We do not controvert the scientific truth of this proposition. But we quote the passage as typical of a large part of the work, which would need translation to be intelligible to the greater number of our elementary teachers.

Dr. Hayward moves on the exalted plane of a scientific and philosophical expert. Hence the value of his book is limited to the minority. In any case we altogether dissent from many of the methods, and much of the teaching he advocates for primary schools in general. No doubt we need a great advance in specialised teaching for separate locations, a subject not dealt with by Dr. Hayward—engineering and chemistry at Newcastle-on-Tyne, navigation at Sunderland, mechanics at Coventry; but such subjects are out of place in thousands of agricultural district schools, where elder boys should be half-timers, and learn the business of the land, while the girls might learn more of home management. Dr. Hayward himself gives a startling example of the result of pedantic instead of simple teaching. The "production of a boy in a very poor school:"—

> Baal's cheery face was peeping through my bedroom window as Morpheus released his grip which he had on me through the night.

On which he observes "such productions indicate that the adolescent soul is beginning to feel the glory of language and idea." Possibly; but of the type which is the glory of the provincial newspaper.

There are thousands of good masters and mistresses of our elementary schools who have given the children intrusted to them a thoroughly sound basis of elementary instruction together with a careful education in religious, moral, and social duties without that equipment of the "perfect" modern teacher considered necessary by scientific psychological experts and faddists. What do elementary teachers want with the blasphemies of Nietzsche and the pessimism of Maeterlinck, or Schopenhauer? Are they really better equipped for their simple life-duties by studying the revolutionary fantasies of Tolstoy, or even the "wizard-cast illusions" of Messrs. H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw? Does a morbid psychological introspection make healthy and better citizens? Should we, on entering a school for inspection, be inclined to gauge a head master's teaching capabilities by the pleasing fact that he could render the simple phrase "mental realities" in the following abstruse terminology:—

> They (*i.e.*, mental realities) are sensori-motor circuits of varying complexity, built upon a basis of primitive instincts, but transcending, transmuting, and occasionally even suppressing one or more of these instincts?

Fortunately for our country the majority of teachers hitherto, aided by sound common sense, have been able to rise superior to that artificiality of system which tends to result in the manufacture of prig-children. But there is a danger ahead—the coming to the front of those appalling products of a "little learning"—the prig-teacher and the prig-child—a danger marked in America by the witty parody—

> Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
> I don't wonder what you are,
> For I know so much, you see,
> More of you than you of me.

Dr. Hayward admits that "adolescent crime is increasing in almost all lands, and the fact implies that civilisation, despite its material triumphs, has not yet learnt how to treat youth." It does not occur to him to ask what the revolt, and especially the educational revolt against Christianity, has to do with this degeneration. He is afraid to say anything about the New Testament. He gravely suggests an Adolescent Initiation corresponding to Confirmation—a sort of dedicatory rite to a "patron hero," with the aid of the Tate Gallery; while the Moral Education League, with Browning, Ibsen, Wagner, and Goethe for text-books, may inculcate the New Morality. This entrancing consummation will be reached when the prophecy of Trebell in Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste" is realised—

> I'll buy the Church, not with money, but with the promise of a new life. . . . Disappearance of the parson into the schoolmaster . . . and the Archdeacon into the inspector. What a church could be made of the best brains in England, sworn only to learn all they could, teach what they knew without fear of the future or favour to the past . . . sworn upon their honour to tell no child a lie! It will come.

There is a savour of scholastic self-assurance, not to say megalomania, about this conception of Utopia, only paralleled in another passage, where we read that—

> A century may elapse before the world accepts the verdict of educational science, alien as that verdict is to the views of religious and of irreligious men alike; ultimate acceptance is inevitable.

At the same time there is much in this learned book which is a useful contribution to educational knowledge, however far over the heads of ordinary teachers, and however ambitious—and we believe mistakenly ambitions—many of its methods, its aims, and its suggestions for application to elementary instruction it may be. We may appositely quote again, and hold up to Dr. Hayward as a mirror, his own quotation on the folly of obtruding the intellect into matters best left to routine, which is perhaps psychology's peculiar psychological error:—

> The centipede was happy, quite,
> Until the toad—in fun—
> Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which,
> When you begin to run?"
> This wrought her mind to such a pitch,
> She lay distracted in a ditch,
> Considering "How to run!"

We are threatened with the overbearing superman: the relent--ess super-teacher is a phenomenon awful to contemplate.

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TRAVELS IN ASIA MINOR

Amurath to Amurath. By GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL. Illustrated. (W. Heinemann. 16s. net.)

AN attractive title is an important consideration, but an obscure one may have its disadvantages. "Amurath to Amurath" may be familiar to literary people, but it will be caviare to the general, it will not please the million. Will one person in ten thousand know its origin or its intended meaning? Shakespeare wrote, "Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, but Harry Harry." As a statement of fact he was right, for among the fifteen Turkish Sultans between 1359 and 1640 only four were named Amurath (same as Murad), and no Amurath succeeded another Amurath. If he *meant* a continuity of them Shakespeare was wrong. From her Preface, addressed to Lord Cromer, it appears that Miss Bell refers to the "unbroken continuity" of the history of the East. She writes:—"Conqueror follows upon the heels of conqueror, nations are overthrown and cities topple down into the dust, but the conditions of existence are unaltered, and irresistibly they fashion the new age in the likeness of the old. 'Amurath an Amurath succeeds,' and the tale is told again." There is no objection to the view that countries continue their existence although the rulers pass away. But the allusion to Amurath is pointless. They were not continuous; they followed one another at intervals, four Amuraths in 280 years. Quotations should be verified.

But, apart from the title, this book is entirely to be commended. It is an account of five months' journey in 1909 in a part of the world which is full of historical reminiscences and studded with relics of departed greatness. Mesopotamia—not merely because it is a blessed word, as the old lady said—the Euphrates and Tigris, Babylon, Baghdad, Nineveh, and other names of that region, have a fascination of their own—as Egypt also has—from their association with ideas of the antiquity of man, his earliest location in the Paradise of which the fourth river was Euphrates, the great empires which are no more, the battlefields of nations, and the progress of Islam. Mesopotamia, too, is likely to have a more practical and immediate importance in the near future when the decayed system of irrigation which once prevailed there is remodelled, and the large tract of corn-producing land brought under cultivation by Sir William Willcocks' great schemes for the benefit of the Turkish Empire. Miss Bell is to be envied for her enterprising and successful tour in this region, so full of monuments and memories.

Starting from Aleppo, she struck the Euphrates at a point north-east of that city, and, crossing it, followed the downward course of the river as far as Hit; thence she diverged to visit the magnificent ruins of Ukheidir, a town of uncertain date. At Kerbela she came into touch with Persian history and the Mosque of Hussein; she was near Kadisiyah (also called Cadesia), the battlefield of 636 A.D., fatal to the Sassanian dynasty of Persia. At Babylon she enjoyed the hospitality of a little group of German excavators who had been working among the mounds for twelve years. At Baghdad she met with a rebuff:—"'Effendim,' I said, 'I would now gaze upon the rooms of the Khalifs in the arsenal, if your Excellency permit.' The Commandant took a moment for reflection and then gave me his answer. It was in three parts. He said, firstly, that these rooms were much ruined and not worth seeing; secondly, that they were full of military stores; and, thirdly, that they did not exist. I recognised at once that I had lost the game, and, having thanked the Commandant for his kindness, I bade him farewell." From Baghdad she rode, along the general course of the Tigris, upwards to Mosul and Diyarbekr, leaving the river for excursions to famous places on either bank. From Diyarbekr her direction was, generally speaking, eastward to Bulgurlu, near Eregli, the end of the Baghdad railway, and to Konia, where her story terminates.

On her journey she passed so many places known in one history or another—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Roman—that it is impossible to enumerate them. On the Palace of Ukheidir and ruins of Samarra she has separate excursus, compiled with knowledge and care. At Kalat Shergat she was warmly welcomed by the party of German professors with Dr. Andrae, engaged in excavating at Asshur, the first capital of Assyria, called after the tutelary god of that name. "Valuable as are the contributions which Dr. Andrae has been able to make to the history of Assyria, the fact that he is bringing into the region of critical study a culture so shadowy as that of the Parthians has remained to us, in spite of its four hundred years of domination, adds greatly to the magnitude of his achievement." At Mosul, on the frontier of the Arab and Kurdish populations, Miss Bell testifies to the superiority of even inefficient Ottoman rule to the mastery of Arab or Kurdish chiefs. "The organisation of discord is carried to a high pitch of perfection in Mosul. The town is full of bravoes, who live by outrage, and live well. Whenever the unruly magnates wish to create a disturbance, they pass a word and a gratuity to these ruffians; the riot takes place, and who is to be blamed for it?" She passed, too, through the country of the Yezidis, who, from their desire to conciliate or to propitiate the Spirit of Evil, are known to Moslem and Christian as Devil-worshippers, who, nevertheless, never take the name of the Devil upon their lips, and to mention him in their presence is a shameful insult. The mountain frontiers of Eastern Turkey she found a country rich in faiths, "beliefs which have been driven out with obloquy by a new-found truth, the half-apprehended mysticism of the East, echoes of Western metaphysics and philosophy, illusive memories of paganism—all have been swept together into these hills, where creeds that were outlined in the childhood of the world are formulated still in terms as old as themselves." She conversed with several Bishops, there being so many in the country she traversed, but she could not retain more than a general impression of them; "they correspond in number to the Christian sects, which are as the sands of the seashore."

The country was by no means safe for travel; some of it was particularly lawless. The Government makes no attempt to control the Bedouin, the local tribes commit depredations, armed bands of the Shammar sweep the country, the Baggarah had their hand against every man and were foes of the Anazeh. She was accompanied, apparently always, by *zaptiehs*, local police orderlies, but, nevertheless, was more than once exposed to fire from wandering robbers, and was constantly in the neighbourhood of scenes of violence. She was fortunate, indeed, in experiencing only one serious misadventure. At Khakh, between Mosul and Diyarbekr, her money, saddlebags, and notebooks were stolen out of her tent at night. But she applied such pressure on all the authorities within her reach that they, by their own methods of police procedure, recovered everything for her. There is no mention of her having any female companion or servant, and, except a nun or two, she met no females of any consequence away from the big towns. But she was faithfully attended by Fattuh and others, and suffered no harm; the climate was sometimes trying. She was always able to pursue her investigations into archæology and antiquities. "This *khanum*" (lady), said one guide, on transferring her to another, "likes ruins." At Tomarza her host, an Armenian priest, viewed her interest in antiquities as a mere cloak wherewith to cover a political purpose, and the inhabitants took her for an itinerant missionary collecting evidence with regard to a massacre. The country had heard of the Young Turkish

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movement of July, 1908, the deposition of Abdul Hamid, and the new Constitution with Liberty for its watchword. But changes are not quickly introduced into distant provinces, and the old order was but slowly giving place to the new. Though Miss Bell may not be a specialist or an erudite scholar, she has read widely in classical authors as well as in history, and has incorporated much valuable research in her narrative. Her 235 pictures of scenery, ruins, buildings, and plans add largely to the value of the work, which is one of the best books of travel and topography we have read for a long time.

ART AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Essays on the Purpose of Art. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. (Longmans, Green and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Sincere hero-worship must always possess a certain amount of charm even for those who cannot agree with or subscribe to the opinions expressed, and Mrs. Russell Barrington, whose friendship with Leighton and Watts inspires and pervades this book, conveys to the reader much of her own enthusiasm. She writes well, and her reminiscences are invariably interesting; but at times her method seems to suggest that she assumes too freely an ignorance in the reader which she is anxious to illuminate, and she quotes from other sources so copiously that she robs her work of a great deal of originality which it might otherwise have possessed. Most of us have admired, at some time or another, the finely provocative essays of Walter Bagehot, their purity of diction and continuity of compact thought; here we have page after page of his critical studies reproduced to back up Mrs. Barrington's own ideas. In the first thirty-nine pages of the chapter entitled "National Individuality" we find, roughly, twenty-two pages consist of extracts from other authors. Mrs. Barrington's own remarks can be so pertinent on many subjects that it was a pity thus to drown them amid a riot of inverted commas.

With the somewhat pessimistic view of present conditions here set forth, however, many readers will be inclined to disagree, and there are occasional slips which seem to demand a dispute even though our mood be far from contentious. It is hardly fair to condemn the twentieth century yet for its shortcomings, for its indifference to the sense of beauty. "In the nineteenth century," says Mrs. Barrington, "pictures were painted in England fairly to be ranked among the notable works of all times, and the zest with which these were appreciated by cultured and thoughtful minds corresponded to their worth;" and she then draws an unfavourable contrast with our present day. She does not give the twentieth century a fair chance; it is but a youngster yet; moreover, does not Mr. G. K. Chesterton remark acutely, in his monograph on G. F. Watts, that "nothing can be imagined more idle, in a general way, than talking about a century as if it were some kind of an animal with a head and tail, instead of an arbitrary length cut from an unending scroll"? Again, she condemns the public for its indifference to artistic endeavour in these terms:—

> Haste, skurry, striving for striking and immediate effect, having led to a prominence in every direction of the advertising mania, the twentieth century has produced nothing more completely appropriate to its requirements in art than Hassall's posters, such as that advertising the Vacuum, or such newspaper triumphs as "Lipton's strawberry jam—warranted pure." Exquisitely funny, and strikingly obvious, these require no concentration of attention whatever for their enjoyment: hence their appropriateness to the present temper of the public.

Argument such as this will not stand criticism; and when, directly after, we find the shows of "Venice," "Constantinople," and the "White City" eulogised as "great artistic achievements"—the latter recalling "the history of Leonardo da Vinci's labours for the Duke Sforza at Milan"—it will be seen that this volume has its sad moments.

We can turn, however, with hearty approval to many passages of judicious criticism and clever suggestion. There can be little doubt that a danger does exist, in these bewilderingly busy days, of the blinding of our eyes to the perception of beauty, the blunting of our taste to the appeal of delicate and lovely things. The average man is too strenuously occupied in earning his living, in striving to keep back those who would displace him, to pause at the flooded skies of sunset or to immure his spirit for one quiet hour within the "narrow cell" of a sonnet; he is afraid that while he muses on beauty—supposing, of course, that he is so inclined—the world of harsh fact will steal a march upon him. The infrequent artist, the true artist, must climb to the spiritual heights above the noisy world, and of him Mrs. Barrington speaks wisely:—

> How few parents or sincere friends understand what stuff this passion for perfection is made of! What a momentous matter it is to the artist himself to produce the very best he aims at! "I fear you are making too serious a matter of the business" [Constable's phrase to his artist son] is much what relations and the world in general feel when a student shows signs that his art is to cost him his life. If it be his profession, then, of course, he must make an income out of it, and take the necessary steps to secure that; but that the whole of his being should be absorbed by his art—that is foolishness to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand.

Referring to the loveliness of some of Leighton's sketches of Southern travel, the author notes that frequently the slight sketch is a finer work of art than the finished picture, because it is the free outcome of the "uncommissioned mood:"—

> In this day the commissioned mood would seem to usurp even the holiday time. A sequence in the subjects is required, with a view to a "show;" calculation enters in; a responsible element dictates the choice and amount of finish, and so the free-lance fun is extinguished. Few artists, probably, intentionally mean to sacrifice serious work to the enticements of making money by work they cannot consider serious; but minds cannot run along two grooves at the same time, and the serious work requires the help of the holiday, the "uncommissioned mood" for a time, to bring fresh impulse and inspiration to the real fight of seizing and expressing in a serious, permanent form what has never been said before.

To say that "ugliness is a creed" among artists "in what ought to be happy England" is a lapse from correct perspective; ugliness among true artists has never been a creed, and never will be.

On the theme of national influences Mrs. Barrington has many capital observations, and the reader will consider with pleasure and profit some illuminating comparisons between English and French art in the chapters on "Present Conditions" and "National Individuality." Here and there, often when least expected, occur fascinating little anecdotes of Watts and his friend Leighton—anecdotes related with a personal touch and a sympathetic comprehension of the two differing characters which add greatly to their charm. It was a rare favour to be the intimate of such men, and if we are compelled to disagree with some of Mrs. Barrington's notions relating to art and its present-day expression, we can admire her thorough enthusiasm for her heroes and the manner in which she has treated their own individual work.

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THE KINGDOM OF PHARMACY

Chronicles of Pharmacy. By A. C. Wootton. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

Mr. Wootton died while his book was still in the hands of the printers, but he has left us a noble and well-written record of the history of the art and science of pharmacy which is pleasant to read and full of thought. Nothing is forgotten, nothing misplaced; the book goes orderly from Æsculapius and the Egyptians all the way to the synthetic production of salicylic acid. It is the work of a master and a lover of his subject, and deserves, and is already receiving, a good welcome.

The one fault of these Chronicles may fairly be called inevitable. It is that they tend, now and again, to lose hold of the practical work of medicine and of surgery which was achieved in the days before pharmacy became a science. We may take, for example, Hippocrates and Ambroise Paré. It is hardly open to doubt that they were the greatest practitioners whom the world has yet seen. The account given by Hippocrates how to perform the operation for empyema remains a miracle. He understood the supreme importance of a free incision; he understood how to deal with the abscess-cavity; and he used the antiseptic lotion of his time, the oil and wine of the Good Samaritan. We go from Hippocrates, four hundred years before Christ, to the practice of a hundred years ago, and we find the surgeons, in the first half of the nineteenth century, not daring to make the free incision for fear of erysipelas or other hospital diseases; therefore they treated empyema by repeated puncture and aspiration. Thirty, forty, fifty times they would puncture and exhaust the abscess-cavity, till, in cases innumerable, their instruments, not being sterile, infected the very cavity that they were trying to cure, and the patient died. At last came Pasteur and Lister, and the Hippocratic operation was made again the only way to deal with an empyema. That Hippocrates had taught what they, twenty-three centuries later, taught all over again is of more importance than the Hippocratic uses of drugs. Or take Ambroise Paré. His ingenuity, his handiness, his insight into his patients were amazing: his discovery of the use of ligatures for amputation-wounds, his abandonment of the horrid use of boiling pitch and red-hot irons are but two instances of the habitual excellence of his practical work. What does it matter, now, that his use of drugs was not scientific? He was, of all artists in surgery, one of the greatest: his art was miles ahead of his science.

That is the one fault of these Chronicles: they tend, now and again, to obscure the happy fact that a great physician, a great surgeon, is first and foremost an artist. His skill, shrewdness, practicality, common sense, experience, and what he would call his instinct and his dodges, outrun his theories; he gets results which surprise himself, and he cannot explain how he gets them; and often a case recovers under his care when it ought, on good text-book authority, to die. If this be true of our great physicians and surgeons to-day, it is even more true of them of old time. The superstition, the magic and witchcraft of their drugs is not a fair measure of the work of their lives. It is not possible to think of them as bound hand and foot by the dreadful nonsense of the Dark Ages of Pharmacy.

Here, in these admirable Chronicles, the whole story of that nonsense is faithfully told to the reader. We may let pass Æsculapius and his sons: they are hardly real figures, and Mr. Wootton, when he calls them semi-mythical, is too kind to them. We come to Egyptian pharmacy, and here are daunted by the Egyptian religion: the gods dominate the scene. Roman medicine, Celsus and others, are, on the whole, feeble; and the Galenic pharmacy is of less interest than the Galenic practice. That Galen proved, by experiment on animals, the presence of blood in the arteries; that he was ages ahead of his times in his knowledge of the structure of the spinal cord and the nerve-roots—these are facts more important now than his use of drugs and his interpretation of their actions. With the rise of the Arabian school pharmacy began to improve, and Cordova spread the wisdom of the Arabs far and wide. It does not appear that England was more than a borrower of this wisdom. John of Gaddesden, who was perhaps the original of Chaucer's doctor, was a fairly good pharmacist, and a fairly shrewd doctor, but his insight into the maladies of his patients was unhappily crossed by his almost painful insight into the length of their purses. The Arabian physicians appear to have been the great medical teachers of Europe; and with the loss of their teaching medicine settled down to a veritable nightmare of superstition.

It is rather dismal to watch this nightmare, yet it is here that these Chronicles are most full of good reading. The doctrine of signatures, the use of the Abracadabra, the transference of diseases, the Royal touch, the powder of sympathy, the amazing charms and amulets and witchcraft and astrology, the drugs compounded of half a dozen unspeakable animal nastinesses, such as make the gruel thick and slab in the fourth act of "Macbeth"—all are described here, with much else that deserves study and repays it. And, if the truth must be told, we find pharmacy becoming rather dull as the time draws near for science to be born. But pharmacy clung to her superstitions right up to the end, and, like Oxford, whispered from all her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages. The kind of drugs that "Macbeth's" witches had found useful were in the Pharmacopœia incredibly late; the Renaissance wholly failed to dislodge them from medical credulity; and the faculty administered to King Charles II., when he was such an unconscionable time dying, drugs of purely magical uselessness. It is not much more than a hundred years ago that science came into the kingdom of pharmacy, and the delightful dragons and basilisks perished out of the land. Our consolation is that the doctors and the surgeons in the days before science were better than their own theories. Indeed, we may doubt whether they believed always in the objective efficacy of their filthy drugs. *Saliva jejuni, cranium hominis violentâ morte extincti*, herbs gathered at the astrological moment, bezoar-stones, and all such unholy rubbish were prescribed and swallowed; but in many cases, it may be, they were prescribed to please the patient and were swallowed to please the doctor. Fashion, after all, may be responsible for other follies beside those of dress and amusement.

SHELL AND KERNEL

A Knight of Poland. By M. E. Carr. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.)

The conscientious reviewer is occasionally confronted by some very puzzling problems—the good book and the bad book; each is simple enough; it is not difficult to point out the obvious merit or the obvious demerit. There are all sorts of excellences to be noted in novels. The purists, no doubt, would confine their praise to the book inspired by the true artistic idea, the book which is a manifest endeavour to realise beauty in the medium of words. But the purist is next door to the pedant; and sensible people recognise that the clear inspiration of beauty is not the only test, that there are other things besides a prose which is sonorous music. The sober critic does not pooh-pooh "Roderick Random" because the quest of the supernal Beauty is not to be discerned in it; and comparatively few of the many English-

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men who admire "Don Quixote" are qualified to judge of the merits of Cervantes as a Spanish stylist. "Roderick Random" is a thoroughly ugly book about thoroughly ugly people living in the most barbarous age of English history; but, for all that, there is a sort of infernal vigour about the thing that it is impossible to resist: it is Hogarth in literature. So with Cervantes: the wonderful conception of the romance shines like a noonday sun all over the great story; the mists and vapours of our mere English translator vanish away before it. And another instance—"Monte Cristo." As Stevenson said, the characters are wooden; but what a gorgeous tale it is! There is something Homeric in the picture of the ship *Pharos* entering the harbour just as the merchant has the pistol to his head. Homeric? Perhaps a word longer still should be used. The scene is noble, because it realises and corresponds with the eternal dream of humanity. And so that absurd meeting of all the characters of "Martin Chuzzlewit" in old Martin's rooms: it draws tears to our eyes, because in our inmost hearts we are all looking forward to that gathering in the Temple. Isaiah was thinking of that meeting when he wrote the phrase about "the crooked straight and the rough places smooth."

But what is one to say about such a story as "A Knight of Poland"? There is nothing certainly to be urged against it. It is well composed, carefully written, the characters are probable and consistent, the conduct of the plot from the first chapter to the last is blameless. The hero is a young fellow of mixed parentage—half English and half Polish. His father has been a Polish patriot, and had married an Englishwoman who was "noble." Both parents had died in Valentine's early childhood, and he had been brought up by his mother's mother as a thorough Englishman. He was indeed known as Valentine Luttrell, though his name was Valentine Luttrell Trawinski. And just as Valentine is celebrating his twenty-first birthday, and is preparing to settle down as a good old English country gentleman, the Polish priest and violent patriot, Father Clement Nowak, descends upon him, determined to gain the young man for the cause, for the approaching insurrection of '63, to make him, in a word, a thoroughgoing Trawinski, instead of a half-and-half Luttrell. Such is the scheme, and it is well and logically worked out. The chapters dealing with the Polish revolution are done with care, the character of the Countess Metelska is excellent. And yet one wonders why it has been done at all!

For from beginning to end there is no trace of that gleam which alone hallows and consecrates books. You have a series of characters who are involved in a series of incidents; but the whole result is a tale of little meaning—though the words are strong enough. For, in addition to character, in addition to incident, this one thing is required in a book—that it have a meaning. It must symbolise, that is, by its characters and incidents, the eternal verities which are hidden beneath a phenomenal world.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Our Village. By Mary Russell Mitford. Preface by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Annals of Our Parish. By John Galt. Illustrated. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

English Country Life. By Walter Raymond. Illustrated. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

Our Village.

Miss Mitford's famous account of country life in the England of some hundred years ago is profusely illustrated in a very dainty fashion—almost too dainty—and there are numerous coloured pictures of the scenes from which she drew her inspiration. It is a delight to open the book anywhere, and glance at its homely, familiar, poetic contents. And our delight is increased by Mrs. Ritchie's well-written Preface, exhaustive of everything important in the authoress's life.

Annals of Our Parish.

To Miss Mitford John Galt presents a striking contrast. The daintiness and poetry are not by any means conspicuous in his rugged annals; but there is preserved in them the true, strong soul of a genuinely religious man, who saw everything in the best light, often by sheer determination to do so; who had to confront at the beginning of his career a hostile parish, and conquered it by his great sympathy and humanity. Decidedly a strong man, whose annals will, we hope, be reprinted again and again. There is many a lesson to be learnt from them. The coloured illustrations are good.

English Country Life.

Contrasted again with the above-mentioned is the modern Mr. Walter Raymond, who has been fortunate to secure Mr. Wilfrid Ball to illustrate his word-pictures in colours. There is a charming chattiness about Mr. Raymond's book, which has quite a *cachet* of its own. He certainly knows our country life, both in its natural and purely human aspects, throughout the various classes and categories of a rural community. Many a quaint remark he records, and many a keen observation. It is a refreshing, breezy, countrified account well worth dipping into for pleasurable feelings.

A Short History of the Church of England. By the Rev. J. F. Kendall, M.A. Illustrated with direct Colour Photographs taken at the Church Pageant by Elliott and Fry. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

It was an ingenious idea to write a history round pictures taken from the Church Pageant. Visitors and performers alike will desire to possess the book, especially those actors whose portraits are perpetuated in dramatic attire. But excellent though the pictures are, and of special interest as direct colour photographs, this is the least part of the real value of the work, which is a remarkably clever sketch of English Church history. It is no easy task to write a brief history, to know what to omit, what to include. A very clear and discriminating judgment is necessary. To this gift Mr. Kendall adds the happy possession of a terse and taking style. He has reverted to the delightful method of short sentences, which makes such easy and pleasant reading. Above all, he has opened out, as it were, a fine historical vista, in admirably drawn perspective. We took up this book somewhat prejudiced from the point of view of serious history by the pictures. But we were agreeably disillusioned, and read it through from cover to cover with great pleasure. The author, in his Preface, says that—

> Behind events there lie always the ideas and ideals which led to them; and it is simply the ideas and ideals that have influenced, or in turn have been influenced by, the National Church in its long, continuous life which I have tried to describe.

A comparison of the table of subjects chosen, with their vivid presentation in the text, will show how well Mr. Kendall has succeeded in fulfilling his aims. For example, the leading features of the very difficult Reformation period are carefully delineated in four chapters, entitled The Cry for Reform, Political Reformation, Changes in Public Worship, and Gradual Settlement. The desire of Henry

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VIII.—not for divorce, as is generally supposed—but that his marriage with Katharine might be declared null and void *ab initio*, is well brought out, though Mr. Kendall misses one point, as a primary cause, that Henry, like Napoleon, wanted a legitimate son. We hope that a small, quite cheap edition may some day be published. It would be a most useful treatise for members of the Church and others.

The People of Egypt. Painted by LANCE THACKERAY, with Introduction by GORDON HOME. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

IN this, the latest addition to Messrs. A. and C. Black's "Peoples of Many Lands" series, Mr. Lance Thackeray has, as was to be expected of him, given a large number of very attractive sketches in colours of types which he met while in Egypt. To the tourist who has visited that picturesque country these sketches will in most instances be familiar, so far as their subjects are concerned, and will strike an appreciative chord in his heart. There is a certain charm about the East, even in the European East of Algiers or Cairo, which never fails to take possession of the denizen of the more sober-patterned Western cities, and so permanent is this charm that it is doubtful whether any one who, once he has wandered through the bazaars of Cairo or Constantinople, does not desire to visit them again. To those who have already been to Egypt Mr. Thackeray's sketches will inflame the desire to return. To those who have not yet stood on the bank of the Nile this little book will create a new necessity.

The letterpress is of course by far the least important portion of the book, nor does it pretend to be otherwise. In this Mr. Home gives the slightest of slight sketches of one or two aspects of Egyptian life to-day. He points out very rightly that to speak of the Egyptian race is impossible for one who has any tendency towards accuracy. There is no Egyptian race; a dozen different races inhabit Egypt, and they differ as much from one another as do the various races of Europe.

Mr. Home gives a curious reason for the wearing of the veil by Moslem women. In this matter, he says, they have a perfectly free choice, but they are told, "If thy beauty cause strife among men, inspiring them with love or jealousy in others, then were it better for thee that it should be hid." No woman admits that she is ugly, and all fear that their beauty will cause strife among men. To avoid this misfortune, voluntarily, even unto the oldest, they veil themselves. Mr. Home allows the impression to be made that only the Moslem women wear the veil. This is, however, not so, for the Copts have also adopted this practice, although whether for the reason furnished by Mr. Home we are not for the moment in a position to say.

The Book of the Seasons. Poems Chosen and Arranged by GEORGE A. B. DEWAR, and Illustrated by MARGARET W. TARRANT. (George Allen and Sons. 5s.)

THIS exceedingly prettily got-up book may be commended heartily to all lovers of nature-poetry. The illustrations are attractive, and they form no inconsiderable portion of the volume. It may perhaps be ventured, by way of criticism, to suggest that to represent all the seasons as women, in female garb, was not perfectly happy. Spring and summer might well be thus represented; but autumn nad winter——! What makes the sex peculiarly inappropriate in the case of autumn is that confronting the young lady of Autumn are Spenser's verses beginning—

Then came the autumn all in yellow clad—

in which that season is specially represented as a "mere male." Mr. Dewar's selection is a very interesting one. But why only one brief extract from Cowper, who has surely done admirable descriptions of Nature and natural events? However, let us not carp when we find in the selection good things such as FitzGerald's "Old Song" ("'Tis a dull sight," &c.), John Clare's "The Thrush's Nest" ("Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush," &c.), Ralph Hodgson's "The Missel Thrush" ("I saw the sun burn in the blue," &c.), Clough's "The Shady Lane" ("Whence comest thou, shady lane, and why and how?") and Francis Thompson's "Daisy." It is amazing how Landor stands out in this selection amongst such names as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning, Collins, Herrick, Keats, Sir P. Sidney, George Herbert, Waller, Shelley, Marvell, Hood, Chaucer, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and other notables. Among them all Landor illustrates the supreme value of profound emotion and absolute sincerity, unstifled by excess of art or artifice. The work has obviously been a labour of love to Mr. Dewar, who may be cordially congratulated on its unusual excellence and originality of taste.

Great and Greater Britain: The Problems of Motherland and Empire, Political, Naval, Military, Industrial, Financial, Social. By J. ELLIS BARKER. Second and very greatly Enlarged Edition, completely Revised and brought up to August, 1910. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ELLIS BARKER as one of the most active of the younger writers of the Tariff Reform party always commands a considerable circle of readers, and those who owe to him many of the arguments with which they are accustomed to support their political views will welcome with ardour the appearance of another book from his pen. We say another book advisedly, for the present work, although a second edition, is in many respects entirely new. For instance, the last eight chapters—a third of the book—deal with topics which were untouched in the previous edition, and of course the earlier chapters have undergone the revision which time had rendered necessary. The fresh topics which Mr. Barker discusses in this volume consist of Agriculture in England, its decay and its re-creation, the Rural Land Problem and its solution, Rural Land Reform and Urban Congestion, the Urban Land Problem and its solution, the Problem of Ireland, and the New Foreign Policy. The book is of course of its nature ephemeral and cannot be discussed as literature. It is most interesting perhaps as "an unauthorised programme." Mr. Barker votes whole-heartedly for Land Purchase on a general scale. In fact his ideal would appear to be a nation of freeholders, for in the towns as well as in the country he contends very strongly for facilities for the present tenants to obtain permanent possession of their homes. To effect this end he would not hesitate to use compulsion if necessary. His method of raising funds for house purchase on an almost universal scale is an original one. He suggests that the Post Office Savings Bank should invest the savings of the people which have been intrusted to it in mortgages. Mr. Barker cannot, however, have given very much thought to this proposal, for the objections to it are considerable and obvious.

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Fragrance Among Old Volumes. By BASIL ANDERTON, B.A. (Kegan Paul and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THESE "Essays and Idylls of a Book-Lover" were very well worth preserving in a more permanent form than that afforded by the periodicals in which several of them have appeared. Some of the little studies, in fact, are charmingly tender and true. "Concordio, the Story of a Poor Music-master" is very human and sympathetic, and the account of two old ladies, lovers of books, who keep a "little cake for visitors" which is "only eaten privately when quite stale," is one of the prettiest cameos of literature that we have read for some time.

In his capacity as City Librarian of Newcastle-upon-Tyne the author has had opportunities of research and observation which are denied to most men, and that he has made capital use of them this volume amply proves. A MS. "Book of Wisdom," unearthed at a second-hand shop in the North of England, gives him a theme for a very interesting discussion, and an old-fashioned vellum-covered booklet of instructions to travellers, published in the sixteenth century, forms the subject of a most amusing article; it seems to have been the progenitor of the modern dialogues in various languages which help—or hinder—those who wander in strange lands. A chapter concerning "The Book-plates of Thomas Bewick" will interest those who specialise in such things, and the alphabetical list of plates with their owners will prove useful to collectors. Altogether, this modestly-named "Fragrance Among Old Volumes" is a treasurable companion for a quiet hour or two, and is the work of a true lover of the good things of literature.

The Human Complex. By CHARLES GRANVILLE. (C. W. Daniel. 1s. net.)

FROM this little collection of miscellaneous essays we can select three as worthy of special praise: one deals with "The Psychology of Words" and the other two follow naturally to the theme of literature. The author is probably familiar with Trench "On the Study of Words," since in some passages he treats his subject in a very similar manner; but he is by no means imitative. He emphasises the necessity for a clear understanding of the language we use so habitually, and too often so thoughtlessly, and notes how easy it is to "fog" our meanings by a careless choice of terms. In the chapter entitled "Literature in its Relation to Life" this point is illustrated by two happily-chosen examples of style. By custom philosophers and logicians have arrived at some moderate facility in expressing their ideas and discoveries in complicated terms; but we see the author's point, and must say that he treats it, as far as his limited space will permit him, most capably. The remaining essays are less important, but contain much that is of interest, and show the author as a writer of good, sound prose on themes which are rather too slight to do him justice.

FICTION

Blair's Ken. By W. SYLVESTER WALKER ("Coo-Ee"). (John Ouseley. 6s.)

"BLAIR'S KEN" is quite an uncommon book, and, despite its "difficulty" and lack of sustained interest, we should have liked to criticise it at length, had space permitted. Mr. Walker is a serious writer, one of that class from whom we are accustomed to expect all that is careful and much that is colourless; but he gives us, on the contrary, all that is careless and much that is strong and vivid. His book fails as a whole; it is very disconnected and much of it is, frankly, unintelligible. It deals with the influence upon two generations of a Scotch landed family of certain supernatural forces and laws concerned with the succession of the estates. The persons on whom the tale chiefly hangs are Andrew Blair, the laird, who is driven from his home by the "Ken" (the supernatural power) to become a multi-millionaire in Australia; his twin-brother Malcolm, who tries to step into his shoes, but is prevented and punished by the same power; and Andrew's two sons, the elder illegitimate, whom he loses in their infancy and finds only when they are grown up and strange to him. The greater part of the story is concerned with Andrew's attempts to find out which of his sons will be fixed upon as heir by the Ken. The end of it all is rather tragic, and quite naturally so. There is a great wealth of incident in the book, some very interesting characters, and a deal of minute knowledge of many sides of life. But it is all presented in an unattractive way, and, as we have said, the book is a failure as a novel. Mr. Walker cannot keep the thread of his story clear; at times it seems as if the Ken was a little too much for him. But he can certainly write strong and restrained English, although the structure of his sentences is often very careless; we have noticed several of great length relieved only by commas. But, in spite of all faults and failures, "Blair's Ken" is a book which holds out great promise of future achievement, and about its more understandable pages there hangs something of that fine air of baldness which Stevenson thought the most noble thing in literature.

Lady Good-for-Nothing. By "Q." (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

WE are always sure when we are about to read one of "Q's" books that our labour will not be in vain, and "Lady Good-for-Nothing" supplies no exception to this pleasant rule. Whatever else they may do, the novels of this popular writer always deal delightfully with quite charming people, and if they do not stand uniformly for life as it is, they may at least lay claim to represent life as it ought to be. Even though "Lady Good-for-Nothing" has a serious and nearly tragic plot, it is filled with that atmosphere of charm for the creation of which "Q" has a quite individual gift. Having said so much, it will not, we hope, deter any one from reading it if we remark that taken as a whole the book is a failure. It is a sufficiently ambitious attempt to draw a full-length portrait of an agreeable but very unconventional type of girl. The eighteenth-century background is admirably done; there is an impulsive and human hero of whom we are glad to make the acquaintance, and several of the minor characters are pleasing and convincing. But the heroine Ruth, who should be best of all, is rather an intellectual conception of what a girl might be than a creature of flesh and blood, and may at best be held to justify the author's description of his book as a man's portrait of a woman. That so pleasant a man as Captain Vyell, thoughtless as he was, should have proposed such an acknowledged scoundrel as the clergyman to marry him to Ruth was wellnigh impossible; but that Ruth, on account of this insult, should have fled to the woods and lived there with the Captain without any marriage ceremony whatever is clearly incredible. The last fifty pages of the book are unsatisfactory, and we think the author must have grown tired of his creation to fall back on the conventional interposition of an earthquake to make the necessary change in his hero's character. The ultimate marriage of Ruth to Vyell seems to us almost as improbable as her original avoidance of that ceremony. Nevertheless "Lady Good-for-Nothing" is a book to be read with interest and enjoyment.

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The Golden Silence. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Without wishing to reopen the idle discussion as to the proper length for a novel—it is, indeed, as idle as debating the proper size of a picture—we do find that in practice most long modern novels are too long. Something, too, might be said concerning the relationship that should exist between the matter of a book and its external appearance. From the noble orange cover of "The Golden Silence" there smiled on us the prettily-coloured portrait of a young girl, and this frivolous exterior had by no means prepared us for the careful and minute study of Algerian life that we found within.

Nevertheless, these strictures made, we are glad to recommend "The Golden Silence" to those of our readers who have no violent prejudice against what, for lack of a better term, we must call local colour. It relates the adventures of a young girl who sets out to rescue her sister, who has been injudicious enough to marry an Arab chief. It would not be fair to the authors to disclose the perils that overtake her or the means by which her mission is ultimately crowned with success, so we must content ourselves with remarking that Victoria's adventures are quite thrilling, and that she herself is a very nice girl, fully worthy of Mr. A. H. Buckland's dainty frontispiece. We think the book would have been better if it had been some fifty pages shorter, but the elaborate word-painting will, no doubt, be to the taste of many readers, and as a story "The Golden Silence" is certainly above the average.

Hope. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

Books like this of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's lead inevitably to the reflection that it is a pity that English readers, if publishers have not grossly maligned them, do not care very much for volumes of short stories, for it is clear that their whole-hearted devotion to novels must deprive them of a great deal of enjoyment. We should be very sorry to miss reading anything of Mr. Graham's, though we admit that we sometimes find his affectations a little irritating. Thus the "Preface" to the present volume—it is Mr. Graham's name for it, and not ours—is as near being meaningless as a knowledge of grammar and the tolerance of his readers will allow the author to be, though, when he pleases, Mr. Cunninghame Graham is a notable writer of prefaces. But for the stories themselves we have nothing but admiration. "Un Monsieur" is as good as anything of Maupassant's, which is to say that it is as good as it can possibly be, and "The Captive" is worthy of the author of "Un Monsieur." Mr. Graham has a charming style, a delicate sense of atmosphere, and the power that enables him to paint broad landscapes on small canvases. His work has real distinction, and having read his latest volume of stories with rare pleasure, we are now looking forward eagerly to the next.

Doctor Grey. By Stephen Andrew. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

Mr. Stephen Andrew has a considerable knowledge of doctoring and a very earnest desire for the bettering of the condition of the poor by means of Socialistic legislation. But these things are not enough to make a novel. Of style, plot, character, motive, telling dialogue—all matters of some import in a novel—Mr. Andrew is quite innocent. His plot is so attenuated as to be practically non-existent; his characters are indistinct reflections of some of the more conventional and commonplace types in real life; his dialogue is like the following extracts:—

> "They—some of the men, I mean—have been rotting me about you. They have been saying I am keen on you." It was her turn to flush . . . she replied rather unsteadily, "Yes, you men do say silly things."
>
> "Run away and play, little boy," she answered. "By the time you are grown up you will have learned that there are quite a number of things you don't understand."

This is hardly worthy of being printed in large type and sold for 4s. 6d. Of course we are well aware that the same sort of thing is frequently so printed and sold, and Mr. Andrew's work has the recommendation of being perfectly harmless and in faultless taste. But it is desirable that a book should be something more than harmless and in good taste if one is to wade through pages of it. On the whole, we do not think Mr. Andrew is a very promising novelist, but we do think he could write an interesting pamphlet on the problems of medical work among the poor.

The Harlot in Heaven. By Sara Drew. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

Of course it was the most natural thing in the world for the relatives of a beautiful orphan to give her a good education and then turn her adrift in London with just enough money to live on for a month. It is true that she rejoiced in the Christian name of Idal, but, even so, it seems hard that she should have fallen into the hands of a dissolute artist and a scoundrelly baron, who made her a decoy of men. Her first dupe was a rich young Australian, whose father had been "a brilliant scholar and the director of a large public company," a combination as usual as it is pleasant. The rich young Australian fell in love with Idal, and she with him, for reasons which will hardly require explanation. But the dissolute artist, who maintained an establishment of lady-pupils, and used them for various lucrative and abominable purposes, did not feel himself in sympathy with this love affair—he found Idal a money-making investment, so he decided to ruin her, having, for business purposes, omitted to do so before. But in the dead of night, when he had drugged her (a mere piece of routine in his household), the rich young Australian arrived from Egypt and cried, "You fiend!" and raised his hand to strike him—and at this point the present reviewer laid down the book and passed into that dreamless slumber which follows great exhaustion.

The Song of Songs ("Das Hohe Lied"). By Hermann Sudermann. (John Lane. 6s.)

English readers whose knowledge of Sudermann is confined to that famous writer's plays would be well advised to read this novel, in its English (or should we not rather say, American?) garb. It is beyond question one of the most powerful things Sudermann has yet conceived; and in the flood of contemporary mediocrity it stands out pre-eminent for its force of observation, often detailed in an extraordinary measure, its grip of abnormal characters, male and female, its utter unconventionality of treatment and development. Without being sensational, it gives the reader all the feelings of sustained excitement from beginning to end; and, what is more important still artistically, a sense of fundamental reality which is rarely disturbed, even by some of the more unconvincing and outrageous actions of the main characters. Finally, the whole tendency is of the most strict morality. As for the translation, so far as it has been looked into, it is

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good and accurate. But the translator has a perfect mania for the ugly word "gotten" (for "got"), and uses phrases like "back of" for "behind."

The Reproof of Chance. By E. W. Savi. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)

Myra was an *ingénue*, and she became the ward of Robert Chase, a prosperous business man of thirty or so. They fell in love with one another, but another woman told Myra that Robert was in love with the widow of his greatest friend, so Myra married a young American. Of course this did not betray us into thinking there was going to be an unhappy ending. Presently the superfluous American was killed in a trap accident, and, the 311th page being reached, fate did not make any further difficulties. The story is very well written in the style with which our sixpenny magazines have made us familiar. But there is something about the treatment of the love scenes—not exactly suggestiveness, perhaps—which we do not like. "The Reproof of Chance" is the sort of book any one could write after soaking him (or her) self in the class of fiction to which it belongs, which amounts to saying that there is no particular reason why it should have been written, and none at all why it should have been published.

The Girl's Head. By Edgar Jepson. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

Beyond These Seas. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

The Revolt at Roskelly's. By William Caine. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

One quality these three tales have in common—they are eminently readable, full of mild excitement, and admirably suited for the whiling way of a few leisure hours. They are, in fact, what might be called railway novels. Mr. Jepson's story is frankly sensational and utterly impossible, yet undoubtedly interesting and often amusing for the flavour of dry humour he contrives to infuse into passages that seem about to be getting a trifle serious. The girl's head—a pretty one, we are assured—is the gruesome present sent by parcel-post to Sir John Messiter, an Englishman of sympathies with Russian revolutionaries. He is supposed to have died and been buried; but the rest of the mystery must not be divulged. We refer our readers to the book. Miss Braddon's volume—our congratulations to the lady who can produce so much and do so well—is on lines familiar to her huge mass of readers; whilst Mr. William Caine, in his latest novel, though he may not set up an artistic ideal of the highest for himself, is yet excellent in holding the reader's interest and attention. He will do much better presently, as his story shows.

A NEW PHILOSOPHY

"We all drink at the spring of happiness in a cracked vase: when it reaches our lips there is almost nothing left in it."—Mme. du Deffand.

A few days ago I read a book whose title startled me and whose contents surprised me still more, so seldom is one accustomed in our times to read about any other subject than greed, envy, and malice. And having perused the first few pages, I conceived a sort of astonished respect for its author, M. Jean Finot, who had dared to brave the tide of moral and physical neurasthenia which is, at present, sweeping over the whole world, and who had the courage to proclaim boldly and fervently the doctrine of his belief.

This new philosophy has a delightful definition: it is called "La Science du Bonheur"—the Science of Happiness. Yes, of happiness; a rather old-fashioned word, no doubt, and, surely, incomprehensible, or, to say the least, too subtle for many modernists. It would sound more profound, more scientific, to name it hedonism. "Cela ferait mieux," as the French say, and doubtless many who disdain instructing themselves on plain, homely happiness would strive eagerly to penetrate the mysteries of hedonics. M. Jean Finot is content, however, to deal with just simple, ordinary happiness. What is happiness? How is it attainable? Where can it be found? All these questions the author answers in the course of his work, with such an evident belief and sincerity that we are more than once convinced by his arguments. Happiness has, in all ages, been the target of human desire. Ever since the beginning humanity has sighed, wept, and raged for it, but very few individuals have been fortunate enough to attain it. Why, then, this impossibility in reaching happiness? Because most people know not how, or where, to look for it. They seek for happiness in philosophical doctrines, in the anagogical explanation of religions, in art, in riches, in power; and they forget to look for the small secret hiding-place in which it lurks unsuspected—the human heart.

Yes; whatever one may think, happiness is in ourselves; but it requires a certain amount of energy, an undeniable effort of will, to be happy. We *must* be happy! We *will* be happy! How many thinkers have dared make such declarations? A very few, I gage. They have, for the most part, as well as their brothers the moralists, concluded that happiness is an impossibility, an unattainable phantom; they even go so far as to profess a great disdain regarding it. Æschylus, Sophocles, Plutarch, Euripides, Pliny the Ancient, Homer, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius all proclaim the sadness, the cruelty, the unhappiness of man's brief stay in this transitory world. Their chorus, woeful and distressing, is, "Happiness is *not* to be found on earth." And we must confess that, in the face of this almost unanimous affirmation on the part of some of mankind's most glorious representatives, it is very natural to hesitate slightly before accepting M. Jean Finot's declaration that happiness can be discovered and possessed if one only goes the right way about it. However, if one continues reading his admirable book, one is gradually converted to the idea that if we are unhappy it is only because we will not make the effort, or because we do not know how to be happy. We lack what Maeterlinck calls "the science of happiness":—

> "D'ordinaire ce n'est point le bonheur qui nous manque, c'est la science du bonheur. Il ne sert de rien d'être aussi heureux que possible, si l'on ignore qu'on est heureux. . . . Trop d'êtres s'imaginent que le bonheur est autre chose que ce qu'ils ont, et c'est pourquoi ceux qui ont le bonheur doivent nous montrer qu'ils ne possèdent rien que ne possèdent tous les hommes dans leur cœur." *

Alas! Far from showing us that we possess happiness, everything seems to conspire to crush the little blue flower of content which often blooms unsuspected in our hearts. Even the religions, be they Christianism, Buddhism, or Judaism, strive fiercely, and succeed, to forbid man to be happy, by waving before his terrified eyes images of the various punishments, all equally fearsome, which will be his lot if he dares take the slightest pleasure—even the most innocent—in existence. Life here is but a gloomy passage towards Paradise, Nirvana, or whatever may be the name by which are designated the respective Courts of Heaven.

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* *Sagesse et Destinée.* By Maurice Maeterlinck.

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We cannot be happy, but must postpone all possibility of joy or contentment until we have "crossed the Bar." Most of the modern writers, poets, and thinkers appear to be subject to the same influence of despondency and gloom. If asked their opinion of life, they respond dolefully: "It is not worth living." Lamartine, Musset, Verlaine, Zola, Maupassant, Renan, Taine—all declare in convinced accents that "happiness is unfindable."

In his "Science du Bonheur" M. Jean Finot, who combines the functions of Director of *La Revue*, with those of a most delicate *lettré* and thinker, deplores this state of things, this morbid discouragement and melancholy, which spreads like a pall over the whole of the civilised world, and exercises so distressing an influence over the weaker characters, causing, and often provoking, inertia, or even death. But e is partly comforted by observing that a great proportion of the apparent *désillusionnement* affected by the great men of all ages was, and is, merely "put on" for the parts they do, or did, play in life. He considers optimism one of the essential principles of life. If it disappeared he declares that the whole energy and living capacities of humanity would come to a standstill. And whatever the pessimists may do or say to abolish it, optimism will remain the secret spring of will and vigour, hidden in each of us. We may possess it unknowingly, but it is surely there. Further, the pessimists, as M. Finot slily observes, are in absolute contradiction with their theories. If life is such an inferno, why live? Why not disappear as rapidly as possible from this purgatory by self-destruction? One easily sees that M. Finot believes that very often pessimists are in reality optimists—when there is no one present to observe them.

Then what prevents humanity from being happy? Firstly, Envy, which "like a flame blackens that which is above it and out of reach"; Envy stigmatised and reviled throughout the world—be it in Denmark where the proverb states that "if envy were a fever all the world would be ill"—or in China, whence comes the saying, "Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by those who are envious of them"—or in France where Molière declares "L'envieux peut mourir, mais pas l'envie." Envy, corrupter of man's purest thoughts and ideals, is chiefly responsible for the perpetual bankruptcy of joy and content from which all humanity suffers so bitterly. "All our modern education," says M. Jean Finot, "is corrupted by the desire of seeming and not of being." Modern men and women, far from following Pythagoras's precept, "Do not speak of your happiness to those less happy than yourself," seem, on the contrary, to take a sort of malignant pleasure in taunting their less fortunate brothers and sisters with the exaggerated and often scandalous display of their luxuries. Let us hope that the base satisfaction they thus derive in sowing discontent in the minds of those who behold them does not proceed from a conscious desire to harm, but is only the result of an egoism which often reaches a sort of frenzy. But, on the other hand, are they who envy those seemingly fortunate beings much to be pitied? Are they not equally contemptible for being capable of such a low sentiment, which arises, no doubt, from excessive humility of spirit? Are they not rather to be disdained for allowing their life and their content to be shattered by the display of other people's possessions? Without doubt. But none the less, they who, by their heedlessness or wickedness, break the golden wings of happiness, and prevent it flitting amongst us, are the most to be blamed.

The second important factor of unhappiness is money—which, said Walter Scott, "has killed more souls than the sword has killed bodies." The strenuous chase after the silver-footed hind, Fortune, is becoming each day more frantic, pitiful and laughable. Why that exaggerated wish for so much money? Why that submission to the god Mammon? "L'argent qu'on possède est l'instrument de la liberté," said a great French thinker, "et celui qu'on pourchasse est l'instrument de la servitude." Not that riches are to be disdained; far from it. M. Finot himself, whilst deploring the result of this crazy lust for lucre, recommends the benefits that mankind would derive from a reasonable comprehension of the exact value of money. He declares, moreover, that real riches consist in the independence of the soul. By possessing a serene spirit we liberate ourselves from all the petty worries and torments of existence, and can thus enjoy the contentment deriving from the thought of what we are and what we have. But if envy and lust of riches are the two principal agents of unhappiness, a great factor of joy and content is, according to M. Jean Finot, kindness. If I remember rightly, the opinion of many philosophers, thinkers, and workers is that we can obtain some semblance of happiness by being kind and charitable. The Indian axiom, "The good one has done to-day makes the happiness of to-morrow," confirms this doctrine; and even Seneca goes so far as to declare that "an act of kindness makes one happy from the happiness one has procured." Kindness is therefore an inexhaustible spring of joy, and those who will refresh themselves at its waters will be astonished at the sum of happiness they unwittingly possess. Kindness also bears after it, like a beautiful comet, a luminous train of lesser qualities which all contribute, sometimes even against our will, to making us happy.

The second imperative element, if we desire to attain happiness, is work, and in this affirmation M. Jean Finot finds many supporters amongst the giants of human thought, notably in Gray, who said, "To be occupied is to be happy," and in Voltaire, who declared, "Le travail éloigne de nous trois grands maux: l'ennui, le vice, et le besoin." Work, which is a duty, becomes soon the greatest pleasure of man's life. What are the so-called pleasures derivable from the existence of a *jouisseur* compared with those obtained by the artist who realises his thought, be it in a painting, a musical composition, or a book? And the confirmation that work is truly man's *raison d'être* is shown in the lives of so many rich men, who, despite having amassed large fortunes, continue to work for work's sake, because it is only through it that they can derive a real and lasting satisfaction.

"La Science du Bonheur" is a fine, noble book which certainly ought to exercise a great and beneficent influence on all those tormented by unhappiness and discontent. It would teach them to seek and find joy in their own hearts; it would show them that envy is, before all, prejudicible to those who provoke it; that kindness and love soothe the bruised and wounded hearts of those who practise them, and that work is the mainspring of human felicity. "La Science du Bonheur" has the courage, which amounts nearly to audacity, to proclaim that if life imposes upon us obligations, it also gives us rights, and it recognises the fact, too often neglected, that individual happiness is solidary with universal happiness. We must, according to M. Jean Finot, live our lives to the utmost, striving to do our best, seeking joy where it can be found, and, if possible, sharing our content with others.

But though M. Finot seems to tend towards the opinion that happiness is *à l'ordre du jour*, we cannot help feeling a little doubtful. And, when he ventures so far as to predict that an era of universal felicity may soon dawn for humanity, we cannot help remembering the declarations of many philosophers, amongst whom Herbert Spencer, who has demonstrated that the epoch of "greatest unhappiness is still to come, and that it will be concomitant with the greatest pressure of population." Let us hope, however, that M. Finot is right: in any case his doctrine and his philosophy are most comforting. "La Science du Bonheur,"

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written in a clear, convincing style, seriously documented, containing many anecdotes and much humour, ought to prove exceedingly profitable for any one who will read it; the optimists will derive therefrom the confirmation of their beliefs; the pessimists may find therein some consolation for their distress.

MARC LOGÉ.

TALKS WITH MATTHEW ARNOLD

BY FRANK HARRIS

A TALL MAN who, in spite of athletic, slight frame and square shoulders, had, at least in later life, something of the scholar's stoop. A face like a schoolmaster's, with side-whiskers, large, shaven mouth and strong, bare chin; the forehead low but broad, under wavy, dark hair, all streaked with grey; the nose noticeably large and somewhat beaked—a fleshy aquiline; the eyes brooding, patient, much wrinkled at the corners, as of one peering in twilight. The whole face lined and creased, extraordinarily mobile and sensitive, but otherwise unremarkable save for the prominent rudder nose and the thoughtful, scrutinising eyes.

I had met Matthew Arnold, in this house and that, a good many times before I got the chance of a frank talk with him. He was always courteous, amiable, ingenuous even. He never shut himself up in armoured politeness, as Browning sometimes did; was always charmingly open and unaffected, like a wellbred schoolboy. One day at a luncheon-party he praised Mr. Rider Haggard's "Jess," a novel which had just appeared. I could not help asking him afterwards the reason. Had he taken the glow-worm for a star?

"An old fellow," he said, "should be very sympathetic to young writers, even if they are not all Thackerays and Fieldings. Can we expect giants always? Or should we not rather be thankful for what we get? It is a good, healthy book enough; schoolboyish, as you say; but then we English rather like schoolboy books. 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Tom Jones' are both rather boyish, and 'David Copperfield,' is that profound?" and he smiled at me quizzically.

He was about to go to America to lecture, and wanted to know my opinion as to his chance of success. "Believe me," he said, "I am not asking in order to be flattered, I should really like to know what you think before I make up my mind whether to go or stay."

"It is delightful of you," I replied, "to want my opinion, and, as you have asked me, I can only tell you the plain, unvarnished truth. There are a few people in every town in America, and even in many of the villages, who will know you before they see you, who will be able to understand and to appreciate the best you can give them; but they are so few, these chosen ones, that they are utterly swamped by the masses of people who will come to see you because they have heard from others that you are a great poet, a great English poet, too, and they will flock to hear you and measure you by their standard, which is not yours at all. They will judge you primarily as a public speaker. Is your voice resonant and good, your delivery clear and strong, they will say you are magnetic and will be prepared to believe you are a great man; but if your delivery is halting and slow, your elocution faulty, they will probably go away to make lewd jests about you; in art they are barbarians."

"Goodness me!" he exclaimed, "you frighten me. I have no elocution whatever; I even read my poetry, I believe, very badly. I remember my wife used to say to me, 'I cannot bear to hear you read your verses, Matthew; you do mouth them so!'" and he laughed heartily at the memory.

There was humour in him when he talked, a genial humour and power of laughing at himself which is not to be found in any of his writings, though there is a good deal of sardonic persiflage in his "Literature and Dogma."

"I am afraid that all poets are inclined to lay too much stress upon the metrical quality of their poetry. I have noticed that actors usually slur over the metrical quality and accentuate the sense. Is that what you would call good elocution?"

"It is what the average American would call good elocution," I replied, "which is more to the point."

"I see," he said, as if thinking over it, "I see. That frightens me a little."

"But, surely," I said, "you never thought you would be a popular success in America; you would not be a popular success in London, where the society is aristocratic, where the masses take their tone from the few, where popular opinion is formed from above, like water poured on sand, which, as it sinks, spreads more and more widely. Even in our aristocratic society you would be above the heads of all but the best in your audiences? How can you hope to be popular? Your appeal is to the future, and not to the present."

"It is very kind of you to put it that way," he said, "and perhaps true; still it disappoints one a little. I am afraid you are right," he added after a pause, "nevertheless, I think you have decided me to go," and he began to laugh, "perhaps for the sake of that remnant you speak of who will understand and appreciate."

"Oh yes," I replied warmly, "a remnant that will understand you better, I am inclined to believe, than you are understood even in England. Only they will make no sign; you will hardly know that they are among your audience; but they will be there, eager to see and hear the man who wrote 'Thyrsis' and 'The Scholar Gipsy,' and a dozen other splendid things."

I remember another talk just after he had written a poem on his dog—an exquisite *requiem*—for *The Fortnightly Review*. I went to him to ask him to write me an appreciation of Ernest Renan, whom I had met and had had long talks with in the College of France.

"I see you have divined," said Matthew Arnold, "that Renan was always a favourite of mine. We both take much the same view of miracles and the Bible generally, though to me he seemed a little superficial in his treatment of Jesus, a little—shall I say?—French. But a great influence, nevertheless, a man who appealed to the soul always. He was the first, too, to discover to me the Celtic genius. A great writer. . . ."

A little later our talk turned to Goethe. I knew, of course, that Matthew Arnold, when writing about him, had contented himself with adapting Scherer's essay on the subject without adding anything valuable of his own; but I had no idea till I heard him talk that his ideas about Goethe went no further. He had no knowledge whatever of Goethe as a moralist. He seemed to think that Scherer had exhausted the subject. I pressed him in vain to write on it. Suddenly he turned to me.

"Why do you want me to write prose when I should like to write poetry? . . . It is funny to me—years ago when I wrote prose all the editors whom I knew used to say to me, 'Arnold, why don't you write poetry?' and now you say, 'Why won't you write prose?'" And he laughed heartily at the implied criticism.

"I want both your prose and your poetry," I answered. "I prize one book of your essays—the book in which you plead for more equality in English social conditions and the necessity of educating our middle classes—*Porro unum est*

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necessarium—as the most fruitful work ever written on English politics. If our politicians had had anything of the statesman in them they would have learned these writings by heart."

"You are very flattering," he said; "but as they would not listen to Burke, they are not likely to listen to me. Yet it delights me that you pick out just that essay on education for praise—'twas always my own favourite."

One can hardly help asking: Was Matthew Arnold a great poet, one of the fixed stars in the literary heaven? Will he live there with Browning and Tennyson? He himself thought his place secure; hinted, indeed, more than once that his position in the future might even be higher than theirs. "Tennyson had no ideas," he would say, "Browning's genius is sometimes masked by pedantry. 'The Ring and the Book' is far too long. My little things are slight, of course; but they seem to me of gold—seven times refined."

The self-estimate was somewhat too flattering. As a poet Matthew Arnold stands lower than Browning and Swinburne, but much on the same level, it seems to me, as Tennyson. I cannot help thinking, too, that some of his prose will come into the balance, some of his essays must live till their lessons are assimilated. Yet, on the greatest questions, he was not original; he had no new or fruitful ideas to give us on life or death; he never reached belief in any real sense, though obsessed with the desire of belief.

Like Carlyle, Arnold was able to look at English society from the outside, and yet with intimate knowledge; he was a sort of political seer. Sometimes I thought he was a Jew. His deepest words read like the words of some old Jewish prophet who stood for the rights of the widow and orphan against the strong oppressor, and his finest poetry is fulfilled with religious emotion:—

> The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind, down the vast drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

INDIA: A SERIES

II.—SINCE THE MUTINY—1858-1869

Rebellion and a Fresh Start

Canning

The oft-told tale of the Mutiny need not be repeated. Its causes have been much disputed. Political animosity, stimulated by seditious agitation and supported by a military revolt, affords sufficient explanation. The Native Army saw its power and opportunity. In 1856 it numbered 235,221; the European officers and soldiers in India were 45,104. After the Peel Commission of 1859 the numbers in 1860 were—Europeans, 92,866; natives, 213,002—a very different proportion. Lord Canning had become Governor-General early in 1856, wishing for a peaceful time of office. Nowhere more than in India, as Kaye has written, do the characters of individual Englishmen impress themselves with a vital reality upon the annals of a country; nowhere are there such great opportunities of independent action; nowhere are developed such capacities for evil or for good. Canning soon had plenty on his hands. For the Persian War of 1856-57 he was not responsible. He made an agreement in January, 1857, with the Kabul Amir, Dost Muhammad, who fortunately kept quiet until his death in 1863. The Mutiny absorbed Canning's attention. When he realised its meaning he fully exerted himself. He diverted English troops on their voyage to China, and hurried up reinforcements to the disturbed localities in Upper India. He passed laws to meet the urgent needs of the time, such as the proclamation of martial law, the control of the Press, the punishment of offenders. Later the Penal Code of 1860 and Criminal Procedure Code of 1861 became law; Police Acts also were passed. For his moderation in punishing and his repression of vindictiveness he was called "Clemency Canning," and became very unpopular in Calcutta, so that a petition to the Queen for his recall was presented. For part of 1858 he personally conducted the government of the North-West Provinces. He confiscated, with certain exceptions, the proprietary right in the land in Oudh. When, on November 1st, 1858, the Government of India was assumed by the Crown, he became the first Viceroy. After the Mutiny he had to reorganise the Army employed in India, and the finances; to introduce three Parliamentary Statutes affecting the Civil Service, the Indian Legislatures, and the High Courts of Justice; to levy an income-tax; he supported plans for the education of poor Europeans and Eurasians; conciliated the Native Chiefs by granting them the right of adopting, on failure of personal heirs; he had to deal with insubordination among the British troops lately employed by the Company, and to undergo a terrible famine in Upper India in 1860-61; and he made prolonged tours. The general administration of the country was conducted by the permanent officials. Before his departure in 1862, his great services to India were recognised. His calm courage, firmness, and magnanimity were acknowledged. The increase in the English Army added to the number of the English in India. The extension of the railways and the consequent expansion of trade began to affect the development of India. Change and progress pervaded India.

Firm Rule Under Improving Conditions

Elgin

Canning's successor, the Earl of Elgin, had gained experience in the government of Jamaica and Canada, and in his Embassies to China in 1857 and 1860. It was he who, on his way to China in 1857, diverted to India, at Canning's urgent request, his force of British soldiers. He held office as Viceroy only from March, 1862, until his death in the hills at Dharmsala in November, 1863. During 1862 he resided chiefly at Calcutta, which, he thought, should remain the headquarters of Government; he spent some months at Simla in 1863. In these two years he passed some fifty Acts in his Legislative Council on a great variety of subjects, among them the Act for severing the connection of the Government with religious endowments. He was averse to interference in Afghanistan and intermeddling in all foreign politics, and disliked the military expedition which was found necessary against the Wahabi fanatics of Sitana on the North-West frontier; but he was determined to suppress disturbances wherever they occurred. He desired to develop the resources of India, improve irrigation, extend the railways (without a system of Government guarantees, and, eventually, with one uniform railway gauge for the whole country), to promote cotton cultivation, and encourage the introduction of capital. On the policy to be adopted towards the Native Chiefs, and for the assertion of British sovereignty he had distinct views, but had no time to apply them. He confirmed the death sentence on a British soldier for murder, and commented on the extreme difficulty of administering equal justice between natives and Europeans. On Lord Elgin's death the Government was conducted temporarily by Sir William Denison, Governor of Madras, who carried

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out the Umbeyla Campaign against the Sitana fanatics successfully.

INTERNAL RECONSTRUCTION UNDER FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES

LAWRENCE

Sir John Lawrence became Viceroy early in 1864. Having risen in the Civil Service, since 1830, to be Chief Commissioner and subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab, and having saved that Province and Upper India in the Mutiny, he knew the country perfectly. Towards Afghanistan he adopted the policy of neutrality—which was called "masterly inactivity"—and recognised whichever of the competitors became *de facto* ruler. When Sher Ali, in September, 1868, re-established a consolidated Administration, the British Government assisted him with money and arms. The conduct of Bhutan brought on a small war in 1864-65, by which a little additional territory, valuable for tea-cultivation, was acquired. Military operations on several frontiers were required; on the Black Mountain, Hazara Border, 12,500 troops were engaged. He felt acutely the Orissa famine of 1866-67, which caused immense mortality, probably of one-fourth of the population, as he had accepted the assurances of the Lieutenant-Governor that the precautions taken to save life were sufficient. The want of inland communications and external accessibility called for remedial measures in Orissa. Since that occurrence famines have invariably been combated, and generally with success. During his term of office Lawrence had to struggle with the weight of financial difficulties, and had a net deficit of two and a half millions during his five years: he carried a Licence Tax, though other measures of proposed taxation were not accepted. He paid much attention to sanitation—appointing a permanent Commission, to works of material improvement, military communications, railways, canals, systematising their progress; to various land questions involving tenant rights and interests; to the public services, education, and State ceremonies. The main principles of military reorganisation having been settled, he aimed at improving the condition of European soldiers serving in India by constructing healthy barracks. In legislation he had the valuable assistance of his Councillor, Sir Henry Maine, the famous jurist. They passed many important measures, on such subjects as the Emigration of Native Labourers, Whipping, Official Trustees, Registration of Documents, Remarriage of Native Converts, Abolition of Grand Juries, Intestate and Testamentary Succession, Partnership, Judicial Taxation, Murderous Outrages by Fanatics, Municipalities, besides preparing many projects subsequently enacted. In the five years 1864-1868 inclusive, 153 laws were made. In 1869 the European soldiers in India were 64,858, while the native army numbered 120,000, the population of India being then reckoned at 239 millions. Whereas Canning supervised the transfer of India from the Company to the Crown, Lawrence, as an experienced Indian Civilian, advanced the Reconstruction of India under the Crown on sound lines. More fortunate than his predecessors, he lived for ten years after retirement, and did good work in England.

THE THEATRE

"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

You find yourself at St. John Panmure's house, The Clewers, Tollshunt D'Arcy, near Polehampton. In addition to the host, a trembling, corrupt, insalubrious debauchee, whose sense of loyalty, truth, and responsibility has been undermined by a persistent self-indulgence, and the hostess, a youngish and not unbeautiful woman, who suffers under a growing mania for religion, you are asked to meet a collection of creatures conceived by Hogarth, or who have been brought to a sort of life by Mr. Bernard Shaw with the assistance of Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Galsworthy.

There are Alfred Hebblethwaite, J.P., an old man with a benign face and eyes so lascivious as to leave a stain on the painted cheeks of a *cocotte;* and his wife, a big woman with a large nose and a series of chins, a jealous and suspicious mind behind a face falsely good-natured. There are the Right Hon. Reginald Stulkeley, M.P., abnormally tall, egregiously pompous and self-satisfied and smug; his cousin and private secretary, Talbot Woodhouse, abnormally small, hysterical, and high strung; and Hugh Loring, an awkward and loutish man in the thirties, illiterate, vacuous, and pugnacious. There are also the hostess's sister, a Dulcie Anstice, pretty in a carefully-cultivated foreign way, with the mind of a civet cat and the manners of a coster-girl, and Myrtle Panmure, the only child of the house, who is impish, precocious, and pedantic, a sort of abortion, an Early-Victorian *enfant prodigue*, a most eerie and uncomfortable little beast. There is also, as you quickly discover with a sigh of relief, a young girl called Josepha Quarendon, the governess, and a friend of Mrs. Panmure, outwardly deliciously pretty, maidenly and sweet, inwardly, as you find to your distress, a very sophisticated, practical, lying person.

You quickly come to the conclusion that there is nothing which will keep you among such a set and in such a house except absolute necessity. The house, like its inmates, is weird and can be compared with no other house extant. Its furniture is aggressively magnificent, horribly Tottenham Court Road. It possesses an organ and a very vulgar gong which makes a noise like a railway accident. You feel instinctively a curious unpleasantness in the air. You realise, with growing discomfort, a sense of hideous hypocrisy mixed with the all-pervading and blatantly exposed religiosity. You regret the fact that you ever made the acquaintance of "The Clewers" or accepted the hospitality of the Panmures. You would just as soon shut yourself up in the room in some museum filled with anthropophagi in which some sportive medical student has unbottled an offensive smell.

It appears that Josepha Quarendon is a young girl who is obliged to earn her own living somehow or other. She has known the most sordid side of poverty, and dislikes it. She is very happy under the roof of "The Clewers," where she has the best of everything to eat and drink, the services of servants, and pretty clothes to wear. She is well treated by Mrs. Panmure, to whose religious mania she panders with a half smile. She looks upon the place as a harbour in which she may lie untroubled by the rough waves by which she has been battered until one of the Panmure set who has money shall ask her to be his wife. She fully appreciates the marketable value of her beauty and high spirits, and takes a not unnatural delight at being spoilt by all the men who stay at the house. Her duties as a governess seem to be very small. She is certainly quite unable to teach her charge anything, for, obviously enough, Myrtle, the child of the house, is sister to the baby in Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" who was born smoking a cigar. Her happiness and sprightliness continue until one evening before dinner, when she comes upon Mr. Panmure endeavouring with irritation and feebleness to compose what he calls a sermonette. It is the habit of this man, under his wife's orders, to deliver every night at family prayers a short address on a religious subject. Being well aware of the fact that the male members of his house-party know pretty completely the ugly story of his past life, he has sufficient sense of the ridiculous left him to feel the ghastly incongruousness and blasphemy of his position. So he lights a cigar and,

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croaking "Put me among the girls," he sits down to compose his sermon.

His soddened brain is quite unable to concentrate itself upon his work, and while he is still murmuring and gibbering the vulgar words of a so-called comic song, and chewing the end of his pen, Josepha enters the room. She is intensely amused at his trouble, breaks into fits of laughter, and proceeds to give him a "tip" on the writing of sermons. She goes so far even as to deliver a mock sermon for his benefit, with a callous disregard for the rudiments of good feeling and good taste which is quite appalling in one so young, especially when she is enjoying the kindness of an employer who is very sincere in her religious feeling. She tells her host that his library contains a collection of other men's sermons, and advises him to crib from these, and together they go into the library for this purpose—she laughing and sprightly, he gurgling and giggling at what he calls a great idea. They do not go into the library, however, before he has chucked her under the chin with his beastly, trembling finger, and leered at her horribly. Almost as soon as they have disappeared a cry of awful disgust fills the air, and the girl staggers back into the morning-room with her hand over her outraged lips. This vile creature, fit only for electrocution, has kissed her, and the girl's soul is nauseated at so filthy an outrage. Her anger blazes. The man, at first amazed at her attitude and then frightened, trembles, fawns at her feet, and supplicates her to forgive him and say nothing. She flies from him, more than ever aware that he is unclean.

She goes to her room, and is discovered by Myrtle in a passion of tears endeavouring to rub from her lips the contagion which has been put upon them. Later, dressed for dinner, and still smarting under the insult, she returns to the morning-room, finding Mrs. Hebblethwaite there. Deceived by the apparent kindliness of this woman and longing for advice and sympathy, she invents a letter from a friend who has suffered a similar outrage. The old woman is, however, too clever, and being married to a man whose loyalty she suspects, old as he is, she immediately imagines that the girl's story is her own, and that her own husband is the man of whom she is speaking. Determined to follow the matter up, she seizes the first opportunity to tell her hostess and Dulcie Anstice of the occurrence. Mrs. Panmure fixes upon Panmure as the culprit, and the sweet Dulcie immediately lays the blame upon the man to whom she is engaged. Turned into raging beasts, these three women squabble and shout like drunken fishwives until Josepha makes her appearance. They then put her through a searching cross-examination, quickly discover that she has lied, and demand to be told the name of the man. Josepha sees that she has been plunged into what is likely to become a scandal disastrous to herself, and that it will be in all probability no longer possible for her to enjoy the wealthy surroundings of "The Clewers." Driven inch by inch into a corner by these three most undelectable women, she bursts into an angry and hysterical torrent of words, refuses utterly to give the man's name away, and rushes out. Dinner puts an end temporarily to the warfare, which is, however, immediately resumed, more viciously than ever, when the meal is over. The three jealous women manœuvre to obtain Panmure to themselves. To his increasing fright and dismay, they tell him what has happened, and order him to discover the culprit. Shaking and trying to bluff, this frightful specimen of over-indulgence, feigning great indignation, goes into the billiard-room to do the best he can for himself. His only ray of comfort lies in the fact that Josepha has promised him that she will not split. He hopes to be able to force one of his friends to take the blame.

While all this is proceeding the pompous Stulkeley, who is quite unlikely to have sat in any English Cabinet, has taken possession of the library, with his secretary, for the purpose of concocting a speech on Tariff Reform. They are both bored utterly with the subject of which they know nothing, and they are both glad enough to be disturbed by the entrance of Josepha, both being in their peculiar way much attracted by her. Josepha has come to beg Stulkeley to say that he is the man who kissed her, and when he refuses she turns to Talbot Woodhouse with a similar request. He also refuses, to her astonishment and dismay. So she threatens to walk up and down outside the window in the snow, minus hat and wrap, in thin evening shoes, until they give in. This she actually does, until at last Stulkeley, turning up his immaculate trousers, rushes out and pulls her in, a bedraggled object. There is a lavatory in the library, in which there are a pair of slippers and a smoking-jacket. They beg her to remove her wet things, and remain in the smoking-jacket until they have dried them in front of the fire. Afraid to be seen about the house in her present condition, Josepha gladly enough consents to the arrangement, and presently hands out her soddened frock. The two men quarrel over who shall dry it, and Josepha listens at the keyhole while Stulkeley tells his cousin that he shall take Josepha to his own house and place her under the care of his sister.

Out of one harbour Josepha sees her way into another, and comes out in her petticoat with bare legs, her feet thrust into a pair of red Morocco slippers, wrapped in the smoking-jacket. In this unconventional attire she sits on the fender and dries her hair with a towel, all smiles again. She has forgotten the kiss. Her smiles continue until Stulkeley tells her that the coat and slippers are the property of Mr. Panmure. Her cry of disgust immediately informs them as to who was the man for whose misdeed they were requested to assume responsibility. They hear steps outside and a hand on the handle of the door, which they have locked. They hurry Josepha back into the lavatory and open the door to Panmure. This man has failed to make either old Mr. Hebblethwaite, J.P., or young Mr. Loring, buffoon, confess, so he has come to bully Stulkeley or Woodhouse into a confession, eventually to find himself accused by them. Whereupon he sobs and goes into a fit of nerves, crying out, "Don't be hard on me, boys. Let me down light." At this point old Hebblethwaite and Loring, furiously angry with Panmure, come into the library, and a horrible fracas commences, which is eventually continued by all the so-called ladies of this peculiar house. The row waxes hotter. Vulgar contumely is flung from man to woman. Hugh Loring itches to fight the old man, when at the height of the brawl the gong is sounded for prayers. There is an instant lull. "Straighten the old man's hair, boys," cries Panmure, placing his trembling hand over the cribbed sermon in his pocket. But old Mrs. Hebblethwaite is in no prayerful mood. She sets another spark to the gunpowder, and once again the brawl commences. And then Talbot Woodhouse, seeing his way to get the better of his cousin Stulkeley in Josepha's affections, steps forward and says, "I am the man."

First of all his face is slapped by Hugh Loring. Then all the women except Mrs. Panmure revile him, and Stulkeley, realising his cousin's cunning, is furiously angry. Once more the gong sounds for prayers, and the organ plays a voluntary, and then Mrs. Panmure steps forward, unpins from her bosom the Golden Order of Pure Souls of the First Class, and confers it upon the man who has confessed. She leads him into the room where the kneeling servants are waiting, and is followed by the house-party. Panmure, faced with his ordeal, rushes back from the door to the writing-table, from which he takes a flask of brandy. He gulps down several mouthfuls, pulls himself together, and draws his sermon from his pocket. Just as he is going to

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the door with it, Josepha bursts out of the lavatory, seizes the sermon, and flings it upon the fire.

We next find Josepha in Stulkeley's house in London. She is now being made love to by the Tariff Reform member and his secretary, and these two peculiar creatures are wildly jealous of each other. Eventually they agree to draw lots as to who shall propose to her first, and when drawing first, Woodhouse's hand cannot be removed from the vase in which the papers have been placed. After a great struggle and much ignominious wrangling, his hand is freed, and his rage is all the greater when he finds that he has drawn the paper which necessitates a proposal following upon Stulkeley's. Stulkeley, nursing the vase for comfort and looking even more foolish than usual, proceeds to propose to Josepha, in the middle of which a sound is heard outside the door. Can it be that Woodhouse is eavesdropping? Josepha takes a long quill pen, thrusts it through the keyhole, and hears a cry of anguish. "The Clewers" house-party then makes its appearance. Panmure has been found out by a footman and decorated with the Order of Pure Souls (Third Class) by his wife, of which he is mightily proud. There is much giggling and vulgar innuendo from these respectable people, and the entrance of Talbot Woodhouse with a patch over his eye. He is again reviled as a liar before these persons take their departure.

Josepha is then faced by her two suitors. Fully aware of the fact that Stulkeley, although old enough to be her father, is the moneyed man, she writes the same sentence on two slips of paper, puts them into a vase, and asks Stulkeley to draw. He draws, is overwhelmed with joy, and eyes his discomfited secretary and cousin with glee. Woodhouse, utterly crestfallen, mutters incoherent words, puts his hand in the vase, to Josepha's immense annoyance, and draws out the other paper, thus discovering the trick that has been played upon him. Greatly incensed, and with a sort of pitiful dignity, he removes the latchkey of Stulkeley's house from his chain and withdraws, whereupon the happy Stulkeley opens his stiff arms and the mercenary little Josepha walks coyly into them.

And this is the story of Sir Arthur Pinero's "comic play."

HERCULES UNWROUGHT

"All for love; or, the world well lost." Thus Dryden paraphrases, and most vilely paraphrases, heroic dignity into the flippant sentiment of the age in which he lived. The mood that achieved "The Hind and the Panther" was a far way indeed from the emotion that mocked at Time and Circumstance, finding Thrones and Powers but pedestals to reach to the stars. Thus, too, the dilettante pleasure of loves and houris lay in the dwarf-valleys, gazing unapprehensively at the mighty temper that sought to find its equal in breadth and stature, and, finding her, hailed her over the distance with the shout, "Oh, thou Day o' the World!"

Love? It was not love that won Antony, not mere sensuous delight, not the purer vision nor the softer gleam, but comradeship rather, and an equal courage to toss conventions away, sweep aside little creeds, silken chains that bind those that will be bound, greatly to dare and to be. For a very Titan was Antony. His hand brushes through gossamer beauty with his first words to us: "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned." "I'll set a bourne how far to be beloved," says Cleopatra, rising to his mood. "Then must you needs find out new heaven, new earth," he replies, flinging his challenge to corporeal conditions. No love-song was this, but the very daring of magnificence. Will he kiss? Then it shall be no mere succulent sport. All life shall be held in bond for so supreme a deed. "The nobleness of life," says he, "is to do thus;" adding significantly, "when such a mutual pair and such a twain can do't." Truly indeed they "stand up peerless;" and love is but the usher to so meet and mighty a union.

He was ever thus. Back in the old days he had chosen Fulvia because she had it in her to rise to his own level. The early choices of instinct are seldom amiss, though they may chance to lead to folly and futility. When made they had the possibilities of splendour in them. So it was with Antony and Fulvia. She who could raise a war against Cæsar, thus to bring her husband back to her side, was not unmeet a companion for him. His choice in her was approved, for she, too, could dare. No slight spirit was hers. Though she fell away to shrewishness, yet he bears her in tender memory. She lost the right to stand by him, a giant, he, among his fellows, with the acquisition of her scolding and shrill tongue; but he can still blush when Cleopatra taunts him of her, for she had been an excellent comrade once. The news of her death wrings tribute upon tribute from him. "There's a great spirit gone," says he to himself; "she's good being gone; the hand could pluck her back that shoved her on;" to Cæsar, this:—

> As for my wife,
> I would you had her spirit in such another:
> The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
> You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

It was the choice of instinct, this first of his, even as was his last. She being dead, he breaks off from Cleopatra, his enchanting Queen, in sudden remorse. When the proposal is made that Octavius should dower his sister on him, thus to patch their quarrel, sealing amity by the bonds of kinship, he takes her, thinking to raise her as a barrier between himself and his return to Cleopatra. But it cannot be done: Nature would not be denied in him; he must needs find himself a mate. His resolves that "that to come shall all be done by th' rule" avail nothing. Not that he has fault to find in Octavia! In truth, he has nothing but praise for her; he is kingly-kind when with her, gracious and tender. But it is of no avail. She is not for him. He may caress her, tend her, soothe her; but she can never stand shoulder to shoulder with him, and greet occasion with gigantic hilarity. Before she got her a waspish tongue, Fulvia was even such a one; but Fulvia is dead. There is now only Cleopatra, she of the infinite variety, she who could never cloy his appetite, who could drink through the night with him, or put the royalty of person to the stern test of hilarity in the streets of Alexandria, who could match him in speech and mate him in deed. To her he flies, and picks up life again, and the zest of being, the interim between his desertion of her and his return to her being eternally waste.

For he is not as other men, nor are their creeds his creeds. In truth, he has no creeds. Creeds are for those who live to rote and rule: such as Cæsar yonder in Rome, who must needs live to rote and rule since he has no power of personality to beat out into existence. There is nothing magnificent about Cæsar; if he had not rotes and rules to live by he would be as nothing, a cipher merely; it is the static conditions of his life that find him his being and give him his shape and outline. Not so Antony! He is himself; a vast, dynamic personality that will not, because it cannot, conform to, or be content with, the world of devitalised little people of whom Octavius Cæsar is type and chief. Will he drink? Then he will drink the whole night through, and defy the day. Will he fight? Then will his captain's heart "in the scuffles of great fights burst the buckles on his breast." Will he sport? Then it shall be among the common people, not fearing the touch of reality for his kingliness, knowing that it can thereby but

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appear the more lustrous. Will his best friend desert him in the hour of need? Then he will lavish out largess on him, never even thinking of blame. Will he love? Then it shall be with the only one that can rise to equality with him in spirit. It shall be with Cleopatra.

The coil of little people gather about him, however, seeking to bring him to earth. His lineage is from Hercules, and he attires himself as another Hercules. Their lineage is from the everlasting clay-born; no touch of Olympian fire is in them. But they coil about him in their multitudes, six to his one, and Octavius Cæsar, the most completely clay-born of them all, is at their head. They would pluck him to earth, and lay his star-acquainted head in the dust. He, seeing them coming, flings a characteristic challenge at them. He picks their leader and calls him out to single combat. He forgot that it was not the way of worldly-wise and reasoning men, but the way of splendid and dynamic gods, to venture all on a single superb throw. But they see his mood and play to it. They challenge him to fight at sea, knowing him weak in ships. He determines to do it. "Why will my lord do so?" asks the perplexed Canidius. "For that he dares us to't," comes the resplendent answer. Enobarbus complains that Antony has made "his will lord of his reason;" and that Cæsar has "subdued his judgment." Enobarbus did not altogether understand Antony: he deserted him.

That the coldly calculating Octavius should have overcome the splendour and magnificence of the god-like Antony is part of the eternal tragedy of the world. But it is not all the tragedy of Antony; it is not even the deeper tragedy. For she whom he had picked to be his mate, she whom of all the earth he could find one and equal with him—she failed him! The former could but win from him a challenge to very Fate itself: "Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows we scorn her most when most she offers blows." But the latter broke him.

First she had fled their common foe; and he, who knew no fear, in whose composite texture dauntlessness was the dominant note, he fled after her. "I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards to run and show their shoulders," he wails; and therewith there comes his first disillusionment of her. Revulsion seizes him. He had called her to be his equal, and she had led him to shame! When next she comes to him he shudders at the very prospect of her physical touch. He shrinks from her.

That was his first disillusionment, from which he hardly shook free. The next shattered him. For she turned from him to hold truck with the advancing Cæsar. All she had been before he met her comes rushing on him in a dark and fearful torrent at this. He taunts her with it. He could not have done so before; but she has fallen beneath him now, she is no longer his peer; and so he taunts her, and through her taunts the high gods that have lured him to his fate in her. He may say, "I am satisfied;" but it is not so. Tragedy has set, and his death is the necessary relief to the doom that has been pronounced. He may shroud the doom, but at the next reverse it will imperiously out. "All's lost," says he; "This foul Egyptian has betrayed me."

But not thus may the tragedy close. She sends him false news of her death, and immediately there floods on him the memory of the high and peerless mate she once had seemed to be. All the earth is sordid, dull, and profitless without her; life is a mockery; and it is with infinite weariness that the words break from him: "Unarm me, Eros; the long day's task is done, and we must sleep."

All is over. He may fall on his sword, he may see her, he may even win his last kiss from her; but Hercules is unwrought without having won his mate, and the earth is given up to Octavius and his like. "There is nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon." "A rarer spirit never did steer humanity. But you, gods, will give us some faults to make us men," is the half-discerning epitaph of Agrippa. But beneath the epitaph her dust lies mingled with his—she who unwrought him, and brought him to dust and futility; she whom he hailed to be his peerless mate, and who failed him at the last.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

CLAPTRAP, UNLIMITED

THIS company has been handed down to us from the days of the ancient Britons, but during the past five years it has been doing an exceptionally active business in our midst. One of its primary functions nowadays is the extirpation of the Peerage, which it proposes to effect by doubling the number of Peers. The company has enlisted into its service a staff of hooligans, who can be depended upon to howl down latter-day orators who dissent from its creed and to shout inane doggerel at public meetings. By these means it conducts classes for the prevention of fair argument, or at least for the prevention of that argument being audible. It knows that large sections of the community do not read and never give themselves the trouble of thinking. It has procured a strong hold upon these unthinking classes.

The majority of the professors of the Claptrap School in the present Cabinet are lawyers—some are men of considerable distinction, others are of the Tadpole type. They receive big salaries, and their patronage is valuable and extensive. The adage about making hay while the sun shines is one they have laid to heart. "The British Constitution" used to be a time-honoured phrase. They regard this phrase as representing an outworn creed. Their public talk is, speaking broadly, mostly mere fooling of the crowd, and it is spoken with the tongue in the cheek. They know, further, that passion must be torn to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, and their first player accordingly assumes the mantle of Bottom. "If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes," says he; "I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in."

The Claptrap School goes back to dim antiquity, probably to the very dawn of humanity. Wherever men have congregated in communities its influence has been active. As the sun of one great Empire after another has risen and set, it is this school which has been its undoing and the cause of its decay. No people in whom its professors are paramount can escape decline and fall. Two modern instances will suffice to show its methods. It is rather more than fifty years ago that red revolution was in the air. Thrones and dynasties seemed toppling all over Europe. In England was a terrible unrest. The Iron Duke, the hero of a hundred fights, had thrown a terse phrase which summed up the situation in the face of the mob—"the Queen's Government must be carried on." As a result the windows of Apsley House were smashed and the house half wrecked. Those windows remained boarded up until the Duke's death. The Claptrap School might shout itself hoarse for him. The grim old warrior was not one to waver or turn a fraction of an inch from his course, let their orators orate never so virulently.

Another historical occasion was in 1831. The Wizard of the North was assailed this time. The noble spirit that had witched the world with magic artistry, Sir Walter, whom it would have been thought all men must unite to honour, he whose name stands next to that of Shakespeare as the interpreter of the human story, was singled out for

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insult and threatened violence. Broken in health and nearing the limit of his days, Scott had dared to express an unpopular opinion. He drove with Lockhart to Jedburgh, where an election was taking place. His carriage was received with a shower of stones because he did not wear the popular colours and refused to conceal the faith that was in him. A storm of foul abuse and blasphemy saluted him on his way to the poll, and a woman spat upon him from a window. He says in his diary, "The mob was exceedingly vociferous and brutal, as they usually are nowadays. . . . *Troja fuit.* I left the borough in the midst of abuse and the gentle hint of 'Burk Sir Walter.'" That phrase hung about his mind and filled his last few months with dire distress. Well might he exclaim during his last illness, "England is no longer a place for an honest man. I shall not live to find it so; you may."

The story of the French Revolution has been told a hundred times in history and fiction. The story demonstrates how easily the insane passions of the mob may be roused. Ill will it be for the demagogue who plays that dangerous game amongst us. Great Britain may yet see the ordered progress of a hundred years swept away in scenes of bloodshed. Ulster does not take the views of the Claptrap School. She is buying arms, and she means to use them rather than see her liberties destroyed and her industries perish.

The present crisis should appeal to moderate men to intervene in State affairs. The non-partisan has been so accustomed from time beyond the memory of man to see settled order, and to know that wild talk is usually its own Nemesis, that he does not easily believe in the possibility of actual physical disturbance. "Things will straighten themselves out all right," he has been accustomed to think. "We have heard strong language and bad language before. It's a safety-valve. Let the pent-up gases escape, and we shall settle down again to sober verities." Lately the news of towns and villages wrecked in South Wales, and of authority unequal to the emergency, has come to him with an awakening shock. The temper of South Wales is surging throughout Great Britain from one end to the other. It is held in check by the strong arm of the law. Let the demagogue in high places gain the mastery over his more passive colleagues and we shall see the Tonypandy riots spread like the Armada fires from shire to shire. Ireland will pass through a baptism of blood, for civil war dogs the footsteps of the firebrand agitator there.

It is to the more sober element that Britain must turn. The country wants nothing so much as a cessation of strife and turmoil and to be allowed to get on with its business. Who would start building operations while an earthquake is in progress? Business men, the bread-winners, say, "A plague on both your Houses. Leave us alone to work quietly, without all this firework display and the eternal limelight." Limelight and Limehouse—aye, there's the rub.

SOME ART EXHIBITIONS

THE GRAFTON GALLERIES

The National Portrait Society opened their inaugural exhibition in London at the Grafton Galleries on Saturday. In the foreword to their catalogue they lay stress on the fact that the Society is national and not insular, and that it extends the usual courtesies to distinguished foreign artists. For this they are to be congratulaled, as the presence of foreign pictures in an exhibition is always interesting for purposes of comparison, and in the present instance serves to demonstrate the excellence of modern English portrait work. Further, the Committee by their decision to hang a few pictures by dead masters have given an interesting opportunity for the comparison of old and new methods of portrait-painting. The dull, conventional excellence of the three examples of Watts' portraiture serves but to emphasise the imaginative qualities of the younger artists of the present day; while the presence of two portraits by Whistler is interesting as throwing light on the artistic ancestry of a number of quite modern portraits. It is refreshing to see the good work of modern English portrait painters, and to note that they have utilised past traditions, and have not spoilt their art by excursions into the grotesque and the sensational. It has remained for a Frenchman, De Bussy, to introduce this tone into the exhibition, and his picture is silently condemned and ridiculed by the excellent work which surrounds it. As an example of the good work of the younger English artists we may mention the pictures of Gerald Kelly and Walter Russell, whose exhibits are hung side by side in the main hall. They are both really sound artists, both in drawing and painting. Kelly's work is somewhat more rigid than that of Russell; he has carried definition and execution to a higher degree, while Kelly leaves more to the imagination. Russell's two portraits, especially his Camilla, show much character and imagination, combined with admirable *technique*. There are two striking portraits by Glyn Philpot, painted with great audacity and skill. They are works that should last, and when the artist's *technique* has overtaken his ambition he should produce something much finer still. Clifford Addams has several charming exhibits, while W. G. von Glehn's picture of a lady is a bright piece of painting with much life. Harrington Mann has, as usual, some delightful pictures. "The Harvesters" of Austen Brown is interesting and powerful. John Lavery's exhibits hardly show him at his best. Sargent's pictures are too well known to call for reference here. George Henry has three charming exhibits. The picture "Light" is a clever work, but suggests problems as to the origin of one of the lights which are thrown on his portrait figure. As a nocturne the picture is particularly effective. Miss Flora Lein has an attractive firelight scene, in which the figure of the baby is painted with particular skill; for the rest her pictures are rather exaggerated and vague in their style. Mr. Mouat Loudan has some good and attractive pictures. J. McLure Hamilton has a series of pictures, painted with skill, but somewhat lacking in depth. America is represented by Miss Ellen Emmett with two portraits, one of which—"The Misses Metcalf"—is clever and original. A number of foreign artists have availed themselves of the Society's courteous invitation. Señor Gaudara has three striking portraits, of which his Mlle. Polaire is at once the most pleasing and the best. His other portraits are also good, and that he can draw is proved by the foot of Mlle. Polaire and the hands of Madame J. P. It is a pity that M. Blanche did not see fit to sustain his reputation by better examples of his art. Of the pictures exhibited by him, his study of Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. Ricketts is the only one which merits attention. The pictures of the German artist Herr Leo Samberger are clever and full of character, with the exception of his portrait of the Archbishop of Bamberg. A study of this work makes us wonder if Herr Samberger would not have been a brilliant caricaturist had his art been differently applied. P. A. Lazlo has a collection of striking and stately, but somewhat conventional and unimaginative, portraits. There are two exquisitely fine dry-point etchings by M. Theodore Roussel executed with all the artist's usual skill.

Excellent sculpture is also to be seen at the exhibition, amongst which is some interesting work by Roslin, in all its rugged strength. Mr. Stirling Lee, in his two beautiful heads, Cassandra and Lydia, has carved a

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wonderful spirit of dreamy mysticism into the marble. Mr. Basil Gotto has three exhibits—an Ismael, a bust of Thomas Vickers, Esq., and a model for a statue of King Edward, which we hope to see reproduced as a memorial. His works show a classic purity combined with a psychological penetration which is remarkable. Mr. Eppstein has several original figures which are charming in their Oriental mystery.

The noticeable point about the exhibition is the excellence of the work of the English portrait-painters, and the great promise shown by the younger artists. This is particularly pleasing at a time when the hopeless decadence of art is being so universally preached. The work of the English artists combines imaginative and original qualities with a respect for tradition. Their works further seem to breathe a spirit of genuine originality and imagination, and not to simulate these qualities by assuming traits at once grotesque and inartistic, and by breaking with all the accumulated æsthetic traditions of the past. The National Portrait Society are to be congratulated on their inaugural exhibition, and we wish them all success in the future.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY

At the Goupil Gallery the Senefelder Club formed for the advancement of artistic lithography in commemoration of its inventor, Aloys Senefelder, is holding its Second Exhibition. In addition to the work of the present members, the Exhibition includes some lithographs by Manet, Fantin-Latour, Renouard, and Rops. There is nothing, however, by the artist who did so much for the revival of lithography, and whose own works in this medium—of which a special exhibition was given recently—were some of the most perfect contributions to the art. While much of the work now being exhibited is exceedingly clever, there are few things which can compete with the finest of Whistler's impressions, and in its general disregard of Whistler's theory that lithographs should be comparatively small in size and delicate in treatment, we think that the Senefelder Club is not developing its art in the best possible way. The Exhibition is very interesting, however, and includes some of the sympathetically touched work of Miss Ethel Gabain, Mr. T. R. Way, Mr. A. Chisholm, Mr. Emile Claus, and Professor Legros.

In the upper rooms at the Goupil Gallery may be seen a collection of the paintings of the late Miss Sarah Dodson which will shortly be taken to America for a Memorial Exhibition to be held there. That Miss Dodson was an artist in the real sense is sufficiently proved, we think, by her landscapes; while several of her studies for figure-subjects—the sketch for the "Invocation of Moses," for instance, and "Psyche carried away by the Zephyrs"—show a power of construction and composition, and a feeling for the rich massing of colour which promise more than she was able to carry out—judging from this exhibition, which may be taken as a fair example of her powers—in her larger canvases.

THE BAILLIE GALLERY

At the Baillie Gallery, Bruton Street, there is now on view an Exhibition of some of the very interesting work of Mr. W. J. Leech, R.H.A., R.O.I. The pictures exhibited are by no means equal in quality, but this must almost inevitably be the case with any art in which there is vitality. The "Blue Nets in a Breeze" and the "Glittering Sea" prove that Mr. Leech has acquired a considerable mastery of technique, but in some of his pictures—the "Children in the Sun," the "Portrait of the Artist," "A Valley, Brittany," with its texture of tapestry, there is more than fundamental brainwork.

There is also on exhibition at this Gallery a small collection of paintings and illuminations by Miss Jessie Bayes, some of which are applied to the decoration of caskets, &c., and there is a certain beauty of colour and design in this work; but in its extreme elaboration it has a somewhat laboured appearance, and there is some effective drawing in feet and hands. In the same room are shown the original water-colour illustrations to "Virginibus Puerisque" and others by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, of Four Oaks. Some of these contain good work, especially in the management of the colour which is always fresh and transparent, while there is also a certain beauty and originality, as in the aeroplane picture illustrating "We have no leisure to entertain the terror of Death," and the girl's figure in "A Gracious Tremolo." The two remaining rooms are devoted to some very slight sketches of the Valley of the Loire by Mr. Frank Galsworthy, and a collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. William Wildman, some of which—"Rain and Sun," "The River, Greenwich," and "The Edge of the Wood"—are touched with a certain delicacy and charm.

THE CARFAX AND DOWDESWELL GALLERIES

Few probably will question the cleverness of many of the sketches which Mr. Walter Sickert has now on view at Messrs. Carfax's Gallery in Bury Street. Anything like criticism of them would involve more than can be attempted here. When compared, however, with the sketches recently exhibited at Grafton Street, they tend to prove that pencil and chalk are among the least successful mediums for expressing the ideals of the modern French school.

Finally, there is an exhibition of water-colours of "Old-World Towns in Belgium and Holland," by Mr. W. L. Bruckman, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries. There is some very charming work here, and it is to be found in the half-dozen English landscapes—notably "The Country Road," "Near Lewes," and "Near Poole"—which, strangely enough, greatly surpass the pictures which give the Exhibition its name.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

II.—A RAILWAY JOURNEY

I SUPPOSE that when little boys made their journeys by coach with David Copperfield or Tom Brown and his pea-shooting comrades, they did in truth find adventure easier to achieve than we who were born in an age of railways. But though the rarer joys of far travel by road were denied us, it did not need Mr. Rudyard Kipling in a didactic mood to convince us that there was plenty of romance in railway journeys if you approached them in the right spirit. We were as fond of playing at trains as most small boys, and a stationary engine with the light of the furnace glowing on the grim face of the driver was a disquieting feature of all my nightmares. So when the grown-up people announced that one of us was to make a long journey, young Ulysses became for the moment an envied and enchanted figure. Our periodical excursions to London were well enough in their way; noisy, jolly parties in reserved carriages to pantomimes and the Lord Mayor's Show, or matter-of-fact visits to the dentist or the shops. But we all knew the features of the landscape on the way to London by heart, and it was the thought of voyaging through the unknown that fired our lively blood, our hazy sense of geography enabling us to believe that all manner of marvels were to be seen by young eyes from English railway-carriages. Also we did not feel that we were real travellers until we had left all our own grown-ups behind, though in such circumstances we had to put up with

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the indignity of being confided to the care of the guard. Until children have votes, they will continue to suffer from such slights as this!

One morning in early Spring I left London for the North. The adult who saw me off performed his task on the whole very well. True he introduced me to the guard, a bearded and sinister man, but on the other hand he realised the importance of my having a corner seat, and only once or twice committed the error of treating me as if I were a parcel. For my part, I was at pains to conceal my excitement beneath the mannerisms of an experienced traveller. I put the window up and down several times and read aloud all the notices concerning luncheon-baskets and danger-signals. Then my companion shook hands with me in a sensible, manly fashion, and the train started. I sat back and examined my fellow-travellers, and found them rather disappointing. There were three ladies manifestly of the aunt kind, and a stiff, well-behaved little girl who might have stepped out of one of my sister's story-books. She was reading a book without pictures, and when I turned over the pages of my magazines she displayed no interest in them whatever. I could never read in the train, so, with a tentative effort at good manners, I pushed them towards her, but she shook her head; to show her that I did not think this was a snub, I pulled out my packets of sandwiches and had my lunch. After that I played with the blind, which worked with a spring, until one of the aunts told me not to fidget, although she was no aunt of mine. Then I looked out of the window, a prey to voiceless wrath.

By now we had left London far behind, and when I had finished composing imaginary retorts to the unscrupulous aunt, I was quite content to see the wonders of the world flit by. There were hills and valleys decked with romantic woods and set with fascinating and secretive ponds. To my eyes the hills were mountains and the valleys perilous hollows, the accustomed lairs of tremendous dragons. I saw little thatched houses wherein swart witches awaited the coming of Hansel and Gretel, and fairy children waved to me from cottage-gardens and the gates of level-crossings, greetings which I dutifully returned until the aunt made me pull up the window. After a while a change came over the scenery. The placid greens and browns of the country-side blossomed to gold and purple and crimson. I saw a roc float across the arching sky on sluggish wings, and my eyes were delighted with visions of deserts and mosques and palm-trees. That my fellow-passengers would not raise their heads to behold these marvels did not trouble me; I beat on the window with delight, until, like little Billee in Thackeray's ballad, I saw Jerusalem and Madagascar, and North and South Amerikee.

Then something surprising happened. I saw the earth leap up and invade the sky and the sky drop down and blot out the earth, and I felt as though my wings were broken. Then the sides of the carriage closed in and squeezed out the door like a pip out of an orange, until there was only a three-cornered gap left. The air was full of dust and I sneezed again and again, but could not find my pocket-handerchief. Presently a young man came and lifted me out through the hole, and seemed very surprised that I was not hurt. I realised that there had been an accident, for the train was broken into pieces and the permanent way was very untidy. Close at hand I saw the little girl sitting on a bank, and a man kneeling at her feet taking her boots off. I would have liked to speak to her, but I remembered how she had refused the offer of my magazines, and was afraid she would snub me again. The place was very noisy, for people were calling out, and there was a great sound of steam. I noticed that everybody's face was very white, especially the guard's, which made his beard seem as black as soot. The young man took me by the hand and led me along the uneven ground, and there was so much to see that my feet kept stumbling over things, and he had to hold me up. On the way we passed the body of a man lying with a rug over his head. I knew that he was dead; but I had seen drunken men in the streets lie like that, and I could not help looking about for the policemen. Soon we came to a little station, and the platform was crowded with people who would not stand still, but walked round and round making noises. When I climbed up on the platform a woman caught hold of me and cried over me. One of her tears fell on my ear and tickled me; but she held me so tightly that I could not put up my hand to rub it. Her breath was hot on my head.

Then I heard a detested voice say, "Poor little boy, so tired!" and I shuddered back into consciousness of the world that was least interesting of all the worlds I knew. I need not have opened my eyes to be sure that the aunts were at their fell work again, and that the little girl's snub nose was tilted to a patronising angle. Had I woken up a minute later she, too, would have joined in the auntish chorus of compassion for my weakness. As it was, I looked at her with drowsy pity, finding that she was one of those luckless infants who might as well stay at home for all the fun they get out of travelling. She knew no better than to scream when the train ran into a tunnel; what would she have done if she had seen my roc?

The train ran on and on, and still I throned it in my corner, awake or dreaming, indisputably master of all the things that counted. The three aunts faded into antimacassars; the little girl endured her uninteresting life and became an aunt and an antimacassar in her turn, and still I swung my legs in my corner seat, a boy-errant in the strange places of the world. I do not remember the name of the station at which the bearded guard ultimately brought me out of my dreams. I do remember standing stiffly on the platform and deciding that I had been travelling night and day for three hundred years. When I communicated this fact to the relatives who met me, they were strangely unimpressed; but I knew that when I returned home to my brothers they would display a decent interest in the story of my wanderings. After all, you can't expect grown-up people to understand everything!

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

ON Tuesday afternoon, January 24th, a lecture was delivered at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Métropole, by the Hon J. G. Jenkins, on "Papua and the Papuans," the Hon. J. H. P. Murray (Lieut.-Governor of Papua) taking the chair at four o'clock.

The lecturer in his preliminary observations explained that he visited that little-known island not altogether as a sight-seeing, world-encircling tourist, but rather with the object of learning what he could about the climate, the productive possibilities of the soil, and the adaptability of the natives to white supervision and civilisation. Few people have any idea of its size and importance, or any acquaintance with its history. After attempts at annexation in 1793 by the East India Company, and in 1873 by Captain Moresby, another attempt was made in 1883, when Sir Thomas McIlwraith, the Premier of Queensland, took possession of all the eastern part of the island. He asked for a ratification of his action, pointing out the danger to Australia by allowing foreign nations to take possession, especially referring to Germany's acquisition policy in the Pacific. The Home Government were again blind to Great Britain's interest, and refused the request on the ground that they considered there was no danger from German expansion. The very next year Germany took possession of about half of the unannexed

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part of the island, thus securing a splendid harbour and naval base in New Guinea, which, were it not for the sleepy stupidity of the home authorities, should have all belonged to the British Empire. After the Germans had annexed this territory in 1884 the British Government became partially awake and allowed Australia to protect the unannexed portion of the island, providing that she (Australia) would guarantee £15,000 per annum for expenses. This was at once agreed. Four years afterwards, in 1888, Great Britain formally annexed it, upon Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria consenting to bear the cost of government. This financial responsibility was undertaken by all Australia upon the establishment of the Commonwealth in 1901, and in 1905 the full control of Papua was given over to the Commonwealth by an Act which came into force on September 1st, 1906.

The white population numbers about eight hundred; the natives are estimated at about 400,000, and the speaker proceeded to give many interesting details of the mode of life pursued, the climate, the ideas of the inhabitants. "Before one visits the tropical islands," said Mr. Jenkins, "and sees and hears for oneself what is being done, one is inclined to indulge in mistaken zeal and soft sentiment over the wickedness of making the poor natives work. I have heard wealthy men in this country deplore the condition of these free men of the bush, while they themselves are blind to the fact that white men and women are employed in the heart of civilised England under far less healthy conditions and at far smaller compensation, considering the needs and surroundings of each. It is a great mistake to think that properly directed work is doing any injury to the native; on the contrary, it is his greatest civiliser, and is teaching him lessons in self-preservation and maintenance which must be of permanent benefit. Natives to live must eat. When they are taught that they can easily grow a great part of their own food and buy the balance of their requirements with their labour, they cease their desire for warfare and for eating each other.

"Most of the missionaries now fully understand the necessity of keeping the natives at work as far as possible. These missionaries are real reformers, and as such they fully recognise what some professional reformers will not see—that the idle poor are a far greater menace to a country than the 'idle rich,' and the greatest benefit to mankind must come by the elevation and improvement of the many, and not by the abuse or even the destruction of the few. The natives are very imitative, and those who loaf around the ports in idleness soon learn the worst features of white civilisation. The only place where we had any necessity to question the uprightness of the natives was in those localities where the evil influence of the demoralised European had contaminated them."

With a few remarks on the possibilities of development in Papua, and the probability that at no very future date the island may become one of Britain's valuable assets, the lecture was brought to a close. Some excellent views thrown on the screen, illustrating the position of New Guinea, its scenery, and its people, concluded a very successful and profitable hour, and the large audience showed its hearty approval of the knowledge and care which had been brought to bear upon the subject.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION

Professor Raleigh on Hazlitt

In introducing the subject of his lecture at the London Institution on Monday evening last, Professor Walter Raleigh remarked that a good deal of Hazlitt's work consisted of "criticism of criticism"—a process which could be carried too far, a "chain of parasitism which sometimes goes on until the parasite becomes too small to attract attention." No excuse for this sort of writing need be made in the case of William Hazlitt, for he, like all great critics of literature, was always talking about life, and was free from any taint of the pedantic.

After mentioning the circumstances of Hazlitt's birth, and the hard fighting stock from which he descended, Professor Raleigh spiritedly protested that the most brilliant schoolboys rarely made the finest successes in life—alluding to the desultory character of Hazlitt's education—and quoted passages from some of the well-known essays presumably referring to the author's childhood. In very early life the future essayist scribbled on many themes, and doubtless his meeting with Coleridge and Wordsworth had something to do with his career. Not until he was forty years of age however, did he get thoroughly into touch with human life, and do his best work.

Settling in London in 1812, Hazlitt began his strenuous years as a working journalist, contributing to many papers matter of the most varied description. His gifts in some respects were extraordinary. He could produce in a short time an essay abounding in profound thought, couched in terse and polished English, without apparent premeditation. The explanation is to be found, said Professor Raleigh, in the fact that for years he had been thinking deeply—the preparation had been going on—and that he rarely wrote on any subject which did not interest him. He recorded the "Pleasures of Hating," but nearly all his essays were concerned with the things he loved, and were remarkable for the justness and directness of their thought. His youth may have seemed futile, but it was the period of inception. "For many years," said Hazlitt, "I did nothing but think."

Hazlitt remained passionately true, observed the lecturer in conclusion, to his early principles. He loved mankind, but not man as an individual. The eulogy of Charles Lamb, his devoted friend, was quoted, and the gatherings of the little circle of those happiest days were mentioned, when Hazlitt excelled as a talker—days which doubtless bore their part in his memory when he said, "I have had a happy life." Professor Raleigh also enlarged on many fascinating points—Hazlitt's splendidly childlike heart, his love for the open air, his keen pleasure in things seen.

The lecture was loudly applauded, and from a literary and intellectual standpoint must have thoroughly charmed and interested every listener.

On Monday, January 30th, at 5 p.m., Mr. R. W. A. Brewer, F.R.S.E., A.M.I.C.E., will give a lecture on "The Art of Aviation," which will be illustrated by lantern slides and experiments.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

The public soon cried "enough"; it bought steadily for a few days and then stopped. The professionals were not able to unload, and as a result we now see a Stock Exchange almost wholly bullish. It is not a pleasant position, but it may be ameliorated by further buying. The business of the jobber is to sell shares, not buy them. Everybody in the City believed that a good strong market had arrived, and everybody laid in a stock of shares with which to supply the greedy countryman who always comes in upon the top of a rise after having got out right at the bottom. We are now somewhat disappointed, for no one in the City wants to hold shares one moment longer than obliged. The brilliant journalist who writes the market report for the *Financial*

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News crystallises the views of the City in an aphorism that will one day become a copybook maxim in all commercial Colleges. He says "The aloofness of the public is distasteful to the professionals."

The MONEY MARKET added to our chagrin by remaining unaccountably hard, so hard that the Bank of England felt justified in retaining its rate. It is not a difficult matter to persuade the Bank to keep up the Rate; very little pressure is required; but the merchant who lives upon cheap money does not look eye to eye with the banker. He sees no urgent demand, and he cannot understand why our official Rate should be $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. while that of France is 3 per cent. Clearly, we are now suffering from our ambitions. Great Britain, proud in her position as the champion of the gold standard, induced all the other nations to imitate her; the result is that the U.S. Treasury and banks now hold 263 millions, France holds 131 millions, Russia 130 millions. The Brazil and the Argentine have added 50 millions in a few years, Austria and Italy another 50 millions. Great Britain has hardly added to her official reserve at all during ten years. But the gold of the rest of the world has increased 77 per cent. in the decade. Something will have to be done to remedy the strange anomaly. We have our cheque system, which takes the place of currency, but in the event of a big war we should be placed in a serious dilemma. We live upon credit—not a bad thing to live upon if we conserve it. But Consols at under 80 make one pause, and wonder if we have realised our position.

The FOREIGN MARKET has been barely steady. The great house of Rothschilds made a success of the Chilian Loan. Messrs. Seligmans acted over here as the agents for the New York City Bonds, another great success; they will, of course, be allotted to the finance houses. Paris has been slightly disturbed by one or two mishaps and consequent liquidation. They are not of a serious nature, but they prevented the French from supporting Tintos, and they checked the operations of the small dealers in shares who call themselves bankers, but are really share-pushers of a somewhat unscrupulous order. Russians have remained dull; indeed on the whole account they are slightly down. The rise has been steady and should continue when the French begin to buy again. But the top has almost been reached, and the Fours can hardly go beyond par. Peruvian Debentures have been bought and Japanese have been supported in face of considerable liquidation.

The HOME RAILWAY MARKET has been sad and gay by turns as the dividends have pleased or annoyed the punters. The public should not be discouraged at the Great Eastern distribution, but should buy the stock upon any relapse. I have advised the purchase of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the dividend showed that the line had done well; as I have said before, this stock must go to par. Trade throughout the North is good, and traffics will continue to increase. The investor who refuses the ordinary stocks of our leading English railways to-day must be hard to please. He can obtain from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent., and if money becomes cheap, he will make 10 per cent. upon his capital outlay within the year. The Southern stocks have been gambled in, and are therefore not sound as a speculation. The news that the Scotch companies have won their case against the shippers means a great deal; Caledonians, Glasgow and South Western and North British should be bought. Trade in Scotland is improving, and all these stocks must rise.

YANKEES have been hesitating. But I can hear of no speculation in Wall Street. The tone on the other side is very bullish. The big houses seem quite determined to keep prices up. They will not "take the pin out" yet. The omnipotent Pierpont Morgan has again been playing to the gallery. He came forward and decreed that the Carnegie Trust should be taken over. This Trust has nothing to do with Andrew Carnegie, who only loaned them a million dollars in the panic, and now stands as a creditor for 750,000 dollars. The failures were quite unimportant. Pennsylvania intends to make a six-track road from New York to Pittsburg, and needs money; it will therefore sell forty million dollars' worth of stock during the next few months. It denies that it has purchased more Norfolk and Western stock. It already owns about half the capital. As Pennsylvania is one of the greatest lines in the world, the shares are worth buying to-day. Do not forget that it now has a terminus in New York itself. The Steel report for the end of the month is now expected to be only moderate, but the dividend will remain unaltered. Kuhn, Loeb and Company remain bullish on Unions.

The RUBBER MARKET has been quite bright. The fact that prices have fallen rather lower than the circumstances justified has had something to do with the rise, but the real reason for the upward movement is the cessation of sales from the East. The rubber people in London will never part with a share if they can hold on by hook or by crook; they are enthusiasts, and, like all such people, carry enthusiasm too far. Thus we find many of the smaller non-producing companies priced at fancy premiums. A careful examination of the leading shares in which there is a free market shows that Linggis should produce about 10 per cent. at present prices for the year 1911, Cicely $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., Vallombrosa 10 per cent., Selangor 15 per cent., Kuala Lumpur 10 per cent., Anglo-Malay 15 per cent., Batu Caves 13 per cent., Consolidated Malay $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., Damansara $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., Federated Selangor 15 per cent., Kapar Para $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., Highlands, Lanadron, and Ledbury about the same, Pataling about 15 per cent. Nearly all these were capitalised by their promoters at a low price per acre, the most expensive on this list being Ledbury at £77 per acre as against Pataling at £15, Cicely £19 15s. and Selangor £18. The amount of capitalisation per acre is bound to tell in the long run, especially when all the newly planted estates come into bearing. No one should ever buy shares in an estate that is overburdened with capital. I should rule out anything over £100, even though this includes Shelford, which may pay 50 per cent. this year. Never buy cheap shares in the Rubber Market. Buy only the best. Do not forget that though prices have fallen they are higher in all cases than they were last year before the boom.

OIL SHARES soon fell away into their former neglected condition when it was found that the public did not come for them, but the news that the Mexican Eagle had got a gusher caused those behind this market to make a bid for the shares. The company is spending a great deal of money; it is still fighting the Waters Pierce Company, and it is still unable to fulfil its contracts with the Mexican Railway. But if the gusher does not catch fire—a bad habit that all fountains have acquired—then one may expect great results and big dividends. Oil is badly wanted in Mexico, and if the new field yields well the Standard Oil people may come to terms. The war has cost huge sums, has lasted a long time, and both sides must be heartily sick of it by now. The news from California is good; oil continues high in price, and I look upon this as one of the most promising and profitable oil-fields we can invest in to-day. Many of the companies can make a profit at 25 cents and they have sold at 50 cents.

KAFFIRS have not yet caught the fancy of the speculator, but they are steady and somewhat oversold by the dealers. There is not much to go for at the moment. We all hold Kaffirs, we all want to get out, but we wait the pleasure of the magnates. They do not seem inclined to move the market, but rather to seek fresh fields for their capital.

RHODESIANS remain in much the same expectant frame of mind as that I have chronicled for so many weeks past. Clearly we may get a very good report from the Chartered Company, but no one buys the shares. They are steady. This is not what the gambler wants. He looks for a smart rise. Did he get what he asked for, I think we should see a big rise in the whole market. But the rates in many Rhodesians at the Settlement were far too high. Some poor punters paid 10 per cent. for the pleasure of carrying El Dorados. This does not make for booms. Considering the hundreds of thousands of shares that the big houses have for sale, I wonder at the lack of cohesion amongst the would-be vendors.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

"THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISH JOKE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—That a literary Argus such as Mr. Frank Harris should attribute to Charles Reade "*Punch's* advice to those about to marry" will astonish most of your readers, Where has he buried himself that he should talk of *Punch's* authorship of the immortal joke as a "tradition" and "an incredible story"? His version of it is indeed incredible. Whom can he have "asked again and again and received no satisfactory answer"? Not a member of the *Punch* staff, surely, nor any reader of "The History of *Punch*;" nor could he have visited the *Punch* Exhibition, held not long ago, where the very page was displayed with the celebrated line underlined in red. Otherwise he would have escaped the haunting doubt by which he has so long been afflicted.

The joke appeared in the *Punch* Almanac for 1845 under "January," and was based upon an advertisement then being widely put forth by E. A. Monson and Co., well-known house-furnishers of the day. It was written by Henry Mayhew, the man who, with Landells, conceived the idea of *Punch* and shaped it from the beginning, and was one of its first editors (Mark Lemon and Coyne having been his co-editors). It was contributed by him in the ordinary way and was paid for in the usual way.

As Reade's comedy was published in 1859, Mr. Harris will doubtless acknowledge the error of declaring "that *Punch* is the plagiarist and not Charles Reade." The curious thing is that the joke sprang into instant popularity and was widely quoted from that time onwards; yet Mr. Harris has traced it back no further than to the fifteenth year of its age.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

21, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The author of this famous joke on marriage was the Reverend Mr. Christie, parish schoolmaster of Marnock, a secluded district in the county of Banff. The writer has the best means of knowing this, as it was on the suggestion of the writer's own father that Mr. Christie sent the joke to *Punch*. Whether, like most jokes, ancient and modern, it had been perpetrated before I do not know, but of this I am sure, that, so far as Christie was concerned, it was original and was not copied from any romance, French or English. The author was one of those old Scottish "dominies," now fast passing away, who took the schoolmaster's desk as a stepping-stone to the pulpit, and never got beyond it. He was the son of one minister of Kildrummy, in Aberdeenshire, and the grandson of another, and was a member of a highly gifted family, his brother, the Rev. John Christie, D.D, being for many years Professor of Divinity in the University of Aberdeen. Although he has long passed away, many must still remember his pawky wit and his devotion to his fiddle and his fishing-rod. He himself followed the advice he gave, for he was never married. Although all his friends and contemporaries have long crossed the Styx, I have no doubt that many of their descendants must be able to corroborate this fact, notably the representatives of the old laird with whom he dined every Sunday, summer and winter, for twenty years. The publishers of *Punch* will also find on looking up their books that they paid the author a five-pound note for this, I think, his first and last contribution.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Dundee.

DICKENS' WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It has been charged against Dickens that his "women" are defective; and, accordingly, that he must have had a distinct bias in thus depicting them so commonly. It might be well, therefore, in view of the fact that Dickens did quite frequently portray exceedingly defective and utterly ridiculous women characters, to inquire into this matter, and to seek to absolve from such a charge as that of prejudice one whose rare gifts and noble accomplishments have endeared him to the hearts and affections of many tens of thousands of English-speaking and English-reading people. In the first place, then, I think it must be granted—even by the most dissembling critic—that Dickens did occasionally depict, in vivid colours, delightful and lovely women characters—women of practical sense and loving natures—women of strong affections and of most dutiful and generous promptings and emotions—women whose intuitive perceptions and fine governing principles pronounced them "most excellent of women," and whose virtues, self-sacrifices, and utter self-renunciation and devotion to service to others contrasted so eminently with the meanness, the self-indulgence, and the utter want of principle of their fathers and brothers!

Take "Little Dorrit" for a single instance, or "Ruth Pinch" for another. Where in all the picture-galleries of womanly nature and character will one find truer or more exquisite examples of all that is lovable and worthy in humanity? And again, what could there be found wanting in characters such as Esther Summerson and Kate Nickleby, not to mention others? For surely they are sufficiently normal and sufficiently intelligent and amiable Dickensian women characters. Moreover, let us hear what Dickens himself has avowed in so many words regarding his estimate of women and of womanhood at large. "Oh, woman!" he apostrophises in "Martin Chuzzlewit," "God-beloved in Old Jerusalem! The best among us need deal lightly with their faults, if only for the punishment their nature will endure in bearing heavy evidence against us in the Day of Judgment!"

Indeed, so tender and merciful and so chivalrous was the nature of Dickens in all that related either to the infirmities or faults of women as to render this charge of "bias" and "depreciation" at once preposterous and unjustifiable. For, even though he did render the greater number of his women characters in a somewhat ridiculous and "defective" light, he did so only because he found them so, and, as a true and graphic depictor of English character and of human nature, he could not do otherwise. Yet Dickens was ever most merciful and considerate of the very infirmities and defects of even those amongst his most ridiculed women characters; and who that is capable of reading between the lines can fail to discover in his keenest satires a tender and compassionate humour, which, while provocative of mirth and derision at the "defective's" expense, is yet tinged with sadness and reflection? And Dickens had his Motive and Purpose! He, at all events, never wrote without one. He thought clearly and felt deeply! He knew, as the man of genius only can know and realise, that great wrongs and injustices were imposed and inflicted upon the masses of his countrymen in his day, as in times before, and, perhaps, even greater and worse than ever before. He knew that the women and children of England suffered such wrongs and injustices as to cry to Heaven for redress and vengeance; that their education was utterly neglected, and quite commonly actually perverted; that might prevailed over right, and that darkness and confusion covered his native land. And he devoted his life and talents to the awakening and restoration of the national conscience.

But stern though his resolve, and devoted though his efforts, there was no grain of the demagogue in Dickens' nature and purpose. He resolved only to shed forth such a light as to convey to the darkest recesses of the English mind and consciousness the startling sense and conviction of the imminent snares and dangers that lurked in the prevailing social and industrial, as well as educational, conditions and methods; and he wrote and depicted accordingly. Hence his scathing satires and denunciations of the "Circumlocution Office," of the "Court of Chancery," of "Dotheboy's Hall," and of many another "educational" establishment! Nor did he ever really exaggerate, as many have affirmed who should know better; for we have data in plenty, and there are still multitudes of English men and women who can recall instances and experiences enough amply to justify the accuracy and pertinency of Dickens' most scathing and bitter denunciations and findings. And so, when we are confronted with this charge of "bias" and of "depreciation of womanhood" against Dickens, it is well to remember that he depicted character only as he found it, or in its true colours, and that he can in no wise be held responsible for the "defects" (educational or otherwise) of his woman characters, since they were the defects of perverted and neglected education; and just how much Englishwomen to-day are indebted to Charles Dickens for their present well-being and social advancement is a question which nothing short of an earnest and appreciative review of all that he has written on behalf of English education, and for the redress of the wrongs and oppressions of his fellow country men and women, can solve or decide at all adequately. It should be enough, I think, to

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know and realise that Dickens knew full well and dearly loved his England and his fellow-men.

With him countless thousands have laughed and cried, have loved and hated, in common; and with him to this day countless thousands still laugh and weep, love and hate—love all that he loved in human nature; and hate, as he hated, all that is mean and vile. O Dickens! great master and interpreter of human character and nature; of all the secrets, perfections, imperfections, and virtues of the soul and heart—what a debt do we not owe to thee, thou very archetype of all that is generous, loving, and joyous in human relation! Peace to thy ashes! rest to thy soul! honour to thy memory! and everlasting joy to thy radiant and triumphant spirit!—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE breath of scandal is always busy about those in high places, and the nobler the position of the person attacked the more scurrilous and detestable are the methods often employed. The result of the action which was heard on Wednesday last before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, by which the man Mylius was found guilty of a libel upon King George V., and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, will prove a deterrent, it is to be hoped, to any Republican fanatics or half-insane nondescripts of anarchical tendencies who may feel inclined to speak against the honour of royalty. In olden days the penalty for so gross a libel would have been infinitely heavier, and in the light of such times the punishment does not seem severe, although the underhand methods of Mylius aggravated his offence. For obvious reasons, the paper containing the libel could not be printed in this country; but hundreds of copies were brought from Paris, and the intention was to circulate them among officers of the Army and Navy, the very persons upon whom such statements might be expected to make least impression—men thoroughly loyal and true. We hope that if any similar case ever occurs, the lenient penalty inflicted upon Mylius will not be a precedent too closely followed.

The disadvantages attaching to greatness overtake cities as well as men, and London suffers them in many ways; her huge street-traffic, admirable in one sense, terrible in another, is a notable instance which at constantly recurring crises engages the attention of experts. For the moment, however, the river is the centre of interest. When London was built, evolved, or "happened," there was no thought of the monster ocean-going liner, or the bulky tramp-steamer that thrashes its slow and steady way across the seas, and pushes its bluff nose into most harbours of the world; the hollowed log lurched down the stream impelled by primitive oars, and the modest sailing-boat scurried for shelter at a threatening storm. We have progressed from the coracle to the clipper, from the clipper to the stately battleship and graceful liner, and our means of accommodation have not progressed at the same rate; hence the historic Port of London is in danger of taking a subordinate place among the great cities which lie within easy reach of the open sea. The scheme now under discussion, by which the Thames will be deepened to an extent which will admit the passage of the largest boats up-river to the Albert Dock, seems worthy of all praise. The nuisance of waiting for the tide, the hindrance of other vessels, will be done away with by the suggested improvements in the extent of the docks, and the length of their entrance-locks.

Experience shows that in the matter of ship-building it is well to look forward more than at first consideration might seem necessary. Only ten years ago an entrance-lock was designed for the London and India Dock Company to take vessels of 700ft. in length, and doubtless at that time such accommodation was thought to leave an ample margin. Now, however, the locks have to allow for the immense 800ft. leviathans, and a provision is suggested by which their dimensions may be increased to 1,000ft. in case of need. The difficulty is, of course, to know where to stop in these matters. It is quite possible that in ten years' time, with science and engineering revivified by new discoveries, and fresh applications of these discoveries to problems of travel, dilemmas of which we do not now dream may confront us, Meanwhile the pressing need of the day has to be met, lest London wane. Many of those who gaze at the busy scenes of shipping between the Tower and London Bridge have never visited Tilbury in their lives, and have no idea of the ocean-going passenger traffic so near the City's borders. It is to preserve and increase that fine asset of the premier port of the world that the new scheme of dock-enlargement has been planned, and it is to be hoped that no unnecessary difficulties will be thrown in its way.

The question of a censorship of Naval intelligence in time of war, mentioned by the scribes as being under consideration by those in authority, leads us to emphasise the unsatisfactory method—or lack of method—by which we attempt to ensure our national means of defence from inspection by prying and unauthorised strangers. We arrest a young German officer for sketching and taking notes and photographs half a mile from a fort, yet we allow the full particulars of the latest heavy ordnance, the details of the latest battleship's armament, the speed, dimensions, and fighting power of any proposed addition to our fleet to be published in the daily papers. Visitors are conducted with the utmost freedom over our dockyards, and over our battleships when they lie at anchor—are welcomed, in fact, and treated with a courtesy which would be admirable were it not so mistaken and indiscriminate. We understand that a few years ago it was possible for any stranger possessed of an inquiring turn of mind to saunter into one of our important gunnery training-grounds unchallenged; to pass into the huge rooms, inspect the mechanism of the guns and the

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diagrams on the walls, and, provided no one was looking, to jot down such information as he might be able to secure. In neither France nor Germany (unless under very exceptional circumstances such as those which have recently happened, and which may almost be said to prove the rule) would he have been permitted to approach within a hundred yards of the entrance without inquiry as to his business from armed and vigilant sentries. Probably a change has occurred since then, in this particular instance; but there still remain many flaws in our administration of national affairs with regard to the Army and Navy.

These observations refer, of course, to times of peace. In war, or even in the case of the strained relations which often prevail between two countries long before their smouldering quarrel bursts into flame, the control of news should be very rigidly exercised by those who are responsible for the direction of operations, especially now that wireless telegraphy has become practicable over distances of many hundreds of miles. It is all a part of our futile and dangerous manner of tinkering with big questions—questions which demand above all things strong and decisive action—that newspapers should be permitted to publish to the whole world (including the enemy, who naturally reads them with interest) the movements of battalions, of squadrons, the progress of events, and the general scheme of attack during the conflict. The "liberty of the Press" and "free speech" are quite praiseworthy elements of our national fame; but they must not be invested with the qualities of a fetich, and this is one of the instances when they may easily become a national danger.

Similar absurdities occur, on a smaller and less striking scale, when a crime is committed. The criminal has only to buy a copy of any newspaper to ascertain exactly what the police are doing, in what quarters he is being sought, and what clues have been found; he may order his movements accordingly, give endless trouble before he is captured, and even evade capture altogether until public interest has died down and only one person here and there remembers his name. Some day, perhaps, our methods will be the subject of an outburst of international laughter, or will cause a national catastrophe, and the policy of muddling along which now inspires our administrators will give place to something more in harmony with our reputation for greatness and good sense.

Two artists, who laboured in very different spheres, but both achieved fame, have passed away during the last few days. Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A., was one more instance from the long list of men who quietly set aside the plans made by others for their occupation in life and took their career into their own hands. His landscapes are familiar to all, and his work in water-colour alone would have made him celebrated. Mr. Lockwood Kipling was perhaps less known to the man in the street and the desultory reader as an artist than as the father of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, since his achievements were in the way of instructing others rather than in a large output of original work, and the scene of his action was so far removed from England. From 1875 to 1893 Mr. Kipling devoted himself to the Lahore School of Arts and Designs, of which he was Principal; his knowledge of Indian art was probably unequalled. For some years he had lived in retirement, but had keenly followed the progress of events in India to the last.

THE ARTIFICER

If I were a goldsmith, a crown of gold would I make,
Studded with emeralds, shedding a soft, cold light
Through the veils of thy hair, as gleam through a ferny brake
The glowworm lanterns at night.

Could I weave the delicate fabrics the Persian weaves,
I would fashion a garment of glistening azure silk
Inwrought with silvery borders of birds and leaves,
For thy body that's whiter than milk.

A weaver am I, but the silk of my weaving is words,
Shot over with crimson and pearl and transient gleams,
And cast on the weft, for patterns of leaves and birds,
Are thoughts and visions and dreams.

And I am a maker of gems, but speech is the gold,
Starred with pearls that glimmer and rubies that blaze;
With crafty hand the ductile metal I mould
To forms of rhythm and phrase.

So, with what art I may, will I fashion for thee
A coffer of gold and jewels, a delicate shrine,
That in after days who looketh therein may see
The beauty that once was thine.

M. D. A.

WHAT OF THE REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM?

A SOLEMN farce has been perpetrated. A General Election which nobody wanted has taken place, and the *status quo ante* has been maintained. Members of the Government retain their identical posts, and in some cases the enhanced salaries which it was their fortunate lot to attract to themselves prior to the appeal to the people. The Government boast of their great majority, to which they ought to be heartily ashamed to make the faintest reference, having regard to the elements of which it is composed. The Opposition—completely disorganised—are ranting at their organisation—or, more properly speaking, want of it—and are in full flight from many of their most cherished ideals.

Two items are steadfast. The Socialists hold to red ruin and the breaking-up of laws. The Irish Redmondites race for their cherished goal—Home Rule and Civil War. What of patriotism and sane government?—

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

If patriotism reigned and love of country ever claimed a thought, what would be the outcome of the present situation? It would be a determination to suppress the pestilent ego, and consign "into a limbo, large and broad," the toxic serum of party.

The two great parties to whom the electorate has confided its trust in equal proportions would, under any sane system of government, join forces in irresistible array to defeat

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disruption, civil war, and revolution at home, and to render innocuous hostile combinations abroad. They would combine to uproot the lodgment of anarchy on these shores, and by wise and just treatment of the Colonies would enfold them in closest embrace.

Did ever perverted imagination shadow forth a more incongruous and grotesque system of government than that which threatens to prevail? The country is to be ruled by what? Not by a majority of its own choice, but by detrimental minorities, which it mostly abhors.

Is defence to be adequately provided for in accordance with the will of the country as declared by at least five hundred members of the House of Commons? Certainly not! unless the 120 detrimentals are bought over. Mr. Keir Hardie, with devilish ingenuity, is now suggesting the threat of a general strike as a preventive of war—a scheme which, if realised, would paralyse our diplomacy and deliver us bound to our enemies. It is true that Mr. Keir Hardie, in a dream of Earlswood or of Bedlam, would rely on foreign nations imitating the lunacy which he advocates. Those whose judgment is not warped by a long course of infatuation know that such reliance would prove to be wholly illusory.

If the House of Commons is to be the sport of noxious minorities, if the will of the majority can only prevail as the result of a series of anti-national and corrupt bargains, can it be contended in good faith and with mental balance, that a loyal and patriotic Second Chamber removed from the contamination of impure motives should be swept away, or synonymously reduced to a nullity? The proposition has only to be stated to supply the answer. The corollary is that the whisperings which are heard in Conservative circles that the Veto Bill must of course go through are the panic-stricken aftermath of a defeat. Defeat forsooth! well may Ministers exclaim, "Another such a victory, and we are lost." As a matter of fact, they are lost now, but only if they are confronted with the serried ranks of a foe sufficiently British to be unable to recognise defeat. A few weeks ago we argued and showed conclusively that on no account must the hasty and temporary expedient—in view of a General Election—entitled the Parliament Bill be allowed to pass into law. It will be a scandal if it is permitted even to occupy the time of Parliament. It was simply an item in an Election manifesto which failed of its design—to inflame the passions of the people.

As we have pointed out before, the Government gave away the whole case for the Bill in the preamble to it:—

> And whereas it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a Second Chamber, constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution cannot be immediately brought into operation
>
> And whereas provision will require hereafter to be made by Parliament in a measure effecting such substitution for limiting and defining the powers of the new Second Chamber, but it is expedient to make such provision as in this Act appears for restricting the existing powers of the House of Lords.

What if not the General Election and their Home Rule pledges was in the mind of the Government when they asserted that their proposals for a substituted Second Chamber "cannot be immediately brought into operation"? We quite admit that it would have been foolish, if not impossible, to have laid on the table of the House of Commons on November 16th last a well-considered measure for a brand-new Second Chamber with written functions and limits; and therefore as some sort of a declaration of policy on the subject had to be promulgated in view of the Dissolution for which they were preparing, they produced the Veto Bill. Now there is no obstacle to prevent Ministers giving adequate consideration to and producing in reasonable time their proposals for establishing and defining the powers of a new Second Chamber, and an Opposition possessing courage and steadfastness would compel them to do so, or in the event of failure a House of Lords which would vindicate its existence would reject the Veto Bill.

As an electoral device the Bill is no longer needed; as a dodge to secure the passage of Home Rule and revolutionary legislation, which no Chamber substituted for the House of Lords would sanction, it deserves contempt and condemnation. Surrender in such circumstances would be craven.

The Parliament Bill must not become law.

CECIL COWPER.

THE GREAT SIGHT

BY H. BELLOC

ALL night we had slept on straw in a high barn. The wood of its beams was very old, and the tiles upon the roof were green with age; but there hung from beam to beam, fantastically, a wire caught by nails, and here and there from this wire hung an electric-light bulb. It was a symbol of the time, and the place, and the people. There was no local bye-law to forbid such a thing, or if there was, no one dreamt of obeying it.

Just in the first dawn of that September day we went out, my companion and I, at guess-work to hunt in the most amusing kind of hunting, which is the hunting of an army. The lane led through one of those lovely ravines of Picardy which travellers never know (for they only see the plains), and in a little while we thought it wise to strike up the steep bank from the valley on to the bare plateau above, but it was all at random and all guess-work, only we wisely thought that we were nearing the beginning of things, and that on the bare fields of the high flat we should have a greater horizon and a better chance of catching any indications of men or arms.

When we had reached the height the sun had long risen, but it as yet gave no shining and there were no shadows, for a delicate mist hung all about the landscape, though immediately above us the sky was faintly blue.

It was the wierdest of sensations to go for mile after mile over that vast plain, to know that it was cut in regular series by parallel ravines which in all that extended view we could not guess at; to see up to the limits of the plateau the spires of villages and the groups of trees about them, and to know that somewhere in all this there lay concealed a *corps d'armée*—and not to see or hear a soul. The only human

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being that we saw was a man driving a heavy farm cart very slowly up a side-way just as we came into the great road which has shot dead across this country in one line ever since the Romans built it. As we went along that road, leaving the fields, we passed by many men indeed, and many houses, all in movement with the early morning; and the chalked numbers on the doors, and here and there an empty tin of polishing-paste or an order scrawled on paper and tacked to a wall betrayed the passage of soldiers. But of the army there was nothing at all. Scouting on foot (for that was what it was) is a desperate business, and that especially if you have nothing to tell you whether you will get in touch in five, or ten, or twenty miles.

It was nine o'clock before a clatter of horse-hoofs came up the road behind us. At first my companion and I wondered whether it were the first riders of the Dragoons or Cuirassiers. In that case the advance was from behind us. But very soon, as the sound grew clearer, we heard how few they were, and then there came into view, trotting rapidly, a small escort and two officers with the umpires' badges, so there was nothing doing; but when, half a mile ahead of us on the road they turned off to the left over plough, we knew that that was the way we must follow too. Before we came to the turning-place, before we left the road to take the fields on the left, there came from far off and on our right the sound of a gun.

It was my companion who heard it first. We strained to hear it again; twice we thought we had caught it, and then again twice we doubted. It is not so easily recognisable a sound as you might think in those great plains cut by islands of high trees and steading walls. The little "75" gun lying low makes a different sound altogether at a distance from the old piece of "90." At any rate there was here no doubt that there were guns to the right and in front of us, and the umpire had gone to the left. We were getting towards the thick, and we had only to go straight on to find out where the front was.

Just as we had so decided and were still pursuing the high-road, there came, not half a mile away and again to our right, in a valley below us, that curious sound which is like nothing at all unless it be the dumping of flints out of a cart: rifle fire. It cracked and tore in stretches. Then there were little gaps of silence like the gaps in signalling, and then it cracked and tore in stretches again; and then, fitfully, one individual shot and then another would be heard; and, much further off, with little sounds like snaps, the replies began from the hillside beyond the stream. So far so good. Here was contact in the valley below us, and the guns, some way behind and far off northwards, had opened. So we got the hang of it instantly—the front was a sort of crescent lying roughly north and south, and roughly parallel to the great road, and the real or feigned mass of the advance was on the extreme left of that front. We were in it now, and that anxious and wearying business in all hunting, finding, was over; but we had been on foot six mortal hours before coming across our luck, and more than half the soldiers' day was over. These men had been afoot since three, and certain units on the left had already marched over twenty miles.

After that coming in touch with our business, not only did everything become plain, but the numbers we met, and what I have called "the thick of things," fed us with interest. We passed half the 38th, going down the road singing, to extend the line, and in a large village we came to the other half, slouching about in the traditional fashion of the Service; they had been waiting for an hour. With them, and lined up all along the village street was one battery, with the drivers dismounted, and all that body were at ease. There were men sitting on the doorsteps of the houses and men trotting to the canteen-waggon or to the village shops to buy food; and there were men reading papers which a pedlar had brought round. Mud and dust had splashed them all; upon some there was a look of great fatigue; they were of all shapes and sizes, and altogether it was the sort of sight you would not see in any other Service in the world. It was the sort of sight which so disgusted the Emperor Joseph when he made his little tour to spy out the land before the Revolutionary Wars. It was the sort of sight which made Massenbach before Grandpré marvel whether the French forces were soldiers at all, and the sort of sight which made Valmy inexplicable to the King of Prussia and his staff. It was the sort of sight which eighteen months later still convinced Mack in Tournai that the Duke of York's plan was a plan "of annihilation." It is a trap for judgment is the French service.

So they lounged about and bought bread, and shifted their packs, and so the drivers stood by their horses, and so they all waited and slouched, until there came, not a man with a bugle nor anything with the slightest savour of drama but a little fellow running along thumping in his loose leather leggings, who went up to a Major of Artillery and saluted, and immediately afterwards the Major put his hand up, and then down a village street, from a point which we could not see, came a whistle, and the whole of that mass of men began to swarm. The grey-blue coats of the line swung round the corner of the village street; they had yet a few miles before them. Anything more rapid or less in step it would be difficult to conceive. The guns were off at a right angle down the main road, making a prodigious clatter, and at the same time appeared two parties, one of which it was easy to understand, the other not. They were both parties of sappers. The one party had a great roll of wire on a drum, and as quick as you could think they were unreeling it, and as they unreeled it fastening it to eaves, overhanging branches, and to corners of walls, stretching it out forward. It was the field-telephone. The other party came along carrying great beams upon their shoulders, but what they were to do with these beams we did not know.

We followed the tail of the line down into the valley, and all that morning long and past the food time at midday, and so till the sun declined in the afternoon, we went with the 38th in its gradual success from crest to crest. And still the 38th slouched by companies, and mile after mile with checks and halts, and it never seemed to get either less or more tired. The men had had twelve hours of it when they came at last, and we after them, on to the critical position. They had carried (together with all the line to the left and to the right of them) a string of villages which crowned the crest of a further plateau, and over this further plateau they were advancing against the main body of the resistance—the other army corps which was set up against ours, to simulate an enemy.

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A railway line ran here across the rolling hedgeless fields, and just at the point where my companion and I struck it there was a dip in the land and a high embankment which hid the plain beyond; but from that plain beyond one heard the separate fire of the advancing line in its scattered order. We climbed the embankment, and from its ridge we saw, over two miles or more of stubble, the little creeping bunches of the attack. What was resisting, or where it lay, one could only guess. Some hundreds of yards before us to the east, with the sloping sun full on it, a line of thicket, one scattered wood and then another, an imperceptible lifting of the earth here and there marked the opposing firing line. Two pompoms could be spotted exactly, for the flashes were clear through the underwood. And still the tide of the advance continued to flow, and the little groups came up and fed it, one after another and another, in the centre where we were, and far away to the north and right away to the south the countryside was alive with it. The action was beginning to take on something of that final movement and decision which makes the climax of manœuvres look so great a game. But in a little while that general creeping forward was checked: there were orders coming from the umpires, and a sort of lull fell over each position held. My companion said to me:—

"Let us go forward now over the intervening zone and in among Picquart's men, and get well behind their line, and see whether there is a rally or whether before the end of this day they begin to fall back again."

So we did, walking a mile or so until we had long passed their outposts and were behind their forward lines. And standing there, upon a little eminence near a wood, we turned and looked over what we had come, westward towards the sun which was now not far from its setting.

Then it was that we saw the last of the Great Sight.

The level light, mellow and already reddening, illumined all that plain strangely, and with the absolute stillness of the air contrasted the opening of the guns which had been brought up to support the renewal of the attack. We saw the isolated woods standing up like islands with low steep cliffs, dotted in a sea of stubble for miles and miles, and first from the cover of one and then from another the advance perpetually, piercing and deploying. As we so watched there buzzed high above us, like a great hornet, a biplane, circling well within our lines, beyond attack from the advance, but overlooking all they concealed behind it. In a few minutes a great Blériot monoplane like a hawk followed, yet further inwards. The two great birds shot round in an arc, parallel to the firing line, and well behind it, and in a few minutes that seemed seconds they were dots to the south and then lost in the air. And perpetually, as the sun declined, Picquart's men were falling back north and south of us and before us, and the advance continued. Group by group we saw it piercing this hedge, that woodland, now occupying a nearer and a nearer roll of land. It was the greatest thing imaginable: this enormous sweep of men, the dead silence of the air, and the comparatively slight contrast of the ceaseless pattering rifle fire and the slight intermittent accompaniment of the advancing batteries; until the sun set and all this human business slackened. Then for the first time one heard bugles, which were a command to cease the game.

I would not have missed that day nor lose the memories of it for anything in the world.

REVIEWS

SOME MODERN RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

The Gospel of Jesus the Son of God. By George William Knox.

The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus. By F. Crawford Burkitt, M.A., D.D.

Sin and Its Forgiveness. By William de Witt Hyde.

Paul and Paulinism. By James Moffatt, D.D. (Constable and Co. 1s. net each.)

These four handy little volumes are members of a series called "Modern Religious Problems;" and it may be interesting to examine rather the general standpoint of the series than the particular treatment of particular questions.

It is to be gathered from the "General Introduction" by Dr. A. W. Vernon that these books are written from the point of view which is sometimes called "Modernist" and sometimes that of the "Higher" Criticism; and in the opening paragraphs of Dr. Vernon's Preface we meet with that bedrock faith in the destructive work of Darwin that is so characteristic of the "advanced" theologian. Men of science, for the most part, are now only too ready to proclaim that the work of Darwin, so far as it stands, does but leave the mystery of things a darker and more obscure enigma than it was before Darwin's days; but the "liberal" theologian is fully persuaded, as Little Billee in "Trilby" was persuaded, that Darwinism explains everything; and therefore that the miraculous is no longer credible, and therefore that it is necessary to write little books reassuring the faithful. The reassurance in question, it may be noted, usually takes the form of telling the perplexed Christian that though miracles are nonsense, still Christ was a good man.

Thus Dr. Vernon:

> The acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution by all intelligent and educated men has diminished the possibility of founding belief upon miracle or supernatural intervention of any kind. . . . While New Testament scholarship has emphasised the spiritual supremacy of Jesus Christ and established His unique power over both diseased and undiseased humanity, it has left His direct intervention in the laws of the natural world at least an open question.

So, fortified by the little books, "a man, incredulous of miracle, may still through Jesus Christ be permitted to apprehend, to perform, and to glory in the Will of God." And the author of "The Gospel of Jesus" says:

> Thus we turn to Jesus; not to the creeds, nor to the theologians, nor even to the earliest disciples. Perhaps these may emphasise aright, and if so, we shall be the more rewarded in our search; and if they differ, with whatever sadness, we must still reject their witness, since Christians may not contradict the Christ.
>
> [Spiritual law, as interpreted by Jesus] needs essentially, not sacrament, nor ritual, nor ecclesiastical organisation.

On the whole, then, we get the statement that miracles do not matter, and that we—any person or persons who choose, on any grounds or no grounds, to fancy that they are expert in spiritual things—have a right to revise the whole Christian religion in accordance with our own notions.

We are to disregard the Church, we are to make nothing of the witness of tradition, we are to take the New Testament exactly as we please, emphasising what happens to suit us, striking out the texts which happen not to suit us, and, in fine, it would appear, we are to reconstruct the doctrine of

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powder when you come," and in his reference to shirts! We get nearer the man when he takes off his intellectual trappings, and nearest of all when he writes without restraint about his little son.

We lay down this volume of letters with infinite gratitude, and with the hope that more will be published in the near future. They are letters we shall read more than once, for they are aglow with genius. They are haunting, tender, infinitely pathetic letters written by a man who knew how to transmute words into jewels. He stood ever for the beautiful in art, and if he has seen fit to condemn the New Japan, he was never for one moment disillusioned in regard to the Old! He wrote: "Then I stopped thinking. For I saw my home—and the lights of its household gods—and my boy reaching out his little hands to me—and all the simple charm and love of Old Japan. And the fairy-world seized my soul again, very softly and sweetly—as a child might a butterfly." That is our last remembrance of Lafcadio Hearn, for it was from such thoughts as these that he dreamed his dreams, called up to a weary and cynical and hustling world the ghostly magic of the Land of the Gods.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTHONY

The First Temptation of Saint Anthony. By Gustave Flaubert. Being a Translation into English by René Francis from the 1849-1856 MSS. Edited by Louis Bertrand. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Balzac, in that remarkably powerful little story "Le Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu," has given us the portrait of a master-painter who could, with a few touches of his brush, transform the mediocre work of a brother-artist into a superlative painting, and who claimed to have himself produced a figure of a woman in which perfection of form and colour had been realised; but when his friends were admitted, after infinite delays and difficulties, to see the masterpiece, they found nothing but a blank canvas covered with a few scratches; the painter, in his desire to attain absolute perfection, had touched, retouched, and obliterated till nothing was left. This story might serve as a parable for the literary achievements of Flaubert, as its prolific narrator might serve as his foil. In all history there are few examples of men of letters of the first rank, living, as he did, almost entirely for literature and attaining a moderately-advanced age, who have left so little finished work behind them. The nearest parallel we can find is Thomas Gray, and, were there not something incongruous in putting beside each other the sober poet of the "Elegy" and the sensuous imaginer of "Salammbô," we might find many points of resemblance between these two devotees of good writing. But the chief point of contact is the consuming desire of each of them to lay hold of that impalpable and elusive quality—perfection. The inspired moment is with them not a unit of time, but a series of such units; the results are the "Elegy" and "Madame Bovary."

"La Tentation de Saint Antoine" is a most extraordinary example of Flaubert's ideals and methods of work, inspired by a picture—Breughel's "Hell"—and written, so to speak, in one breath in the years 1848 and 1849. It was withheld from publication owing to the discouraging reception of friendly critics. But Flaubert regarded this book as the child of his imagination, and he returned to it, refashioned it, and had it in the end of 1856 "beaucoup plus sur ses pieds que la *Bovary*," which he published in that year. But, though completed, it was not to see the light in that form, at least in the author's lifetime. The prosecution of "Madame Bovary" for immorality and impiety so scared Flaubert that he resigned himself to withhold once more a work that smelt infinitely more of the stake than its predecessor. The final accepted version of "Saint Antoine" appeared in 1874, but the changes in it are so wholesale and enormous that the casually dipping reader would have difficulty in recognising it for the same work. Such is the result of the struggle for perfection by Flaubert. As M. Bertrand, in his admirable introductory study, pertinently asks—"Who knows what Flaubert would have done later, if the 'Temptation,' for some reason or other, had again been put back into the drawer?" M. Bertrand is at some pains to justify himself for publishing the first "Temptation;" he finds himself in presence of a "cas de conscience"—would the author have permitted the publication of the first draft of a work he has subsequently given to the Press in a thoroughly revised form? The affirmative answer, which gives us cause for rejoicing, is implied in the appearance of the present work. But M. Bertrand is not content with the negative satisfaction of an acquittal on the charge of exceeding his powers; he is anxious to show—and he appears to us to prove his case—that he is giving publicity to "not a chance fragment, that has but a documentary value, but—we cannot repeat this too often—an original work, of which the 1874 version is but a replica." He adds further that there are passages peculiar to the first version which ought never to perish, enduring treasures of the French language. And finally he claims that the first version is a revelation of a Flaubert that had ceased to exist in 1874, that had already begun to fade in 1862, when "Salammbô" was written—the Flaubert of the quintessence of Romanticism. "This first St. Anthony is perhaps the most profound and perfect expression of itself that romanticism has bequeathed to us; therein the evil of the century attains its paroxysm." Romanticism born of despair was fated to perish of despair. It would be a curious study to compare Flaubert and, say, Baudelaire and the Goncourts with Matthew Arnold and Clough, and others of our English Middle-Victorians.

The English version of Mr. Francis is a successful performance. He has spared no pains to obtain a translation that shall preserve the marvellous colouring of the originals. Neglecting "those lengthy periods and that baffling modernism of language that characterise Flaubert," he has taken his stand on "an archaic, semi-Biblical phraseology," and the result is a far more faithful version than a servile rendering would have been; the inexhaustible vocabulary of Flaubert is met with a choice of words almost equally exuberant. We do not say that the translation is easy reading, in the sense that the sixpenny magazines are easy reading, but neither is the original, and, for those who cannot procure or read the latter, Mr. Francis's book is treasure-trove—a masterpiece cast up on the shores of literature after many days.

The authoritative introduction of M. Bertrand is supplemented by a second prefatory study from no less a pen than that of Sir Gaston Maspero, given in both languages. Unfortunately, in the copy we have received a kind of landslip seems to have occurred with regard to the printing, whereby we find only a few pages of Sir Gaston's dual introduction. It is a passport giving the author licence to evoke his visions amid the waste sands of ancient Egypt, and a masterly discussion of the psychology of the "Temptation." With this introduction, that of M. Bertrand, and the notes and appendices of Mr. Francis, we feel that it would be impertinent for us to attempt any criticism of the actual work. All of these sponsors know their affairs particularly well: M. Bertrand primarily introduced the "First Temptation" to the public in the columns of the *Revue de Paris* some eighteen months ago. With regard to the Notes, they are scholarly and excellent

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in their way, but there are hardly enough of them, or perhaps, considering the magnitude of the task, they are already too many. The "simple reader" will find himself dismayed at his ignorance when confronted with the formidable array of the heresies, or watching the almost interminable procession of the religions of humanity driven on to oblivion by the inexorable lash of Death. He may rejoice, as we did, when the authority is not more recondite than Herodotus. Twenty pages are devoted to "sources" alone. We know from M. Bertrand that Flaubert devoted two years of the severest study to reading authorities of every kind, with a single view to Saint Anthony. When the object is, as here, no more than "a book of fantasy," we cannot help resting our imaginations in the introductory chapter of "The Wrong Box," and thinking of the pigeon-holes crammed with documents relating to Tonti, inventor of Tontines.

The "First Temptation" is a work to rank with "Salammbô." It is replete with the most gorgeous imagery; it is a storehouse of romantic material, and its successor has probably been used as such by many famous writers of our own day. The plan and sequence of ideas, utterly different from the final work, are yet perhaps as successful. But what makes, above all, its charm is the intrusion of the author himself into his work; it is full-blooded, subjective Romanticism, it is all that Flaubert censured himself for most bitterly at a later date—"dans l'idéal que j'ai de l'art, je crois . . . que l'artiste ne doit plus apparaître dans son œuvre que Dieu dans la nature." But that was when he was exhaling his "haine des épiciers" in "Bouvard and Pécuchet," and when he no longer wooed Art as a lover, but tortured himself as an ascetic before her shrine. Browning was thinking of some particular case or had his tongue in his cheek, perhaps even wilfully set himself to give an object-lesson in a theory he did not hold, when he wrote—

> Shakespeare unlocked his heart . . .
> Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!

The *Revue de Paris*, which published the first "Saint Antoine," is now giving the first "Education Sentimentale," which supplies a further, perhaps even more striking, proof of Flaubert's fastidious and self-critical habit of mind.

THE MISSOURI

The River and I. By JOHN G. NEIHARDT. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

FROM his early boyhood the Missouri River has had for Mr. Neihardt numberless romantic associations and a great poetic appeal. The pioneers of its upper basin, the old fur-hunters and Indian-fighters, are to him the standing types of heroism and strong endeavour, and he champions them against all the heroes of antiquity. He longs for the "Missouriad," the epic of the Missouri which shall take its place beside the "Iliad" and "Æneid," and he wonders why no great poet arises to compose it. We could perhaps find some explanation of this latter omission, but we have no desire to explain away Mr. Neihardt's enthusiasm:—

> To me the Amazon is a basking alligator; the Tiber is a dream of dead glory; the Rhine is a fantastic fairy-tale; the Nile a mummy periodically resurrected; the Mississippi a convenient geographical boundary-line; the Hudson an epicurean philosopher.

But the Missouri, my brother, is the eternal Fighting Man! To one holding these sentiments the descent of the Missouri from Fort Benson, near its source, to Sioux City was the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire, the end of many years of longing; and it says a great deal for Mr. Neihardt's manhood that he was not disappointed. For it was no gentle summer tour, that journey of two thousand miles over rapid, sandbar, and quicksand, by hundreds of miles of mere desert, and at first in a frail canoe with a gasoline engine which would not work, and with two pieces of rotten wood for paddles. The progress through the Bad Lands of Montana ("hell with the lights out," they have been called) involved such hardship that two of the party—old wanderers and hardy men—had more than they cared for and withdrew at the earliest opportunity. "We pushed on with little mourning," says Mr. Neihardt, but he regretted their cooking. A third of the travellers gave up soon afterwards, and our author was left to continue the journey accompanied only by a youngster called "the Kid," whose cheerfulness nothing could long subdue. At the mouth of the Yellowstone River they changed their canoe for a steel boat with oars and a sail. In this they completed the remaining 1,400 miles, struggling usually against strong head-winds, which allowed them to advance at the rate of only a mile an hour for days on end, often in great bodily discomfort, and always put to the full use of their muscles and their temper.

The record of such a journey could not be treated roughly, even if its literary claims were slight. At his best, however, Mr. Neihardt is no mean writer; he commands a strong and vivid English full of happy phrases. At times his style is apt to degenerate into froth or smartness, but he has that power, denied to many better writers, of making a picture leap out distinctly by a few telling words of description. And surely he who can go so near to the decadent as in

> Like a dark-browed Yotun woman wooing the latent giant in me, the night pressed down. I closed my eyes and through me ran the sensuous surface fires of her dream-wrought limbs,

or indulge in music-hall facetiousness like "hanging out the bleached rag of a sympathetic smile" without losing the sympathy of the critical reader must be a man of parts. Mr. Neihardt has no difficulty in convincing us that he is neither a decadent nor a mere wag. His humour is somewhat superficial, but it does not seem out of place, and his sentiment is not morbid or forced. He makes a night excursion to the grave of an old hero, but instead of giving us a few sentiments appropriate to the occasion, he says simply, "perched on the ill-kept grave we spoke for an hour under the flying moon." Imagine, say, Mr. A. C. Benson in the situation!

Mr. Neihardt's philosophy of the beautiful is not the most satisfying thing in his book. His demand that great forces should gloriously do nothing seems a rather narrow protest against the practical use of natural power, and his disgust at the "puny Philistines eating peanuts and watching Samson at his Gaza stunt" is not very helpful. He finds the trolley-cars at Black Eagle Falls incongruous, but they are no more incongruous than his own camera, and quite as necessary. "They tell me," he exclaims, "that the Matterhorn never did a tap of work, and you couldn't colour an Easter egg with all the gorgeous sunsets of the world. May we all become, some day, perfectly useless and beautiful!" It is shallow philosophy to assume the useful and the beautiful are eternally divorced. We prefer Mr. H. G. Wells's idea that the useful tends to be ugly only because utility is not yet an art. As a thinker Mr. Neihardt would be well advised to criticise his own beliefs a little more, and not to assume that they are wise merely because they are vivid.

The book is neatly produced and printed in large type; there are many interesting and some beautiful photographs. But it was not really necessary to make the volume so heavy that it is a weariness to hold it.

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IMPERIAL POETRY

Poetry of Empire. Nineteen Centuries of British History. Selected and Edited by JOHN and JEAN LANG. With Sixteen Drawings in Colour by W. RAINEY. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is not for nothing that patriotic poetry is apt to be a little "suspect." Poetry stands for those eternal truths that transcend the distinctions which one cluster of men chooses to raise against an opposing cluster of men; and therefore, by this very fact, the expression "patriotic poetry" is a contradiction in terms; or, to put it more accurately perhaps, the poetry that lays its emphasis on the distinctions rather than on the essential unity of men falls beneath its own Divine level. It calls on us for a lower emotion when we should be seeking the higher ecstasy.

This is an important distinction, and the compilers of this anthology would have done well to have remembered it. For there is a national poetry that does not forget it, and is natural, simple, and unaffected in its manner—virtues which cannot be predicated of all the poems in this collection. There is a patriotic poetry born of strong and natural emotion, a poetry which attempts no heights not proper to it, but, being contented with its lesser sphere, rings conviction with its every word. In illustration of our point we could not do better than join issue with the editors of this volume on their selections from Shakespeare. The chief of their selections, it is worth noting, are from "Richard III." and "Henry V.," or, as we may say, from Shakespeare when he was most Marlowesque and Shakespeare when he was least himself. But they have omitted the most supremely patriotic passages in all Shakespeare. They are the following famous lyric of Gaunt's:—

> This fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war;
> This happy breed of men, this little world;
> This precious stone set in a silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happy lands;
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

Also the one supreme thing the execrable queen in "Cymbeline" says: there is scarcely need to quote it—at least not more of it than the following:—

> A kind of conquest
> Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
> Of *Came, and saw, and conquered.*

Compare these two with Henry's too loudly vaunted bombast before Harfleur! It is the distinction between poetry and fustian.

Unfortunately, this distinction is too characteristic of the volume. Too much of it is given up to a poetry (which we must needs give that august name) that seeks to flagellate us into a mood that its writers possibly never felt. Moreover, there are some strange and unaccountable gaps in its selection. We looked immediately for Browning's—

> O to be in England
> Now that April's there!

But we failed to find it. Also Milton's—

> Captain or Colonel or Knight in arms.

With the same result. We would also like to have seen Michael Drayton's "Polyolbion," parts of which are at least better worth comment than some of the poems quoted.

Possibly this fault is but part of a greater incoherence. The editors of this compilation seem to lack distinction of aim; they call the book "Poetry of Empire," but they have had to make their selection from poets who wrote long before the modern conception of the word Empire. In fact, it is not so much Poetry of Empire as Poetry of England—or, we might add, "and Scotland." Poor Ireland is ignored in a perplexing manner. Even the doubtful virtue of Jacobite songs wins preference.

The illustrations by Mr. Rainey are of very mixed quality. Their execution is good, but their design is sometimes unintentionally humorous, as, for example, that on the Battle of the Baltic. A group of officers deftly arranged on a bridge in the midst of a battle, with marines at sentry-go, and sailors in spruce clothing—well! "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!"

PEACOCK'S PLAYS

The Plays of Thomas Love Peacock. Edited by A. B. YOUNG. (David Nutt. 2s. net.)

ALTHOUGH there are at least two cheap readable editions of his novels, Peacock is an author who even now may hardly be said to have come into his own. It is easy enough to find reasons for this. As a writer he was individual to the point of being eccentric; he belonged to no school and founded no school, though his son-in-law, Meredith, was undoubtedly influenced by his work. In an age greedy of elaborate plots and love-scenes drawn out to tediousness, he wrote romances almost entirely destitute of plot, and love-scenes that added a commendable but highly improbable brevity to the bloodless artificialities of his day. His characters were hardly more like men and women than those of his romantic contemporaries; but where they were romantic he was intellectual. He used the novel to criticise what he considered to be the follies of his age, and by conceiving characters to represent these follies he endeavoured to show that they were ridiculous.

He laughed at Coleridge in the shapes of Mr. Skionar and Mr. Flosky, at Byron in Mr. Cypress, and more sympathetically at his friend Shelley in Scythrop Glowry. His disapproval of landscape gardening shows itself in the person of Mr. Milestone, and his dislike of popular science in Mr. Firedamp. On the smallest excuse he forsakes romance to indulge his notable talent for composing learned and witty dialogues on every subject under the moon. His pages are freely adorned with poems of the highest merit, written in doggerel metres. His characters are oddities, and, unlike most writers, he wearies us only when he is not discursive. It could hardly be expected that books so little like other books would ever be widely popular.

Nevertheless we have always been of opinion that a great many more persons would appreciate Peacock if only they would take the trouble to read him, and it is for this reason that we are inclined to regret the pious enthusiasm that has led Mr. Young to publish three of his plays in the neat little volume that lies before us. We tremble to think what conception any one would form of Peacock's talent who made his acquaintance for the first time through this book. It is not merely that the plays are unworthy of the author of the novels; they are unworthy of any author with the smallest claims to our consideration. Two of them are farces wherein the most unkind Victorian humours are set forth with all the outworn tricks of the worst period of the British stage. The third is a fustian drama in blank verse wherein we defy any one to discover two tolerable lines. Most astonishing of all—for Peacock was a great song-writer—the songs, with but one exception, are as devoid of merit as the rest of the pitiful stuff, and we are forced to conclude either that these are the

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products of his green, unknowing youth, or that he was endeavouring to write down to the dramatic level of his age, and accomplished his aim with an overflowing measure of success.

We need hardly say that the editor does not share our opinion as to the demerits of these plays. "Replete with fun, written in a flexible style, and bearing the imprint of a scholarly discrimination and judgment, they clearly betray their authorship." Which only goes to prove that hero-worship, when expressed in terms of literary criticism, is apt to be a little less than just to the hero worshipped.

TWO DESCENDANTS OF THE TROUVÈRES

Juana of Castile. By MAY EARLE. (W. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

The Chained Titan. By M. G. HOLE. (G. Bell and Sons. 4s. net.)

WE call Miss Earle and Mr. Hole descendants of the *trouvères* because both elect to set forth in verse a consecutive narrative interspersed with lyrics. There is no other resemblance between the light-hearted old French romancists and these two solemn and thoughtful moderns.

In "Juana of Castile" Miss Earle ambitiously essays to versify the whole life-history of the Castilian Princess whose husband was the fickle Philippe Le Bel. Miss Earle imparts a pleasing variety to her narration by the extraordinary diversity of the metres which she employs; and while the first half of her book ambles along in smooth serenity, the last half reaches a decidedly higher level. Here is a really passionate lyric:—

Too late, my lord; what would you with me now?
Our Alpha and our Omega are said,
And on our lips their fervent speech is dead;
Yea, though in Love's high name we still should vow,
The words were vacant being dumb at heart;
Therefore I pray depart.

Three dim, pale moons from these chill British skies
Peered down upon me, as so oft alone,
Forsaken of you on some slight pretext shown,
I lay through weary nights, with sleepless eyes
That saw yours kindling all the darkling hours
With light in other bowers.

Wild passions tore my breast, ere in disdain
(Stabbed to the heart through woman's rightful pride)
I rose imperial to cast aside
The marriage robe, abhorring any stain,
And scorning to be scorned; while love's own fire
Driven back, became its pyre.

O, would that we had drunk the seething wine,
The cup of Ocean's mighty sorcery,
The only loving-cup left you and me;
Then had my heart been yours and your heart mine;
Whelmed in deep waters, joy had been by us
Refound—sought vainly thus.

Another good poem is that beginning—"There was an image in Crete." Having in mind the crisp and vigorous prose style evinced in Miss Earle's introduction, we are inclined to think that the story of Juana would gain much in interest and poetic value were it retold in prose, interspersed with lyric fragments.

Mr. Hole is a poet of wider aim and higher achievement. He has become oppressed—as all poets of to-day sooner or later are troubled—by the evils of modern civilisation; and, under the guise of a wanderer through Greece who has a mountain vision of the chained Prometheus, lover of man, he voices in passionate and melodious blank verse the sorrows of his kind.

He gives expression to the inarticulate many in a passage of great beauty, too long for quotation. The weakness of the book lies in the lyrics, which were better omitted. For Mr. Hole blank verse seems a perfect medium, wherein he moves apparently effortless, never lapsing into monotony. He is plainly a disciple of Milton, and is sometimes betrayed into preciosities, such as "inagitate," and "innumerous,' when the common usage would have served him better; but we would end upon a note of praise. Mr. Hole has the felicity of epithet which marks the true poet. Here are two instances:—

Panthea flung
Back from her brow the midnight of her hair.

Through the warm glooms and whispering secrecies
Of valley-nesting woods.

SHORTER REVIEWS

THE PERSIAN BOOK OF KINGS

The Shâhnáma of Firdausi. Done into English by ARTHUR GEORGE WARNER, M.A., and EDMOND WARNER, B.A. Vol. V. (Kegan Paul and Co. 10s. 6d.)

THE appalling length of the "Sháhnáma," the "Book of Kings" of Persia, 60,000 couplets in rhyme, always recalls the story told by Macaulay, in his essay on Burleigh, of the Italian criminal who preferred the galleys to reading Guicciardini's voluminous history. The length, indeed, might be tolerated if the "Sháhnáma" were trustworthy history. But this national epic embodies all the ancient traditions, all the mythological and legendary lore, far removed from the canons of accurate history, which the author Firdausi inherited from Dakiki or collected for himself. To Dakiki belongs the credit of commencing the Persian epic, but, after he had composed about a thousand couplets, including the appearance of Zoroaster, he was assassinated by a favourite slave. Firdausi, born at Mashad about 940 A.D., was intrusted by Mahmood of Ghazni (997-1028) with the material collected up to date. When, after thirty to forty years' labour, the work was completed in 1010, Mahmood refused to pay the promised reward. Firdausi wrote a satire on the King and was sentenced to death, but escaped and fled for his life. Mahmood repented and sent the poet a large sum, which arrived as Firdausi's corpse was being carried to burial.

This national epic has been several times translated, and is now being rendered into English blank verse by the present translators. They have reached their fifth volume, which still deals only with the Kayanian dynasty. According to Professor Browne of Cambridge, the "Sháhnáma" recognises four dynasties of pre-Muhammadan Persian Kings—the Pishdadi, the Kayani, the Parthian, and the Sasani, of which the first two are entirely unhistorical, belonging to the mythology of the Avesta and the common Indo-Iranian legend. In the absence of the Persian text, it can only be said that the translation has the appearance of being literal; it is simple and clear, and the language is appropriate and dignified. With the help of the table of contents and the careful argument and notes it is fairly easy to follow the narrative, divided in this volume into four parts. It begins with the advent of Zarduhsht—that is, Zoroaster, the founder of a new religion, the traditional author of the

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Zendavesta. Gushtasp, the King, is converted and war ensues between Iran (Persia) and Arjasp, the King of Turan (Chinese Tartary). Many brave acts are performed in the war and heroes killed. The volume concludes with the death of Gushtasp, and the succession of his grandson, Bahman, son of Asfandiyar, as King of Persia. The "Sháhnáma" as a whole, and in detail, appeals to the patriotic feelings of the Persian race, which lives on the memories of a glorious past; the names of the heroes of mythology and tradition are familiar, but fail to rouse a spirit of imitation; and the conditions and circumstances are very different. The story of former ages is a contrast to the present decadence. As a noble effort of the poet Firdausi, the "Sháhnáma" will always hold a high place in the epic literature of the nations.

MALTA

Malta. Painted by VITTORIO BORON, described by FREDERICK W. RYAN. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is surprising that Malta has been so much neglected by English writers, and also by English seekers after health and pleasure. Apart from the British connection, and the consequent exceptional interest which the island should have for British readers, the history of the island since the days of the Phœnicians has been specially varied and interesting, and its romance should alone be sufficient excuse for many popular writers to turn their attention to it. As a health and pleasure resort this picturesque Mediterranean island seems to have been overlooked to a great extent, and it would be well if some of those who are accustomed every winter to hasten further a-field or a-sea, were to tarry by the way and spend a month or so in the ancient home of the Knights of St. John.

Without pretending to deal at all exhaustively with his subject or to attempt a book of a serious nature, Mr. Ryan has succeeded in writing a very pleasant and attractive volume, which certainly arouses the desire for further information concerning this romantic spot. The letterpress alone would have justified this modest book, but its value has been very much enhanced by the splendid illustrations which Signor Vittorio Boron has contributed as his share of the work. The book, although nowhere deep or detailed, covers a wide field. Not satisfied with an historical account of the island, and incidentally of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Mr. Ryan adds chapters on the climate (reprinted from the Colonial Office List), manners, and customs, his impressions, and the social life of the islanders. In addition he furnishes a chronology of the history of the island, a list of the Grand Masters who governed Malta and another of the British Governors of the island, and an account of its constitution. Mr. Ryan even reprints Byron's "Farewell to Malta."

The Knights of St. John have been often and justly criticised. The other side of the picture should, however, not be suppressed, and the value of their services to the Island cannot be better illustrated than by the following account of the condition of Malta immediately previous to the occupation compared with the position to-day :—

> It was but an arid rock, covered in many places with sand, and in a few with a light scattering of earth brought from Sicily; that it had neither rivers nor springs, and that the fresh water was for the most part rain collected in tanks or cisterns; that it produced little corn, not half enough to feed the scanty population; that it would be a very unpleasant residence, particularly during the summer months, violently hot, with not one forest-tree, and hardly a green thing for the eye to rest on; with a sort of ill-walled town, called the capital, at some distance from the sea; that which are called *casals* are miserable villages, or shocking huts rather befitting fishermen or pirates than the renowned Hospitallers.

THE JEWISH BOARD OF DEPUTIES

A Century and a Half of Jewish History, extracted from the Minute Books of the London Committee of Deputies of the British Jews. By CHARLES H. L. EMANUEL, M.A., Solicitor and Secretary of the London Committee of Deputies of the British Jews. (G. Routledge and Sons. 5s. net.)

THE London Committee of Deputies, or the Jewish Board of Deputies, as it is colloquially known, is the one representative Anglo-Jewish institution which concerns itself with external events and proposals in so far as they are likely to affect Jewish interests. The Committee first met in 1760, and the 150th anniversary of that meeting was celebrated at the end of last year. The present volume, which is intended as a history of the Board, is published in honour of the event.

In the preparation of the volume an initial mistake was made in the form decided upon. The book is in no sense either a history or a work of literature. It is merely a reasoned index to the minutes of the Board, or a catalogue of the various decisions which the Committee arrived at during the century and a half of its existence. Presumably as an index it is complete, although the reader frequently feels doubtful whether references to matters dealt with by the Board have not been omitted. If omissions do occur, then the value of the book as an index disappears, and with it all justification for its existence. No attempt has been made at any connecting-up of entries relating to the same subject, nor has the compiler allowed himself on any pretence to wander outside the covers of the minute books of his institution; consequently there is no endeavour at explanatory comment, without which the entries often convey little or no meaning. Mr. Emanuel has in fact resolutely closed his eyes to all outside information bearing on the subjects with which his Board dealt, and as a result no complete account can be obtained from his volume of any subject on which it touches. Even in his editing—that is to say, if he has done any—Mr. Emanuel has not exercised a very wise discretion, for trivialities of no possible interest to any human being except those immediately concerned abound and probably equal in number the entries of general interest. Mr. Emanuel has lost a great opportunity. The last century and a half of the history of the Jews in this country is full of interest to English men and women of all faiths, and its story should obtain a wide circulation. One item alone, which appears casually in Mr. Emanuel's pages—the political emancipation of the Jews in this country—if properly described would prove attractive to Jew, to politician, and to student of English history, but none of these will find any satisfaction from a consultation of Mr. Emanuel's pages. In fact the book is a great disappointment, and it is to be regretted that the Committee of Deputies did not decide to perpetuate their celebration more suitably.

India: Eight Lectures Prepared for the Visual Instruction Committee of the Colonial Office. By H. J. MACKINDER, M.A. Illustrated. Also an Edition, specially prepared for the use of Lecturers. (George Philip and Son. 8d. net each.)

LORD MEATH, Chairman of the Visual Instruction Committee, explains in his Introduction that these Lectures

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have been prepared with the object of imparting knowledge regarding the component parts of the Empire to the schools in different countries. A Committee of Ladies collected a considerable sum of money for the purpose, and this is the instalment relating to India. As the name implies, the method adopted is instruction by pictures and maps, reproduced in illustrative lantern-slides. There are sixty slides for each of the eight lectures, which survey the whole of India. Under each Province a sub-heading intimates the treatment of a special subject. Thus "Madras—the Hindu Religion." Mr. Mackinder is to be congratulated on his text. He has said just enough, simply and clearly. It is necessarily descriptive, but some history and account of the principal religions and the administration are included. He rightly notes that "religion rules all life," "governs all the social relations of an Indian." Where accuracy is conspicuous it may seem unkind to criticise. But Job Charnock, who founded Calcutta on August 24th, 1690, and died on January 10th, 1693, did not, as stated, build the first Fort William, which dates from 1696; the British flag was first hoisted in Calcutta on October 6th, 1703. There is no "form of tent-pegging with a sword;" lemons and potatoes are cut at by a horseman with a sword. In a map Gujarat is erroneously printed for Kattiawar. The allusion to a "national caste" is vague. Diana-ud-dowla is a new name; so, too, the Vishnagi Temple at Benares. Alexander the Great reached the Bias (Hyphasis), not the Sutlej. Some repetitions—for instance, about Clive and the religion of the Marathas—are not required. But these small slips, and others, can easily be corrected. The edition, which shows exactly when each slide should be exhibited, will be most useful for lecturers. The whole project is praiseworthy as extending a knowledge of India to schools in an agreeable manner.

The Dramatic Author's Companion. By a THEATRICAL MANAGER'S READER. (Mills and Boon. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, whose pen is only out of his hand when he is actually on the stage, supplies a short Introduction to this small book. In this he gives the "Theatrical Manager's Reader" a patriarchal blessing because he has done something to help would-be dramatists to acquire technical knowledge of stage possibilities which is "so sadly lacking." Mr. Bourchier is an optimist. We do not find that the anonymous writer of this commonplace volume has done anything at all to make the difficult art of playwriting any easier. His chapters are made up of generalities, and his advice on *technique* is of use only to those who do not possess a vestige of ordinary intelligence. If all theatrical managers' readers hold the views that are set out in this quite unnecessary book, and the plays they select for the managers' final decision are accepted on their recommendation, the explanation of the abortive seasons through which the stage has struggled is clear. The book seems to us to have been written to encourage illiterate persons into a field of work in which they will do nothing but encounter disappointment and heart-burning, and a paragraph printed in italics in the chapter entitled "Things Worth Remembering" proves it to be little more than an elaborate advertisement. The paragraph runs as follows:—

> The author of this book will be glad to give advice as to the practical possibilities of production, merits, and placing of authors' MSS. For terms, &c., apply the Reader of Plays. . . .

Here follows the name and address of a literary agent. As all authors have discovered, after much bitter experience, the help of these practical advisers is very expensive indeed, generally costing them a large percentage of their royalties. There is also nothing for a dramatist to gain by putting himself in the hands of a literary agent. If his play appeals to a manager, it has more chance of being produced if it is sent first-hand than through an agency. No literary agent in the history of the stage has ever yet been instrumental in persuading a manager to accept a play. All that he can do is to act as a distributor, and in nine cases out of ten the distribution is unintelligent. The dramatic author's companion is not disinterested. He sets a net to catch the unwary. "For terms, &c." is an expression which undermines the whole *primâ facie* intention of the volume.

Four Fascinating Frenchwomen. By MRS. BEARNE. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

ADELAIDE FILLEUL, Comtesse de Flahaut and Marquise de Souza, Claire de Kersaint, Duchesse de Duras, Marie Caroline de Bourbon, Duchesse de Berry, and the Princesse Mathilde Bonaparte are the four Frenchwomen whom Mrs. Bearne has chosen as her heroines on this occasion. These four famous women are, however, not the only personages who appear in Mrs. Bearne's pages, although they are among the most prominent of them. The authoress has by no means narrowed herself down to the limits of her title, but has drawn interesting and clear pictures of life in France, and occasionally elsewhere also, during the periods at which her heroines flourished.

The period covered by these studies extends practically from the early years of the Great Revolution until half a century ago. They all deal intimately with Court life, and they have one very strong trait running through them all, and that is the trait of immorality. Judging from these pages, it would seem that, Royal or Imperial, the Court of France was incurably immoral. Perhaps for this reason France needed the cleansing of several revolutions from which she has suffered before her governing classes could at any rate depose vice from the exalted and honoured position which it had hitherto held, and this may help to explain the stability of the present republic in a country which used to change its form of government about twice a decade. It must not be thought, however, that the entire book consists of the details of sordid intrigue, although quite sufficient of that will be found therein. There is much interesting information of the historical-memoir description to be found in the book, and the account of prisoners of the Terror returning once more to freedom, gradually collecting the survivors of their dispersed and persecuted friends, and finding here and there a few crumbs remaining from their former splendid patrimonies is at times pathetic; and so are the stories of the splendid integrity and loyalty of former servants of the nobility, who, on the return of their masters from exile, hastened to lay at their feet whatever they had managed to save, often at the risk of their lives, from the universal ruin of which the Terror was the instrument.

Whether Mrs. Bearne's heroines are properly described as fascinating or not there are two opinions; of the fascination of the book itself there can be no doubt.

Les Jours Vécus: Souvenirs d'un Parisien de Paris. By JACQUES NORMAND. (Calmann-Lévy, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

REMINISCENCES of childhood, essays, and sketches form the contents of this entertaining volume with the familiar yellow paper covers, and if we say that we like the pictures of childhood and the essays best it is only because they are so good that the other material of the book is overshadowed. The themes vary, but one little story of school-

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days may be mentioned as showing a keen appreciation of the psychology of a boy. The child is sent for the first time to college, and is utterly miserable at the thought of being separated from his mother. His first night at the place is almost intolerable; in his mother's arms he weeps and sobs out his misery, until she half-promises to remove him. On the second night he sleeps better, and by the third day the light-heartedness of youth asserts itself, and he distinguishes himself in a game called "La Balle au Mur," which gives its title to the sketch. In the midst of his success, flushed, radiant, and happy, a messenger approaches him. "On vous demande au parloir," he says. It is his mother, come to assure him that he shall be taken away from the school at once! Slight enough material for a story, maybe, but it is told so delicately that the reader is charmed.

Of the essays we prefer "Le Phare." It is dated from Étretat, 1906, and is a vivid description of the life of the lighthouse-keepers, and almost, we could add, of the soul of the lighthouse itself. With unerring strokes the impression is conveyed that the lighthouse is some sentient, benevolent giant watching over land and sea. The whole essay is a triumph of quiet prose, reaching a sudden and remarkably impressive climax in the apostrophe with which it closes—"Veillez, ô phares de France! Ouvrez-vous et fouillez l'horizon, ô grands yeux palpitants de la nuit!"

Some most interesting pages are devoted to reminiscences of Guy de Maupassant, from which, had we space, we should like to quote; and the amusing incident of "Véronique" displays that humour rendered poignant by a hint of sadness which only a clever brain and a sympathetic imagination can conceive. M. Normand is already famous, and he gives in this volume of his best.

Chez les Français. Edited by H. Carter, B.A. With Exercises by C. F. Shearman, M.A. (A. and C. Black. 2s.)

This—the sixth volume of "Black's Reform French Course"—is a capital Reader for those who are preparing for the Higher Certificate and similar examinations. It includes selections from Taine, Flaubert, Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, Alexandre Dumas, Alphonse Daudet, George Sand, René Bazin, and other writers of acknowledged merit, all of the extracts treating of France, its scenery, people, and customs. Perhaps a few narrow-minded persons may feel nervous on discovering that some of the passages are taken from Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," which is certainly not intended, in its entirety, *virginibus et puerisque*. But the pages selected by Mr. Carter will be found unimpeachable in tone and excellent as examples of the work of the great stylist, whose influence on the writing of French prose has been so manifest. All the passages in the volume are followed by suitable explanatory notes in French; and Miss Shearman contributes a number of well-planned exercises, which supply all the necessary material for composition and practice in grammatical forms. The little book is nicely printed and illustrated.

The Life of Joseph Hart. By Thomas Wright. (Farncombe and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

The writer of a beautiful hymn is often absolutely unknown to fame, and it was wise in Mr. Thomas Wright to preserve in concise form his investigations into the career of the "Hogarth of hymnists," Joseph Hart. Hart was born in London about the year 1712, and at first he gave few indications of any tendency to a sacred destiny—quite the reverse, in fact, for after a period of superficial religion and earnest study, he wasted his substance in the most thorough manner. "He was a welcome guest," says the author, "in gilded and convivial circles, and the public gardens, the playhouse, and the tavern were his habitual resorts. If he broke with his companions, as now and again happened, it was only to return with impetuosity after a brief interval to his old and vicious courses." In the year 1751, however, he began to live more soberly, and in 1755 came under the magnetic influence of Whitefield at the "Tabernacle" in Moorfields; two years afterwards his agonies of soul were set at rest, and he devoted himself to the ascetic life which is lived by few. His collections of hymns went into several editions during his lifetime, and some of them are familiar to readers of the present day. They are not often good poetry, perhaps, but sincerity and pleasing rhythms redeem them from the fate which befalls very much of the religious verse of past years.

Joseph Hart died in 1768, and was buried in Bunhill Fields; a new headstone was placed at the grave in 1877 by various lovers of his work, and may be seen at the present day. This story of his life is of great interest, not only from the personal standpoint, but because many notable events are connected with his times, and are alluded to by the author; the illustrations also give it added value, there being many reproductions of old title-pages and prints.

The Footprints in the Snow, and other Tales. By H. F. W. Tatham. With a Memoir by A. C. Benson. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The attributes which Mr. A. C. Benson mentions as having belonged to the author of these stories—"simplicity, kindness, purity"—pervade the stories themselves to such an extent as to render criticism almost unnecessary. They are slight, beautifully and clearly written, occasionally possessing a suspicion of the "moral lesson," and invariably readable with pleasure. A prefatory note by the author's brother informs us that they were composed "partly for his own delight and partly for a purpose, to read aloud to the small boys in his house (at Eton) on Sunday evenings." The joy of writing is evident to any one who can read between the lines, and it occurs to us that these little imaginative and sometimes dramatic episodes are admirably suited to enchain the attention of youngsters who are too acute and sensible to be put off with the ordinary semi-religious "moral" tale. Mr. Benson gives a memoir which is tenderly and affectionately inspired, and sets the personality of the author before us vividly.

The Kiltartan Wonder Book. By Lady Gregory. (Maunsell and Co. 3s. 6d.)

This is a very charming fairy-tale book for little "tots." There are about sixteen short stories, all told in the most quaint and interesting Irish fashion—we do not mean Irish language. Many have nice little morals, quite understandable by quite young "chicks." The pictures, by Margaret Gregory, are well thought out and amusing. We like the way the book is covered, the cloth coming over the edges, as in some of the Church books. We all know how annoying it is to take up a book with the edges full of dust, although otherwise the book may be quite clean. A cheaper edition has a paper cover. We can confidently recommend the little book as interesting and diverting, and those who appreciate an Irish flavour will be especially pleased with it.

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The Brownies, and Other Tales. By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. (George Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d.)

WE find this a very nicely got-up little book that no child could fail to be pleased with. We do not know which of the tales we found the more interesting, "The Brownies" or "The Land of Lost Toys;" but all are good, and the pictures, by Miss Alice B. Woodward, most excellent.

FICTION

The Beauty Doctor. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

WHEN we opened Miss Florence Warden's latest novel it was with the pleasurable anticipation of reading something good, as superior to the trash that so many so-called novelists turn out to-day as gold is to dross. We must confess that we were grievously disappointed. We consider the story altogether unworthy of the able authoress of "The House on the Marsh," her initial success, "A Prince of Darkness," and many other deservedly popular works of fiction. Miss Warden should look to her laurels, or else they will inevitably fade, perhaps never to flourish again, though we hope not.

The catch-title is undoubtedly a good one; but beyond being a bait to capture the unwary—and, alas! it captured us for a while, though not for long—it is entirely wasted. We who can recall the notorious Madame Rachel, who, before Miss Warden's time—though no doubt within her ken—professed to make women beautiful for ever, and swindled them accordingly, know of the possibilities of a work on such a subject. But Miss Warden entirely fails to take advantage of them, for Netta, the heroine, and presumably "The Beauty Doctor," with the exception of two or three occasions on which she professionally attends an elderly dowager, who is either a fiend or a maniac, devotes her attention to quite other matters throughout the story. First and foremost of these is, of course, love; and equally, of course, her lover is a lord. 'Twas ever thus in novels of this description.

It will not surprise the experienced reader to learn that after marrying Netta, naturally by special licence, the noble lord is suspected of having committed bigamy. But it may surprise him to hear that after many queer, not to say absurd, happenings, over which we prefer to draw a veil, were taking place, his lordship was not only suffering with a broken leg, but was also being drugged with morphia by his doctor and slowly poisoned, with goodness knows what, by his wicked stepmother. Nevertheless, he survives it all, and when the climax is reached the naughty dowager goes into hysterics, and Netta falls into Lord Kneesworth's arms, broken leg notwithstanding. The description of a somewhat dubious Orphan Girls' Home, where Netta is kept prisoner after being kidnapped, is to our mind the only really readable part of the story, which can boast the usual amount of unnecessary padding. Miss Warden has shown over and over again that she can produce better work than this, and we trust that before long she will once more do so.

Fortuna Chance. By JAMES PRIOR. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

FAME has not hitherto spoken very loudly of Mr. James Prior, but if he intends to write many books as good as "Fortuna Chance" she will need to get her trumpet ready. At a time when the characters of novels can usually be numbered on the fingers, he gives us an endless succession of people of all types and classes and of all degrees of humour and seriousness. In a day when historical writing consists chiefly of picturesque costumes, obsolete oaths, and fighting, he gives us a world as quiet and familiar as our own surroundings, a world in which the Jacobite rising of 1745 looms with all the vagueness and uncertainty of contemporary events. The scene of the story is laid chiefly in Sherwood Forest and the Peak country, and the characters are drawn from the people who live there. Roland Surety, the hero, is the offspring of a semi-legal union between Fortuna Chance and a young fellow named Bond, "of the tribe of the Nobodies of Nowhere," who afterwards becomes a Judge however. His mother, disgraced and separated from her lover, takes up her abode in a little house on the edge of Sherwood Forest. There Roland is born and brought up strong in the Roman Catholic faith and the Stuart cause. When the Pretender's army marches southward to Derby he sets off to join it, in spite of his being forbidden as a "Popish recusant convict" to leave home without permission. He fails to reach the army owing to its retreat, and, returning home on a night of blizzard, he is partial witness of the murder of his old enemy, a forest-keeper. How he is accused of the murder, his flight, final capture, and trial by his own father (a situation which recalls "Weir of Hermiston," but is legally more plausible) we must leave the reader to find out. The plot is a good one, but good as it is, and good as are the gentlefolk, especially Roland, Fortuna, Press, her maid and her two female relatives, Mistresses Alliot and Ann Chance, there is nothing in the book like the rustics. How Mr. Prior came by their dialect, and whether it is accurate, we do not know or care. The result is thoroughly delightful. The conversations in the alehouse at Kirkby, the pursuit of Roland, the Methodists, the episode of Job Owlett, who shot a marauding Highlander and had to fly, and many other scenes and men, are work of the highest order. The number of these rustics is astonishing, and only equalled by their perfect distinctness among themselves. Perhaps the very fullness of Mr. Prior's book robs it here and there of the perfect clearness and swiftness of action that we admire in such a book as "Kidnapped," but this is its only fault. If Mr. Prior can improve very much on "Fortuna Chance" there is no saying what he may not accomplish.

The Simpkins Plot. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

"THE SIMPKINS PLOT" contains matter for a splendid short story, but we think Mr. George A. Birmingham has made a mistake in writing a full-length novel. Quite two-thirds of his pages are mere talk, clever talk always, we admit, but superfluous, and therefore giving the book a smudgy effect instead of that clear-cut neatness which it ought to have had, and which Mr. Birmingham was just the man to give to it. Imagine a young lady writer of "daring" novels being the double of a woman who has just been acquitted of murdering her husband, the Judge having been the uncle of the authoress. Imagine then a furiously interfering and indecently broad-minded Irish parson mistaking the authoress for the murderess, and planning to marry her, with, he hopes, fatal results to a land-agent who has made himself a nuisance to the inhabitants of a West of Ireland town where the authoress is spending her summer holiday. Here are obvious materials for a very pretty mix-up, and a very pretty mix-up there is. We must leave the reader to discover by what skilful touches Mr. Birmingham makes the plot seem plausible, and how it failed. His parson, the chief character, is cleverly drawn. At the beginning and the end of the book he is very funny, although in the middle we found

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ourselves skipping his long-winded remarks a good deal, and once or twice he awoke in us a stronger desire to snub him severely than to laugh at him. Simpkins and the Judge are also very good. The lady-novelist does not appear very often, we are glad to say, as she is a type of which we have lately had more than enough. The Irish people are above praise. We do not ever remember to have seen their characteristic turns of speech more completely and easily suggested, and without a single "indade," "bejabbers," or other novelistic absurdity of the kind. It would be a very good thing if all the speeches of Mr. Birmingham's Irish folk were extracted and printed with notes for the use of intending painters of Irish character.

THE THEATRE

"BEAU BROCADE" AT THE GLOBE

If we had found ourselves at the Apollo Theatre, and seen the name of Mr. Pélissier in place of that of Mr. Frank Curzon and discovered a small footnote on the programme to the effect that "Beau Brocade" was an extravaganza or a caricature of a romantic play, we should have spent a fairly amusing evening. As it was, we were amazed to find that "Beau Brocade," by the Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow, was written very seriously indeed, and produced very seriously and acted in grim earnest. The result was more pitiful than painful. We do not ever remember to have witnessed a performance so child-like and bland, so ingenuous, foolish, puerile, or inane in our experience of the theatre. The very scenery suggested the potted scenery at the Apollo Theatre. The incidental music was nothing but a caricature of the "Henry VIII." Dances of Mr. Edward German and the hornpipes of tradition. The acting was in the nature of a caricature also. Mr. Bertram Wallis, a fine figure of a man, caricatured Mr. Lewis Waller in "Beaucaire," while Miss Grace Lane exaggerated the methods she employed when with Mr. Waller in that very play. The dialogue, too, was a caricature. There was not one original line in it. Every line spoken was easily recognisable and belonged to the type of the "Unhand me villain!" and "You shall pay for this!" With feelings of curious excitement we sat the thing out to the bitter end. We felt as Sherlock Holmes must have felt when, having laid down a series of deductions they came true one after another.

It gave us a sort of horrid joy to finish sentences and find that we were right. "If I could but look . . ." and to add mentally "into those dear eyes of thine I should indeed die happy," provided us with a certain kind of amusement. The monotony of always being exactly correct became, it is true, a little tiresome. But, on the whole, the evening was not wasted. The play was received with rapture by an audience mainly composed of women of uncertain years. We were therefore provided with an insight into the intelligence of the average theatre-goer. It was also, it must be confessed, somewhat disheartening, because if such a play as this can give delight and pleasure to a crowded house, what possible chance can a play of any literary ability have in London? We can only suppose that the public which is drawn to "Beau Brocade" is the same public which waits for hours in the rain and cold outside the walls of His Majesty's Theatre to see Sir Herbert Tree's representation of "King Henry VIII.," and that it is the same public which prefers the foolish pictures that are provided by the electric theatres to "Pompey the Great" and other worthy and epoch-making plays. We brought a very fair mind to bear upon "Beau Brocade." Above all things we desired to be entertained at any cost. We told ourselves, having had a lengthy experience of so-called romantic plays, that we must leave whatever analytical powers we possessed with our hats in the cloakroom.

We expected, and even looked forward to find, a hero who wasn't a hero but was a highwayman, and therefore a thief, holding his own with ease and gracefulness against a dozen varlets armed to the teeth. We expected, and even desired, that the heroine who was not a heroine, but an extremely foolish maiden, would give her heart instantly, at first sight, to the richly dressed person who smacked his thigh and said, "By my halidom!" We looked forward to meeting once more the village fool who was not a fool, but the only sensible person in the play; and we were eager to renew our acquaintance with the heroine's maid-servant who loved a blacksmith, whose anvil was struck by a man in the orchestra—a brunette with twinkling ankles and a tip-tilted nose, who skipped and pirouetted, and was always at hand for a comic love scene with her sheepish lover. In all these things we were not disappointed. One after another they made their appearance at precisely the right moment, and they were followed, as we hoped, by the villain who wasn't a villain, but a man of so little ingenuity and cunning, that the hero who wasn't a hero, the heroine who wasn't a heroine, the fool who wasn't a fool, and even the beadle who wasn't a bit like a beadle, could outwit him and outmanœuvre him with the greatest possible ease. "Beau Brocade" contained them all, and in addition it contained the acrobatic village maiden, who skipped about the stage; the male villager who entered at odd moments, when he wasn't making sounds in the distance, and who was always physically incapable of being able to see the villain who wasn't a villain, or the hero who wasn't a hero, or the heroine who wasn't a heroine. Unlike its predecessors, "Beau Brocade" contained live horses which trotted over the hollow sward and were timidly held by anxious and unpractised hands. These horses, like the actors, many of whom were far less important, seemed wholly unreal and devised in the same spirit of caricature as the play, the music, and the dialogue.

Captain Jack Bathurst, known as "Beau Brocade," had been cashiered from his Majesty's Army after the battle of Culloden Moor. When we say cashiered, it goes without saying that we mean wrongfully dismissed from his regiment, because eventually he marries the heroine, known, and wrongfully known, as Lady Patience Gascoyne. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing of patience in her nature. Bathurst, cosmopolitan in his choice of friends, was on terms of intimacy and even of affection with the village smith, oddly named Stich. With the exquisite carelessness of the undoubted hero, he housed his well-known brown charger with the white diamond in a loose box in Stich's shop for all the world to see. What did it matter to him that a price was set upon his head and that even romantic villains might very easily come to the childish conclusion that where the horse was there also would be the master. It happened that this shop was the headquarters also of a young gentleman of wide gesture and mincing enunciation known as the Earl of Stretton, who was also wanted, so he disguised himself by wearing a leather apron which was quite sufficient to render him unrecognisable in his native village. This person possessed those letters which were now becoming so dogeared and which, for reasons which are never explained, must find themselves in the hands of the King, any King. Sir Humphrey, the villain, who loved the heroine, desired the letters in order that he might blackmail the heroine into joining him at the altar for better for worse.

So Jack Bathurst, finding time somewhat heavy on his hand, and having fallen in love with the heroine, whose rose

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he has picked up and pressed to his lips, offers to place the letters in the hands of the King, any King; whereupon, the curtain having been up nearly thirty-five minutes, he loses them at the feet of the villain. By him they are greedily captured and taken off. Sensation! all the villagers run in, the orchestra swells, the highwayman presses the rose to his lips, gives forth a number of well-known lines in a ringing voice, and strides out to look for the villain, whom he has just seen making a triumphant exit in precisely an opposite direction. So it goes on through four bewildering Acts. Foolishness is piled upon foolishness, inanity upon inanity. Never has Mr. Pélissier done anything so spitefully amusing, so impishly clever as this serious series of unconscious caricatures. We know exactly what would have happened had the Globe Theatre been the New Theatre, Oxford, and the audience undergraduates. Homeric laughter would have shivered the looking-glasses, and shaken the pillars, and filled the actors with amazement and surprise. The one thing that was deliciously funny was the complete self-satisfaction of the gentleman who played Beau Brocade. He had so evidently seen the photograph of himself in one of the weekly illustrated papers and the line which ran beneath it—"The handsomest actor on the British Stage." His condescension was exquisite. He swaggered, posed, attitudinised, mouthed his flowery sentiments, purred, and pressed the rose to his lips under the undeniable belief that he was the object of worship of every woman in the house. He even sung a little song rather nicely, but with an air of charming patronage. He was unique. He was, in a word, Pélissier at his best, and when we heard this little song we knew at once what had happened to "Beau Brocade."

It was a musical comedy, a long way after Seymour Hicks, out of which some humorist had cut the numbers. In the hands of Mr. George Edwardes, who would, of course, have made room in it for a German waltz, it would have been welcomed by the daily Press with hysterical enthusiasm, and Mr. George Edwardes would have been accused of outdoing himself. There would certainly have been an Esquimaux chorus and a duet between the beadle and the county magistrate, leading up to imitations of Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, or of those less-advertised knockabouts "Joe and Cully." Then there would have been a string of bored young ladies in tiaras, who would have been put down on the programme as "villagers, &c." Imagine what Mr. Hadyen Coffin would have done with "Beau Brocade." Conceive Mr. "Teddy" Payne as H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland and Mr. George Grossmith, junior, as the Earl of Stretton, with frequent references to his tailor. Think of Miss Gertie Millar as Lady Patience with a nigger solo, "Under de same old moon," and a duet with his Royal Highness in which a perambulator would have played a conspicuous part. It is obvious that the Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow have not treated themselves seriously enough. A little more ambition, a little better advice, a flying visit to America for a song or two, and a telegram to Vienna for the inevitable mazy waltz, and they might have had a Gaiety play which would have drawn the town for a number of years—until, in fact, Mr. George Edwardes, bored by the wholesale accommodation of gold, was seized with the spirit of rash speculation, sent it into the country, and put on another "instantaneous success" on precisely the same lines. The play was produced by Mr. Henry Ainley, who, having served under the banner of Sir Herbert Tree, has gained a sure knowledge of how to treat such things as this. The note of His Majesty's Theatre was obvious more than once, especially when the curtain went up on the second Act and disclosed the hero sitting on a real horse with a movable sky behind him.

MUSIC

To the question "Are the English a musical people?" your optimist will sometimes reply, "They must be; look at the number of concerts given in London alone; there is always an audience, frequently a large one!" But is it certain that the music is always the attraction? We have our doubts. No plea of music is necessary for the numerous Mrs. Eltons of to-day, who, like their great ancestors, "only want to be going somewhere." Cabbage-beds, as we know, would have been enough to have tempted that lady, when a visit to the Donwell strawberry-beds was proposed; and any music, and any performers, will bring swarms of chocolate-crunching ladies to Queen's or Bechstein Hall. This species was recently present in unusual abundance at Miss Marie Brema's new operas, and also at the performance of Verdi's "Requiem." On the latter occasion, hearing of the more *piano* passages was rendered difficult by the continuous *frôlement* of bonbon-papers, and also by the frantic endeavours of a large party to identify a friend in the chorus. As when Mr. Titmarsh took Master Augustus to the pantomime and that young gentleman descried his schoolfellow Smith in the pit, so it was at Queen's Hall. The choir whispered its prayer "Lux perpetua luceat eis," but these listeners whispered, "That's her, in the third row on the left; she's the seventh from the end; no, she's the sixth; no, that's not her," &c. And this went on so incessantly that one almost wished that the fair chorister could have had a cold and been prevented from coming. We fear that such an audience gives no proof that we are, by nature, a musical nation. It is, however, distinctly encouraging to learn that Brighton can muster so good a choir as that which Mr. Sainton brought to sing the "Requiem." It showed freshness, energy, and docility, and when to these qualities it has added greater refinement and a quicker perception of the mood of the music it sings Brighton may well be proud of it. A point worthy of attention is the pronunciation of Latin. In this the choir's accomplishment was only elementary. What beautiful, moving music there is in this "Requiem!" and how odd it seems that some of our learned "critics" should always think it their duty to apologise for thinking so! We had not heard it in Queen's Hall since it was sung there by artists from the opera, in commemoration of Verdi, ten years ago, when Anselmi and Plançon were magnificently fine. Mr. Ben Davies was much the best of the soloists the other day, but we could not forget Anselmi's "Sfatuens in parte dextrâ," nor Masini's, years ago, at the Albert Hall.

The fact that our largest concert-rooms and opera-houses can be "sold out" when some particular composition, or composer, is new or fashionable is, alas! no proof that we are musical. For how quickly do we show that we have had enough of them! An enthusiastic student of orchestral music told us recently that in one year he had heard Elgar's Symphony thirty times! Well do we remember the crowds and the excitement produced by that work not long ago. Yet was it lately played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra to a modest audience whose applause was not more than moderate. It had been given twelve months' holiday, and now it looks as if its vogue were ended. We had hoped to find that the Symphony "wore" well, but were disappointed. The grandeur and nobility which have been so loudly praised are not yet apparent to us, and its undeniably first-rate workmanship is not sufficiently compensating. It is as full of virtue as a novel by Miss Charlotte Yonge, and it makes something of the same effect upon us as does (or did) the "Heir of Redclyffe." The "famous" melody, on whose majestic wings so many devotees say they have been wafted to Heaven, would fit Guy de Morville to perfection, and the slow movement breathes with the breath

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of Verena—or was she Vanessa? Sir Henry Wood made his first appearance at a Symphony Concert of the orchestra which he has made great. Seldom has a musical knighthood been so well bestowed, if to have done the greatest good to the greatest number of people is a criterion of desert. But no titular distinction, we make bold to believe, will give Sir Henry such a sense of reward as the sight of the audience at his Promenade Concerts!

Can it be truthfully said that the overflowing audience which M. Pachmann brings to hear him at Queen's Hall is certain proof of England's devotion to music? Or is it the case that a large proportion of the ladies, at any rate, are attracted by him in his character as a "funny little man" rather than by a sincere delight in brilliant pianoforte-playing? We fear that there is much to be said in favour of this latter point of view. For M. Godowsky is even more marvellous as pianist than Pachmann, and there is no question at all that he is much the finer artist, yet he does not so far attract the crowd which his mirth-provoking rival can ensure. It is difficult to hear M. Pachmann without being conscious of a feeling which is almost exasperation. Here is a pianist unique in the beauty of his touch on the keys, unsurpassed in the silvery brilliance of his execution of rapid passages—a pianist who could be, if he would, an unrivalled player of Chopin, who throws away his gifts and in the course of a long recital only shows once or twice, perhaps, of what he is really capable. It must be admitted that last week his playing was, even for him, astoundingly brilliant. His runs in Liszt's "Rigoletto" were *tours de force* indeed. Now and then, too, he played a few bars of his Chopin with his old perfection of style, but the few bars were always succeeded by passages distorted in their sentimentalism and exaggeration. There were failures of memory, also in the *adagio* of the Sonata in B Minor and the Impromptu in F sharp. It was announced that M. Pachmann would play this Sonata "for the first time." But we very well remember hearing him play it long ago in the old St. James's Hall. How could we forget it? For his playing of Chopin in those days was one of the delights which leave an ineffaceable memory. The only unalloyed delight he gave us the other day was in his two Mazurkas. Here, indeed, was a lesson in rhythm and in style. This was the real Pachmann, and his playing brought at once to our mind the gallant dancers who came here with Mlle. Pavlova and their perfect movements to the tune of a mazurka.

M. Godowsky's concert was exceedingly interesting. He played Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations with such a spirit as well as a clarity that each one could have been reheard with pleasure. Then he played some of the most hackneyed of all the Brahms' pieces that everybody plays. To listen to them played with so flawless a *technique*, and at the same time with all the necessary insight into their meaning, was something of a rare experience. To Chopin's Barcarolle Godowsky gave sweetness and vigour truly poetical; the Polonaise in F sharp minor he played with superb fire, and though we would willingly have foregone the pleasure (?) of hearing his arrangements for left hand alone of two of Chopin's studies, we could not but listen in amaze at the man's uncanny certainty and agility. His "Sonata in E minor" was rather a collection of characteristic pieces with no very apparent link to hold them together, than a formal sonata. They were all distinctly agreeable to hear, and they gave one the impression that they were all constructed by a musician of considerable scholarship, and certainly by one who possesses and can express a fund of graceful and melodious thought. The Sonata is probably too difficult for any other pianist to play with great effect, but in its composer's hands it did not sound inhumanly impossible.

A young pianist from Australia, Mr. William Murdoch, made a very favourable impression on Thursday. He has a clear and vigorous technique; he likes good music and plays it as if it interested him deeply. It says much for a young pianist that he should choose Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 101, and César Franck's Prelude, Aria and Finale for his first concert, and play them all with real intelligence and such an amount of sympathy. But we should like to point out to him that Franck's noble music gains greatly in the hands of those who do not so perpetually alter the time at places where the composer has given no directions for such alterations. He has given plenty of indications as to his wishes. Then, too, the themes when they appear in the minor parts should not be always trumpeted out to the upsetting of the balance between theme and counterpoint, and it is dangerous for a pianist to begin the Finale at such a pace that he is unable to make a sufficient contrast when the "Animato" begins with its soft, light octaves in the right hand.

Miss Marie Brema has produced two operas at the Savoy Theatre by Mr. Emmanuel Moor, operas of such poor, conventional quality that it is to be regretted she should have wasted her time and talents over them. We could only perceive one advantage to be gained from a visit to this wearisome performance. A singer whose name is new to us—Mr. Spencer Thomas—made a very successful appearance in the first opera. He has a good tenor voice, sings well, acts more than creditably, and should prove a valuable recruit for English or any other opera.

PAUL VERLAINE—I.

To grasp the true note of Verlaine's poetry we must understand his character and his life; we must follow his gradual descent through all the stages of human suffering to a grave of sorrow, and must glance at the literary influences which help to shape the form of his verse. The great model on which his literary style is based is Charles Baudelaire. Indeed we may say that Baudelaire is the literary parent of modern French poetry. His works form the bridge of transition from the fairy-land of sentiment of the "Romantiques" to the morbidly beautiful world of the modern poets. He it was who first inspired beauty with a perverse and morbid spirit, and his feverish genius discovered entirely new associations and connections between the objects mentioned in his verse. Furthermore, Baudelaire introduced symbolism into his poetry which was a mixture of mysticism and sensuality. Paul Verlaine, although his poems clearly show the influence of the morbid, paradoxical symbolism of Baudelaire, discovered an entirely new note in his verse. He climbed the mountain of the muses until he reached the misty realms of music, and his poems are like songs. Hence the strange, incomprehensible charm of some of his verses. The words produce no tangible vision in our minds, but yet are beautiful. It is to our sense of sound that they appeal. The system of the symbolists consisted in not saying what sentiments or thoughts they expressed by their images. A symbol, in the words of Lemaître, is a prolonged comparison, of which we are only given the second term, a system of successive metaphors. It will at once be seen that the use of such a system places a matchless instrument of expression in the hands of the poet; but to the ignorant their poems appear obscure. The apparent incoherence of Verlaine's verses, due to musical and symbolical influences, has laid him open to the attacks of adverse critics, who have ridiculed him in the eyes of an undiscerning public. But time has vindicated his art, and succeeding generations salute the greatness of his genius. A slur has also been cast on his

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poetry in the eyes of the world by the unfortunate incidents of his life, by his acute sensuality, by the difference between the beauty of his dreams and the grim realities of a life spent in the bars of Paris. But rather let us bow before the suffering that must have been his—he who dreamed such dreams of beauty and had not strength to turn from the alluring arms of vice ; who, awakening from his visions in the fog and mud of a great city, strove to drown the force of the reaction by the fumes of absinthe, or in the arms of some unworthy vendor of her charms to whose door his fevered wanderings had led him.

Paul Verlaine was born at Metz in 1844, the son of an officer of artillery who had taken part in the last of Napoleon's campaigns, and who had been reared amidst all the horrors of the Revolution. Both Captain Verlaine and his wife were undistinguished types of the French middle class—people that could be tabulated and who make a routine of their very pleasures. Yet their son was destined to be the exact antithesis of this middle-class spirit of regularity. For him life was to be a dream and his only governor his impetuous senses. All regularity was hateful to him, all order and established form fretted his impatient soul. There is surely some connection between the unsettled state of France between 1789 and 1848, the shock and bloody cataclysm of the great Revolution, and the nerve-destroying events of Napoleon's wars, and this new paradoxical spirit which first began to make itself felt about 1850: the morbid love of emptiness; the struggle against established forms; these wild dreams of realms unknown; we may say the love of the beauty of death; the birth of poets who built systems of art out of their morbid visions, and whose lives were a continual protest against the equalising tendencies of modern life.

The fruit of Verlaine's unwilling studies at the Lycée Bonaparte was the degree of "Bachelier-ès-Arts," which, together with the influence of his parents, procured for him a post in the municipal administration of Paris. This was in the year 1864. He remained a member of the Parisian Bureaucracy during seven years. This was perhaps the happiest period of his life, despite the dreariness of municipal routine. In his spare hours he escaped from the dusty files of a Government office to the salons of the Marquise de Ricard and of the delightful Nina de Callias, which were frequented by the younger poets of the age—such men as François Coppée, Léon Dierx, Anatole France, and the picturesque Villiers de L'Isle-Adam and Catulle Mendès. It was during this time that the much-discussed journal "Le Parnasse Contemporain," to which Verlaine was a constant contributor, began its brief career. During this part of his life Verlaine professed the doctrine of an "Impassible." He preached the isolation of the poet in his "tower of ivory." The world having made of poets outlaws, let the poet scorn the world. Let him not descend to the contemplation of the vulgar crowd. Let these priests of beauty take the Infinite for their temple, and let their altar be Art. Verlaine has himself expressed his doctrine in the verses :—

. . . Ce qu'il nous faut, à nous les suprêmes poètes
Que vénérous les dieux et qui n'y croyons pas
. . . A nous, qui ciselons les mots comme les coupes
Et qui faisons des vers émus très froidement
. . . C'est l'étude sans trêve
C'est l'effort inouï, le combat non pareil
C'est la nuit, l'âpre nuit de travail d'où se lève
Lentement, lentement, l'œuvre ainsi qu'un soleil

Poor Verlaine's future career is a grim commentary on these verses, inspired with all the enthusiasm of youth brilliant with unshattered illusions. The immediate fruit of these doctrines were his "Poèmes Saturniens," published in 1866. These poems, although they clearly show the influence of Baudelaire and Leconte de Lisle on the style of the young poet, are yet highly original. We notice at once the musical nature of Verlaine's genius. We quote an example :—

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon cœur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

Tout suffocant
Et blême quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure, &c.

This poem is in reality a song. The association of sounds in verse to heighten effect is nothing new. Verlaine's originality consisted in having carried the process to a higher degree than had before been reached and in his use of symbols. We quote a poem in which the musical and symbolical nature of his verse is peculiarly evident :—

Le souvenir avec le crépuscule
Rougeoie et tremble à l'ardent horizon
De l'ésperance en flammes qui recule
Et s'agrandit ainsi qu'une cloison
Mystérieux où mainte floraison
—Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule
S'élance autour d'un treillis et circule—
Parmi la maladive exhalaison
De parfums lourds et chauds dont le poison
—Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule—
Noyant mes sens, mon âme et ma raison,
Mêle dans une immense pâmoison
Le souvenir avec le crépuscule.

Much of the beauty of the piece consists in the music of the words. He has established a new association between music and poetry. Take, for example :—

Une aube affaiblie
Verse par les champs
La mélancolie
Des soleils couchants.
La mélancolie
Berce de doux chants
Mon cœur qui s'oublie
Aux soleils couchants, &c.,

which reads like a melancholy Eastern chant. A study of Verlaine's poetry will at once reveal the fever of sensibility which breathes through them. And this is but the reflection of the fire which burnt with tenfold more power in his veins. It is seldom that poetry is more than the afterglow of emotion. When we realise this it is not hard to understand the tragedy of Verlaine's life. The series of the "Poèmes Saturniens" contains also some wonderful picture poems, morbidly-coloured pictures, and landscapes with an atmosphere of dissolution and despair. The poet has further shown a wonderful power in the choice of his images. Take, for example, the lines in which he describes the voice of the woman of his dreams :—

Et pour sa voix lointaine, et calme, et grave, elle a
L'inflexion des voix chères qui se sont tues.

When we read his works with understanding, our repulsion at the story of his life is merged in a sentiment of sympathy for the sufferings of the poet, for his vain struggles to escape from the depths of depravity towards which the frailties of his temperament hastened him. Even in these, his first and so-called "impassible" poems, we see

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the reflection of the cold hand of despair which already pressed upon his soul. We cite as an example some lines from his poem, "A une femme:"—

O je souffre, je souffre affreusement, si bien,
Que le gémissement premier du premier homme,
Chassé d'Eden n'est qu'une églogue au prix du mien!

Perhaps one of the greatest of his "Poèmes Saturniens" is his "Nocturne Parisien." It stands unrivalled as a morbidly beautiful description of the mystery and horror of the black waters of the Seine as they flow at night past the lights of Paris, remorselessly carrying their freight of ships and human corpses; while one of the most beautiful of the series is the delicate song "Il Bacio:"—

Baiser! rose trémière au jardin des caresses!
Vif accompagnement sur le clavier des dents,
Des doux refrains qu'amour chant en les cœurs ardents,
Avec sa voix d'archange aux langueurs charmeresses.

Sonore et gracieux baiser, divin baiser!
Volupté sans pareille, ivresse inénarrable.
Salut! l'homme, penché sur ta coupe adorable,
S'y grise d'un bonheur qu'il ne sait épuiser. &c.

S. A.-B.

THE HERO AS BABY

It may be stated as an irrefutable axiom that the initiatory period of a hero's life, during which he helplessly surveys a sadly circumscribed universe from cradle, mattress, or doorstep, according to the chances and conditions of his birth, is rather uninteresting to the general reader, however suggestive and even enthralling it may be to the prophetic senses of his enthusiastic biographer. So far the hero in embryo has done nothing save cry, eat and sleep, and we all can claim to have started fair in the race if such immature doings are to be put on record. Babies, in this connection, are at a disadvantage. Whatever stirring deeds or high adventures they may be intended to accomplish later on, whatever wonderful philosophies or alluring creeds it may be their destiny to spring upon an irreverent and sarcastic world, their insignificant size and the deplorable incoherence of their remarks tend to confine their importance within the comparatively narrow bounds of an admiring circle of intimates. Outside that magical limiting line stands the stranger, apathetic to the excitement of the first tooth, callous and unmoved at the first articulated word, the first undeniable association of ideas; the murmurs of ecstasy and volleys of badly-aimed kisses from inexperienced male worshippers to the worshipped affect him not at all, or, if they do, it is but to an unkind display of risibility.

The truth is, it should be sedulously concealed from the public that any given hero was ever a baby. It is so undignified to be a baby, and so terribly common; it is the one accusation he cannot possibly deny or evade if it should be brought up against him in after years. We can conceive of a planet where heroes might be thrust into life muscular and gifted and fully developed, as sprang Minerva in shining armour from the brain of Zeus, ready to tackle at once the tasks for which those who play the game in high Olympus had ordained them; where babyhood—if it could so be termed—is the heyday of existence, and the remainder of their span would be a mere passive resting on their laurels early won.

In such a sphere biographers and chroniclers could hold their magnificent inky revels undisturbed by the labour of tracking their hero's spoor to the family lair; from the very outset of his career they could depict airily his behaviour, his appearance, his predilections, his triumphs. They would escape the humiliating confession that he arrived just like any ordinary member of the community, toothless, graceless, and practically hairless, and would be spared the horror of investigating parental diaries for evidences of uncanny precocity, or the shame of composing beautiful stories about his budding intellect and his hebdomadal spankings. Not so is their duty disencumbered on this revolutionary earth of ours. Imagine them, poor scribes, confronted with the ungrateful toil of portraying the Great Man as Baby—hunting for the comfortable adjective that shall gloss over the puling and puking embryo warrior, poet, or statesman—wrestling with his howls, his mischief, his torn pinafores, his bejammed fingers, his gurgles of illegitimate delight at deeds of darkness—striving desperately to trace in the chaotic actions of this small shred of humanity the origins of subsequent fame! It is a picture of pathos unredeemed by a single ray of joy.

In support of this thesis that persons of renown should be tacitly understood *ex officio* to have shunned the vagaries of immaturity, it is only necessary to take a few concrete examples. Let us ask, for instance, if Carlyle, hero and biographer in one, can be thought of lucidly as a little blue-eyed, pink-and-white imp that upset the porridge, played with the coal, and made curious noises when it perceived the moon? What system of philosophy, however it might be reinforced by Teutonic stolidity, could withstand so cruel a light thrown on its exponent? Picture, again, Napoleon weeping bitterly because he was compelled to go early to bed and to leave his leaden soldiers in a frozen conflict on the table; Sir Francis Drake stamping his feet in a tantrum because his attendance at church interfered with an absorbing game of marbles; Cobden smiting his nurse with a rose-leaf fist in that she did deprive him, with malice prepense, of a large piece of sugary-cake which he had cautiously abstracted from the pantry what time the milkman claimed her temporary attention. Or, to come to modern times (but this is a delicate matter), imagine Professor Münsterberg, astute psychologist, searcher of our innermost motives, whipped ingloriously for having indulged an unrestrained passion for sweets; figure to yourself Mr. Henry James, most delightful and astonishing of novelists, pensively carrying out experiments with a tin kettle and the cat's tail; Mr. Richard le Gallienne, at the age of three, stripping a rose-tree of its precious blooms that he may crown some golden girl of two summers, and suffering the unpoetic cane for his premature gallantry . . . and so on. It were wiser not to proceed, lest our imagination be unduly stimulated, and the repute of certain heroes fall in tatters at their feet.

Hero-worship, then, should be postponed as an art until a few of the world's bruises have toughened the hero's soul. It avails us nothing that he spun a top or trundled a hoop better than others, that he smashed more windows than his fellows, or that his fame for sauciness to the master brought him the adoration of smaller and less enterprising boys. "The Great Man," said Carlyle, "as he comes from the hand of Nature, is ever the same kind of thing," and a tedious kind of thing, as a rule, is this babyhood of the great—uninspiring, charged with an immense banality.

Since, however, all heroes have been babies, though all babies (thanks be) are not likely to become heroes, it is necessary to make the best of affairs as they are. Not many men distinguish themselves before the age of twenty-one, and a law might be passed to cheer the hearts of biographers to the effect that any hero's pre-majority days shall be blacked out as is the racing news in certain libraries. Exceptions might be made in favour of boys who swept offices and became railway magnates at twenty, or of authors who wrote poetry at the age of fourteen and refrained from

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publishing it, for such things certainly denote special gifts. Beyond that we dare not go. Let it be clearly understood that the hero never was, never could have been by any combination of circumstances so dull, so utterly lost to any sense of fitness as to assume the shape of a baby. If such an insinuation is made, let him deny it strenuously and angrily. Let all evidence to that effect be burnt; let his preliminary scrawls be torn up relentlessly, and let the records of his toddling feet be obliterated in spite of the protestations of those who kissed and slapped him into conformity with other human beings. Let the froth of sentiment be blown from the brimming cup—in other words, let the poor fellow start fair. Why should he, more than others, have the glare of publicity turned upon his irresponsible early wayfarings—his robbing of orchards, his antipathy to washing, his exceeding delight in climbing trees and spoiling a new suit? Leave him in peace. Thus shall the labours of the busy biographer be lessened, and the faces of the scribes blush once more with the glow of health; and in their literary dens we may think of their joys as they exclaim, "Thank heaven—this man was never a baby!"

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

INDIA: A SERIES

III.—DECENTRALISATION OF THE FINANCES—1869-1876.

MAYO

WHEN the Earl of Mayo arrived in India as Viceroy in January, 1869, the Amir of Afghanistan, Sher Ali, had just defeated, finally, his brother Azim and secured his throne. He thereupon renewed his application for an interview with the Viceroy. This took place at Ambala on March 27th, 1869. Lord Mayo's personal presence and bearing, and his splendid reception, gained a complete ascendancy over Sher Ali, who was informed that "while the British Government had no desire to interfere in the internal affairs of Kabul, yet it would view with severe displeasure any attempt on the part of the Amir's rivals to disturb his position and rekindle civil war." Besides this moral support he was promised assistance in money, arms, and ammunition at the discretion of the British Government, and he took back to Kabul six lakhs of rupees and two batteries of artillery as presents. Lord Mayo also managed to have an agreement made with Russia that the integrity of Afghanistan should be respected, and that the boundary of Sher Ali's dominions should be recognised. His influence with Sher Ali was maintained unimpaired. Lord Mayo also laboured to establish friendly and well-governed States on the Indian frontiers. When stronger measures were required he despatched an expedition in 1871-72 to punish the Lushai tribes for their raids on the North-Eastern frontier. By his personal relations with the native Princes he gained their respect and affection, and improved their administration of their States, while he obtained the establishment of Colleges for the education of the young Chiefs.

But it was to the internal administration of India that Lord Mayo, like his predecessors, was required to devote most attention. In the three previous years there were deficits amounting to six millions sterling. In his first year he secured practical equilibrium, and had a surplus aggregating four millions in his last two years. These results were not achieved without the closest examination of income and expenditure. He reduced the expenditure on Public Works and the grants to spending Departments, introduced an income-tax and raised its rate, and stopped the policy of paying for deficits by borrowing for ordinary expenditure. He insisted on close scrutiny and rigid economy. The system of financial administration was thoroughly examined and rectified; punctuality and accuracy were required in the submission of Estimates; statistical information was improved and systematised. By a Government resolution of December, 1870, called the Charter of the Provincial Governments, the finances were largely decentralised. A fixed yearly consolidated grant for five years was made to each Government, to enable it to defray the cost of its principal services, exclusive of the Army, but including Public Works. A certain income capable of expansion by good administration was assigned in each case, and, subject to some general conditions, the manner in which that income might be expended on the various branches of the public service was left to the Provincial Governments to determine; the latter were thus made responsible for the management of their own local finances. The services made over to them included the protection of person and property, education, registration, medical, printing, roads, civil buildings and various public works, miscellaneous public improvements and other services of many sorts. Briefly, the finances were divided into Imperial and Provincial, with immense advantage to the country; the system thus inaugurated has since been wisely extended.

At the same time the development of the country was not overlooked. An Agricultural Department was created; a foundation was laid for the reform of the salt duties; the Public Works Department was reorganised on principles of economy and efficiency; besides the usual extension of roads, railways, and canals a system of State railways was launched. The first census was taken under Lord Mayo's orders. The Legislative Department under Sir James F. Stephen was fully employed, passing eighty-seven Acts, some of great importance in the three years, 1869-70-71. It fell to Lord Mayo to entertain the first member of the Royal Family to visit India, the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1869-70. It was the irony of fate that the most popular of Viceroys should perish by the hand of an assassin at the Andamans on February 8th, 1872.

DELIBERATE POLICY OF RESTFULNESS

NORTHBROOK

After the temporary interregnum of Lord Napier of Merchistoun, during which some important legal projects were passed into law, Lord Northbrook entered on the Viceroyalty in May, 1872, no stranger to Indian affairs. He had drafted for Sir Charles Wood the great education despatch of 1854. His first words on assuming office referred to business, and this was the keynote of his Administration. He regarded the late taxation, progress, and legislation pushed too fast as the causes of an uneasy and dissatisfied feeling in the country. Averse to the increase of local taxation, he vetoed a Bengal Municipal Bill which authorised it, and he abolished the Income-tax as unsuitable to Indian conditions. Regarding India as a poor country, and economy in expenditure as essential, he checked costly schemes of irrigation and military works. His general principle was to adapt expenditure to income; he endeavoured to keep down the assessment of land revenue, and to consider the effect of British rule on the social habits and religious beliefs of the people. He approved of the policy of as much free trade as possible for India. He declined to remit the import duty of 5 per cent. levied on Manchester piece-goods, as he required the money for revenue purposes. By the Indian Tariff Act of 1875 the general rate of import duties was reduced, and most of the export duties were abolished, as that levied on Indian wheat had been. He obtained for British management the extensive salt sources in Rajputana, and abolished 800 miles of the Inland Customs Line. When the monsoon rains of 1873

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failed in Bengal and Bihar, and the rice crop withered, famine was imminent had not the Government, mindful of the Orissa disaster of 1866, intervened. The famine-relief administration, supervised by Lord Northbrook, and carried out by Sir Richard Temple, was so effective that hardly any deaths from starvation occurred, though, from want of experience, the cost was great. This assumption by the State of the duty to save life was new and important.

Foreign affairs necessarily occupied the Viceroy's attention. In 1873 the Amir of Afghanistan, alarmed by Russia's absorption of Khiva, asked him for a closer alliance, but Lord Northbrook was not allowed by the Liberal Cabinet to promise more than Lord Mayo had promised. When the Conservative Government proposed the placing of British Agents in Afghanistan, Lord Northbrook, a follower of Lord Lawrence, opposed the suggestion. When the Gaekwar of Baroda in 1874 attempted to poison the Resident, Lord Northbrook appointed a Commission to investigate the charges judicially, with the result that the three English members of the Court decided on all the charges against the Gaekwar, and the three native members in his favour. The home Cabinet decided to depose the Gaekwar on the grounds of his misconduct, misgovernment, and incapacity, and a new Gaekwar (still ruling) was installed. This fact showed India that the policy of non-annexation was observed in practice. In the controversies which arose about the frontier policy and the cotton duties Lord Northbrook differed greatly from the Secretary of State, and resented the increasing control from England. He therefore resigned in September, 1875, and retired in April, 1876, after he had entertained the Prince of Wales on his visit to India in December, 1875, to March, 1876, a visit which elicited an outburst of loyalty to the Crown. Lord Northbrook aimed constantly at gathering the feelings of the natives, and at governing in sympathy with native public opinion when he could obtain it; he desired to govern not for our own profit and advantage but for the benefit of the people of India. He gained their confidence and attachment to a remarkable degree.

CHARLES DILKE

AD MEMORIAM

By Frank Harris

A personable man of five feet nine or ten, strongly built, always in hard condition; the figure and quick, energetic walk of an athlete. A long head, a well-balanced face, with excellent, shapely, straight nose and good forehead; the grey eyes are only clear, however—fair mirrors merely, not founts of light—set close together, too, suggesting over-great prudence, or even suspicion—a virtue only in the weak; the mouth and chin seem heavy under the thick, greying moustache and beard.

The voice is noticeably clear, apt to be monotonous and sharp, barking out "Yes, yes!" in sign of agreement and "No, no!" in dissent; the voice of a man of action, of opinion, and not of persuasion, much less of charm.

The manner is like the voice (all this man is of a piece), quick, abrupt, frank, honest, at times courteous or even kind—rarely winning, never inspiring.

A man who might be the head of a great business (by inheritance, and not of his founding), and successful by dint of prudence, honesty and fairness; a man of great energy, method, and care; an admirable lieutenant who might be loyal to genius or power.

I met Dilke first in the summer of 1883, when he was President of the Local Government Board, and had several talks with him. I had heard him called a Republican and spoken of as a militant anarchist would be spoken of to-day. I found him a man keenly alive to all distinctions and dignities, an epicurean and not a stoic. There was nothing violent in him, nothing doctrinaire; he struck one as a cultured man of the world, with an extraordinary fund of special information on many subjects. He was more interesting to me than almost any other English politician, for he had touched life at more points than most Englishmen. He knew all our Colonies intimately, and he spoke French like a Frenchman. He could look at England and English politics in a detached way—from the outside, so to speak. And yet, at the same time, no one knew English life and English prejudices much better than he did. Take him on his own subjects, he was extremely instructive. No one got up facts more carefully, or loved them more passionately; no one had the details of foreign politics more at his fingers' ends than Dilke. He was always a House of Commons authority on half a dozen subjects. He appalled you with his knowledge of the Factory Acts, and when you spoke to him about the Army or Navy he had all the details of the subject ready. He could tell you, besides, what Admiral Hornby had thought of this project, or what Admiral Fisher said about that.

Of course one soon found that his extraordinary command of details and knowledge of isolated facts was accompanied by a peculiar impatience of general ideas. No generalisation, however brilliant, appealed to him; his mind was fact-ridden; he never saw the forest for the trees.

A peculiar instance of a cognate characteristic occurs to me. He once spoke with admiration of an American he had met, I think in San Francisco. The American told him he would be coming to England in a year. Dilke invited him to lunch, and gave him a day fourteen months later, assuring him he would give him a distinctively English lunch, begging him at the same time to be punctual.

"If you will give me an hour I'll be on hand," replied the American. Dilke gave one o'clock. As the clock struck one on the day in question fourteen months afterwards Dilke walked downstairs to the dining-room, which was on the ground-floor of his house, just as the American walked in.

At Dilke's table one met all the distinguished people of the day, particularly all the distinguished Colonials and Americans. I first met Cecil Rhodes there in 1887, and Harold Frederic, Alfred Deakin, too, M. Jusserand, and a host of others. It was through his introduction that I came to know MM. Renan, Ferry, Freycinet, Rochefort, and other Frenchmen of note. Dilke was a political leader of the first class, and his house was a social centre where one met more men of real importance in letters and politics than in any other house in London.

Then in 1885 came the scandal, and the attack upon him by the Nonconformists, the ordeal, when he was tried, so to speak, as by fire. I was at the time editor of the Conservative *Evening News*. Of course, the great whispering-gallery of London society had echoed and re-echoed with the case before it came into court. All the tit-bits had been whispered about before the public trial.

Nearly everybody in society and nearly everybody in Parliament whom one spoke to about it treated it lightly, as men of the world treat such things, but graver whispers went about, and the cloud became threatening. All the Liberal papers handled the matter very seriously. They hoped Dilke would be cleared. The Conservative papers followed suit; it was not their cue to prevent an important Radical leader from being worried to death by the pack he was leading.

I happened to be particularly interested in two threads of policy which Dilke to some extent represented. I believed in a large Imperialism and a closer union with our Colonies. Dilke knew the Colonies, and knew too all the men who

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guide Colonial opinion. He was the inventor of the phrase "Greater Britain." A vast confederation of English States was to him possible, if not a passionate ideal. He had a great liking for France too. The French Army, he said, had improved wonderfully, and was quite as strong as the German Army. He held that France was much more peaceably inclined than Germany, much less likely to become our trade rival. Consequently he was in favour of a close alliance with France as against Germany. For this reason, even in 1885, I regarded him as the most valuable of English politicians with the single exception of Lord Randolph Churchill, who, without any of his advantages of knowledge, was a personality of finer mind and stronger character.

Accordingly I defended Dilke in the *Evening News*, and declared that, whatever the outcome of the trial might be, he was too greatly needed by England to be sacrificed to our provincial narrow-mindedness and puritanical hypocrisy.

He wrote to me thanking me for my way of treating the case, and during the trial called me to counsel. He wanted to know whether he should go into the box and deny on oath the accusation brought against him or not. Mr. Chamberlain, he said, had advised him, as he was not a party to the suit, not to go into the box. At that time the strongest Liberal paper and the most powerful assailant of Dilke, the most powerful upholder, too, of the conventional puritanism of the time, was the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Stead, the editor, was continually saying that Dilke must go into the box and stand a cross-examination and deny the vile charge. Under the circumstances I thought he should go into the box, but, for reasons which I cannot give here, Dilke decided not to go into the box, and the "unco' guid" raved against him to their heart's content.

The case threw a strong light on Dilke's manhood; he had begun the fight badly, I thought. As soon as the scandal was on foot, he had written to the Chairman of the Chelsea Liberal Association denying the charges, and adding that "if the Liberal interests should be in any degree compromised by one who rests, however undeservedly, under so grave an imputation," he would be prepared "to retire from public life until this accusation should be disproved."

He himself took the charge ultra-seriously from the beginning, and when the trial went against him, for Mrs. Crawford got her divorce, and when later the Queen's Proctor's intervention was dismissed, he was forced to retire, or logically to eat his own words. Shortly afterwards he was beaten at Chelsea, and was out of Parliament till 1892, when he was elected to the Forest of Dean division. It was always understood, however, that he would never again be in a Liberal Government, much less in a Liberal Cabinet. The ha'penny papers are thus perhaps justified in speaking of him as "a brilliant statesman whose career was ruined by a divorce case."

But was his career ruined by the divorce case, or by his own want of pluck? It is a very difficult question, and could not be decided without such a discussion as would be impossible in public. Those of us who admired Dilke most and knew him best realised that in the trial he had shown fatal hesitancy and weakness. It was just the same weakness which in 1880 led him to refuse a seat in the Government unless or until Mr. Chamberlain had a seat in the Cabinet. At that time nine out of ten men regarded Sir Charles Dilke as the abler man, and it astonished every one that he should press Mr. Chamberlain's claims on Mr. Gladstone as superior to his own. Every one can see now that Dilke, though infinitely better informed and better equipped than Mr. Chamberlain, could never be compared to the Member for Birmingham in force of character or dominant self-assertion. But it is very rare indeed for any politician to insist that his colleague and rival should be preferred before him. However we read it, such self-abnegation is a sign, I think, of high mental and moral qualities, and a sign, too, of a certain weakness as a fighting man.

Again and again when thinking of Dilke he appears to me a representative English mind; he was English in his knowledge of details and love of facts, English in his indifference to general truths, English in his impatience of all theoretical questions, English in his admiration of all practical things, English above all in his impartial fairness of nature. This was really his highest gift.

For years I lunched with him once every week in order to hear what he thought of this or that politician, and particularly what he thought of the younger men. There was no judge in Parliament to be compared with him for knowledge and fairness combined, except the late Duke of Devonshire, another peculiarly English character. If Dilke missed any Parliamentary force, it was in spite of himself, a defect of insight and not of prejudice. He was naturally apt to underrate the man of genius, who was ill-informed and imperfectly educated, or very careless of facts; Charles James Fox would have puzzled him or escaped him as Lord Randolph Churchill did at first. He could hardly believe that a man so ignorant as Lord Randolph could win through by sheer genius. But as soon as Lord Randolph Churchill demonstrated his power by leading the House of Commons in the Bradlaugh business Dilke threw off his critical spirit, and spoke with admiration and wonder of his surpassing ability.

People talk of Dilke's career as having been ruined, but that is only a form of words. He remained to the very end one of the leaders of the House of Commons, one of the members who was always listened to with most respectful interest, though he was often dull. He was by no means a brilliant speaker, but he had always something to say, and he had always interesting facts at command. Moreover, he was an old Parliamentary hand, with a really quick and impartial eye for ability in opponents as in friends, and he had an intimate acquaintance with all the great forces and great minds in politics for the last thirty or forty years.

Fortunately for himself, when the crash came and the sentence went against him he was not wholly unprepared. Though first and foremost and always a politician, he touched life at many points, and had many engaging interests. From the University onward he always practised fencing and rowing. He had travelled in every part of the world as a young man, and to the end he kept his interest in travel and sport of all sorts; in books, too, and in men. True, he never cared for poetry or poets. He was not at home with saints, or heroes, or singers, but he was always an exceedingly pleasant companion, a very kindly, though somewhat selfish, man of the world in the best sense of that much-misused phrase.

Was it my fault or was it his that we never spoke of any other world? It may have been mine. Dilke's nature kept me in all discussions with him to such subjects as are within the ken of practical politicians. But I dare say that one who had no interest in politics and small concern for any belief that can be established by facts might have touched a side in Dilke which I never touched. I say this in my endeavour to be fair to him, for I remember how astonished I was once when I sent him a book, *The Story of an African Farm*. He declared to me that it was the greatest novel he had ever read—greater than Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. This made me aware of a soul-side in Dilke which I had never explored. We know so little of those we call our friends; we are often like marbles touching each other at only one of a myriad points.

I should not be doing justice to Dilke if I did not say that I owed him hundreds of pleasant hours of intellectual and cordial companionship. If he was not apt to lift life to a higher standpoint, he certainly never debased the moral

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currency of his time. He was always one of the leaders of English life and opinion in the best sense, and the world will be greyer to many of us since he has gone out of our lives.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

III.—THE MAGIC POOL

Being born in a sceptical age, heirs of a world that certainly took its Darwin too seriously, we children did not readily enlarge the circle of our supernatural acquaintances. There was the old witch who lived in the two-storied house beyond the hill, in whom less discriminate eyes recognised only the very respectable widow of an officer in the India Army. There was the ghost of the murdered shepherd-lad that haunted the ruined hut high up on the windy downs; on gusty nights we heard him piping shrilly to his phantom flocks, and sometimes their little bells seemed to greet us from the chorus of the storm. There was a little drowned kitten who mewed to us from the shadows of the rain-water cistern, and a small boy who cried about the garden in the autumn because he could not find his ball among the dead leaves. We had all heard the three last, and most of us had seen them at twilight-time, when ghosts pluck up their poor thin courage and take their walks abroad. As for the witch, we relied on our intuitions and gave her house a wide berth.

The credentials of these four unquiet spirits having been examined and found satisfactory, schoolroom opinion was against any addition to their number. We would not accept my younger brother's murderer carrying a sack or my little sister's procession of spectral tortoises, though we acknowledged that there was merit in them, regarded merely as artistic conceptions. Perhaps, subconsciously, we realised that to make the supernatural commonplace is also to make it ineffective, and that there is no dignity in a life jostled by spooks. At all events, we relied for our periodical panics on those which had received the official sanction, and on the terrifying monsters our imaginations had drawn from real life—burglars, lunatics, and drunken men.

It was therefore noteworthy that as soon as we discovered the pool in Hayward's Wood we were all agreed that it was no ordinary sheet of water, but one of those enchanted pools which draw their waters from magic sources and are capable of throwing spells over mortals who approach them unwarily. And yet, though we felt instinctively that there was something queer about it, the pool in itself was not unattractive. Held, as it were, in a cup in the heart of the wood, it still contrived to win its share of sunshine through the branches above. On its surface the water-boatmen were ferrying cheerfully to and fro, while overhead the dragon-flies drove their gaudy monoplanes in ceaseless competition. All about the woods were gay with wild garlic and the little purple gloves that Nature provides for foxes, and through a natural alley we could see a golden meadow, where cups of cool butter were spread with lavish generosity to quench the parched tongues of bees. The mud that squelched under our feet as we stood on the brink seemed to be good, honest mud, and gave our boots the proper holiday finish. Nevertheless we stared silently at the waters, half expecting to see them thicken and part in brown foam, to allow some red-mouthed prehistoric monster to rise oozily from his resting-place in the mud—some such mammoth as we had seen carved in stone on the borders of the lake at the Crystal Palace. But no monster appeared; only a rabbit sprang up suddenly on the far side of the pool, and, seeing we had no gun and no dog, limped off in a leisurely manner to the warren.

After a while we grew weary of our doubts, and, tacitly agreeing to pretend that it was only an ordinary pond, fell to paddling in the shallows with a good heart. The mud slid warmly through our toes, and the water lay round our calves like a tight string, but we were not changed, as we had half anticipated, into tadpoles or water-lilies. It was apparent that the magic was of a subtler kind than this, and we splashed about cheerfully until the inevitable happened and one of us went in up to his waist. Then we sat on the bank nursing our wet feet, and laughing at the victim as he ruefully wrung out his clothes. We were all of a nautical turn of mind, and we agreed that the pond would serve very well for minor naval engagements, though it was too sheltered to provide enough wind for sailing-ships. Still here we should at all events be secure from such a disaster as had recently overtaken my troopship *Dauntless*, which was cruising in calm weather on Pickhurst Pond when all of a sudden "a land-breeze shook the shrouds and she was overset," and four-and-twenty good soldiers sank to the bottom like lead, which they were. Regarded merely as an attractive piece of water, the pool could not fail to be of service in our adventurous lives.

But all the time we felt in our hearts that it was something more, though we would have found it hard to give reasons for our conviction, for the pool seemed very well able to keep the secret of its enchantment. We did not even know whether it was the instrument of black magic or of white, whether its influence on human beings was amiable or malevolent. We only knew that it was under a spell, that beneath its reticent surface, that showed nothing more than the reflection of our own inquiring faces, lay hid some part of that especial magic that makes the dreams of young people as real as life, and contradicts the unlovely generalisations of disillusioned adults. All that was necessary was to find the key that would unlock the golden gates.

The brother who was nearest to me in terms of years found it two days later, and came to me breathlessly with the news. He had been reading a book of fairy-stories, and had come upon the description of just such a magic pool as ours, even to the rabbit—who was, it seemed, a kind of advance-agent to the spirit of the pool. The rules were very clear. All you had to do was to go to the pool at midnight and wish aloud, and your wish would be granted. If you were greedy enough to wish more than once you would be changed into a goldfish. My brother thought it would be rather jolly to be a goldfish, and so for a while did I; but on reflection we decided that if the one wish were carefully expended it might be more amusing to remain a boy.

It says something for our spirit of adventure that we did not even discuss the advisability of undertaking this lawless expedition. We were more engaged in rejoicing in anticipation over the discomfiture of our elder brothers and settling the difficult problem of what we should wish. My brother was all for seven-league boots and invisible caps and other conjuring tricks of a faëry character; I had set my heart on money, more sovereigns than we could carry, and I finally brought my brother round to my point of view. After all he could always buy the other things if he had enough money. It was agreed that he should wind up his birthday watch and that we should only pretend to go to bed, as we should have to start at half-past eleven. When planned by daylight the whole thing seemed absurdly easy.

We had no difficulty in getting out of the house when the time came, simply because this was not the sort of thing that the grown-up people expected us to do, but we found the world strangely altered. The familiar lanes had become rivers of changing shadows, the hedgerows were ambuscades of robbers, the tall trees were affronted giants. Fortunately we were on very good terms with the moon at the time, so

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when she made her periodical appearances from behind the scudding clouds she came as a friend. Nevertheless, when my hand accidentally touched my brother's in the dark it stayed there, and we were glad to walk along hand in hand, a situation which we would have thought deplorable for two fellows of our years by day. It seemed to me that my brother was breathing shortly and noisily as if he were excited, but presently the surprising thought came to me that it might be my own breathing that I heard. As we drew near to Hayward's Wood the moon retired behind a cloud, and stayed there. This was hardly friendly of her, for the wood was terribly dark, and the noise of our own stumblings made us pause in alarm again and again. When we stood still and listened, all the trees seemed to be saying "Hush!"

Somehow we reached the pool at last, and stayed our steps on the bank expectantly. At first we could see nothing but shadows, but, after a while, we discovered that it was full of drowned stars, a little pale as though the water had extinguished some of their fire. And then, as we wondered at this, the moon shone through the branches overhead, and lit the wood with a cool and mysterious radiance that reminded me oddly of the transformation scene in our last pantomime. My brother pulled his watch out of his pocket, but his hand shook so that he could hardly tell the time. "Five minutes more," he whispered hoarsely. I tried to answer him, and found that I could not speak.

And then, as we waited breathlessly, we heard a noise among the undergrowth on the other side of the pool—a noise, it seemed, of footsteps, that grew louder and louder in our excited ears, till it was as if all the armies of the world were tramping through the wood. And then . . . and then . . .

When we stopped to get our breath half-way home we first discovered that neither of us had had presence of mind enough to wish. But we knew that there was no going back. We had had our chance, and missed it. But, even now, I do not doubt that it was a magic pool.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE LANDSCAPE EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

WHATEVER may be said of other forms of English art, there can be little doubt of its vitality so far as concerns landscape. After the puzzledom and madness of some recent Exhibitions, of the never-ending array of pictures that will not explain themselves until after severe brain-cudgelling, and then in a strained and uncertain fashion, the relief of turning to these humble-minded appeals to Nature by men who reverence her is indescribable. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," though she can play strange tricks, as we have seen, with those who try to lower her to their own ridiculous level; but to those who approach her in a right spirit she is the kindly nurse who withholds from her children no good thing. And so it is in this particularly choice little Exhibition. There is no trickiness, no eccentricity, none of the intolerable conceit which ruins so much modern work. The artists have approached their task with the simplicity of little children, eager only to learn and to interpret, and they have reaped a rich reward. "Art may be still away there in the mountain summit," as the motto of the Catalogue, quoted from Stevenson, observes, but the men who have contributed to this Exhibition have climbed perceptibly further up the slope than most of their compeers and contemporaries.

Mr. Robert W. Allan sends eight delightful pictures—faithful studies of Nature in many moods. He is particularly successful with wet sands and posts left by receding tides. But his outlook is many-sided, and he paints the sea in many moods, rippling gently in the sands or tossing heavily in mid-ocean. Inland he presents us with green lanes and Scotch moorlands, and as a taste of the clear atmosphere of the South he gives us a vivid sketch of the Acropolis of Athens. Mr. J. S. Hill, though a less accomplished artist, is not less conscientious, and his pictures, though unequal, are not lacking sometimes in grim power, as in his lurid study of the Thames at Charing Cross—a fine piece of work, at which men of a future generation, when our skies are cleansed of smoke and such abortions as the Charing Cross railway bridge have vanished from amongst us, may well marvel as a weird record of an evil past. Mr. Hill has a real gift of bold sketching, too, such as in his studies of Wareham and Rempstone Heath, Dorset, while another charming piece of work, full of light and air and the space that associates with "the next parish to Newfoundland," is the breezy view near Lelant, in Cornwall. Mr. James Patterson is master of a broad and vigorous style, which is at its best when it is most sketchy or frankly aims at merely producing a sketch—as in his delightful pictures of Caudebec and the Seine; while there is real pathos, though almost coarsely expressed, in "The Last of the *Indomitable*"—the breaking up of an old "wooden wall" in some foreign shipbreaker's yard, beneath a red glare that well expresses the temper of the nation which permits such a fate to its inanimate heroes.

Mr. Coutts Michie revels in autumn colours and evening lights, and wild moorland with a background of sea, and his pictures leave a more pleasant impression. The bowed figure in the foreground of the group of autumnal poplars gives a touch of poignant pathos to his first picture—the pathos which is inseparable from the dying year. The same may be said of Mr. Leslie Thomson's varied studies, which include silver seas and spreading sands, a fine view of the Bass Rock against a clear wet sky, and some glorious sands and distant hills with a touch of bold foreground make up the view which he calls "Holyhead Mountain." Of Mr. Moffatt Lindner's work we carry away the most pleasing memory. He is a lover of dim twilight and evening colours and moonlit waters, and in these he rings the changes with real mastery and the ease—or apparent ease—which comes of understanding. St. Ives is his favourite sketching-ground, and a man might go much further and fare much worse. His sunset at Amsterdam is a daring piece of fiery colour, which none but a master could have handled without crudity. Mr. J. Aumonier wanders among quiet English countrysides, and his understanding of them is keen and thorough. The quieter and less startling they are the more he seems to love and appreciate them and the more perfectly he expresses their rich, if homely beauty. In one large canvas only does he break out into more ambitious effort, and his "Dulas Valley—Autumn" is a fine rendering of a peaceful valley transfigured in a golden flood of sunset glory—simply and broadly executed, but full of feeling. Eight pictures by Mr. T. Austen Brown wind up the collection—he is a more vivid colourist than his companions, but seldom to the point of crudity, and his work is rougher than that of the others—indeed, it is almost too rough at times and too sketchy. But in such company he is judged by lofty standards; among a lesser galaxy of stars he would shine more brilliantly. He is in any case not unworthy of the company in which he finds himself.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION

AN unusually large audience assembled in the theatre of the London Institution on Monday last to hear Mr. Robert W. Brewer, F.R.S.E., A.M.I.C.E., on the subject of "The Art of Aviation." In order that the more practical portion

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of his address should be thoroughly understood the lecturer first sketched the theory of human flight, and remarked that from the earliest days it had been man's ambition to emulate the motion of the bird; any thought of flapping wings, however, had been gradually eliminated from the schemes of inventors. The wings of a bird form both aeroplane and propeller, and many interesting slides of birds in flight were shown to illustrate this point.

Practically as much of the science—as distinguished from the art—of aviation was known in the year 1842, when Henson experimented, as is known now; Henson, however, was unable to make any progress because of the lack of suitable engine-power, and only the remarkably rapid development of the internal-combustion engine in recent years had enabled our present results to be achieved. The lecturer explained lucidly, with the aid of models, the action of the air on the planes of a flying-machine, and alluded to the all-important question of balance with regard to the varying air-currents; it was a difficult matter, he said, for the aviator to reason out the direction of these currents, supposing him to attempt a landing in a country of a configuration different from that of his starting-point, and with possibly a different wind prevailing at the moment of his descent.

The enormous advances made in aviation during the last few years found their only parallel in the development of wireless telegraphy; many valuable lives had been needlessly sacrificed, although every scientific triumph seemed to involve this sad element. In his opinion a very much more perfect machine than the present type of aeroplane would shortly be produced, but in England, at any rate, the art of flight would not for a very long time be more than a sport, owing partly to our treacherous weather. Many pictures of aeroplanes and aviators were shown on the screen.

On Monday, February 6th, Dr. A. C. Haddon, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S., will lecture on "The Art of Palæolithic Man."

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE public is decidedly not in a gambling mood. It seems more inclined to subscribe for new issues. Indeed, it has oversubscribed in one or two instances. But it shows discrimination. Such a mood cannot last. Sooner or later it must revert to its normal and asinine condition. The sooner the better, hopes the Stock Exchange. The House does not like new companies; it considers that every thousand pounds subscribed is so much the less for the members. You see there are a thousand members for a dozen promoters. The Shell people bought out their Lake of Soda, more valuable than gold, and placed in the heart of Africa. The thought of these millionaires—Reyersbach is on the board—offering Tom, Dick, and Harry a participation for simple sovereigns is very beautiful. I have made a study of millionaires. They are a curious race, of varied physical appearance, but unvarying mental type. They never give away anything. Therefore when they offered me one pound shares in the Magadi Company, I came to the conclusion that the venture must be very speculative indeed. Otherwise the Samuels, and the happy group of multi-millionaires who control Central Mining would have kept Magadi Soda in the family.

The BANK RATE went down, and should fall again soon, for we are now approaching a period when money returns to London. But Egypt hangs on to her gold in a most unusual manner, and it would seem that she has not sold all her cotton. The crop is very large, and the price very high. Speculators have been financed up to the hilt, and though the position is not dangerous, it is hardly secure. Seven and a quarter million cantars at twenty dollars will eat up a great deal of money. But the Argentine crop is not asking for more money than usual, and it is now said that Indian demands will be but little over the normal. There is no speculation in copper, very little in stocks and shares, none in American cotton. There is a corner in tin, but otherwise the world is merely jogging along at the usual trade pace. Therefore, whether the Banks like it or not, they must reduce their rates.

CONSOLS were evidently purchased by the optimists, or why should the contango be so high? If all the banks sold out a few weeks ago, and are obtaining $4\frac{1}{4}$ from the bulls, they are doing well. But I think it will be found that there is not the large bull account the newspapers imagine. Thinking thus, I advise a purchase.

FOREIGNERS remain dull. Even the enterprising Jap is not supporting his market, and, with the brilliant exception of Chilians, the rest of the Foreign Market is flat and uninteresting. There has been some heavy selling of Tintos, but the bears appear inclined to buy back on a vague rumour that the Supreme Court will decide in favour of Trusts, and thus permit the Morgan people to form the great Copper Trust. It is not safe to go short of Tintos at the moment. But I see nothing to go for in the Foreign Market. Paris may move up Russians if her settlement goes off happily.

HOME RAILS are steadily losing interest. The public does not gamble in Home Rails, for the dealers make this impossible by charging prohibitive rates. The only stocks that are bought and sold as a speculation are such low-priced stocks as Little Chats, Dover A, Hull and Barnsley, Great Easterns, and Great Northern Deferred. The bulls here are somewhat tired, and I expect may soon be shaken out by dealers. The investor who pays for his stock has still some admirable bargains at his disposal. He can buy Great Western, London and North Western, North Eastern, and Lancashire and Yorkshire to pay him almost 5 per cent. He should take this chance, for all these stocks must rise as money becomes cheaper. I still think the Scotch stocks remarkably cheap.

YANKEES are in a curious mood. The speculation in Wall Street is jumpy. No one dares to go short for more than a few days—one might almost say hours. The great banking houses are determined to support all their favourite shares. It is true that Steels appear weak because the figures are not good, but it would be dangerous to sell, for there are many contracts ready to be given out and Morgans can if they choose almost immediately put quite a different complexion upon that curious item "unfilled orders." The story goes that Norfolk and Western will increase their dividend; but there are many bulls in this market and a purchase appears dangerous. There has been some buying of Rocks, which are said to have reduced working expenses and increased their traffics. Rocks are a favourite gamble, and must be put up sooner or later to enable those who took over the Pearson shares to unload. Some have been sold, but not all. As far as I can see, the moment is not ripe for a rise here. It requires a good speculative tone to allow a pool to unload Rocks. The new banking scheme of Senator Aldrich appears to an English mind very cumbersome. The proposal to tax notes if issued in quantities exceeding the present issues seems inviting a panic when money is tight. The tax of 6 per cent. is also far too high. There are two things that not even Senator Aldrich can legislate away—the immense distances between the towns, and the huge foreign populations prone to panic. The present currency system of the United States is quite childish. Every American desires its destruction. But though Central Banks are a necessity in Europe, they might well become a great danger in the United States. In my humble opinion, all that is required is freedom. Abolish all banking laws, call in all notes, and then permit any one to issue notes against gold, and above all permit branch banks. Panics

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cannot be avoided in a comparatively new country like the States. They could be minimised if the small banks were driven out of existence by the competition of the great banks. Senator Aldrich has propounded a really great scheme, but it is far too complicated, and the moment it was known that the banks were paying a tax on notes their poverty would be advertised all over the States and a panic would ensue.

Rubbers are quite cheerful. The sales went off very well, and better prices ruled. The bulls of rubber seem quite sure that the Brazilian Government, having valorised coffee, will proceed to valorise rubber. This way madness lies. Look at the figures of the Coffee Ring; not one-tenth of the stock was sold last year. Nine-tenths are being carried. It is true that coffee has doubled in price, but that is not much use if no one desires it. The Rubber Market is not in such a good position for a valorisation scheme as coffee, and any attempt to corner fine, hard, cured Para, although it might bring about a second rubber boom, would only end in failure. However, rubber has risen in price, and the shares in the Rubber Market have also gone up. This I suggested might happen, but I based my views upon the state of the market, not upon wild-cat cornering schemes. The shares were low, liquidation had come to an end, and a reaction was plainly in sight. But I can see no boom ahead. If prices rise much higher cautious people should get out. They will be able to get in again later on.

Oils have been bought by those who desire to bring about a state of affairs that will enable them to market their stocks. The Maikop people are ready to pump as soon as the pipe-line can take their oil. The opening of the line will of course create some talk, but it will probably pay holders of Maikop shares to sell upon the rise. The Russian Government is the most paternal Government with which I am acquainted. It lends money to necessitous traders and owners of oil-wells, it buys their oil and it nurses the industry. But it does not pay more than the market price for mazout. This is low to-day, and it will not rise because the Maikop field puts a few million poods upon an already overstocked market. The kerosine trade in Russia is bad. The export trade at present prices is impossible. Therefore again I say sell your Maikop shares if a rise is engineered. And if you must buy oil shares, put your money into California, where the oil is high in price and where the Standard Oil seems to have been taught a severe lesson.

Waihis were once as high as $10\frac{1}{8}$. They fell away to $4\frac{3}{4}$ not so very long ago; then they reacted to $5\frac{1}{4}$, and now they are $3\frac{1}{2}$. In the meantime all sorts of stories have been going round. The officials pretend to be optimistic, but I expect that some large holders have been getting out whilst they have been booming the shares. I expect, also, that we have not heard the end of this business. It does not look nice. I am surprised at my extreme moderation. Let us suppose that there still remains a million tons of ore in the mine; that it can be got out to pay 28s. a ton. This gives us £1,400,000 profit on a capital of £500,000, or nearly 300 per cent. So that those who buy to-day at $3\frac{1}{2}$ may lose about 12s. of their capital if no new lodes are discovered. But we are told of a lode at the 1,000ft. level worth 63s. a ton. In face of this announcement the shares fell as hard as they could. I await the future with amusement tinged with disgust. My experience of New Zealand mining does not fill me with confidence.

Kaffirs and Rhodesians.—Little need be said of these markets, for they are both entirely professional, and I should not have alluded to them had it not been for the fact that the Rhodesia Exploration Company is sending out a notice calling attention to the amount of money distributed by the Rhodesian companies during the past year. It is necessary to remark that a considerable portion of this money was made by stock-jobbing. The Rhodesian mines are excellent prospects, and some admirable mines are to be found. But the country has not yet "arrived." I again say that the only way to make a boom is to "rig" Chartereds.

Raymond Radclyffe.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST FAMOUS ENGLISH JOKE"

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—I must apologise doubtless; but I cannot discern either much wit or wisdom in this so-called and frequently-trotted-out *Punch* joke, "Don't." What is it but a bit of oral advice which every wench doubtless also has blurted out ever since the world began? But, thank God, I can *see* a "joke" in the serious and highly authoritative way in which your correspondent "M. H. Spielmann" gives the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in this trifling matter, only to be bowled over by your humble "A Correspondent" (Dundee). Can the Editor of The Academy explain this?

Arthur Vitton.

Conservative Club, Heworth-on-Tyne.

[The Editor is mindful of the adage, "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."]

AN INTERESTING PARALLEL: ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE AND CLÉMENT MAROT

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—It was a German commentator, Oscar Hoffmann, who, in *Englische Studien*. Vol. XX., first pointed out that Alexander Montgomerie, the Scottish poet, was imitating Ronsard in his sonnets.

To this discovery I have now to add the still more interesting discovery that Montgomerie was indebted to a still earlier French source—namely, to Clément Marot. It is a strange thing that this fact has remained undetected heretofore, as the poem by Marot to which I have found a parallel is one which is familiar to most English students of French poetry. It is the 68th epigram given in the edition of Jannet, the epigram entitled "De Ouy et Nenny":—

Un doulx Nenny, avec un doulx soubrire,
Est tant honneste, il le vous fault apprendre:
Quant est d'Ouy, si veniez à le dire,
D'avoir trop dict je vouldroys vous reprendre,
Non que je soys ennuyé d'entreprendre
D'avoir le fruict dont le desir me poinct;
Mais je vouldroys qu'en le me laissant prendre
Vous me disiez: "Non, vous ne l'aurez point."

This has been translated and extended by Montgomerie as follows:

A bony "No," with smyling looks agane,
I wald ye leirnd, sen they so comely ar.
As touching "Yes," if ye suld speik so plane,
I might reprove you to haif said so far.
Noght that your grant, in ony wayis, micht gar
Me loth the fruit that curage ocht to chuse;
Bot I wald only haif you seme to skar,
And let me tak it, fenyeing to refuse.

And warsill, as it war against your will
Appeiring angrie, thoght ye haif no yre
For haif, ye heir, is haldin half a fill.
I speik not this, as trouing for to tyre;
Bot, as the forger, when he feeds his fyre,
With sparks of water maks it burne more bald;
So, sueet denyall doubillis bot desyr,
And quickins curage fra becomming cald.

Wald ye be made of, ye man mak it nyce;
For dainties heir ar delicat and deir,
Bot plentie things ar prysde to lytill pryce;
Then thoght ye hearken, let no wit ye heir,
Bot look away, and len thame ay your eir:
For folou love, they say, and it will flie.
Wald ye be lovd, this lessone mon ye leir;
Flie whylome love, and it will folou thee.

Cranstoun, the modern editor of Montgomerie, who was under the impression that this was an original poem, pays Montgomerie an unwitting compliment as a translator by calling this one of

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the happiest of his lyrics. The last lines, I need hardly observe, are borrowed from the "Romaunt of the Rose":—

If thou fle it, it shall flee thee;
Folowe it, and folowen shal it thee.

I fancy that Montgomerie was impelled to extend his version to three stanzas by the difficulty which he would encounter in translating the French epigram in all its neat terseness.

Since I first made this discovery—now a considerable time ago—claims upon my time have prevented me from ascertaining whether Montgomerie is further indebted to Marot. But I have no doubt at all that such is the case. The very forms which he chose—including his "flyting," his Psalms and other devotional poems—lead me to suppose that a much more extensive parallel could be found between the two poets. I should not be surprised to find traces of still earlier French poetry in the works of the Scottish writer.—I am, yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY A. DUNLOP.

Dublin, January, 1911.

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I ask you to be so good as to contradict a report extensively circulated in the daily Press in connection with the recent memorial service at the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore, and regarding the lately completed decoration of that building? Apart from certain inaccuracies in the description of the work, the reports in most cases contain the misleading statement that the work was only executed, and *not* designed, by myself. This is totally incorrect. I myself designed, as well as painted, the groups of angels which form the subject of the decoration of the interior of the dome; and all the stained glass with which the windows of the Mausoleum are now entirely filled is likewise of my own design.

I must apologise for troubling you in the matter, but my professional reputation as a decorative artist would be seriously prejudiced if the impression were allowed to go abroad that my personal responsibility for the numerous commissions, at Windsor and elsewhere, intrusted to me by their late Majesties Queen Victoria and King Edward was limited to only the merely mechanical portion of the work.

ION PACE.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE movement having for its object the promotion of cordial relations between this country and Germany is one which we look upon with the utmost goodwill. A meeting held on Monday last at the Queen's Hall, under the auspices of the Councils of the Churches in both Empires, was a distinct success, and, we hope, may be regarded as an indication of renewed interest in the matter. From its inception we have been connected with Lord Avebury's Anglo-German Entente Committee, and have regretted that of late its activities have seemed somewhat in abeyance. Both nations, as represented by individuals, find each other pleasantly in agreement when they meet and converse on ordinary affairs; there is no inherent antagonism between the German and English natures, and we can reciprocate the remark made by Dr. Spieker at the Queen's Hall to the effect that the German people desired most earnestly to live in peace with all their neighbours. The question of rivalry in navies and armaments, which recurs periodically in certain newspapers—eager for copy at all costs—and is too often fostered, we fear, by startling headlines and imprudent journalism, receives, perhaps, too much attention. As a nation we cannot resent Germany's energy in the building of battleships or her wish to possess a powerful fleet; in the present state of civilisation every country must take care of itself and be ready to defend itself. Conversely, Germany need not grumble if we endeavour to maintain our own fine position among the great Powers of the world by keeping up the highest possible naval standard. A strong Navy is the best guarantee of peace, and its possession can be dissociated entirely from any idea of offence or ill-will towards other nations.

Sixty-two Members of the Irish party, at a meeting presided over by Mr. John Redmond, discussing the proposed Act providing for the payment of Members of Parliament, have arrived at some conclusions replete with a type of unconscious humour which we may term "Irish" in a double sense. They consider that "the Irish party are in this Parliament as a protest against the system of government forced upon them against their will," and that as they have never asked for the application of this measure to Ireland, but "have always been and are still content to depend upon the voluntary contributions of their own race," the Government should be requested to devote the money which would otherwise remunerate these truly Irish Members for their invaluable services to "some useful purpose in Ireland." Passing over this delightful testimony to their own inutility, we may note that the reference to "voluntary contributions of their own race" is particularly brazen—or naïve, as the case may be—in view of the recent haul from America. This self-sacrificing relinquishment of golden guineas, however, has a conditional clause; it is only "pending the grant of Home Rule to Ireland" that the Irish Members desire to offer their services free of cost. When they obtain Home Rule—which means the management of their own local affairs—they are to be paid, we presume, from the Imperial Treasury. It is exceedingly good of these sixty-two bland and benevolent Irishmen to lay before us their academic views; but, as they take very little interest in anything outside their own concerns, we may be permitted to remark that those views will hardly materialise. Is the "useful purpose in Ireland," to which these savings of proposed payment are to be devoted, the erection of a statue to the god of blarney?

Another small labour trouble flamed up last week and luckily flickered out, although for one day it threatened to become a serious conflagration. In one respect, which it possessed in common with the strike on the same railway—the North Eastern—which occurred last July, Saturday's brief rebellion merits attention as a sign of the times. The men acted on their own initiative, without the authority of the leaders of their Trade Unions—the very organisations which during the last few years, by their own demand and consent, have been built up ostensibly for the protection of their own interests. The question as to whether or not the cause of complaint was justifiable in this particular instance does not for the moment matter; what we wish to emphasise at present is that the workman, subtly imbued by means of specious oratory and plausible leaflets with Socialistic views, will in a sullen or intemperate mood ignore the so-called safeguards he has been persuaded to construct.

Meanwhile, the type of workman who does his best for his employer or employers, confident that in the long run this will be best for him; who thinks out matters for himself, and refuses to let his thinking be done for him by raucous-voiced street-corner politicians (if their strange processes of ratiocination can be dignified by the term "thinking"); who realises that a "successful" strike is the very antithesis to true success, since it is ruinous to all harmony and good feeling—this type of working man seems to be dying out. In his place we find too frequently the morose, dissatisfied product of ignorant agitators—a man inflated by windy

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arguments, ready at a word from his "Union" to break into open rebellion, and to incite his fellows to do the same. Naturally such a man often loses his situation, sinks to the melancholy ranks of the unemployed, and becomes a hindrance to all social progress and a problem to philanthropists and economists. We are far from suggesting that such a man is a fair sample of the British workman of the present day; happily he is still outnumbered by hard-headed, sensible fellows; but the disease is at work in our midst, and until the present febrile methods of Socialistic legislation are replaced by procedures at once sane and strong, such men, in increasing quantities, will be the miserable result.

The National Council of Public Morals opened its conference at Edinburgh this week, and discussed, among other things, a question which seems to grow more pressing in this country as time goes on—the flood of injurious literature that continues to pour forth in spite of the spasmodic efforts made from time to time to stop it. We use the word "literature," of course, in its broadest interpretation. Any one who has noted the development of popular reading-matter during, say, the last twenty years, cannot have failed to observe the contrast which the present day offers to the preceding period; the windows of the shops which purvey such wares are evidence enough. Covers of thousands of cheap and nasty novels are designed obviously with a view to provoking erotic curiosity; the contents of such books, when not definitely pernicious, are often highly suggestive. For such publications the excuse of "art" is untenable; good art of any description, literary or otherwise, is the last thing to be found between their covers. We are far from wishing that writers should be haunted by the spectre of the "young person" when they conceive and elaborate their plots; but a serious, thoughtful analysis of the sombre side of life and a story written deliberately to excite harmful curiosity are two very different things. There is a lack of system and an incoherence in our manner of dealing with this problem which must be remedied before much good can be accomplished. Conferences, however useful, are intermittent; and writers are prolific, knowing that in this particular market a supply, luridly displayed, creates a demand.

According to advices from St. Petersburg, Tolstoi's posthumous works partly consist of his memoirs in the form of a diary, which he has kept from his twenty-fifth year up to a few days before his flight from Yasnaya Poljana. This diary is very extensive, and would fill about thirty printed volumes. There are also two volumes, of about six hundred pages each, of social studies, stories, and novels, partly unfinished. Some of the above-mentioned manuscripts have been stolen, but the thieves will not be able to make use of them, as the titles of the complete works are known; also, there exist one or two copies of each manuscript. The inventory of Tolstoi's works includes a comedy, "The Sage," and various sociological articles; also the following literary treasures:—"Hadje Murad" (inspired by Tolstoi's sojourn in the Caucasus), "Peter Sergius" (the psychology of a priest), "After the Ball," "The Devil," "The Corpse," "The Jester," "The Diary of a Madman," "The Moon Shines Through the Clouds," "A Young Tsar," "Theodor Koumishe's Diary," "Who is Right?" "The History of a Beehive," "Alioka Govcheff," "What I saw in a Dream," "She Possesses All the Qualities" (study of a woman), "Tikhon and Melanie," "The Diary of a Mother," "They Are Not Criminals," "Who has Killed?" "The Wisdom of Children," "By Accident," "The History of a Doochebor," and "Modern Socialism."

NOW GOES OUR LADY TO THE WOODS

Now goes our lady to the woods:
Not that she needeth to take flight:
Her soul hath its own solitudes—
Its stars, on the most starless night,
Its light, on the most sunless day.
She takes not flight—she goes away
As quiet, queenly, rare, as here,
In Babylon, when days are drear,
She moves about. She does not fly;
She does not haste; she merely goes—
To where the dreaming poplar rows
Look upward to the Milky Way;
Where men have bliss of stars by night,
Behold the gorgeous sun by day,
The coloured seasons drifting by:
She takes not flight—but none the less
Doth she rejoice again to catch
The spaces to her soul, and match
Her quiet soul with quietness.

F. N.

"VIVAT CRIMEN"

On July 23rd last we published an editorial entitled "Sense or Sentiment." It dealt with Mr. Churchill's speech in the House of Commons outlining a pet scheme for tampering with sentences and converting prisons into abodes of "luxury and ease." A very valuable article in the *Sunday Times* of the 5th inst., although inaccurate in its reference to the action of the Kingston County Bench, enforces the same conclusions with remarkable vigour. Speaking with some experience, we do not endorse the writer's strictures on the Probation of First Offenders Act. We consider this Act one of the most valuable on the Statute Book. We think that the Act most admirably tempers justice with mercy and common sense. The writer of the article, who no doubt has no judicial experience, commits himself to the statement that the first offender who is bound over is "practically pardoned." Of course that statement is wholly misleading. Postponement of sentence *quam-diu se bene gesserit* exactly explains the operation of the Act.

Apart from the few inaccuracies to which we have referred, we entirely commend the substance and the spirit of the article. What is more, the Blue-book recently issued on Criminal Statistics reveals a remarkable increase in crime during recent years, including many acts of violent brutality, such as that within the last few days at Kingston-upon-Thames.

What is in reality the underlying cause of this criminal recrudescence? We think we can trace it to a disposition to rebel against law, order, and authority generally, which is permeating vast masses of the people. The tendency is observed in insubordination in the ranks of the Trades Unionists and in defiance of authority at Tonypandy. Another cause, we think, of increase of crime is that in a large portion of the Press, at cinematograph shows, and at Madame Tussaud's, the

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criminal is able to attract to himself a niche in popular estimation. If he is not interesting, why are his doings chronicled in dailies, and especially weeklies, to the exclusion of entertaining, useful, and cleanly news which it might be supposed a wholesome people would desire to be purveyed to them? If he is not interesting, why does a Chancellor of the Exchequer compose an effort in emulation of Gray's Elegy to the blue-eyed shepherd whose many lapses Mr. Churchill excuses on the ground that he was "only a pilferer"? We think the criminal is essentially a vain person, and, realising to the full that

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,

is anxious to emerge into the limelight, and become the darling of Chancellors and of Home Secretaries, and to share with them the attention of the cinematograph operator, and appear as a central character in a new novel by one of the authors who knows that a nice spice of crime will cover ignorance of grammar and innocence of the rules of composition.

Another reason why the criminal is increasing is that Mr. Churchill, when he is tired of spending public money on circulars instructing magistrates in their duties—circulars which meet with a uniform destination—is in the habit of revising—in the interest of the criminal—sentences which have been passed under circumstances of which he is blandly ignorant. It is a common occurrence for a prisoner when sentenced to remark insolently that Mr. Churchill will soon put matters right, and thus law is brought into contempt.

In a former article we ventured to criticise Mr. Churchill's speech outlining his ideas of prison reform. We remarked from knowledge that prisons were already viewed by many criminals as "Homes of Rest" and we added:—

> In what estimation will they be held when bands of music, concerts, landscape gardens, the latest novels with criminal heroes, and other luxuries are supplied, and when the perfectly wholesome porridge and prison fare is exchanged for a menu by Oddenino's chef?

To those words, written many months ago, we adhere, and we repeat our protest against sickening sentimentality in high places. Our view is entirely supported by the "Lay of the Last Prisoner" on the walls of Reading gaol, in which he contrasts his comfortable lot with the misery many of the honest are enduring outside of the gaol precincts.

How strangely history repeats itself! Juvenal, about 80 A.D., wrote:—

> Probitas laudatur—et alget,
> Criminibus debent hortos, praetoria, mensas
> Argentum vetus et stantem extra pocula caprum.

How faithfully are reproduced to-day the follies and the vices of Ancient Rome!

CECIL COWPER.

"WHAT OF THE REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM?"

AN ANSWER

IT is quite true to say that nobody wanted the recent General Election. But that feeling of personal disinclination to engage in it in no way diminishes the authority or value of its results. On the contrary, it rather enhances them, and for this reason. The attention of the whole country was concentrated upon the cause that compelled it. It reminded electors, ordinarily accustomed to exercise the franchise under the guillotine-like operation of the Septennial Act, that there was some special reason for disturbing their ease at that particular time of the year, when one wants, if possible, to release the mind from strain and annoyance. But so urgent was the matter that not even the fear of upsetting the trade and festivities of Christmas could prevent or delay it. Mr. Balfour himself admitted that at most it could have been postponed but a few weeks. Clearly the Election then was not "a solemn farce."

Why was the General Election of January held, and what was it to determine? It was held for the sole purpose of satisfying the Sovereign that there was a majority, a substantial majority possibly, in favour of the Veto Bill of the Government. And if that became clear, then the question of the settlement of the differences between the two Houses of Parliament was determined, since the Government scheme, as opposed to the scheme outlined in the Lansdowne resolutions, would have won the day.

Surely, then, a result which secures an *ad hoc* majority of well over one hundred and twenty returned in support of the Government scheme cannot be called the *status quo ante*? A majority of over one hundred and twenty is a very big majority, and there resides in the Government controlling it great power and authority. If the representative system is to be respected and preserved at all, if the seat of Government is to remain in the House of Commons and be occupied by the party able to carry on the business of the nation, then such a party which can outnumber its opponents in the division lobby by one hundred and twenty is, in the mind of every constitutionalist at least, in a very strong position to do its work.

If the composition of that majority is to be considered and weighed, still the Government position is infinitely better than that of its opponents. If Ireland is to be left out of account—though I do not know why it should be—then the Unionist Members returned for Irish constituencies must naturally also be deducted. This would leave the Liberal party, as regards England, Wales, and Scotland, in a majority over the Unionists of more than seventy. And even if the Labour Members are to be deducted—though on this question of the Veto Bill to do so would be absurd—still the Government's majority would be over thirty. But to make those subtractions in order to diminish the authority of the Government's majority is about as sensible as it would have been for the Liberals in 1895 to deduct the Liberal-Unionists from Lord Salisbury's majority and to claim that as Liberal-Unionists were not Conservatives they should be deducted, leaving the Conservative party with so slender a majority that it had no right to continue in office! There was at that time quite as much divergence between the two groups making up the coalition which maintained Lord Salisbury in power as there is between the differing sections of Mr. Asquith's majority. The coalition of the 1895 Parliament was united upon one thing only—opposition to Home Rule.

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The coalition of the 1911 Parliament is united, if you will, upon one issue only—opposition to the House of Lords as it is at present constituted, and support to the Veto Bill proposed to alter that constitution. It was found in practice that that Conservative-cum-Liberal-Unionist coalition was a very solid and reliable thing, and it maintained the Conservative party in office during two Parliaments and over ten years. There is no reason for the Government to fear a less fortunate result for this present coalition.

Further, there is no ground for saying that the country is being ruled "not by a majority of its own choice." Mr. Balfour introduced the Referendum upon the Tariff Reform question to enable the Conservative Press to state, as the *Daily Mail* did on its placards, "Tariff Reform not to be decided by this Election." All are, I think, agreed that the House of Lords question was kept clearly in the forefront, and that, as far as any Election ever could be said to be fought upon one issue alone, this one was. In other words, something very like a perfect Referendum or poll of the people actually took place. Therefore every vote cast for a coalition candidate was a vote, given with eye-openness and intent, to secure by the only recognised constitutional means—viz., through the chosen representatives of the people—the settlement of this long-overdue problem along the lines clearly laid down in the Parliament Bill of the Government.

"If the House of Commons is to be the sport of noxious minorities . . . can it be contended in good faith and with mental balance that a loyal and patriotic Second Chamber removed from the contamination of impure motives should be swept away or synonymously reduced to a nullity?" The last thing the Liberal party would seek to do would be to sweep away "a loyal and patriotic Second Chamber removed from impure motives." But after the admissions of Lord Rosebery and Lord Lansdowne and the other leaders of the Opposition to the Government's plan, it is rather late in the day to pay the House of Lords such a thorough-going and handsome compliment. It is for the very purpose of securing a Second Chamber much more loyal to the constitution that gives us our freedom and our representative institutions, much more patriotic and less purely party, and very much farther removed from the contamination of impure motives, such as guided it in passing the Licensing Act of 1904 and throwing out the Licensing Bill of 1908, that the Government have taken the matter so firmly in hand.

For the Government to hesitate in carrying through the Bill, for which they have been specifically provided with a majority, would be the basest and blackest betrayal of loyal and enduring followers in all our political history. There is no reason to suppose they will. On the contrary, it is certain that they will not, and that considerably before the Coronation time arrives the whole matter will be through. To incite the House of Lords to reject the Bill is to incite them to break the law, to reject the clearest views of every constitutional authority.

And suppose they did reject it? The necessary peers would most certainly be created, and for the first time since our Parliamentary institutions became settled upon a representative basis you would have a Liberal majority in both Houses. Then would the representative system receive its fullest expression, and, ceasing to be a sham, become the real living thing it ought to be. For the very sake of our representative system itself I say—

The Parliament Bill must become law.

A. Wenyon-Samuel.

[We have much pleasure in printing the above reasoned reply to our editorial of last week. We shall welcome views from others of our readers.—Ed.].

THE SCHELDT—I.

By H. Belloc.

Some few weeks ago it was known that the Dutch Government had proposed to establish large modern and permanent fortifications upon either side of the mouth of the Scheldt.

The Government of the French Republic at once appreciated the importance of this departure; somewhat tardily, the Press of this country also interested itself in the matter. Were the policy to mature, and were the mouth of the Scheldt to be fortified, this country, as I shall show, would necessarily be the chief sufferer; it is worthy of attention, therefore, that the meaning of such a policy, and the very fact that it was contemplated at all, was missed for some weeks by our authorities, and when it was tardily recognised was recognised through the influence of the Press, and that Press informed or aroused from French sources.

The matter will be less talked of in the immediate future, for the French protest will certainly be successful; but after the lapse of some little time the question of the Scheldt is bound, in one way or another, to re-arise. It behoves us, therefore, to get some clear idea as to what the fortification of the mouth of the river means in the military situation of Europe, under what counsels it can have been suggested, and what its ultimate effect would be.

I propose this week to consider these points in their most general aspect, and next week to go with some detail into the conditions under which such fortifications would be established, the vulnerability of Antwerp, its communications with the East and with the South-West, &c. In other words, I propose this week to deal with the generalities of the problem, and next week with its particulars.

The first general question we must ask ourselves is whether Belgium and the Netherlands would be neutral territory in case of a war in Western Europe, as they were maintained neutral territory during the last great war of the kind, forty years ago.

The answer to this question is admittedly in the negative. A policy ultimately unwise (for it corresponds morally to running into debt) is admitted upon the part of Prussia and of the German Empire which is now Prussian in administration. This policy sets out to disregard the terms of treaties after an act of war. By that simple expedient immediate advantages can always be gained. The progressive disadvantage attaching to it is an inability to form secure alliances, to guarantee internal stability, or to pursue any fixed foreign policy. The curious will note that the inauguration of this policy in the partition of Poland has in little more than a century saddled the Prussian Service with a larger proportion of unreliable troops than are to be discovered in any other Service in the world.

For the strict purpose of military inquiry, however, the wisdom or folly of such morals does not concern us. It is a

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fact that the neutral territory of a weak State would be violated in case of a war in Western Europe to-day. One Power has virtually declared its intention so to act; its potential enemies are bound to follow suit. We conclude, therefore, of Belgian territory as of some parts of Swiss territory, as of Danish and as of Dutch, that after the first act of war the pledged word of guaranteeing Powers will carry no further sanctity. It is to be remarked that this conclusion is of wide effect: it does not only mean that troops may, after the first act of war, be discovered in Belgian territory approaching from the eastward, but that they may also be discovered approaching from the southward and westward, or from the sea. It does not only mean that Luxembourg, the railways of which are in German hands, may be traversed from Treves; it also means that those railways may be cut by cavalry from Longwy. It does not only mean that Brussels is eighty miles from Aix; it also means that Brussels is a little more than sixty miles from Lille; and the communications from the north-east of France into the "neutral" territory are far simpler and easier than those from Germany.

Granted, then, that Belgium must be treated as part of the seat of war, of what strategical value is the Scheldt, and the town of Antwerp situated upon it, to the various parties that may be engaged?

Apart from communication by sea, the great river and its port are of no positive strategical value. To purely Continental combatants upon Belgian soil Antwerp is nothing, save that, even in the present unfinished condition of its new fortification, the city affords a stronghold into which the Belgian or any other army could retire. But if Antwerp be of this character, to close the mouth of the Scheldt is only of advantage to Antwerp's opponent. In other words, there would be no point in any one's closing the Scheldt in a military fashion unless he were considering *hostile* reinforcements from the sea.

To hold the keys of the Scheldt *after* a successful war would indeed be a permanent commercial and strategical advantage to the conqueror who should also have occupied and be administrating Antwerp, but to forge such a lock and such keys *before* a campaign without knowing to which of two land forces they might fall, one's own or one's enemies, would be folly. It becomes wisdom only when a maritime partner in the struggle is considered.

France and Germany combined against England would wish to see the mouth of the Scheldt fortified; either of them acting alone against England would wish to see the mouth of the Scheldt fortified; but in no conceivable case, save the improbable one following upon an annexation of Dutch territory by England, could England wish to see it fortified.

The port of Antwerp is for many reasons, which cannot be here detailed, among the first in the world. For the same reasons it may become in the near future the first in Europe. The knowledge of this confuses men when they consider the military problem. To possess such a port through a long period of commercial development, to be able to use it as a base in time of war, would be of the utmost value to whomever might be its Sovereign; but all that has nothing to do with its strategical value in the course of a campaign originating outside Belgian territory, and that strategical value is, as I have said, purely negative from the point of view of an invader. Were a French Army successfully attacking a German upon the neutral territory of Belgium in violation of treaties, or a German Army successfully attacking a French, either could afford to neglect Antwerp altogether, *save for the sea*. The moment a maritime belligerent enters as a party to the contest the cutting off of Antwerp from the sea becomes all-important to whichever of the two combatants is the enemy of the maritime Power. Not the holding of Antwerp, nor the using of Antwerp as a base, but *the cutting off of Antwerp from the sea*.

The mouth of the Scheldt once closed, in a military sense, by the lock of fortification, to grasp the keys of that lock would be the very first act of whatever Power violating the neutrality of the Low Countries had England for an opponent.

The Scheldt is not a barrier as is the Meuse to French armies marching eastward, or to German armies marching westward. It is a mouth—a source of supply from the sea. Antwerp is indeed a great place of war; but its life, should an army be thrown behind its fortifications, would still depend upon the sea; indeed, the whole scheme of the fortification of Antwerp depends upon an open river.

We may sum up then and say that, quite apart from the present real or supposed international situation, the only conceivable meaning of the fortification of the mouth of the Scheldt is that it is directed against the military action of whatever maritime Power could, by its purely maritime preponderance, affect an European war in the Low Countries. There is but one such Power, and that Power is England. The proposal to fortify the mouth of the Scheldt, though it is France that will defeat it for the moment, was aimed at England, and it was aimed at England not in her capacity as the momentary half-ally of France, but in her capacity of the permanent modern rival of Germany.

That Germany does not intend war, that Germany cannot proceed to war without an understanding with France, though the first statement is probably, and the second certainly, true, should in no way affect our judgment of this matter. The fortification of the mouth of the Scheldt is undertaken, as every military act in time of peace must be undertaken, in view of a contingency only. It presupposes one possible enemy and one alone, and that enemy is England. It would equally presuppose such an enemy were its ultimate authors French, German, or X. No other conceivable military meaning attaches to the step, unless we are to regard Holland as a great Power which is threatening another great Power, Belgium, and finds in the threat to close the great river of Antwerp a powerful weapon against its dreaded opponent.

Well and good. The reader may grant that the proof in generalities is conclusive; but what of the proof in particulars? Could not the Scheldt be as effectively closed by mines? To what perils is Antwerp exposed? Is the magnitude of the interests involved sufficient to make the shutting off of Antwerp worth an enemy's while? Does not the line of the Meuse sufficiently protect Belgian territory from the east? And so forth. The reader will demand an answer to these particular points, without the right apprehension of which the general policy of fortifying the mouth of the Scheldt might very well, though politically plausible, be militarily ridiculous. I shall attempt to answer such questions in my next article.

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REVIEWS

THE PEN AND THE SWORD

The Life of Sir William Howard Russell, C.V.O., LL.D., the First Special Correspondent. By JOHN BLACK ATKINS. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two Vols. (John Murray. 30s. net.)

THE attentive reader of a poorly-conceived biography is often drawn to and fro in a harassing manner between two themes: what a man is, and what he has done. Psychologically considered, the two things are inseparable; at various crises in his career a man acts, not so much on impulse (as it may well seem to the unwitting outsider), but rather according to the cumulative effect of preceding years combined with the character he has developed up to that point; character and experience, in fact, are the two forces, growing stronger as we grow older, which determine our behaviour in matters great or small, and which shape our destiny. To show these forces in lively operation, unobtrusively and incidentally, while relating the story of his chosen hero's life, may be regarded as a triumph of the biographer's art, and in this skilfully-woven, detailed record of the man whom Wolseley called "the link between Literature and the Army," Mr. Atkins, himself well versed in war and warlike affairs, has come very near to the ideal. He brings before us the personality of William Howard Russell so vividly that we seem to know the man himself, to realise intimately his nature, to feel ourselves breathlessly with him in emergencies, to understand the stress of his mind when real or imaginary slights came in his way. Few writers can accomplish so much without being occasionally dull; but it is perfectly true to say that there is not a dreary or tiresome page in the whole of these two bulky volumes.

Russell's first glimpse into literature was through the magic glass of "Pickwick," bought casually in Dublin. "In five minutes," he wrote, "a new world was open to me; I have been living in it ever since." At the age of twenty his friends hinted that he must be up and stirring, "though no suggestion was made as to what he should be up to or what he should stir;" but the starting-point of his active life was close at hand. His cousin, Robert Russell, on the staff of the *Times*, needed the assistance of competent men to report election affairs in Ireland, and young Russell then began that career of setting things seen into a frame of words which lasted almost continuously for half a century. Up and down the land he went, witnessing all the excitement of Irish elections that were "saturated and highly flavoured with whisky," narrowly escaping duckings and maltreatment, and doubtless hugely enjoying himself. Then came a visit to London to see the elder Delane, who, strange to say, did not at once secure him. Russell actually accepted the post of junior mathematical master at Kensington Grammar-school, but very soon began a spell of free-lancing, at the mercy of London editors. Mr. Atkins does not say whether any of his immature stories and articles are preserved, but they would make interesting reading in the light of after-events.

One more, however, the *Times* came to his rescue, and Russell took his place on the staff as a reporter in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. At the bidding of his chief—J. T. Delane—he went to Ireland and described the Repeal Agitation, following this by reporting the trial of O'Connell. From Dublin to London with the verdict was probably his first serious emergency-run: it proved also a preliminary to his first severe lesson, for after his journey by special boat and train he was trapped by an apparently casual remark made to him by some men in shirt-sleeves at the very door of the *Times* offices. He replied indiscreetly, only to repent heartily the next morning, when he discovered that they were emissaries of the *Morning Herald*, and had thus secured the news which he had so laboriously brought! "We would have given hundreds of pounds," said Delane, "to have stopped your few words last night."

The story of Russell centres, of course, in the Crimean War, and more fascinating than any romance is the portion of this biography which deals with those exciting and terrible times. At the age of thirty-four, having won his spurs by his steadily excellent work, he was requested to proceed to Malta with the Guards; while there, the news came that an advance of the combined expeditionary armies of France and England was to be made, and, little dreaming what was in store, Russell followed them. For a considerable time nothing really happened in the way of conflict, and the need to write frequent letters to his paper, says Mr. Atkins, was a test of his abilities as a correspondent:—

> Many journalists in such circumstances would have felt that they were out for a war or nothing; that so long as war did not begin there was "nothing to write about." Russell perceived that not only was everything interesting, but everything was relevant. Nothing was too small for him to notice; the incidents of the streets, the conversations of the soldiers, the appearance of the amazingly mixed population, the scenery, the agriculture, the *flora* and *fauna*. All these things were made the background of a running narrative of extraordinary ease and vivacity. This result was not produced, of course, by mere industry in retailing what he saw; he had a scholarly mind and humour; the one saved him from treating small matters without dignity, and the other made his choice of material perfectly appropriate and well proportioned. . . .
>
> He "reported" the war, yet in a very genuine sense he was a critic of astonishing acumen and efficiency. In encompassing this combination of values his letters were a new thing in journalism. They were a model of what such letters should be. Every reader of them in the *Times* felt that he had the movements, the sufferings, the aspirations of the Army—nay, the very ground on which the troops were camped—presented before his eyes.

In this luminous passage, which illustrates the author's admirably clear and forceful style, is summed up the appeal which Russell's letters made to his readers. His character comes out in them. He is angry at the sorrows and sufferings of others—anxious to relieve them; he sees the glaring faults in the administration of the troops, and fears no condemnation for his direct and outspoken words. "The management is infamous," he wrote to Delane from Gallipoli, where he had landed with the Light Division; but he was to behold many things far worse than mere mismanagement. His landing at the scene of operations was inauspicious. Unable to find his friends, unable to return to the ship, he "crept under a cart and spent the night listening to the splash of the rain, the thunder of the surf, and the striking of the ship's bells." Before dawn he woke from a troubled doze to see the red glow from burning houses in the direction of Sebastopol.

It is curious to note the high-handed way in which war correspondents were treated in those days. Russell, backed by the first newspaper in London, was ordered here and there, found himself generally in the way, regarded as an interloper who had no business to be at the seat of war at all. Sir De Lacy Evans told him to "get attached to some-

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thing or other," but when he began following Lord Raglan's cavalcade an A.D.C. came up and worried him off :—

> "You mustn't stay here, I tell you. There are orders for everyone to get out of this." Russell entreated in vain. "I'll send Sir John [Burgoyne] to you, I will, if you don't go." "I never," says Russell, "was in a more unpleasant position. Everyone else on the field had some *raison d'être*. I had none. They were on recognised business. It could scarcely be a recognised or legitimate business for any man to ride in front of the Army in order that he might be able to write an account of a battle for a newspaper. I was a very fly in amber."

But the art of war correspondence was then in its infancy; present-day speed was unknown. Russell writes from Balaclava, for example, that he is certain "a telegraph might be dispatched from the Crimea and received in London in a hundred hours at farthest."

Very much of the interest of this record is embodied in the various letters which Mr. Atkins freely reproduces, and which, in many instances, are printed for the first time. In one from Alexander Soyer, the famous French *chef*, who was superintending the food system of the expedition, we have an especially pleasant reminiscence of Miss Florence Nightingale, who so recently passed away :—

> Miss Nightingale, who intended to visit with me the Camp Hospital on Monday, was, I am sorry to say, detained on board from sudden indisposition, being attacked with the premonitory symptoms of Crimean fever. Mr. Taylor was in attendance upon her, and called in medical assistance—Drs. Anderson and Sutherland ordering her immediate removal to the Castle Camp Hospital, where she remains. She was conveyed upon a stretcher by eight men. Mr. Bracebridge and I being out of the way, Taylor accompanied, holding an umbrella over her to keep the sun off her face, and to-day we hear she is a little better.

On the part which Russell played in awakening the people at home to the real state of affairs we need not enlarge; it is a matter of history. His plain-speaking letters roused the land, and, naturally, made for him plenty of enemies; on September 27th, 1856, the Secretary for War wrote to Gladstone trusting that the Army would "lynch the *Times* correspondent when they read his letter of yesterday." But Russell lived to be hailed as the saviour of the British Army, and most of his enemies came to admire him. In chapter xix. Mr. Atkins discusses whether Russell was unjust to Lord Raglan in his strictures, and concludes that he was not. "Russell could never have written with malice, because he had not not a grain of malice in his nature. He was animated in the Crimea by the simplest emotions—a vast pity and a generous indignation." At the same time the author is impartial, and admits that there were times when Russell drew wrong conclusions from what he saw—"He was human—very human—and he was an Irishman." To remember the conditions under which an enormous amount of his writing was done is to pardon him for any slips. After many wearying hours spent on the field, he had to set down his impressions when the troops were sleeping; his thoughts must often have formed a very scattered fleet. By day, by night, under every conceivable hindrance, he had to write, and the wonder of it is that his letters were so readable and lucid. We have his essential character in three lines later on:—"So long as he satisfied his scruples by publishing what seemed to him to be the truth, he was splendidly indifferent to the personal discomfort which might follow."

The lecturing tour which he entered upon after his return to England was not much to his taste, although he was then brought into contact with many eminent men—Palmerston, Thackeray, Dickens, Jerrold, Ainsworth, and others. On the last day of the year 1857 Russell was in the Mediterranean on his way to investigate for the *Times* the state of affairs in India. During this campaign the treatment meted out to him by those in authority was of a very different quality from the slighting methods of Raglan. "Now, Mr. Russell," said Sir Colin Campbell, after greeting him frankly and cordially. "I'll be candid with you. We shall make a compact. You shall know everything that is going on; you shall know all my reports and get every information that I have myself, on the condition that you do not mention it in camp or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England." Russell accepted the conditions, and Colin Campbell would visit his tent "at all times of the day or night with papers and explain the position of affairs." It was a fine tribute to the honour and esteem in which Russell was held.

The Mutiny and its accessory episodes came near to being the death of Russell. A thrilling description of his escape from the enemy, while yet ill and suffering from the kick of a restive stallion, is given in his own words; his constitution must have been marvellously strong to recover after such a fearful strain. Coming home once more, he was set to the task of leader-writing by the indefatigable Delane, and found the confinement an irksome contrast to the freedom of his previous life. To a great extent the story of Russell is the story of Delane. The character of that potentate of journalism is exhibited finely in the many letters which are quoted. The friendship between the two men was as firm as a friendship could be; but Delane never hesitated to give his friend a "wigging" when he considered it necessary; remarkably neat and pungent wiggings some of them are, too :—

> "I don't think," he wrote, upon receiving a particular review from Russell, "you have given yourself anything like time to write this last article. It is full of small points of detail, but contains no such general summing-up of the book as the public will naturally expect. Pray look it all over again, and let me have a separate 'But to conclude.'"
>
> Delane had no notion that it was right for a reviewer to be clever rather than to be informing and clear. He could not tolerate that a writer should gratify his ambitions at the expense of his reader; to produce the most brilliant criticism which left the reader in some doubt as to the contents of the book was, to his mind, simply perverse; the review must state clearly the matter and manner of the book. The reader should be enabled to say, "Now I know what that book contains and how it is written," rather than "Whoever wrote that review is an uncommonly clever fellow."

In 1861, in spite of the fact that Russell was editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, which he had founded in conjunction with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, he again resumed the profession so dear to his heart, as special correspondent of the *Times* to the American Civil War. Here he proved that his deductions were not invariably accurate, writing in his diary to the effect that he was "more satisfied than ever that the Union can never be restored as it was." More than once he became embroiled in serious troubles, sometimes through his unfailing integrity and his refusal to colour an event in the slightest, at other times from his desire to reassure a friend—as when his innocent telegram to Sam Ward was misconstrued into an advice to speculate on the Stock Exchange. It was a rash and thoughtless telegram, sent on the joyous impulse of the moment, and it came near to ruining his reputation. His report of the battle of Bull Run was fearless, as usual, and when the English papers arrived the Northern journals simply raved at him, execrated him, and made it distinctly questionable whether he was wise in remaining at his post. He became known as "Bull-Run Russell," was shot at, jeered at, abused, and

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advised to "clear out." The *New York Times* stood by him, but, as Mr. Atkins remarks, this was only a "whisper in the storm."

During a comparatively restful period in this restless career, Russell reported the laying of the Atlantic cable on board the *Great Eastern*, being the only journalist present; he became also an intimate friend of the second Duke of Wellington, and met Disraeli. His diary is quoted on one occasion when he was staying at Strathfield Saye with the Duke:—

> Dizzy in great force after dinner. Talked of Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, Euler, Kepler, Galileo, and Ptolemaic systems to our wonder, till Calcraft suggested he was lecturing, and John Hay shrewdly hit on the fact that he was only repeating a part of the speech that he was to have made if he had been elected Rector of the University of Edinburgh! He does not shoot, and does nothing at all but spy into books.

Delane was at him again in 1866, demanding imperiously an answer to his request that Russell should proceed to the seat of hostilities, as "Special" with one of the armies, in the Austro-Prussian upheaval. The answer was given, and he started from London on June 20th. Here we must note with pleasure the way in which Mr. Atkins contributes a brief summary of the situation and of the reasons for each campaign, for the benefit of his readers. Not every one has the necessary points of history at his fingers' ends, and the page or two of explanation before the story is resumed refreshes the memory to just the requisite extent. Russell was soon back, but after an attempt to enter Parliament (in which he opposed Sir Charles Dilke—then Mr. C. Dilke—for Chelsea) he was once more a special correspondent of the *Times*, in 1870, to the Franco-German War. In this conflict he realised for the first time that war correspondence was a very different matter from the letter-writing of the Crimean days. Reuter's telegraph agency had come into existence; the forces of electricity were being harnessed more and more; news was flashed home in an hour or two, even including delays, which in the olden times would have taken several days of travel by land and sea. Competition was keen; correspondents of other papers were on the spot. Archibald Forbes was distinguishing himself for the *Daily News*, and was eclipsing Russell in a way that made the staff of the *Times* gnash their teeth. How Russell ultimately scored and received the congratulations of his paper we must not tell here; suffice it to say that the whole record of his experiences during this world-famous war—his interviews with Bismarck, his residence in besieged Paris—makes the most enthralling reading.

Russell went with the then Prince of Wales to India, as every one knows, reporting the progress of the tour for the *Times*, but an amusing instance of his rather careless ways is given with regard to the publication of his narrative of that journey. His publishers wrote to him: "Your elaborate corrections have far exceeded all our previous experience or conception. The printer's account has just come in—Cost of original composition of the whole volume, £94 2s. 4d.; cost of corrections and cancelled matter, £473 17s.!"

His last campaign was the Zulu War which began in 1879, and this was undertaken for the *Daily Telegraph*. He found again no lack of adventures. The wound he had received in India twenty-one years before bothered him, and he suffered an accident while crossing a swollen stream which lamed him for the rest of his days. After this record his life becomes more peaceful, as was only meet; he rests on his laurels, edits the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and cultivates the amenities of city life. His knighthood, on Lord Rosebery's recommendation, came in 1895, and to the end, which occurred in 1907, he enjoyed the firm and thoughtful friendship of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

So, strangely enough, this first of Special Correspondents, as he may be justly termed, linked in his own career the old methods and the new, bridged the gap between the time when the actual written letter had to reach the office of the paper and the time when the telegraph flashes the latest news to half the world at once. Finely, indeed, is his individuality brought before us in these pages; we realise that he made his life a success, not through a dominating intellect or an equipment of exceptional scholarship, but by his irresistible personality, his eager desire to be a friend to all who would permit him, his scorn of subterfuge, his utter freedom from the small and petty vices of spite and jealousy. He was "Billy" Russell to his intimates, "My dear old friend," "My dearest of friends," "You very dear old fellow" to many others, and to Delane, whose letters throughout this book are a delight, he was always very much more than a member of the staff. He was a great man in the best sense—that of great-heartedness—and his career has been recorded by one who understands and is in true sympathy with him.

We cannot fairly leave this biography without alluding to the excellent little essay which Mr. Atkins has added, dealing with "The Work and Future of War Correspondents." It is written with great good sense from the point of view of one who has experienced the difficulties and dangers of the profession, and we may quote one paragraph which puts the correspondent's duties clearly:—

> The self-respecting correspondent has an enormously important task; he must be able when he surveys the tangle of contradictory tendencies to pick out, with the help of his experience and his instinct, what is essential. If he picks out what is unessential his narrative will be misleading and probably tedious. His office does not end with merely supplying the news, for that word postulates in itself that he should have the capacity of discriminating between what is true and what is false, what is likely to happen and what unlikely. The power of selection must be cultivated in the correspondent even more than in the artist. He is more than a translator; he is an interpreter.

Mr. Atkins inclines to the opinion that if it was decreed that the telegraph should no longer exist for correspondents "all would still have an equal opportunity to emulate the achievement of Russell; the newspapers would be saved much expense; the serious study of war would be advanced; the standard of writing would possibly become higher; and only the public would be deprived, for the sake of their country, of the means to satisfy their craving for promptly delivered sensations." We agree heartily in deprecating the present eager appetite for lurid reports and theatrical effects, the blatant headline and the screaming print; but the question is, would the public stand it? Our papers, or rather the worst of them, thrive on sensations, and the public have become clamorous for such fare. In any case, however, would not the news soon diffuse itself, since those in authority and their subordinates would receive it immediately from the general commanding at the scene of action? To abolish the war correspondent altogether is, as Mr. Atkins recognises, impossible, but he concludes, sensibly and wisely, that "the task for the future is to remove all the causes of error," so that in the hands of a man like Russell such correspondence "may yield a public service comparable with that of the soldier himself. And this task does not seem to be beyond the reach of ingenuity."

W. L. Randell.

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"FEMINA FECIT"

The Emancipation of Englishwomen. By W. Lyon Blaese. (Constable. 6s. net.)

There are a few passages in this serious and lengthy plea for giving women absolute political equality with men which are worthy of some attention. Firstly, speaking of the early eighteenth century, the writer says:—

> In a society where there was neither railway, nor telegraph, nor telephone, and where a journey from Manchester to London was a more formidable task than a journey from Manchester to Vladivostok at the present day, new ideas of any kind spread with the utmost difficulty.

Again, treating the period of the first Reform Act, the writer instructs us that—

> When the people declared . . . that a Peer had no more right to nominate a member of the House of Commons than a commoner, they meant that . . . a Peer was no better than one of themselves.

Then we learn that Byron drove away the cloud of false ideals, and left a clearer vision of things as they were, "and also cleared the ground of its accumulations of eighteenth-century rubbish." Finally, after Byron, "'delicacy' was not only dead, but damned."

So it is not surprising to be informed that the phrase in the first report of the Ladies' College at Cheltenham pledging that institution to preserve the "modesty and gentleness of the female character" smacks of the "old school." The new school, it would appear, wishes to create a race of women which is immodest and ungentle, and there is every reason, from the evidence of the last few years, to anticipate complete success for this brave enterprise.

As to the passages cited, it is odd to find that there are still human beings who believe that there is any relation between thought, new or old, and the telephone, telegraph, and railway to Manchester. The thinking of the world is a thing quite of another sphere from these unimportant mechanical inventions. It might perhaps be argued plausibly enough, that since men and messages have been diffused, thinking has become both foolish and diffuse; but that question may be left to another time. Then it may be mentioned that peers, *qua* peers, never possessed the sole right of nominating members of the House of Commons. The privilege of the pocket-borough was open to any man with money. Secondly, the view that the eighteenth century was absurdly "delicate" about women is interesting but entirely ridiculous. The author of "The Emancipation of Englishwomen" should read the "Memoirs of Casanova," on the one hand, and Boswell's "Johnson" on the other. Casanova was a cosmopolitan ruffian and profligate; Johnson a typical John Bull armed with a Prayer-book and a Latin grammar—in neither case is there the slightest approach to the sham sentimental delicacy to which our author alludes. There were drivellers in the eighteenth century as there are drivellers in the twentieth. The former, who talked about "the blushing fair," were silly and vacuous; the latter who babble over the details of Indian Bazaar life are silly, objectionable, and obnoxious to the wellbeing of the State. The notion that Byron, whose whole life was a piece of elaborate play-acting and pretence, whose sentiment is humbug, whose debauchery is vulgar though entertaining, cleared the world's mind of cant is quite exquisitely absurd. There have been men who have written of animal passion with such virile and plain directness that their work is in fact a purgative and wholesome medicine of the soul; the grossest tales of Chaucer are healthy and excellent, and there are pages upon pages of the "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel" that cleanse the spirit. They are strong-smelling stuff, assuredly, but carbolic acid does not exhale the soft odours of the attar of roses. And such writers as these are at the opposite pole to Byron, who infected all Europe with the cant of indelicacy, an even more odious mental disease than the cant of delicacy. One had thought that even schoolgirls had ceased to search the pages of "Don Juan" for delightful impropriety; but it seems that this tradition of the daring and outspoken Byron dies hard.

These matters, however, are not of the highest importance. They show that the author of the book is ignorant of history, letters, and life; still, *ex ore infantum;* and an unwise person may utter the truth. The writer says that women are rational beings, and that, since all rational beings are entitled to a vote, women should be given the suffrage. Is this a true and valid argument?

Unquestionably it would seem, if you admit the major—that every rational (that is, human) being is entitled to a share in the making of the laws of his country. This premise is the premise of all Liberalism; and no man has a logical right to call himself a Liberal and vote against "Votes for Women." The Liberal who has a grain of sense left in his head does vote against female suffrage; but this is a case of instinct overruling the rational faculty. In the same way the American colonists solemnly declared that all men are born free and equal. They did not except negroes in theory, but they did in practice. Hence Johnson was able to ask, "How is it that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty amongst the drivers of negroes?" Later in the history of the American Colonies a situation arose which made the enfranchisement of the negro a convenient stroke on the part of the Northern States; so Lincoln, with perfect consistency as an American citizen, with amazing folly as a human being, declared that every black man was a voter. Now let it be noted clearly that a negro is as much a human being as Plato, or Confucius, or St. Paul, or Alexander the Great, or St. Theresa; he may say truly and freely "Homo sum." So, by Lincoln's decree and under the protection of the armies of the North, he voted for four or five years, and controlled several States in the South. He brought these States to the verge of ruin and bankruptcy; the armies of the North went North—and the revolvers of the South did the rest. Liberal logic had worked itself out to its legitimate conclusion. This conclusion was perceived to be intolerable; and though Southern farmers may still say with their lips that all men are born free and equal, they take care to except in practice those men who have black faces.

It is probable that if women get the vote much the same results will follow—that the mass of female voters will fall under the influence of a set of scheming and ingenious male rascals, just as the poor blacks were made the tools of the Northern carpet-baggers, and that the false premise, here as in America, will work itself out through every kind of fantastic extravagance to its legitimate end of ruin and disaster.

The whole question of Women's Suffrage is so often debated on arguments that are no arguments that it seems permissible for once in a way to treat it on the ground of final principles. One is told that Miss This was a Senior Wrangler, that Mrs. That is a skilled surgeon, that many a man is a sot, that many a man is a criminal, that many a man is an evident fool. So one might propose the abolition of the sheep-dog because some collies are useless and others vicious, while sheep have never been known to bite. Then there are the "arguments" on the other side—that women should not have the vote because they are delicate creatures and can't fight, because if you want a good cook you get a

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male *chef*, because drapers' shops are kept by men, because ladies prefer dresses made by a man tailor. The "reasons" on the one side are as imbecile as those on the other, and some of them have no foundation in fact. On the bad side and the good women have fought as well as men—Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa, the *pétroleuses* of the Commune and the raging female Nihilists are examples that women can wield weapons. And ability in the kitchen or in the tailor's workroom is in reality no evidence of political capacity.

As has been said on the Liberal premise, the premise of democracy—one rational human being, one vote—the demand of the enraged female is irresistible. Practice, however, has shown that the Liberal premise is false. Every real democracy has come, and will come, to ruin and destruction. In ancient history great and glorious Athens gabbled itself into defeat and disaster; in modern history the United States, professedly democratic, has become corrupted into the most shameless plutocracy that the world has ever seen. Beginning with that famous "free and equal" declaration, it has worked out the syllogism so exquisitely that "politician" in America has every connotation of shame and scoundrelism and nameless wickedness. We may justly argue, therefore, that the Liberal supposition is shown to be false by a kind of catholic *reductio ad nefandum et absurdum*. And, therefore, the premise failing, the conclusion fails also; women should not have the vote simply because they are rational human beings. But it may be said that since, rightly or wrongly, the democratic theory is in possession, we should carry it out logically. Since John Styles the gardener can make a cross and help to determine the destinies of his country, should not Lady Clara Vere de Vere, John's mistress, have the same privilege? No; unless having a pretty bad indigestion you proceed to eat a few tenpenny nails; or, being very drunk, order a fresh bottle of brandy—on logical principles. Our state is bad; there is no reason why we should make it worse by adding to a voting-list chiefly composed of emotional and ignorant and puzzle-headed people a few hundred thousand more puzzle-headed, ignorant, and emotional people who happen to wear petticoats.

And then, again, there is another point, and an important one. In America, as we have seen, "politician" means rascal. It does not mean that in England, so far; but it does mean in the great majority of instances dreary and windy bore, sham logician, insincere and gabbling humbug. The great statesman can be a politician in public, and live in private amongst his friends his own life, which is quite unsuspected by the vulgar. But the ordinary man who gets this rabid nonsense of politics into his brain becomes the terror of his club or of his tavern; his whole being deteriorates, he neglects all the true interests of life for the dismal trash of political debate. The big man is like the actor who can play Iago and then proceed merrily to the Green Room Club and be the best of company; the little man is Iago for every hour of the twenty-four.

And it seems a pity to poison, and corrupt, and destroy the source of all beauty and every Art with the driest, dreariest of all the delusions with which the wretched race of men has been afflicted since it was driven from the flaming portals of the Lost Garden.

It has often been urged that women have accomplished singularly little in the region of the arts. This, in a sense, is true; there have been very few supreme women-musicians, poets, architects, painters, or sculptors. But those who know see beneath every masterpiece the words "femina fecit;" and it is this fountain of beauty that the foolish suffrage-manaics are endeavouring to pollute and destroy.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

A GROUP OF FRENCHWOMEN

Les Grandes Amoureuses. By GASTON DERYS. (Louis Michaud, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

Ninon de Lenclos. By ARNOULD GALOPIN. (Albin Michel, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

La Générale Bonaparte. By JOSEPH TURQUAND. (Tallandier, Paris. 6f.)

THE study of the lives of notable (and notorious) Frenchwomen of a bygone age has been of late years elevated almost to the proportions of a *genre* in literature. We are not quite sure to whom the personal credit of this phenomenon is due, but we are inclined to assign it, after making certain reservations in respect to chronology, to the brothers Goncourt. *Genre*-painting is admittedly not the loftiest kind of art, and there are few people who would place among the gods either the Goncourts or their precursor and perhaps master, Stendhal, for whose pen it is the custom of the modern biographer of this sort to long at least once in a volume. Another of his *chers maîtres* is naturally Sainte-Beuve, inventor of the modern *genre* of literary biography, though master of a far wider domain than most of his successors. More strangely we find the name of St. Augustine invoked over and over again by writers whose researches lead them into the kingdoms of love. In one of the present volumes, and the one that contains the warmest homage to this Father of the Church, we find held up for our admiration that extraordinary state of mind which may be described as being in love with the idea of love—a state of mind that Augustine, from the heights of his maturer wisdom, has explicitly condemned.

That the Frenchwoman should have been singled out from the whole of womankind to serve as model to a thousand artists of various capacities is a matter of history, and is, in a broad way, easily explicable. Vivacity and gaiety, characteristics of the whole French race, manifest themselves most graciously in the case of woman. In far-off pre-Suffragette days French women organised themselves not to compete with French men, but to civilise their common nation. The Hôtel de Rambouillet crystallised subsequently into the *Salon*, the *salons* became numerous, and an element of competition came to stimulate their energies; their civilising mission began to extend beyond the boundaries of France. English letters, for instance, owe a certain debt to the eighteenth-century *salon*. Literature was not the only field of feminine enterprise; the administration of the State, invaded in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was conquered, in all but externals, in the eighteenth, to be lost again under the Empire. We are far from wishing to say that this was a satisfactory state of affairs. We find, on the contrary, that the increase of female power was made at the expense of male efficiency, and that the result was disastrous. Men were a commodity sadly lacking in eighteenth-century France; the few that make some stir in history largely owe their position to their relations with women.

"LES GRANDES AMOUREUSES."

M. Gaston Dery's work contains lives of Mlle. de Lespinasse, Marie Mancini, La Clairon, and Mme. de Tencin. The choice of subjects is characteristic; the method of dealing with them is more or less consecrated; it reminds us of a game of ninepins, with its complementary pleasures of setting up and knocking down. At least this may fairly be said of the last three, all perverse subjects, of various calibres. The choice of Julie de Lespinasse is more difficult to explain, except that she has become a sort of saint to the literary amorist. The present biographer seems to

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regard the more dispassionate of his numerous predecessors as guilty of sacrilege. We do not think the admirable work of M. de Ségur need fear his censures.

Ninon de Lenclos.

The story of Ninon de Lenclos has been told a good many times, but it is a story that deserves to be read once by every one, and M. Galopin's version is certainly readable. For one thing, it is very short, as far as the actual biography goes, and it is well and appositely illustrated. But the best feature of the volume is a collection of the letters of Ninon to the Marquis de Sévigné, letters of so admirable a quality that the good and talented Marquise might have found other grounds for rivalry with their writer than the affections of her son. The letters all deal with one subject—love: not as between the two correspondents; they are rather the opinions of an expert given to a novice who, having fallen in love, wishes to have the benefit of her experience. Ninon is not perverse; she has formed for herself a peculiar view of life, and she lived up to it with consistency and, we might almost say, with propriety. "Je me suis faite homme" is her own formula. Her wit was of the most brilliant order; Molière told her she could have bettered the "Tartufe," and he was probably sincere in his praise. Her maxims are as good as those of her friend La Rochefoucauld. She was in touch with all that was great in her century, and she helped to form Voltaire for the next.

La Générale Bonaparte.

M. Turquand's book on Joséphine de Beauharnais is a serious piece of history. He has a principle, which he proudly prints upon the title-page:—"L'Histoire et non la Légende." The Legend of which he wishes to dispose is the character of Joséphine as a pattern for devoted wives. But, unfortunately for Turquand's originality, others have been there before him; at the present stage of the controversy between Napoleon and his consort the balance is all in favour of the Corsican; book after book has appeared to point out the shortcomings of the first Empress of the French, the most noteworthy being M. Masson's "Napoléon et les Femmes," and the present enterprise seems rather like tilting at a mill. For all that the book is very interesting, as giving, within well-defined limits, the sequence of events which raised the frivolous, underbred, and under-educated Créole to be the wife of him who was first the great General of the Republic, then First Consul and then Consul for life. It also shows us how it became possible that she should fall from these heights, from the mere fact that they were so steep. M. Turquand does not take us as far as the Empire and the divorce; he also spares us the tedious account of the early years of Joséphine and her first marriage. He plunges *in medias res* with a slight but graphic description of Directoire society, a narrative of the wooing of Napoleon, and an analysis of the motives of the two parties to the marriage. Then follows the love-correspondence of the newly-wedded pair, and, though M. Turquand here joins hands rather too much for our liking with the Stendhal school, we cannot help feeling that it is the most interesting part of the book. "You!—and the rest of the world has no more existence for me than if it had been annihilated;" "The world is only beautiful to my eyes because you are in it"—such are some of the lyrical outpourings of the heart of Napoleon. Then comes disillusionment: "The whole world is but too happy if it can please you, and your husband alone is very unhappy." This is two or three days after Arcola!

There is little doubt that Napoleon was treated with extreme infidelity by his wife on more than one occasion. There is no doubt, moreover, that she would have ruined him subsequently with her extravagance had he not had the resources of the State to draw on. Her habit of taking bribes for the Army contracts nearly led to a disaster. She did more than this: she received a pension from Fouché to spy on her husband. What is strange is that this curious pair settled down eventually to an existence of solid affection, only to be broken by the *raison d'état*. Another surprising thing is the success of Joséphine at the head of a Court; but this success, strange as it may seem, is incontestable. She is one of the three principal factors in the realisation of a Consular Court; the others were the unexampled national prosperity and the efforts of that old courtier Talleyrand. It was a Court that might have been laughed out of existence at the outset. At first, for instance, there were no carriages; cabs, with the numbers covered over, served for the receptions. And yet out of it sprang the brilliant Imperial Court. M. Turquand is rather irritating when he continues to harp on the sarcastic string. Page after page we find the "elle était si bonne, cette Joséphine" at the end of some incident exhibiting her heartlessness. But he rejects stupid and useless scandals, and in such a way that we do not return to them to wonder if they are true. On the whole, he has written an interesting work and an undeniably painstaking one.

A DISILLUSIONED TRAVELLER

Japan for a Week. (*Britain for Ever.*) By A. M. Thompson. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s.)

Mr. Thompson has chosen to write a necessary book in unnecessary language. That is to say, the standpoint from which he views his subject is considerably more bracing than the crude way he gives it expression. But not only is his style crude. Being this it might yet be the expression of some degree of dignity. It is cheap, which is a sufficiently condign punishment of any book. Whatever Mr. Thompson lacks, he does not lack temerity. To write, as he does, with the voice if not the substance of authority after but a week's hurried visit through a country full of problems is a "tripper's" exploit indeed. In extenuation for Mr. Thompson be it said that less than a hundred of his 250 pages are taken up with its title-subject of Japan. The greater bulk of it treats of the tour in which Japan was but a week's parenthesis.

Germany, Russia, Siberia, Japan, China, the route home by the Red Sea, Blatchfordism—that is the scope of this book, despite the Japanese insignia blazoning the cover, and its interest lies in the fact that the author has not borne with him the customary sentimentalities of the traveller. He has prejudices enough, but they are at least refreshing by reason of their novelty. As an instance of this happy detachment may be cited his description of the Cathedral of Basil the Happy in Moscow. To him it is an "architectural monstrosity." He will give it no tribute of sentimental rapture. "It violates every notion of harmony and beauty," he writes. "It is an artistic nightmare." The things, moreover, to which the hardened traveller is accustomed awake him to fury—such as, for instance, the indignities of Customs or the modern enormity of police surveillance of foreigners in Russia. Nor are these unimportant points. Such matters lend the personal note, and make the value of the volume. Moreover, they add a further value—a value, as one might say, *en route*—for they are earnest that when Mr. Thompson comes to the main theme of his book he will not be inclined to take things for granted. This cannot but whet the appetite of a reader, for Japanese subjects are beginning to be treated

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with such uniform sameness that one is driven to doubt the truth of the picture presented.

Nor is this earnest belied by subsequent discovery. It was not only a Japan of picturesque lanterns, graceful wistaria, significant temples, and pretty mousmés overhung by a perpetually awe-inspiring Fujiyama, that Mr. Thompson discovered in the Far East. He discovered a country working at high pressure from four o'clock in the morning till ten and eleven at night, its inhabitants miserably paid for the most part, the women doing the heaviest drudgery and receiving the poorest of remuneration; a country with an enormous percentage of prostitution, with accompanying disease; aping European civilisation but clinging to all the crudities of the Eastern social polity; with the mass of its population lacking even the simplest of education, and superstitious to a degree; a country in which a canker was at work, destroying the people's pristine love of beauty and simplicity, bringing with it the results of a culture alien to its own, without passing it through the processes that alone make those results worth the having.

It is as though a child were advanced suddenly into manhood without any of the tuition of experience. Instead of one beauty succeeding naturally to another beauty, it is beauty suddenly smitten to ugliness. In fact, the external fact regarding Japan as a nation has its ideograph in the very lives of its peoples. The keen pressure for premature maturity in national experience has not only destroyed Japan as a national expression, it is ruining the lives of its units. To use Mr. Thompson's own words:—

> The wrinkled, mummified, old, old faces and bent backs of the old people in the streets had begun, too, to prey upon my imagination. There appeared to be no middle-aged people in Japan. From the chattering, light-hearted, sturdy young rickshaw boys and giggling waitresses of the hotel. Japanese humanity seemed to drop in one sudden *débâcle* to senility and decrepitude. The workers here evidently cannot become "too old at forty," for none of them seem to attain to that age; those that have passed twenty, especially the women, look about a hundred.

Allowing for Mr. Thompson's unfortunately exaggerative manner of writing, there is deep truth in this; the units of a nation cannot have more than their national expression, and the nation itself has known no middle-age. It was found in its childhood's love of simple great things by the mature, not altogether wisely mature, civilisation of a different hemisphere. Japan determined to achieve that civilisation, and in a surpassingly short space of time succeeded. But it succeeded at the cost of all its naïveté, its health, its stature, and its just and proper national expression. These are things it is well to recognise about our ally in the East. Of the subtler and more invidious question of the disease that is corrupting the nation, Mr. Thompson does not speak. Indeed, it is very doubtful if his short visit would serve to bring this before him; but it is a deep and peculiar problem.

On the question of the degradation of woman (and its acutest feature, the extraordinary facility of divorce afforded to husbands) he has some fitting words to say. "In this one respect," he says, "Japan remains as Oriental as Turkey." This is a confusing sentence at best. The Oriental treatment of women, taken as extending from Asia Minor to the far Pacific, is a sufficiently varied one to require differentiation. In some ways the Japanese treatment is considerably lower in the scale than the Turkish. It could scarcely be said in Turkey, for instance, that a man divorced wife after wife to the number of ten "before finding the perfectly gentle and obedient slave demanded by his fastidious taste," having possibly burdened them all with the support of children. A nation that gives its women rank somewhere between cattle and men is foredoomed to failure unless it learns to mend the error of its ways.

Possibly because of the time of the year Mr. Thompson chose for his visit he does not appear to have been much taken with what is still beautiful in Japan. He does not give the charm of the Inland Sea less than its just due, but he is noticeably deficient with regard to the beauties elsewhere to be observed. He is right, however, in refusing to see beauty where social conditions are abject and miserable. It might have been that the writer of the following witticism was one scarcely temperamentally adapted to the discovery of natural beauty. He is on his return journey in the straits of Malacca, which prompts him to a display of humour: "The heat," he says, "at this point was so terrific that I was too sleepy to sit up to my meals, and on several occasions I had to hire deck-hands to smoke my cigars for me. According to Courtneidge, who is an old and experienced traveller, we were now 'within sight of the Equator,' but though I borrowed his new marine-glasses - and, by the way, forgot to return them—I am not really sure that I saw it!" The illustrations in this book are good, as far as they go, but they are somewhat incomplete.

LECKY'S "EUROPEAN MORALS"

History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne. By W. E. H. Lecky. (Longmans, Green and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Nearly forty-two years have elapsed since this famous work came from Lecky's brilliant pen, and Messrs. Longmans have now issued it in a new edition at a purely nominal price. The two volumes are bound together in one, which, as it contains over nine hundred pages of print, is somewhat bulky, though at the same time we find it pleasantly light, and even easy, to handle.

The principal question to be considered on re-examining a work of this character, so many years after its original publication, is whether it has stood the test of time in such a way as to remain an adequate presentment of its subject, in spite of the advances made in historical knowledge and the progress of human thought. In that connection it may be mentioned that Lecky subjected his text to a minute and careful revision for an edition produced in 1877; and, in spite of the long period which has since gone by, we find, on now reperusing the revised text, that in all essential respects the book remains emphatically a live one, such, indeed, as no writer of the present time, dealing with any of the numerous subjects which it embraces, could possibly afford to ignore. It covers, as its title indicates, so vast a field that in some respects it could never, even under the best circumstances, completely satisfy the more zealous student and inquirer; but even in those instances it conveys a large variety of information and stimulates one to further and more precise research. By the light which it sheds on the morals, the religions, the philosophies, the manners and the customs of the ancient world, it comes well within the category of those works which Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, in a recent brilliant article in this journal, so aptly defined as belonging to True History. Take, for instance, the long, but by no means too long, chapter on the Conversion of Rome. As you read it you feel yourself carried back to the very time when the events which are recounted were taking place.

There is just one matter on which, to our thinking, Lecky might well have enlarged, while he was picturing the morals of the pagan and Christian Empires. Dean Merivale once laid down the proposition that the bases of human society

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were money and matrimony, and that everything depended on the right use of money and the right relations of the sexes. Now the earlier editions of Mommsen's History of Rome had already appeared before this work of Lecky's was published, and Mommsen had pointed out how largely questions of finance and economics had influenced both social and political occurrences in the Roman world. Of more recent years several Italian scholars, notably Cicotti and Salvioli, have fully investigated that subject, and by the light of modern research and discovery, the decline and fall of Rome can no longer be pictured exactly as Gibbon pictured it. The relation between money and morals is obvious; but although Lecky by no means ignored it, we feel that in the work before us he did not allot to this particular part of his theme nearly so much space as it really deserved. On the relations of the sexes, however, he wrote amply, firmly, and precisely, though without any offensiveness; and his section on the position of women in ancient society is particularly illuminating. It was quoted by more than one witness at the sittings of the recent Commission on the Divorce Laws; and it should also appeal to all who are in any way interested in the various Feminist movements of the present time.

On some other points one may not always agree with Lecky's views, but much that will enlighten the mind or stimulate it to think is to be found in the pages of this graphically written and learned book; and Messrs. Longmans are to be thanked for having now placed it within the reach of the great mass of the reading public.

MODERNISM AND THE RESURRECTION

The Resurrection Narratives and Modern Criticism. By Thomas James Thorburn, D.D., LL.D. (Kegan Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

This work is a masterly *critique* of Professor Schmiedel's article, "Resurrection Narratives," in the "Encyclopædia Biblica," on the theory of Subjective Hallucinations, based upon the Vision theory of Strauss and Renan. The writer, not without reason, traverses certain canons of modern criticism, and primarily that *petitio principii* involved in the assumption of "the impossibility, and therefore the utter unreality, of the (so-called) supernatural." But, as he justly observes, "*if* there be no 'supernatural,' what need for any discussion of such matters at all? In such a case we admit the necessary inference at once; *quæstio cadit*, and religion is an empty dream." So we are reminded of Professor Huxley's aphorism: "I am unaware of anything that has a right to the title of an 'impossibility,' except a contradiction in terms." But some of the German and other negative critics start with a syllogism after this sort: The Resurrection story involves the supernatural: there is no supernatural—*ergo*, it must be hallucination. Next, with great ingenuity and painful industry, they seek out every discrepancy that can be found in the various contemporary narratives. Schmiedel has "improved" upon Reimarus by discovering twenty to the ten of the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments." Dr. Thorburn shows that the majority of these, so far from being insurmountable, are valuable in themselves as evidence against that sort of collusion on the part of witnesses which belongs to a too carefully prepared accuracy. To our thinking, the differences among critics themselves are highly significant. They are ever shifting their ground. Some attack each other even more caustically than they impeach the Evangelists. If we set Neander and Renan against Paulus and Strauss, or the holders of the Apparition theory and those who believe in theories of Fraud or Conspiracy, we find that the criticisms "absurd" or "impossible" are used by critics of each others' views quite as readily as of the Gospel discrepancies. In considering the theory of Hallucination Dr. Thorburn discusses at some length the probable conditions of mind of the Apostles consequent upon the catastrophe of the Crucifixion, which he believes were "certainly not conditions favourable to that receptivity of mind, that ecstatic state, which is so fruitful in visions, and other creations of the 'subjective' mind. In short, we can see none of the conditions which might favour such an hypothesis. There is panic and confusion and doubt and anxiety—the only certainty being (apparently) that the Cause was lost—but no signs of even unconscious preparation for a complete system of self-delusion, and the reconstruction under new conditions of a shattered ideal."

Professor Schmiedel makes an amazing statement when he says: "There is to be drawn from the various accounts one deduction, which goes very deep—*no words were heard from the risen Jesus.*" Dr. Thorburn supposes that he "means that the reported words are not credible." But surely reported words have as much claim to credibility, on the hallucination hypothesis, as reported visions. Professor Schmiedel's method of criticism becomes unsound, when he separates hallucinations of the ear from those of the eye. He also fails to grasp the distinction between the natural (*ψυχικόν*) body and the spiritual (*πνευματικόν*) body, for he argues "that Jesus was buried, and that He has been raised cannot be affirmed by any one who has not the re-animation of the body in view." That was the resurrection of Lazarus, with his identical material body, which subsequently died again. And, as Dr. Thorburn well points out, such a resurrection would be no phantasm of hallucination, but a mere revivification of the former body. Setting aside the alternative idea of resurrection of the spirit only, Dr. Thorburn states that Christian doctrine which Professor Schmiedel considers quite inconceivable—belief in the Pauline teaching of a spiritual body. And as Professor Mahaffy has observed, it was the preaching of that doctrine of the Resurrection which reformed the world.

In his able criticism, we think that Dr. Thorburn has fairly shown that certain of Professor Schmiedel's theories are destructive of each other, and that, "to be consistent, he should take his place amongst those who deny the very historic existence of Jesus."

FANTASY AND PARODY

Diminutive Dramas. By Maurice Baring. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

The author of the entertaining "Dead Letters" has an unerring touch on the keys of comedy—that delicate instrument which can be so mishandled and maltreated by inexpert or careless players—and throughout these dramas in miniature the reader is kept on the verge of laughter; is stimulated, as it were, to smiles, without ever being provoked to the crude, inopportune guffaw. Classical themes, treated in a style which we might term the jovial-academic were it not that "jovial" seems rather too rotund and rollicking a word for Mr. Baring's wit, form a fairly large proportion of the sketches in this volume, as might be anticipated; but the little modern dialogues and conversations which are interspersed leaven the whole and relieve it from any tendency to monotony.

Parodists have frequently attempted to dazzle our eyes with the flash of mirrors illumined by M. Maeterlinck's bright flame, but Mr. Baring intensifies the light of his

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"Blue Harlequin" by the nearness of his approach to the original. The scene is a London street—foggy, of course; the properties are those of the antiquated harlequinade; policeman, pantaloon, clown and columbine meet and go through a solemn burlesque in the unmistakable Maeterlinck manner. Better than this, however, is the delightful satire entitled "The Member for Literature," in which Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Jerome are supposed to be candidates for election to the House of Commons. They address an audience whose voting is to decide their fate. The speech of the inimitable "Max" is a very pretty bit of fooling; he is extremely anxious not to be elected, and his peroration is greeted by "discreet cheers:"—

> I think I have now lightly shaken by the hand those questions which, as the phrase goes, are at issue, and although I have not given you my reasons in clauses, headings, and sections, I hope I have made it perspicuous to you that I do not wish to be a Member of Parliament, and that were I to be chosen I should not lift my eye-glass to justify your choice; I would not sacrifice the whiff of a cigarette for all the perfumes of St. Stephen's.

Mr. Jerome makes the only popular joke of the evening, and captures a huge majority; the reader may "point the moral and adorn the tale" if he pleases.

Of the extravaganzas set in classic times we like best "Xantippe and Socrates." The idea of a clever but hen-pecked husband whose shrew of a wife distorts his most innocent observations into causes for quarrel, and "nags" him persistently until we wonder that he does not turn and rend her, is not new; but to make Socrates the hen-pecked one is just that touch which Mr. Baring delights to give; without this it might almost be a rarefied fantasy by Mr. Pett Ridge, spoken by a cockney virago and her partner. Some very modern conversations between ancient heroes and heroines are here presented in the same piquant mode. Those who have already seen these "Diminutive Dramas" in the columns of the *Morning Post* will be glad to glance through them again in this more permanent form, while readers to whom they are unfamiliar may be assured of a recreative hour.

FICTION

Denis Trench: A Plotless History of How He Followed the Gleam and Worked Out His Own Salvation. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

Mrs. Penrose calls her book a "plotless history," and the reader therefore looks to find one of those interminable chronicles of the smallest of small beer which are sometimes dignified by the name of "studies in prose." He is disappointed, however, and finds plenty of plot and incident, luxurious character-drawing, and a certain quantity of very pleasant humour, which might have been added with a much more liberal hand. Denis Trench and his sister Kitten were left virtual orphans when their father became a Roman Catholic priest and their mother died of the shock. How Denis made his gradual way to literary fame and domestic happiness ("following the gleam" Mrs. Penrose calls the process) is the subject of the book. The latter task proved the more difficult, as Denis sacrificed himself on the altar of matrimony to save the non-existent reputation of an Irish girl whom he met in revisiting the scenes of his childhood. This young lady afterwards gave him a great deal of trouble; but a street accident and a fondness for whiskey at length carried her off, and he was free to marry his poetess. Mrs. Penrose gushes a good deal about her hero's literary achievements, and her way of regarding such matters appears a little artless. In one place we get a charmingly, if unconsciously, humorous glimpse of an editor waiting patiently for—of all things in newspaperdom—a sonnet.

Hawtrey's Deputy. By Harold Bindloss. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

To whatever corner of the world Mr. Harold Bindloss brings us—and he seems to be familiar with most of them—he may always be trusted to spin a good yarn of adventure and hard work and love, for he is a born story-teller. There is a pleasing directness about his method of narration, and he shows a due regard for the common sense of his readers in drawing his characters, so that we do not feel that we are moving in a world inhabited only by angels and devils. Perhaps he makes too much use of coincidence, and in these sophisticated days it seems a little primitive to involve your male characters in accidents in order to prove the courage of your women; Mr. Bindloss performs this latter feat twice in the book under notice. But these are small strictures when the story as a whole is satisfactory, and we are sure that the author's readers will have no fault to find with "Hawtrey's Deputy" on that score. The scene is laid mainly in Western Canada and Kamtschatka, and there is enough local colour to give the book a convincing background. It should make the author some new friends.

Gilead Balm, Knight Errant: His Adventures in Search of the Truth. By Bernard Capes. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Since he wrote the "Lake of Wine" Mr. Bernard Capes has come a long way, and, like too many of our novelists, he seems to have discarded part of his individuality on the road. "Gilead Balm" is one of those series of short stories linked together by a tenuous plot, of which we understand editors of popular magazines are excessively fond. As a matter of fact it is quite a good example of its class; but though Mr. Capes has had the happy idea of exploiting the agony column to provide his hero with fitting adventures, the volume as a whole does not escape the air of scrappiness that seems inseparable from books founded on this unhappy plan. Yet, considered separately, some of the stories are highly ingenious, and one at all events is thrilling, and we do not doubt that they will please a large number of excellent judges of fiction. On the plane of popular art we would have praised "Gilead Balm" without reserve; but we know that the author is capable of better things.

SHAW ON SHAKESPEARE: AN OPEN LETTER

My dear Shaw—

Once upon a time, it is said, Tolstoi and Turgenief quarrelled, and Tolstoi, the apostle of peace, proposed to decide the question with pistols. At this every one roared with laughter except the two protagonists. You and I, Shaw, had a little difference, and settled it in a round or two of words. Now, long after the heat of conflict has evaporated, you come out with an attack on me six columns long in *The Nation*, in the guise of a review of my Shakespeare play. Again I accept the challenge, for the game amuses me and the prize will be divided between us. Besides, you are too angry to do yourself justice; you cannot even hit straight. Fancy having to teach the peace-loving Shaw that no one conquers another by slandering and insulting him any more than by beating or killing him! The only way to conquer me, Shaw, is by being more generous to me than I can be to you; surpass me in that, and my arms fall of themselves. But you are angry; you first blow hot and then cold; you compare my book on Shakespeare to

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Darwin's "Origin of Species," and the next moment you talk of it as "a volume of criticism fifteen years late," whatever that may mean. You declare in one breath that everything I write is of "high and peculiar literary quality," and in the next that I have written nothing but "a few short stories" which were not even reviewed by the Philistines—as if that mattered even were it true.

As a critic, Shaw, you reach the nadir. "The treatment" (*sic*) in my play you assert is "neither modern nor Elizabethan"—or, rather, it is both by turns. Shakespeare sometimes quotes himself and sometimes says such things as "What wine of life you pour!" which comes right dramatically, but is impossible historically. (Shakespeare only once makes a metaphor of wine, when Macbeth, pretending to be horrified at the discovery of Duncan's bleeding corpse, says, "The wine of life is drawn; and the mere lees is left this vault to brag of.") That is, you assert that a saying I've put in Shakespeare's mouth is "impossible historically," and then prove that Shakespeare used the very words.

Now why not have told the truth, Shaw; the phrase "the wine of life" seemed to you "impossible historically," all too modern to be chronologically correct, but when you looked it up you found that I was right. Now if you had simply said this, simply told the truth, the generous acknowledgment would have done you good, freed your liver of the bilious, vain ill-humour which is blinding you, and done me good too; that would have been worthy of Shaw. You preferred the boomerang again: what you thought "impossible historically" merely proves your ill-will. That is what I call hitting your own fists, Shaw, and it is not the way of the great fighters.

Let us confine ourselves to fair hitting—in other words, keep to the facts. You wrote a play and called it "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." You went out of your way to say in an interview that you owed the character of the "Dark Lady" to Tyler and to the sonnets, and not to me. Your words were, "All the honours must go to Tyler." Forced to defend myself, I proved beyond dispute that you owed the character of your "Dark Lady" not to Tyler nor to the sonnets, but to my work on Shakespeare, and that the title of your play was purposely misleading. You now acknowledge the fact and proceed to heap insults on me and pile mis-statements on mis-statements. You are superior to me, you say, because you read every word I write and crib from me, and my work is "impoverished" by my determination not to crib from you. You are resolved to miss the point, Shaw. I didn't protest against your cribbing from me in your playlet; you cribbed from me ten years ago, in almost every preface to your plays, and I said nothing. I always joyed to see you wearing my livery and doing homage to my intellect. I only protested when you declared in advance that the livery was not mine. Then I tucked your head under my arm and proceeded to demonstrate to you that to fight with your eyes shut to facts was to get hurt. You must not miss this point. It is not the cribbing that I object to—not even the cribbing without acknowledgment—but the cribbing buttressed by mis-statement. You say all able men must crib, and your coat is already a Jacob's coat of many colours; but you must not say that the patch on your coat taken from Darwin is taken from Chambers' "Vestiges of Creation," and you must not say that the trousers you have borrowed from me belonged first to Tyler and not to me; that is not cricket, Shaw, even as the game is played to-day.

That point being clear, we can get on. I've just read your article through again to see if there is anything serious in it, any word that flies straight and quivers arrow-like in the clout. Not one solitary word of criticism, if I'm a judge; here and there a word of praise seems right, but all too grudging—mean. Surely, Shaw, you could have done better than this, helped me a little, put your finger on some oversight or patent blunder. Still, here is your contention. You state that "Shakespeare is not to be found" in my play, but only "the melancholy Dane." I have represented Shakespeare, you declare, "as a snivelling, broken-hearted swain, dying because he was jilted." Shaw! Shaw! Do you really think that misrepresentation can hurt; or would it relieve you to call St. Francis a "snivelling swain"?

But in all your windmill-hitting and excitement you keep driving at this point—that I have presented Shakespeare as too melancholy and too gentle—weak. You don't take into consideration that I am dealing with the middle-aged Shakespeare, who is rallied at the beginning of the play for having lost much of his old gaiety and light-heartedness. But, putting aside the wild hitting, you stand opposed to me, and sum up all your objections in one straight phrase. You say, "All Shakespeare's heroes died game." Here, at any rate, we have a definite statement, not contradicted a paragraph later, but repeated and amplified with stout adjectives. You refer to Hamlet, and talk of Shakespeare as "bullying" and "reviling." Now let us take the tragedies of his maturity one by one and see if you are right.

Brutus is, of course, the hero of "Julius Cæsar," and Brutus dies game, according to Shaw. When Brutus takes farewell of his friends he says:—

> So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
> Hath almost ended his life's history:
> Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
> That have but labour'd to attain this hour . . .

Is there no melancholy here, Shaw—despairing melancholy that longs for rest, that, finds no goal but the grave?

Then take his next speech:—

> I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
> Thou are a fellow of a good respect;
> Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
> Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
> While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato? . . .

Now I say nothing about the snobbishness which requires Strato as an instrument of death to be honourable and of good respect, but Brutus is a great captain, and he asks his servant, "Wilt thou, Strato?" Surely in the supreme hour the general who dies game orders and does not beg. Brutus, however, is not obeyed by any of his servants, and has to kill himself by running on his own sword. and this is his final word:—

> . . . Cæsar, now be still:
> I killed thee not with half so good a will.

Is this the gentle, melancholy, humane Shakespeare I have painted, or the "bullying, reviling" Shakespeare, whose heroes all "die game," of Bernard Shaw?

Next comes "Hamlet." Hamlet dies, saying to his friend Horatio:—

> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story . . .

Death is "felicity" then to Hamlet, and to live is "pain;" he will have his story told to the "harsh world." Is this Hamlet the melancholy, gentle-hearted, humane Shakespeare I have depicted, or the "bullying, reviling" Shakespeare who dies game of Shaw? Hamlet goes on:—

> The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
> The rest is silence.

I like your idea, Shaw, of dying game. Then comes *Othello*, and here, if anywhere, you should be justified.

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Othello was a fighting man, a hero of the swashbuckler sort in the approved Shaw sense. Othello kills himself after a long, pathetic speech, in which he prays the world at large to speak of him as one—

> . . . that loved not wisely, but too well;

and his very last words are :—

> . . . no way but this;
> Killing myself to die upon a kiss.

This is Bernard Shaw's idea of dying game. Antony is supposed to be another of the swashbucklering heroes, and Antony dies like Othello. Almost his last words are :—

> Of many thousand kisses the poor last,
> I lay upon thy lips.

All Shakespeare's favourite heroes seem to die on a kiss. And this is Shaw's idea of dying game. From one point of view there is something to be said for the contention; but that point of view is hardly Shaw's.

Poor Lear is killed by Cordelia's death. Kent tells us that he has followed Lear's "sad steps," and the old King dies gazing at his dead daughter :—

> . . . Thou'lt come no more.
> Never, never, never, never, never! . . .
> . . . Look at her, look, her lips.
> Look there, look there!

The lips again, and again Shaw's idea of dying game is to wag grey head in despair and cry, "Never, never, never." . . . This time, Shaw, it looks as if you had knocked yourself out. Or must I show you the melancholy despair of Macbeth and Troilus and Timon? "All Shakespeare's heroes died game." What ridiculous absurdity! All that letter-writing, Shaw, to the *Times* has dulled your quick intelligence.

In your insane desire to differ from me you have reached a pitch of still wilder madness. You say "to the end there was a mighty music in him (Shakespeare) and outrageous gaiety." Well, the Elizabethan stage, like, indeed, every stage in England, always asked for farce and tomfoolery, always demanded the so-called "comic-relief," as no one knows better than Shaw with his "Chocolate Soldiers" and "Brassbound Captains." Shakespeare tried to provide low farce for his audiences even at the end, even in his last play, "The Tempest." But would Shaw call Caliban, the poor earth-creature who adores the man as a god who gives him drink, a proof of "outrageous gaiety" or drunken Trinculo or Stephano? I think all these are the outcome of Shakespeare's bitterness; but after all the heart of "The Tempest" is not to be found in Caliban, but in Prospero. Now in Prospero one would think that Shakespeare would be at his gayest. Prospero has won his heart's desire; he is going back home to rule, going back to the library he loved "beyond his dukedom," going to witness the "nuptials" of his "dearly beloved" daughter. Surely his joy may now reach "outrageous gaiety." Well, here are his words :—

> And thence retire me to my Milan, where
> Every thought shall be my grave.

Your idea of "outrageous gaiety" is funereal. And Prospero goes on in the famous Epilogue which contains Shakespeare's last word to men :—

> Now I want,
> Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
> And my ending is despair,
> Unless I be relieved by prayer,
> Which pierces so that it assaults
> Mercy itself and frees all faults.
> As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
> Let your indulgence set me free.

This sad-hearted, hopeless appeal, this despairing prayer for mercy is Bernard Shaw's idea of "outrageous gaiety." Now every one can see how much I "impoverish" myself by obstinately refusing to borrow from you any of your ideas about Shakespeare. The truth is Shaw knows nothing about Shakespeare, and is too old, I am afraid, to learn about him from me. I love and honour Shakespeare, and have given years of my life to his service; Shaw tries to evolve him out of his internal consciousness and then jeers at his puppet.

Now a few words as to Shaw's view of Frank Harris. Shaw quotes a piece of my prose in which he says I give my own picture :—

> Whoever will be one of "God's spies," as Shakespeare called them, must spend years in some waste place, some solitude of desert or mountain, resolutely stripping himself of the time-garment of his own paltry ego, alone with the stars and night winds, giving himself to thoughts that torture, to a wrestling with the angel that baffles and exhausts. But at length the travail of his soul is rewarded; suddenly, without warning, the spirit that made the world uses him as a mouthpiece and speaks through him. In an ecstasy of humility and pride—"a reed shaken by the wind"—he takes down the message. Years later, when he gives the gospel to the world, he finds that men mock and jeer at him, tell him he is crazy, or, worse still, declare they know the fellow, and ascribe to him their own lusts and knaveries. No one believes him or will listen, and when he realises his own loneliness his heart turns to water, and he himself begins to doubt his inspiration. That is the lowest hell. Then, in his misery and despair, comes one man who accepts his message as authentic-true; one man who shows in the very words of his praise that he, too, has seen the Beatific Vision, has listened to the Divine voice. At once the prophet is saved: the sun irradiates his icy dungeon; the desert blossoms like a rose; his solitude sings with choirs invisible. Such a disciple is spoken of ever afterwards as the belovèd and set apart above all others.

Shaw's comment on this is :

> This remarkable portrait has every merit except that of resemblance to any Frank Harris known to me or to financial or journalistic London.

But which is the real Frank Harris—or rather, which is the real Shaw, the man as he sees himself or as others see him. That's the gift we men should pray for—that others might see us as we see ourselves. Shaw has given us the best picture of himself, I think, in the guise of Cæsar. His Cæsar speaks of himself as a Sphinx. I take it that it is Shaw speaking of himself, and it is the most interesting thing in any of his plays or writings so far. For nothing is so interesting as egotism when a man has an ego. Your ordinary egotist is a bore, because he will never talk about himself. He cannot; he has no self to talk about. He is under the impression that everything that has happened to him is personal and peculiar. Whereas the truth is, nearly everything that has happened to him has happened to everybody else, and to tell it bores everybody, for everybody would prefer to hear himself tell the same thing. But your egoist who possesses an ego talks about himself, tells things that are true to him and to no one else, unexpected, wonderful things, and thus becomes enormously interesting at once—more interesting than Peary and his North Pole, because he makes us see the Pole and centre of the world. His unique and powerful personality is in direct and intimate relation with the centre of gravity of the Universe. Shaw in German Jaeger clothing and unkempt beard, eating weeds and drinking water, only shocks old maids and young maids too with his unnecessary livid complexion. Shaw as a peripatetic Don Quixote running about from platform to platform for five-and-twenty years bragging that he

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is the cleverest men alive; Shaw the Fabian president pretending that the chopped straw of Mrs. Sidney Webb or the pseudo-science of Wells is nourishment for the soul; Shaw misrepresenting Shakespeare and maligning Harris—all these incarnations of Shaw only make the vulgar smile and the judicious grieve. I refuse obstinately and in spite of a thousand witnesses to take any of these for the real Shaw. All these are but the claws and tail of the monster. But the truth about the sphinx must be told as she tells it herself; she is half brute and half woman, she says, and as I have enough of the brute in me to know all about that half, I see Shaw as a woman, with all a woman's quick insight into shams and a woman's quick eye for little faults and conceits, and a woman's genius for romance, and a woman's sympathy with suffering, and a woman's intuition of all high things. That Shaw is very interesting to me, even though he has never shown me that soul-side and even though it is entirely unknown to the financiers and journalists of London. I only wish to God he would show us more of it and less of the flippertygibbet.

Each of us, Shaw, who live on the forehead of the time to come must not only educate our audience and our critics directly as you have done, or indirectly as I have tried to do in the passage you quote by creating my own "legend;" and if the "legend" is great enough and interesting enough, it will in its own good time create the critics and the audience as well. There is nothing the world wants so much as a new "legend." My "legend" you have tried to make fun of: I have done my best to see your "legend" as you see it yourself. Fancy Shaw telling the world that I have played financier and established weekly journals and go to and fro in the streets of London and got splashed with its fetid mud and warmed both hands at the fire of life, and other parts too, and yet have managed to write stories which he compares to those of de Maupassant, and a book of criticism which he compares to Darwin's "Origin of Species," and a play which he declares in characterisation is Shakespearean, and yet he will have every one believe I am a mere *viveur* who give my best powers to pleasure. That monster, Shaw, is wholly incredible. You say you have read every word I have written about Shakespeare; you tell me that my book is great, that you wrote pages and pages on it. What did Pascal say?—"If a book interests you, if it seems strong to you, you may be sure that the man who wrote it wrote it on his knees." My "legend" may be true, Shaw; think—or is Pascal's level too high for you? Even Boswell sees more than Johnson's gluttony and porpoise self-indulgence; even Boswell sees his honesty and leonine courage and truth, the soul of him; fancy Shaw content to see less than a Boswell, as little as "financial or journalistic London."

Take heed, Shaw; you are in the foremost files; yet you go about borrowing without assimilating; fighting without conquering; wasting your fine powers in skits and squibs. You need a fillip. You must not play the woman and run away from facts any longer.

Yet I cannot part from Shaw as if he had altogether missed his mission; it would not be fair to him. Others will give prominence to his little eccentricities and personal peculiarities; others will see that his feet are like other men's feet and stand in this world's mud. But I have admired and still admire and love the brave soul in Shaw, and the gleaming, keen sword with which this modern Jack the Giant-killer has slain stout English shams and may still be trusted to kill more of our giant English hypocrisies, and if he has mis-seen me as he has certainly mis-seen Shakespeare, perhaps after all the loss is more his than mine.

Yours faithfully,
FRANK HARRIS.

Nice, January 20th, 1911.

THE THEATRE

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

Of all the managers in London Mr. George Alexander has done the most for, and the best by, English playwrights. He conducts his theatre on the most excellent business principles. It has an atmosphere entirely its own, and all the plays produced upon its stage are managed, mounted, and dressed in the most artistic and charming manner. In addition, Mr. Alexander is careful to surround himself with the ablest actors available. That being so, a first night at the St. James's is an interesting event to playgoers. The recent production of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new play was exceptionally interesting for several reasons. Mr. Mason is of course, a deservedly popular novelist. He has "The Four Feathers," "The Broken Road," and many other good, sound, exciting, and well-written books to his credit. He has made several not too successful attempts to write plays—one or two without the assistance of a collaborator, two or three in collaboration. "The Witness for the Defence" is, however, a play to which Mr. Mason's name stands alone, and it is not, we are given to understand, an adaptation, but an original work—that is, a work written first of all, for acting purposes. We have before wondered, after having witnessed the performance of Mr. Mason's plays, whether he would be able to forget his excellent methods as a novelist and write a play in the manner of a playwright.

"The Witness for the Defence" provided us with an admirable opportunity of judging. There can be no possible question as to the verdict. Mr. Mason is not a playwright. While he has a very marked sense of dramatic effect, he entirely lacks that curious, inborn, unacquirable sense of the theatre which goes to the making of a wholly good play. He lacks, also, the trick of creating character without the aid of the useful chapter, and he has not mastered the difficult art, essential to the playwright, of holding tight to his plot. His latest play, although very interesting, suggests more than ever the hand of the novelist, and has the air of being a number of chapters torn from their binding and placed into the hands of a stage-manager with nothing to connect them together. Then, too, Mr. Mason the novelist has undermined Mr. Mason the dramatist by not having the knowledge of how to make convincing in his play what he would have had no trouble to have made convincing in a novel, and the result is that his *scène à faire*, the very centre of and reason for his play, very nearly goes for nothing.

Throughout his manipulation of his characters is peculiarly childlike and careless. He makes them do, not what they would do under the existing circumstances, but just what he wants them to do to bring about a situation. In short, Mr. Mason is not yet any nearer to the writing of a good play than he ever was, and but for the finished acting in "A Witness for the Defence" we cannot think that it would have gone safely through the ordeal of a first performance. In the hands of Miss Ethel Irving, Stella lived and breathed. We have not hitherto found much to admire in Miss Irving's work. Her unrestrained hysteria upon the stage got badly upon our nerves. But in Mr. Mason's play Miss Irving plays with an excellent restraint and a sincerity that convinces even against one's common sense. Her part was full of repetition, and all on one key, and yet Miss Irving handled it with an art which made it vital and human. Her big scene with Mr. Alexander was very moving, and although we cannot agree with those of the critics who find genius in her work we are able and delighted to give her the highest praise for an admirable performance. Mr. George Alexander brought all his ease of manner and sure-

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ness of touch to bear upon his unsympathetic part, and almost managed to render its inconsistencies consistent. All the other parts were in safe hands, and nothing could have been more excellent than the acting of that accomplished artist, Mr. Alfred Bishop, who made a tiresome old man quite lovable. It goes without saying that the play was beautifully produced. It remains to be seen whether playgoers will be so carried away by a clever story as to be blind to its obvious untruth and mechanism, and will forgive the imperfection of the dramatist for the astuteness of the novelist, or whether they will refuse to believe in the story owing to the amateurish construction of the play.

THREE SHORT PLAYS BY THE STAGE SOCIETY

The Stage Society has been the means of producing so many interesting and valuable plays that would never otherwise have seen the footlights that we must not deal too unkindly with its latest programme. We are, however, bound to confess that we could see nothing either interesting or valuable in "Pride of Life," by Mr. Ashley Dukes, "The Little Stone House," by Mr. George Calderon, or "The Passing of Talma," by Mr. H. A. Hertz, from the German of Armin Friedmann and Alfred Polgar. We are aware that it is extremely difficult to find one-act plays of excellence which contain intelligent ideas, to say nothing of dramatic effect, but we should have thought that three might have been found which would have done greater credit both to the Society and its actors than those above named. Of them all the one which was certainly least worthy of representation was "The Passing of Talma." Well enough translated and tolerably enough played, it was nothing more than the death scene of a great *ego*-maniac. It lacked action, variety, and impressiveness, and merely presented a picture, very highly coloured, of an old actor during the last hour of his life. This person was an unconscionable time dying, and his abject terror at the approach of death was by no means a pleasant spectacle, nor were his bombastic ravings pleasant to hear. Mr. Henry Ainley, cleverly made-up, lacked the imagination necessary to lift the scene above mere theatricality. He was far too robust and loud, and energetic and commonplace, and never for a moment persuaded us that he felt or believed a word that he was saying. The whole thing was very tiresome and ugly. The other plays do not need any detailed criticism. We trust that the Committee of the Stage Society will be able to provide a better programme for their next venture.

"SUMURUN" AT THE COLISEUM

With outstretched hands, walking like a man under the subtle influence of enchantment, comes Nuz-al-Din. He comes step by step—slowly, dreamily, smilingly, his senses soothed by the fragrance of flowers. So exquisite is the place into which his feet have led him that it seems to him to be dominated by the presence of Allah, the Great Soul which is Beyond all Things. Prone upon his breast he flings himself, and lifts up his voice: "O Friend of All the World, O Friend of the Stars, Mighty King of Kings, Father of the Great Ones and the Poor, I am come, I a son of the Charm, I, a stranger from a great and wonderful land, whose ways and customs are unknown to Thee, as indeed am I, to do reverence to Him that showeth the way. From the Hills to the Sea, from the Sea to the Hills, have I come like one who tip-toes through a dream fearful of waking, to tell Thee my Story. Know then, O Master of my Soul, that my father, of whom the Creator of the Days had need while yet he was in all his strength, named me, your faithful servant Nuz-al-Din. A merchant of carpets, he dedicated me to walk in his footsteps, which the God of Merchandise had blessed with much prosperity. But I, Nuz-al-Din, was born under other stars than those that gleam upon carpets. As a butterfly is drawn to flowers, I was drawn to all that is beautiful in the wheel of life—to music, to the tender works of Mother Earth, to poetry. And when my father was led by the Beckoning Finger of the Great Seeker upon the everlasting search my soul fell into sadness for that I could not free myself from the tangled threads of multi-coloured wools by which my hands were tied. So thus my trade diminished and fell away, and I, Nuz-al-Din, Merchant of Carpets, turned more than ever from the commerce that I abhorred, and into my mind ran the words of the Poet of All Time, who sang of Life as barren and futile where Love is not. Know, further, O Sovereign, that my shop stood in the Bazaar of that Town which faces the East, and that my neighbour was a showman upon whose back the Wise One, who is above all human critisism, had thrust a Hump. Thus was he pointed at by the ignorant, and made the butt of jeers and ridicule. But to him his Hump meant all. What carpets were to me, so was this Hump to my neighbour.

Opposite to his booth there lived a Slave Dealer, bent beneath the weight of years, and my heart, that had not yet stepped a hair's breadth from the way of obedience, went out to them both—to him that bought and sold those that are Fair and soft, and him that gathered shekels by the display of his play-scenes and his affliction. My long pent-up imagination, ignorant of the Beyond that stretched itself away from the gates of the city, drew a likeness between these two—the Showman and the Slave-dealer to Life and the World. There came a day when into the Bazaar there stepped the beautiful Samurun; she that had caught the fancy of a mighty Prince. Followed by her women, her eyes fall upon me, and it was written that she should find amusement in my boyish sadness. I was bought by her as might she have bought a carpet whose colour and design gave pleasure to the eye. We are all the slaves of Chance, and in this purchase I saw the great gates opening upon the unknown. Know yet further, O King, that it was decreed that I, Nuz-al-Din, should be lifted into sanctity of the House, into the very apartments of the women of the Harem, and that I was carried thither in the basket into which had been placed him of the Hump, my neighbour. For the fuller details of that time, from those quiet hours when I sold carpets in the Bazaar, follow me into the living pictures of my Adventure, seen as in a Dream."

And with this young, wondering, ardent and poetic man you pass, entranced and bewildered. Through a kaleidoscopic series of exquisitely beautiful scenes, going from bazaar to palace, from the street dominated by great buildings all black against the night's cloudless sky to the apartments—a mass of clashing colours—of the harem. You go with him to the strains of delicious music, through the whole gamut of human emotions—curiosity, amazement, fright, despair, excitement, love, hatred, and horror. You meet the painted hunchback, grinning and gesticulating for the amusement of the crowd; his wife, old, gross, gibbering, and hairy; his slave, young, beautiful, and frail; the old Sheikh, greedy and lustful; the elfin-like Sumurun, favourite of the harem; and the thousand and one figures of the "Arabian Nights," all striving to gratify their desire for love or gain, revenge or hatred.

Never before has there been given to London audiences anything so real, vivid, beautiful, imaginative, and uncommon as this dream-play produced by Herr Max Reinhardt and interpreted by the famous company of German actors

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from the Deutches Theater, Berlin, to the music of Herr Victor Hollander. "Sumurun" should attract to the Coliseum all those to whom the simplicity of art makes any appeal, and who wish to become acquainted with acting such as cannot be found on the English stage. From the scenic point of view it is a revelation. The masterly and imaginative stage-management leaves our producers hopelessly in the background. It carries with it a spell and an atmosphere that are utterly new, and a sense of reality that takes the breath away. "Sumurun" must be seen to be appreciated, and seen not once but many times. The Coliseum is to be congratulated on its enterprise.

MUSIC

THE performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Richter, with the aid of the Hallé Choir from Manchester, and Mmes. Gleeson White, Marie Stuart, and Messrs. Coates and McInnes was something of a disappointment to one hearer at least. The name of Dr. Richter is above other names. It conjures up for us the splendid memory of many great performances. It would be vain to attempt to reckon up all that he has taught us, or to find adequate expression of the gratitude we feel for the inspiring influence which he has exercised on the course of music in England. His name stands for what is noble and sincere, and altogether worthy in the interpretation of masterpieces. "Authority, thy name is Richter," would be no exaggerated apostrophe from a musician. We feel a kind of guiltiness when we dare to dissent from his ruling, and, as for finding fault with him, we think that surely Apollo Citharœdus will send fire from heaven to consume the wight who rashly criticises his peerless servant. Yet must the truth be told. Birmingham knows it and London must guess it; Richter as a conductor of oratorio is not so supreme as Richter the conductor of opera and orchestral concerts. He made his choir obey him, no doubt; it sang correctly and without undue virtuosity. The tone of its soprani was good, but the weakness of the contralti upset the balance of tone, and the men were not more than fair chorus-singers. The singing was too mechanical. What we want for Bach is flexibility of phrasing, and we want to feel, too, that the singers are interpenetrated with a devout enthusiasm. With this Dr. Richter did not seem to have inspired them. It is but just to praise the singing of the chorales by the Hallé choir—this was tender and reverent. But there was too little of it. We would have stayed another hour in Queen's Hall rather than have lost "Break forth, O beauteous heavenly Light" and some of the others. The recitatives were much marred by the uncertainty of the accompanist at the organ and the airs by Dr. Richter's determination that the soloists should enjoy no liberty to broaden out a phrase if they wished. So fine a singer of Bach as Mr. McInnes might have been trusted to indulge in no merely sentimental or *ad captandum* slackenings of time. Discipline is a jewel, but over-rigidity defeats its object. Mr. Coates sang with much cleverness of vocalisation, but was too much inclined to emphasise his effects; Miss Gleeson-White sang always like a musician, but Miss Stuart, both in voice and style, left a good deal to be desired. The orchestra was of course admirable. In the Symphony, that miracle of pastoral sweetness, in such noble music as that of "Glory be to God," and generally in the large and free accompaniments, the players showed themselves masters.

Perhaps it is a mistake to give such a work as the "Christmas Oratorio" in a common concert-hall. It may seem a strange statement to make, but we would rather have the "St. Matthew Passion" in a hall than the "Christmas Oratorio," in spite of the fact that some of the Christmas music was originally written by Bach for secular purposes, and only adapted later for the service of the Church. There is that about the "Passion" music which can carry away the hearer from considerations of environment, but it is not the same with the "Christmas Oratorio." This should be sung, as intended, in church, on the six different evenings of the festival, and if there could be some reproduction of the innocent mediævalism of manger, cradle, angels, &c., so much the better. How differently would our feelings be impressed by the enchanting musical story! In church we should have no conductor and performers bowing their thanks to the same applause that might have been bestowed on a royalty-ballad a few hours before in the same building. An unavailing attempt had been made to check the interruption of hand-clapping. It seems as if the average audience enjoys the audible expression of its feelings as much as the music. In that remarkable book "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" Mr. Houston Chamberlain mentions this inability to enjoy solemn music in silence as an instance of the modern separation from the Greek spirit. In one of the capitals of Europe which is specially famed for its educated musical taste, he heard the "St. Matthew Passion"; "every number was followed by applause, and the chorale 'O Haupt voll Blut und Wunder' was actually received with cries of 'Da capo!'" Was this capital London?

Miss Gwynne Kimpton has the interest of the Young Person at heart, and she has organised a series of Orchestral Concerts for the Young at Steinway Hall, at which a careful analysis of the works to be performed is put into the hands of each *backfisch*, and a competent lecturer spends half an hour in making comments and explanations before the music begins. It seems that this plan has been adopted with useful results in Berlin, which is supposed to be a city "specially famed for its educated musical taste." Let us hope that Miss Kimpton will teach her young hearers to listen to oratorios with reverent silence. She herself conducts, and conducts very well, the orchestra, which consists of lady string-players from the Royal Academy, reinforced by professional and masculine performers where required. It can be no easy task to decide what music is best for the innocents to hear Certainly Miss Kimpton's choice of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, the first movement of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, and Schubert's "Rosamunde" Overture could not be too advanced for young persons who may very likely be playing Debussy at their High Schools. Miss Myrtle Panmure, in the play, would be only too likely to scoff at such simple music, and Miss Kimpton will not find everybody agreeing with her as to the wisdom of training the young idea by means of the "classics." An "advanced" musician of singular acuteness has recently told us that children ought not to be allowed to make the acquaintance of the musical ancients until they have been thoroughly familiarised with the thought and speech of present-day composers. This is the only way, he contends, to ensure the due march of progress, and he further maintains that musicians so educated will be much more competent to estimate aright the real value of bygone music than we are who were tumbled early into a closet of Bach and Handel and Mozart, and have thus the deadly poison of association and sentiment to interfere with our power of forming sane judgments. He looks forward cheerfully to the time when a generation so brought up will revise our present opinion of the "classics" and consign most of them to oblivion. If this view is

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ultimately to triumph over the view taken by Miss Kimpton, all we can do is to quote Arnold's lines to the innovators and say, if the musical spirit of man has found new roads, and if indeed we must leave the old faiths and walk therein—

> Quench then the altar-fires of your old God,
> *Quench not the fire within!*

Mr. Plunket Greene goes on with his joyous lectures on Song, for joyous they are to the laughing audience, and packed full of sound sense expressed in language of singular felicity. Last Friday Mr. Greene had much to say about the bad songs and the dunces whose applause makes them possible. His statistics as to the mines of lyric wealth lying unworked by the vocalists while the "royalty" songs multiply like guinea-pigs were saddening. Of Schubert's six hundred songs, how many are we allowed to hear? And in one collection of Irish folk-songs there are at least one thousand eight hundred! While maintaining a scrupulously fair attitude towards the "royalty" system, as regards both publishers and vocalists, he stigmatised it as the chief "something" which keeps the musical taste of England at a low level. He gave an interesting analysis of the various kinds of song, and showed how the programme of a perfect recital should be made up. We could agree with all that he said, except as regards the propriety of singing all the songs in chronological order. This has always seemed to us unnecessary. If it be thought that the simpler songs of an earlier day would sound jejune at the end of a programme, after the rich groups of Brahms and Wolf and the intricacies of Ravel and Debussy, we will agree to no such supposition, and indeed we would rather choose to wend our way from the hall of song into the squalid world of dirt and ugliness that is called London with the strains of an Elizabethan folk-song in our ears than with the perplexing harmonies or discords of a modern "art song." Mr. Greene sang as inimitably as ever in illustration of his arguments. Specially fine was his "Kildrochit Fair," which he droned, first of all, in the style of a Galway peasant, with its curious *agrémens*, and then gave it in all its noble simplicity. What a magnificent melody it is! But may we beg Mr. Greene not to be too contemptuous about Tommy Moore. That little gentleman had his weaknesses, no doubt, but we owe him a good deal after all for his championship of Irish song, and certainly he gave Mr. Greene an opportunity in "This Life is All Chequered" of showing his skill of lightning-speed patter, which reminded us of the comment of the American, Mr. Shaler, on the speech of the Tuscan peasant, "whose tongue can whip a cubic inch of air into an amazing lather of sound."

Specimens of well-designed programmes have been given at the Classical Concert Society and the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts. At these the "classics" were certainly in favour. Mr. Borwick's playing of one of Mozart's sonatas was purely delightful, as was the orchestra's of an early symphony of Mozart (Köchel, No. 201). This, composed at the age of nineteen, was like a flower of spring, like an early-morning poem, like the "Vanneur" of du Bellay. With themes almost childlike in their simple grace, Mozart knew how to construct a piece, elegant, aerial, in the perfect manner. This was followed at Queen's Hall by Beethoven's G major Concerto, which Mr. Emil Sauer played with very fine art, though with cadenzas that were too long. His success with the audience was very great, and he was obliged, after an appeal to Sir Henry Wood's indulgence, to give a solo, Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor. Even such an authority on the right succession of programme "numbers" as Mr. Greene could not have chosen better.

PAUL VERLAINE—II.

In 1869 Verlaine met Mademoiselle Mathilde Manté, whose candour and youthful innocence at once inflamed his poet's heart. We have it on the unimpeachable evidence of his friend and biographer M. Edmond Lepelletier that up to this time Verlaine had never experienced the joys of any lasting *liaison* with a woman. His pale Mongolian face, with its deep-sunk eyes, presented a picture of extreme ugliness, little calculated to attract the opposite sex. But Verlaine's morose character, his habitude of brooding, and his regrettable preference for absinthe had kept him from seeking *liaisons*, the which were only too frequent in the circle in which he lived. Hitherto, therefore, his love affairs had been mere fancies of the moment, of which he could hardly be proud. Verlaine asked for the hand of Mademoiselle Manté, and his request was accepted by her parents. It was as if a new sun of hope had dawned on the already darkening land of his dreams. He saw the vision of a new and regular life, spent in the arms of innocence, opening out before him. It was this aurora of hope which inspired the beautiful verses of his "Bonne Chanson," addressed to the future guardian of his happiness. Alas! one year of married life sufficed to wreck his dream of happiness, and the "Bonne Chanson" remained, a mocking commentary on the frailty of human hopes. We quote some verses chosen from among the poems of "La Bonne Chanson:"—

> Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici l'aurore,
> Puisque, après m'avoir fui longtemps, l'espoir veut bien
> Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et l'implore,
> Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être le mien.
>
> C'en est fait à présent des funestes pensées,
> C'en est fait des mauvais rêves, ah! c'en est fait,
> Sortant de l'ironie et des lèvres pincées,
> Et des mots où l'esprit sans l'âme triomphait, etc.

And again the lovely song:—

> La lune blanche
> Luit dans les bois,
> De chaque branche
> Part une voix
> Sous la ramée;
> O bien aimée.
>
> L'étang reflète,
> Profond miroir,
> La silhouette
> Du saule noire
> Où le vent pleure.
> Rêvons c'est l'heure, etc.

Seldom has a wedding been celebrated to the strains of a more beautiful Epithalamium. Despite the beauty of his wedding-hymn, the poet's love was, perhaps, too sensual in its nature to offer much probability of a lasting union. Also, his Bohemian habits and love of artificial inspiration were too deeply ingrained in his character to make it probable that, the freshest blossoms of wedded life being plucked, he could settle down to the routine of the married state. The marriage was celebrated amid all the inauspicious omens of the 1870 war. As a result of the events of the "Commune" Verlaine left his municipal employment. This reduced his income, and necessitated the migration of the young couple to the home of M. and Madame Manté. The introduction of such a Bohemian as Paul Verlaine into a respectable bourgeois household was productive of fatal dissensions Within a year of his wedding, owing partly to fear of implication in the trials following on the events of the "Commune," and partly to the intolerable friction of his family life, Verlaine quitted Paris for London, in the company of

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his friend the young savage and poet Arthur Rimbaud. He was never destined to see again the woman who had shed a ray of happiness on his life. Shortly after his departure Madame Verlaine applied for a separation on the strength of her husband's alleged unnatural intimacy with Rimbaud.

There can be little doubt that Verlaine was deeply grieved by the separation from his wife, and hoped until the divorce was obtained that a reconciliation might take place. The fruit of his stay in London were his "Romances sans Paroles." These contain some of the finest poems written in this first period of his life before he abandoned the objective for subjective poetry. Even in these poems we note the gradual darkening of the poet's mental horizon, and the increased feeling in his poetry is at once noticeable. Take, for example:—

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?" etc.

Or again:—

Le piano que baise une main frêle
Luit dans le soir rose et gris vaguement.
Tandis qu'avec un très léger bruit d'aile
Un air bien vieux, bien faible et bien charmant
Rôde discret, épeuré quasiment
Par le boudoir longtemps parfumé d'Elle, etc.

On August 8th, 1873, Paul Verlaine was condemned to two years' imprisonment by the High Court at Brussels as a result of an attempt on the life of his friend and companion Arthur Rimbaud. He bore his imprisonment with calm and resignation until the news of the final separation from his wife was brought to him. Then, in a storm of grief, this scorner of the Christian Faith was driven to grasp the consoling hand of the Church. We are doubtful as to whether his conversion took place with quite the rapidity which he has described. A careful study of his life and works will show that he had been for some time drifting towards a state of religious enthusiasm. It must not be forgotten also that he was deprived of the consoling influence of absinthe, and hence was driven to seek other forms of consolation. His religion was one of emotion and not of conviction. However, this frame of mind was to last for some years, and to it we are indebted for the most beautiful, we may say almost the only, French religious poetry since the Middle Ages. Verlaine, in his collection of poems entitled "Sagesse," has entirely deserted the objective and unemotional verse of his youth, and his poetry becomes subjective and reflects the deepest depths of his poet's soul. We quote some verses to show the strength of his religious emotion:—

Seigneur, c'est trop! Vraiment je n'ose. Aimer qui?
Vous?
Oh non! je tremble et n'ose. Oh vous aimer je n'ose.
Je ne veux pas! je suis indigne. Vous la rose
Immense des purs vents de l'amour, ô vous tous, etc.

And again he addresses the Deity in the touching lines:—

Tendez-moi votre main, que je puisse lever
Cette chair accroupie et cet esprit malade, etc.

Then Verlaine gives us a charming picture of Nature in all her quiet simplicity, as she is seen on any summer day, and to this serene picture he opposes the bitterness of his tears at the thought of his wasted youth:—

Le ciel est par-dessus le toit
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.
La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit
Doucement tinte,
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là
Simple et tranquille,
Cette paisible rumeur là
Vient de la ville.
Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse?
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà
De ta jeunesse?

The necessarily short nature of these articles will not permit of a close study of Verlaine's poetry or of long quotations. If we have been fortunate enough to interest any of our readers in the subject, and should they wish to pursue their study further, we recommend the "Choix de Poésies de Paul Verlaine" (Bibliothèque Charpentier). The story of Verlaine's life after his release from the prison at Mons must be told in the sombre language of tragedy. In 1875 he was once more turned adrift in the world. Forsaken by the woman that he still loved, shunned by his friends, and with his moral nature weakened by a life of excesses and a naturally feverish sensibility, there was little chance of peace for him in this world.

Nevertheless his meeting with young Lucien Letinois served to brighten his road for a while, and their friendship inspired his muse with some charming verses. But Lucien Letinois was destined for a premature grave, and, robbed of his friend, Verlaine seems to have abandoned all hope in life, and to have drifted aimlessly towards a dishonoured grave. He lamented his friend in verses copied from Job:—

Mon fils est mort. J'adore, ô mon Dieu, votre loi . . .
Vous châtiez bien fort. Mon fils est mort, hélas!
Vous me l'aviez donné, voici que votre droit
Me le reprend, à l'heure où mes pauvres pieds las
Réclamaient ce cher guide en cette route étroite.
Vous me l'aviez donné, vous me le reprenez:
Gloire à vous! . . .

His "Sagesse," to which we have already alluded, and which contained perhaps his finest poems, was published in 1881. From this date onward Verlaine wrote little good poetry; his addiction to drink incapacitated him for serious work. True, he published three collections of poems—"Amour," "Jadis et Naguère," and "Parallèlement," but most of the poems contained in these were written before the emotional poetry of "Sagesse," and collected for publication when Verlaine began to feel the press of poverty. We may quote one peculiarly beautiful poem from his "Amour:"—

Je vois un groupe sur la mer.—
Quelle mer? Celle de mes larmes.
Mes yeux mouillés du vent amer,
Dans cette nuit d'ombre et d'alarmes.
Sont deux étoiles sur la mer.

C'est une toute jeune femme
Et son enfant déjà tout grand
Dans une barque où nul ne rame.
Sans mât ni voile, en plein courant
Un jeune garçon, une femme!

En plein courant dans l'ouragan!
L'enfant se cramponne à sa mère
Qui ne sait plus où, non plus qu'en
Ni plus rien, et qui, folle, espère
En le courant, en l'ouragan.

Espérez en Dieu, pauvre folle,
Crois en notre père, petit.
La tempête qui vous désole,
Mon cœur de là-haut vous prédit
Qu'elle va cesser, petit, folle.

Et paix au groupe sur la mer,
Sur cette mer de bonnes larmes
Mes yeux joyeux dans le ciel clair
Par cette nuit sans plus d'alarmes
Sont deux bons anges sur la mer

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From 1883 Verlaine's life was spent between the "Hôtels garnis" of the Quartier Latin and the wards of public hospitals. His excesses had brought on chronic rheumatism. During the time spent out of the hospitals the unfortunate poet passed his hours in drinking, or in the arms of unworthy mistresses who haunted his lodging and generally left him about the same time as his last franc. Fortune made a final concession to the poet's pride, and when his last illness overtook him he was in possession of a small sum of money, and was thus spared the dishonour of a death in a public hospital.

On January 8th, 1896, he died, tended by Eugénie Kranz, the companion of his last years. It is in keeping with the rest of the tragedy of his life that this woman, who was quite incapable of appreciating his poetic genius and who was only attracted by the presence of a few louis in his purse, should have been the sole witness of his last agony.

Such is the story of Paul Verlaine, poet and vagabond, who amid the sordidness of his life found time to write some of the most musical, most acutely sensitive, and certainly the finest emotional religious poetry that has ever been penned.

S. A.-B.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

IV.—THE STORY-TELLER

He changed with the seasons, and, like the seasons, was welcome in every mood. In spring he was forlorn and passionate in turn; now fiercely eloquent, now tuneful with these little cheerful songs that seem in terms of human emotion to be the saddest of all. In summer he dreamed in sensuous and unambitious idleness, gladly conscious of the sunshine and warm winds and flower-smells, and using only languorous and gentle words. In autumn, with the dead leaves of the world about his feet, he became strangely hopeful and generous of glad promises of adventure and conquest. It seemed as though he found it easier to triumph when Nature had abdicated her jealous throne. But it was in the winter-time when he came into his own kingdom, and mastered his environment and his passions to make the most joyful songs. Then he would lie at full length on the hearthrug, and we children, sitting in a rapt circle, fantastically lit by the fire, would listen to his stories, and know that they were the authentic wisdom.

It was in vain that the grown-ups warned us against the fascinations of his society, telling us that dreamers came to no good end in a practical world. As well might the townsfolk of Hamelin, in Brunswick, have ordered their children to turn a deaf ear to the tune of the Pied Piper. We had studied life from a practical point of view between our games, and found it unsatisfying; this man brought us something infinitely more desirable. He would come stepping with delicate feet, fearful of trampling on our own tender dreams, and he would tell us the enchanted stories that we had not heard since we were born. He told us the meaning of the stars and the significance of the sun and moon; and, listening to him, we remembered that we had known it all once before in another place. Sometimes even we would remind him of some trivial incident that he had forgotten, and then he would look at us oddly and murmur sadly that he was getting very old. When the stories were over, and all the room was still ringing with beautiful echoes, he would stand erect and ask us fiercely whether we saw any straws in his hair. We would climb up him to look (for he was very tall), and when we told him that we could not find any he would say: "The day you see them there will be no more stories." We knew what the stories were worth to us, so we were always afraid of looking at his head for fear that we should see the straws and all our gladdest hours should be finished.

His voice was all the music extant, and it was only by recalling it that our young ears could find that there was beauty in fine singing and melodiousness in the chaunt of birds. Yet when his words were eloquent we forgot the voice and the speaker, content to sacrifice our critical individualities to his inspiration till we were no more than dim and silent figures in the background of his tale. It was only in winter-time that he achieved this supreme illusion; perhaps the firelight helped him, and the chill shadows of the world. In the summer his stories had the witchery of dreams; their realism startled us, and yet we knew that they were not real. After listening to them through a hot afternoon we would stretch back into consciousness, as though we had been asleep; his drowsy fancies lulled our personalities, but did not conquer them. The winter magic was of a rarer kind. Then even his silences became significant, for he brought us to so close an intimacy with his mind that his very thoughts seemed like words.

It is idle to expect a child to believe that every grown-up person was a child once upon a time, for it is not credible that they could have forgotten so much. But this man was a child both in feeling and in understanding. He knew the incidents that perplexed us in those nursery legends that have become classics, and sometimes it was his pleasure to tell them to us again, having regard to our wakeful sympathies. He was the friend of all the poor lost creatures of romance—the giants whose humiliating lot it was to be defeated by any stripling lad, the dragons whose flaming strength was a derision when opposed to virtue in armour. He shared our pity for Antæus and Caliban and Goliath of Gath, and even treated sorcerers and wicked kings with reasonable humanity. Somehow, though we felt that it was wicked, we could not help being sorry for people when they were punished very severely. The very ease with which giants could be outwitted suggested that the great simple fellows might prove amiable enough if they were kindly treated, while it was always possible that dragons might turn out to be bewitched princes, if only the beautiful princesses would kiss them instead of sending heroes to kill them unfairly, without giving them an opportunity of explaining their motives. Our story-teller understood our scruples and sympathised with them, and in his versions every one had a chance, whether they were heroes or no. Even the best children are sometimes cruel, but they are never half so pitiless as the writers of fairy-stories.

But better than any fairy-stories were the stories that he told us of our own lives, which under his touch became the wonderful adventures which they really were. He showed us that it was marvellous to get out of bed in the morning, and marvellous to get into bed at night. He made us realise the imaginative value of common things, and the fun that could be derived even from the performance of duties, by aid of a little make-believe. The grown-up folk would probably have derided his system, but he made us tolerate our lessons, and endure the pangs of tooth-ache with some degree of fortitude. He had a short way with the ugly bogles with which thoughtless nurses and chance echoes from the horrors columns of newspapers had peopled the shadows of our life. We were no longer afraid of the dark when he had told us how friendly it could be to the distressed. Hitherto we had vainly sought to find the colours and sounds of romance in life, and, failing, had been tempted to sum up the whole business as tedious. After he had shown us how to do it, it was easy to see that life itself was a story as romantic as we cared to make it. Our daily

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official walks became gallant expeditions, and we approached arithmetic with a flaming sword.

Can any childhood ever have known a greater wizard than this? And yet since that state does not endure for ever, it must surely have happened to us to seek for straws in his towering head once too often, had not death taken our kindly enchanter from our company, and thus spared us the bitter discovery that the one man who reconciled us to life was considered rather more than eccentric by an obtuse world. It is true that we noticed that the grown-up people were apt to treat him sometimes as if he were one of us, but we felt that he merited this distinction, and did not find it strange. Nor did we wonder that he should tell stories aloud to himself lacking a wider audience, for we knew that if we had the power we should tell such stories to ourselves all day long. We did not only fail to realise that he was mad; we knew that he was the only reasonable creature of adult years who ever came near us. He understood us and paid us the supreme compliment of allowing us to understand him. The world called him fantastic for actions that convinced us that he was wise, and, thanks to a fate that seemed at the time insensately cruel, the spell was never broken.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

INDIA: A SERIES

IV.—HIGH POLITICS, EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL—1876-1884

LYTTON

WHEN Lord Northbrook left India in 1876 the country was apparently in the enjoyment of peace, within and without. His successor, Lord Lytton, of the Diplomatic Service, took out full instructions from the Conservative Government in England to enter upon friendly relations with Afghanistan, with the object, stated briefly, of counteracting Russian influence in that country and the approach of Russia towards India. A free hand was left to Lord Lytton as to the time and manner of carrying out these instructions. His proposal to send an Envoy to Kabul to discuss matters of common interest to the two Governments was not accepted by the Amir, Sher Ali. A Conference, however, took place at Peshawar in January-February, 1877, between a Kabul Envoy and the British representative, but the former died and the Conference was fruitless. The Amir had committed himself to an alliance with Russia. While the relations with the Amir were strained, Indian troops were despatched to Malta in 1878. Russia retaliated by giving trouble to India through Afghanistan. When the Amir had received a Russian mission under Stoletoff, and declined to admit the English mission under Sir Neville Chamberlain in September, 1878, war with Afghanistan was the consequence. The main events of this war, leading up to the treaty of Gundamak in May, 1879, the murder of Cavagnari in the following September, and the subsequent occupation of Kabul are matters of history. In carrying out his instructions Lord Lytton had to contend with unforeseen situations, and the whole policy formed the subject of party controversy in England. The assumption by her Majesty Queen Victoria of the title "Empress of India" necessitated its proclamation by the Viceroy at the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi on January 1st, 1877. The rains of 1876 having failed badly in parts of India, Bombay, Madras, and Mysore were visited by severe famine in 1877, and Lord Lytton found it necessary to proceed personally to the Provinces affected in August-September; but, through inefficient local management in certain parts, there were considerable mortality and unnecessary expenditure. After the famine a Commission was appointed to record the experience of past famines and frame a system, which was subsequently formulated in Famine Codes, for future famine relief. A policy of insurance against famine was also inaugurated by providing an annual surplus of a specified sum for famine relief, or for the discharge or prevention of debt. This scheme was afterwards modified to allow of expenditure on railways and canals required for protection of districts liable to scarcity. In 1878 the Vernacular Press Act was passed to deal with seditious publications, the growth of which in India had become evident; the need of action had been strongly represented from Bengal. The Act was restricted to publications in Oriental languages; its object was preventive rather than punitive, and it authorised the taking of bonds from publishers and printers. Measures were adopted for the further decentralisation of the finances; the salt-tax was equalised throughout India. The Inland Customs Line, which still stretched across India for 1,500 miles, was abolished. Cesses for public works were imposed on the land, and a licence-tax was levied on traders. In pursuit of Free Trade the import duties on cotton goods were repealed partly in 1878, and more in 1879, leaving only the finer kinds taxable, and the House of Commons resolved on their total abolition. Other important matters engaged the attention of Government. An Army Commission sat in 1879 and fully considered every military question. A Press Commissioner was appointed to be the medium of communication between Government and the Press, and to report on the Vernacular Press. A measure was adopted for the admission of more natives of India to appointments hitherto reserved for the Indian Civil Service. The Frontiers were not neglected. A British Agency was established at Gilgit. The Jowaki Afridis and other tribes were punished for a series of outrages against British territory. Lord Lytton advocated the formation of a new Frontier Province beyond the Indus, a policy which was carried out by Lord Curzon. All these events and measures which occupied Lord Lytton rendered his Viceroyalty notable for its political excitement. The ability displayed in his public utterances, speeches, and writings has always been acknowledged, even by his opponents.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT: PHILO-INDIAN POLICY

RIPON

The Liberal Government in England were determined that peace with Afghanistan should be restored, and Lord Ripon was instructed to secure it. Abdurrahman, nephew of Sher Ali, was made Amir of Kabul on certain conditions. His cousin, Ayub Khan, defeated a British force at Maiwand on July 27th, but was himself defeated by Lord Roberts at Kandahar on September 1st. The Cabinet objected in the strongest terms to anything that could involve the permanent retention of a British force at Kandahar, from which accordingly, as well as from other parts of Afghanistan, all British troops were withdrawn in 1881. Before Lord Lytton left India in July, 1880, it was known that the Estimates of the cost of the Afghan War were erroneous, but the magnitude of the miscalculations appeared later. In preparing the Estimates, the Accountant-General of the Military Department had made no attempt to ascertain the actual expenditure on the war; he had only taken cognisance of the classified and duly audited accounts, ignoring the actual issues from the Civil treasuries on military drawings. The deficits proved to be considerable, but the English Treasury contributed five millions to the cost of the war, and the finances generally had been so well administered that financial prosperity was soon regained; and in 1882-83 arge reductions in taxation were effected; i mport duties,

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including those on cotton goods, were extensively abolished, the salt-tax was reduced, the native army was reorganised, regiments being disbanded and the men re-employed in other regiments. Stock Notes were issued to attract capital, but the system failed in its object; the Subordinate Civil Service also was reorganised.

In 1882 Lord Ripon showed his Liberal tendencies by inaugurating the policy of Local Self-Government, which was intended to open up the path of self-government by the people themselves. The aim was to establish a network of local corporations, the members thereof to be elected, with non-official Chairmen, the officials to be charged with duties of supervision rather than of initiation and direction. After inquiry, Local Self-Government was nominally established throughout the country, through Local Boards and Municipalities with increased powers. The elective principle was widely extended: the new institutions were entrusted with greater power over local funds. Though immediate official supervision was diminished, still, in view of their eventual responsibility, some power of interference was reserved to Government and local official authorities. Lord Ripon anticipated that in the beginning there would be some faulty administration. Local Self-Government has not proved a complete success, and the responsibility of the officials remains practically unaltered.

An Education Commission was appointed in 1882 to inquire into the effect given to the Education despatch of 1854, the grant-in-aid system, inspection and payment by results, and other branches of public instruction. When the report was published it failed to produce results commensurate with the labour of the inquiry. In 1883 a project of law was framed in order to confer upon certain classes of native officers criminal jurisdiction over European British subjects. The Europeans, especially the non-officials, bitterly opposed the project, and much ill-feeling was aroused. Eventually a compromise was effected, and this jurisdiction was conferred on a more limited number of native officers, and the right to a European jury was secured to all accused Europeans. The controversy created such a storm that racial amalgamation was perceptibly retarded for years. The Vernacular Press Act was repealed under orders from England. The Agricultural Department and the Public Works Member of Council were revived. An International Exhibition was held at Calcutta in 1883-4. A Factory Act was passed and applied to regulate the employment of children. Mysore was, according to promise, restored to the Maharaja. With the development of Indian railways and the opening of docks, exports of produce largely increased. Indian stores were substituted for English wherever possible. Generally, Lord Ripon favoured a policy of advancing the natives in every way, which caused some resentment. On his retirement in 1884 there was an outburst of strong personal sentiment, the public opinion of the native population having been moved in his favour beyond all precedent.

A MATTER OF BLUFF

"Words, words, words," sighs Hamlet, in mockery of a very old diplomatist. But this was not to say that his creator knew not the virtue and value of words. For words are mystic emblems of much meaning, potent to unlock many secrets, or to advance their users, so they be deft and cunning, to places of high function. Shakespeare well knew that words are never empty. Assuredly Parolles did. It was the prime discovery of his life which he did not intend to let slip by without use and advantage.

He knew well how brave a show words can make in the gests of life, and he armed himself with them in their most valiant vesture. Somewhere he had discovered, if his original spirit of chicanery had not already divined it for him, that the difference in the value of their meanings and in the value of the facts they implied was one that could be covered by a juggle of the hand; that symbols could be used for realities with magnificent success with Life's novitiates. He knew, for example, that, did he but "make tolerable vent of his travel, it might pass." He knew it, and he played to it. He trod boldly forward, and the ready credence of others supported him through the part he had to play.

Nor did he play his part with any stint. An incorrigible coward in all else, he was no coward where appearances were concerned. His boasts flew to heaven; he shouldered the most impossible undertakings, never intending to fulfil them. He dressed his part, too, with superb abandon: in the boldness of saffron, and with scarfs and bannerets streaming about him. Moreover, he was not unaware of the excellent value of circumstantial knowledge and deft reference. Even his enemies have to admit that "he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages"—German, Danish, low Dutch, French, and Italian—in the graceful use of which it may safely be assumed he was not remiss. And when certain soldiers are off to the wars he does not fail to polish the opportunity to his advantage. "Noble heroes," says he, "my sword and yours are kin. You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it; say to him, I live, and observe his report for me." Detection is impossible, that he knows well; and thus by the expenditure of a very few words he has added a substantial lustre to his glory. Which is at worst a feat of some skill, and at best a considerable achievement in artistry.

With the title of Captain Parolles he comes to Bertram, and is accepted by him at his own estimate as a "gallant militarist." Bertram, as the play only too well proves him, was something of an unlovable coxcomb; but there is this, at least, to say for him—that it was but little unlikely any one would proclaim himself as a "gallant militarist" in the presence of soldiers without being well assured of what he said. It seemed impossible to him that a man should claim so much without the shadow of a title to support it, leaving the wit of the occasion to resolve the rest. But Bertram was young; moreover, he was a coxcomb—which unhappy, yet too frequent combination of attributes makes him the natural prey of such as Monsieur Parolles masquerading in office of a captain.

It all seemed so fitting and proper. "That jackanapes with scarfs" Diana calls him as he passes her in the streets, making much ostentation of melancholy over the loss of some or other drum in a scuffle. Yet this very abandon seemed to Bertram only the natural swagger of the camps. He will not believe so emphatic a show to be but a mere counterfeit of worth. One of his friends says to him: "If your lordship finds him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect." "On my life, a bubble!" says another. But he is only mystified. He can but reply: "Do you think I am so far deceived in him?" He cannot credit it that there can be so goodly a show with nothing to substantiate it.

He was young, and in love with shows. But even as youth is the natural prey of words so age is their natural exposer. Thus it was but fitting that he who should first have discovered Parolles should be astute old Lafeu. He has taunted Parolles, seeking to test his worth, and Parolles has bid him know, haughtily enough, that his language is one "not to be understood without bloody succeeding." Seeing, however, that Lafeu is not one that fears a contest—

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hails it, rather!—he tells him that he is too old to fight. "You are too old, Sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old." He will brush him aside; he will fend discovery; but Lafeu has found his man. "I did think thee," says he, "for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow. Yet the scarfs and bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee." And again: "You are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission." The natural because boastful exaggerations of truth he is not averse from; they are one thing; "a good traveller is something at the latter end of a meal; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should once be heard and thrice beaten—God save you, captain!"

Lafeu has discovered him, and his knowledge passes to the others. But Bertram resists discovery. He will yet cling to his faith in his "gallant militarist;" he will not admit him to be an egregious fraud, for that would be an admission of his own deficiency of wisdom. But he will permit a trial of his quality. So far he will go.

There has been this drum lost, over which, knowing it irrecoverable, Parolles has given vent to much chagrin, as though to his keen military sense so small a loss was a grievous dishonour. They urge him to its recovery. "It is to be recovered," says he; "but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*." Bertram urges him, if he has "a stomach to't," to be "magnanimous in the enterprise," promising him the whole credit of the exploit, "even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness." "I'll about it this evening," says he; and therewith the very spirit of humour is toward.

The exploit is impossible of achievement; but this does not daunt Parolles. Even though it were possible he would yet have no intention of endeavouring it, for it could not be dangerous, and he has no stomach for danger. But what of that? Words will extract him. Sufficient to the occasion is its own wit. Nevertheless he is surprised at himself. "What the devil," asks he of himself, "should move me to undertake the recovery of the drum, being not ignorant of its impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit." "I would I had any drum of the enemy's," he adds, however.

But he may not escape so easily this time, for there is a plot out for his exposure. Even as he roams the night in perplexity outside the enemy's lines, thus to fill up the necessary time to give his story point, Bertram's friends are on him with the cry of "Thoca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo." Not understanding this wild and unseemly language, he imagines forthwith that he has fallen into the hands of the Muscovite hirelings, and is terrified at the thought. He calls out that he will give them any information if only his life be spared. A soldier comes forward to serve as interpreter, and he is haled off, blindfold, before Bertram to be served through an interrogatory as to Bertram's private character, the character of his friends, the disposition of his troops, and what else they may seek to ask him for their sport.

Who shall paint the humour of it? Bertram hears himself described as "a foolish, idle boy," "very ruttish," "a dangerous and lascivious boy," "a whale to virginity." He learns that his friends are defined as idle, worthless, and "swinedrunk." He hears his "manifold linguist and armipotent soldier" tell him, thinking him an enemy, how worthless his forces are and where they might fitly be attacked. No exposure could be more complete. He becomes indeed no more than a bubble. But when he is unbandaged and learns his exposure, seen for a "snipt-taffeta fellow," is he abashed? Is he nonplussed? No, not he! He philosophises:—

> Yet am I thankful; if my heart were great,
> 'Twould burst at this. Captain, I'll be no more;
> But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
> As captain shall.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE distinguishing feature of the magazines this month must needs be Lord Morley's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "British Democracy and Indian Government." It is not too much to say that the problem of Indian Government, in all its history, before and since the days of the East India Company, never fell into more earnest, honest, thought-directed hands than Lord Morley's. Now he has won to his rest in the dignified sinecure of Lord President of the Council, it is good to see him let his thinking on the subject travel from the problems of actual administration to the enlightenment of the general. It is perhaps needless to say that the subject that has pricked him into speech is Valentine Chirol's book on "Indian Unrest," which has already been reviewed in these columns. But being so incited, his thought has embraced wider problems than are covered by that book—or rather, his thought has covered the same problems with wider outlook. His article deals with the subject in three main divisions—the relationship between the India Secretary at Westminster and the Viceroy at Simla or Calcutta; the relationship between the English electorate and its Indian Secretary; and the relationship between the English people and the peoples of India. It is of course impossible to deal fully with so comprehensive and thoughtful an article in the qualified space of this review. The following sentences, however, will give the spirit in which it is written, being no less than the spirit in which the writer achieved the duties of Indian Secretary. "Undoubtedly," he says, "the cheerful stoic's heart is a regal help to the responsible ruler. *Saeva indignatio* has its own due hour, but hope is the better vein; it is nearer the working daylight." In the same magazine Sir Robert Anderson has an article on "The Problem of the Criminal Alien." He is unfortunate in his manner. He puts forward suggestions that may be excellent enough in a manner sufficiently harsh to deter those who are most willing to agree with him. Dr. Hyslop writes on "Post-Illusionism and Art in the Insane." Apart from the fact that it lacks the virtue of accompanying illustration and example, it is an article that more than repays attention.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Garvin spreads himself "From Reval to Potsdam." Mr. Garvin is a strange man—what one might call an awkward man to have on one's side. But there is no doubt that he is very much in earnest in his Germanophobia. Unfortunately he neglects the one or two unanswerable arguments in favour of a controversial display. Mr. Swift MacNeill's constitutional lore is proverbial. Therefore when he deals with "Foreign Policy and Parliamentary Control" he commands attention. The sum of his argument is this: that at the last Election the single issue before the electorate was whether or not "the will as expressed by its representatives should, subject to certain safeguards to secure that the country had made up its mind, prevail." But, obviously, the people (whosoever and whatsoever that be) have no part or lot in two matters that most vitally concern its destiny—foreign policies and treaties, to wit—

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the latter of which are deliberately never signed while Parliament is sitting. Mr. MacNeill desires, and he quotes the late Mr. Bagehot in his favour, that all treaties should require ratification by the House of Commons. It is a matter that is bound to attract attention in the near future. In the *Fortnightly* also Mr. McKenna sends a prophet before his face to discuss the Naval Estimates in Mr. Archibald Hurd. He informs us frankly that they are to be between forty-four and forty-five millions, and then examines and discusses them in detail, defending them with skill. This sort of thing has hitherto been done in the House of Commons, but one lives to learn the increasing subtlety of the bureaucracy. The famous Declaration of London (which is destined to become yet more famous, especially after the next Colonial Conference) is examined closely by Lieutenant Monsel. We will not forestall subsequent discussion by elaboration now, but at the moment will only draw attention to the article. One of the most striking articles in this magazine is Mr. William Archer's account of the "Portuguese Republic." Another is Zinaida Vengerowa's account of "Tolstoy's Last Days." The churlish attempt in some quarters to minimise Tolstoy's greatness meets its sufficient refutation here.

It is pleasant, in the *English Review*, to discover Arthur Symons' name heading its contents with a poem entitled "A Refrain," which is not so good as some we know of his, but which has this distinguishing feature in modern verse, that it utters its own authoritative note, and does not struggle to utter. The other two poems, by Margaret L. Woods and W. R. Titterton, are good so far as they go, but they miss the voice of authority. Mr. Frank Harris has an interesting article on "Talks with Carlyle," some of which is a little difficult to reconcile with internal probability. The article that must needs seem the chief feature, however, is that on "My Ideal John Bullesses," by Yoshio Markino. The illustrations are not so extraordinarily characteristic, and certainly their reproduction is disappointing. But the text of the article is charming. Its English is, happily, unedited, and consequently in the very lack of grammar we can hear the accents of the writer. It is a bold experiment, and altogether a successful one. Mr. Filson Young deals with "The Place of Music in Modern Life," but only succeeds in touching the fringe of a deeply interesting subject. Mrs. H. G. Wells has an extraordinary sketch entitled "Fear;" while Mr. Harrison himself deals with the library censorship and its late fatuous exhibition in the banning of Neil Lyons' "Cottage Pie." There is only one fault in this article, and that is that it attempts to reason with those that are beyond the pale of reason. A body that includes Elinor Glyn and bans one who bids fair to be the first of living humorists, is not a subject for reasonable treatment, but for explosive merriment or utter contempt.

The *Edinburgh Review* is still a stout adherent to unsigned articles. But one would like to know who is responsible for the article on English Prosody. It is an ostensible review of Professor Saintsbury's three volumes on that subject; but it is also an admirable corrective to that work, and should be read alongside it. Those who have read the work will remember Professor Saintsbury's lavish praise of Swinburne, and particularly of the "When the Hounds of Spring" chorus of "Atalanta in Calydon." While admitting the full value and sonorous music of that famous chorus, we cannot but agree with the *Edinburgh Review* writer when he says, "It is almost certain that of any one who has really been 'captured' by this literature the ear would no longer rightly respond to the delicacies of great blank verse, whether of the dramatists or of Milton, nor to the best of our lyric." Other excellent articles are on "Mary Stuart," "Our Tudor Kings," and "The Principles of Heredity." The *International Journal of Ethics* is another quarterly, and is chiefly remarkable in its present number for an excellent exposition by Professor Lovejoy of "William James as Philosopher." The best thing in *Blackwood's* is Mr. Farman on "Aviation in 1910;" while *Harper's* has an illuminative article on "General Lee as I Knew Him," by Major Ranson.

The current number of the *Church Quarterly* maintains its usual high standard of articles and reviews written especially for the ecclesiastical scholar. Of these perhaps the best is that on "The Policraticus of John of Salisbury," written by Mr. Clement Webb, of Magdalen College. The learned editor, Dr. Headlam, has a valuable article on Dr. Rendel Harris's publication from the Syriac version of "The Odes and Psalms of Solomon," in which he alludes to the curious "discovery" of the MS. by Dr. Harris on the shelves of his own library! The explanation is that it was one of a bundle of "late paper manuscripts in the Syriac language which came from the neighbourhood of the Tigris." Lady Laura Ridding contributes a temperate and convincing paper against divorce, based on a consideration of some aspects presented in certain novels, notably Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Daphne" and Mr. Winston Churchill's "Modern Chronicle." We anticipated some interest from the title of another article, "Democracy in English Fiction," but found much disappointment in its weak and rather limited literary criticism. The amazing fact that there is no reference to the masterpieces of Thomas Hardy can only be explained on the supposition of the narrow but well-known clerical bias which exists towards that great writer on humanistic democracy.

The *Dublin Review* opens with a clever article on Mr. William Monypenny's first volume of the life of Lord Beaconsfield, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a "Christian by adoption" only for political reasons, "a card of admission to public life," and in Bismarck's opinion, when he said "Ach, der alte Jüd," "the ablest man at the Berlin Congress."

"The Decay of Fixed Ideals" is a striking estimate of that modern trend of thought, which, while tacitly rejecting Christianity, is still impelled by its momentum. Friedrich Foerster, on the other hand, whose books Mr. Meyrick Booth examines, is the leader in effect of a strong reactionary movement in Germany against materialism. There is an interesting article by Mr. F. McCullagh on the extreme anti-clerical nature of the Portuguese revolution on the part of the leaders. But he says that M. Poinsard, who in "Le Portugal Inconnu" gives a sociological study of the causes which have led to Portugal's decay, "makes no reference whatever either to the Church or to the Braganzas." An estimate of Elgar will delight musical readers, except perhaps the official leaders of English music, who are treated in a vein of whimsical irony. Queen Elizabeth from the View of the Spanish State Papers will interest students of the Reformation period.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION

"THE Art of Palæolithic Man" was the subject of the lecture given by Dr. Alfred C. Haddon, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S., at the London Institution on Monday last. Before developing his theme, the lecturer outlined the periods of the Palæolithic Age, described the animals which appeared at various times, and the implements, finished in many ways, characteristic of the different phases of this extremely early art. Notions of design, he proceeded to explain, were very simple among savage peoples. Rude sculpture in the round preceded the rough, coarse engravings on bone, ivory, and

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steatite—although these efforts were not child's play, but represented the work of serious artists who studied carefully the outlines of the limbs and the human form. Slides were shown on the screen illustrating this, also many of the curious carvings discovered in the Grotte du Mas d'Azil, in the South of France, the Caverne des Espélugues-Lourdes, and the paintings from the Altamira Cave, in the North of Spain. The problem as to why these attempts to depict natural objects were made was a difficult one, since the most insignificant and apparently inexplicable marks must have meant something; some, perhaps, were achieved merely for pleasure; others, it is supposed, have a magical significance, and were intended as charms to ensure success in hunting, &c.

Dr. Haddon then discussed the degeneration of the primitive designs by the process of copying another man's work—the copy of a copy ended by bearing scarcely any resemblance to the original. Examples of the earliest known brush-work were shown, and it was notable that exactly as some modern artists hoped by copious employment of colour to mask bad drawing, so in Palæolithic Art there occurred a lamentable phase of falling-off, in which the drawing became wretched as the colour-scheme progressed. Engraving was often combined with colour to give precision to the detail, and it must be remembered, observed the lecturer, that nearly all these primitive pictures must have been drawn and painted practically in the dark of the caves or by the faint illumination of a little clay lamp. Views of many chased implements, such as spears and harpoons, were shown; also certain engraved bones, supposed by the French archæologists to be ceremonial staves, but which by English authorities were considered to be spears. Dr. Haddon concluded very aptly by quoting a stanza or two from Kipling's "Story of Ung."

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

Most of the stockbrokers are grumbling. They cannot persuade the public to gamble, and investment business is dull. There is a definite demand for really sound securities, but no one appears anxious either to buy or to subscribe for speculative stocks. For example, the amusing "Lake of Soda" Company landed its underwriters with 85 per cent. The issues of the past week have not been interesting. It seems extraordinary that underwriters can be found to take risks in such hazardous ventures as, for instance, the Oil Trust issue for the purpose of exploiting asphalt. "Profit-sharing Bonds" of the nominal value of two shillings is mere bucket-shop finance. Cuba is a rich island; it is liked by the British investor, who has sunk twenty millions in Cuban companies, but if we get many concerns like the Havana Exploration the hardy speculator will sniff when he hears the name of Cuba. An ingenious financier of the name of North, desirous of selling shares in an African Rubber Company that has planted Manihot, advertises that he will deposit cash with trustees to pay dividend for one year on all shares sold through the advertisement. He does not risk much. It is a quaint way of selling shares at a discount.

Money appears certain to become cheap. We now hear very little about that overpowering stringency that was to overwhelm us. India seems satisfied for the moment; New York does not require funds; the Argentine is likely to get through the harvest without calling upon us for any large amount. Brazil may obtain more gold if the speculative element can engineer a corner in rubber, but this is far from being the certainty so many people declare it to be. Egypt has exported about 4½ million cantars of cotton, and has 2½ million left in Alexandria; thus she cannot release all the gold she has in hand. The Banks are pressing the speculators to realise, and the position is becoming dangerous, but not of importance.

Consols seem to me an excellent purchase, for Lloyd George can lose nothing by popularising the national security, and he might do much good. A Government paper declares that he has his scheme ready. Consols in £5 bonds to bearer, with coupons attached, and purchasable at any post-office at the market price of the day, would be an admirable lock-up for poor people. There is no reason why Irish Land Stock should not be sold in the same way. Indeed, all securities issued by the Treasury should be obtainable at our post-offices at market prices. The Post Office might charge a small commission to recoup itself for the expense.

Foreigners look dull, and it is evident that we may get a still further reaction in Russians; this may last through the week, when it will be safe to buy again. The Socialists in Paris, always ready to skirmish along the flanks of the army of great financiers, are propounding questions relative to the Russian Loan about which I wrote. The agitation will come to nought, but it has scared a few bulls, and the price has drooped.

Home Rails gave us two surprises last week. One, the Midland dividend, which was magnificently generous, and the other the sale of the Tilbury line. Tilbury shares are still cheap. The Midland have made a good bargain, for the little line is profitable, and upon last year's net profits would give the Midland £5,000 a year after paying the preference dividend. The deal will go through, and Tilbury stock is certainly worth £150. The secret was well kept, but a few clever people bought some time back, and have taken their profits. There is not likely to be any boom in Home Rails, but we may expect a steady advance all through the year. The buying of Scotch stock still continues, but I am told that a bull account exists; therefore, those who have made a profit must now watch the market carefully; a reaction might come.

Yankees appear just ready for a slight fall. Norfolks did not increase the dividend, and the wise people in New York think that the price of the shares is too high. There has been some silly talk about Unions, and an attack has been made on the stock. The story went round that in an old balance-sheet huge blocks of assets had been duplicated. The Union accounts are not clear, and never were; but the tale had no sense in it. Unions are the cheapest of all the 10 per cent. Railway stocks. The Canadian Reciprocity Treaty caused a great rise in Hill stocks, but speculators were hardly wise, for much water will flow down the Hudson before the two nations come to terms. The speculative position in the States is not big, but it grows, and bankers may think a shake out necessary; therefore I should take a profit and get in again after the fall had run a few days. The main tendency will be upwards. Steels are bad on figures, but good on inside information, which tells of large orders placed or ready to be placed Gary says that the Conference will not take place, which means that he is strong enough to support the market and disregard those outside the Trust. These outside firms are working full time, and must be making money.

Rubbers are reported hard. The jobbers think that there are bears about. I am not so certain on this point. It is not a market in which to speculate for the moment, for there is no business, and prices are quite high enough, if judged from the standpoint of the investor. I again say that no one should buy rubber shares unless he can see a clear ten per cent. on his money. This is not a rule that can be applied wholesale. There are only about twenty shares in the rubber market that can be bought by the careful man. The rest are veritable gambles. Never touch anything outside the Federated Malay States.

Oil shares are such a limited market that, though we are promised a boom, I prefer to wait until the public come in

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and buy. Mr. Mitchell has come home from California, and his report upon Kern is now issued. The Company is over-capitalised, but Mr. Mitchell is a careful man and he takes a moderately sanguine view. He thinks that the output can be increased, and that the price at which the Company has sold its oil, though not as high as that foreshadowed in the prospectus, is nevertheless profitable.

KAFFIRS.—The jobbers bid up City Deeps on the news of the crushing, and those who bought some time back thought it wise to take a profit. City Deep is a good mine, and at under 4 is a reasonable purchase. But the Kaffir market is so dull that prices may fall away in mere despair.

RHODESIANS.—All are awaiting the Chartered report. A solemn compact has been entered into by the big Rhodesian houses, who have promised not to sell shares, but to support each other. How far they will keep together remains to be seen. Some big options have been bought in Chartereds, but otherwise the market is rotten.

ELECTRICS.—Wise people have been buying. The bears declared that the metallic filament lamp would reduce profits. It has not had the bad effect that some people expected. Profits are as good as last year; in some cases they are better. Nearly all the shares have risen. I think that we shall see at least a couple of points advance in all Electric Lighting shares within the next few months. They are one of the soundest investments in the House.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THEOSOPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of January 14th appears an account of a lecture on Theosophy delivered by the Rev. J. J. B. Coles, M.A., F.R.G.S., in which the subject was treated in a manner that does not recommend itself to the close student of the teachings classed under that heading. The lecturer briefly outlined the salient points of belief in a fairly impartial manner, but proceeded later to speak of "profane and ludicrous theosophical teaching." How can such hasty judgments come from persons of reasoned and balanced minds? And as a matter of fact it is Theosophists and not as a rule "professing Christians" who really more nearly approach a right understanding of the "fuller and deeper teaching" of the writings of St. Paul. St. Paul was an Initiate of the one great school of mystics to which certain members of the Theosophical Society belong, and he spoke from full knowledge, as they do also when they place before the modern world teachings of ancient days that are as real and potent now as in an age less sceptical, less intolerant in its ignorances.

Another speaker thought that Theosophy should be classed with things "unclean and insane." Why unclean? Why insane? To disagree with a body of teaching does not necessarily imply anything radically wrong with the doctrines, and it is not a reasoned conclusion that unwelcome ideas are insane even if here or there are found crazy exponents of them. And while it is highly probable that there are "muddle-headed mystics" discoverable in the ranks of the Theosophical Society, seeing it is an organisation of human proportions and limitations, yet that in no wise detracts from the possibility of the soundness of its basis of thought. As Mrs. Sharpe pointed out, it is a system which has engaged some of the finest intellects of many ages, including within its ranks the greatest philosophers of all times, whether they in any particular personality might have recognised themselves or not under the modern name. Pythagoras was a Theosophist, and so was Lao-Tsze, and so were Plato and Euclid; they held high places in the hierarchy of aspirants after the Greater Wisdom. For, as the lecturer at the Victoria Institute explained, Theosophy is the name given to the present-day exposition of Universal Wisdom, the wisdom embracing every atom in its all-comprehending knowledge, and neither the unclean, nor the insane, nor the muddle-headed are likely to make much headway in mastering its ethics.—Yours &c.,

E. P. F.

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THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

No. 2024 [Registered as a Newspaper.] FEBRUARY 18, 1911 PRICE THREEPENCE

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements may be addressed to MESSRS. ODHAMS, as above.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THERE are many ways of celebrating a famous man—we may name a street after him, publish a special edition of his books, give a dinner to his descendants, or erect a statue to his memory. Perhaps the idea of commemorating the centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens by issuing a plausible imitation of a postage-stamp, whereon the familiar face is displayed, is not particularly brilliant; but it is better than a statue, which as a rule is disregarded by all but the country cousins who take possession of London when "London is empty." At any rate we are all agreed, since as a nation we are rather fond of keeping up anniversaries, that Dickens must not be neglected now that an opportunity is at hand; but there is no reason to fear that the great Victorian novelist is in the slightest danger of being forgotten. His humour saves him from that fate. In the delightful company of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crummles, or of the Brothers Cheeryble, we forget the tearful tedium of Kate Nickleby, the tragic speechifying of Nicholas; immersed in the flood of jollity of "Pickwick" we are oblivious to the saturated sentiment of the "Old Curiosity Shop;" and listening to the hoarse voice of Captain Cuttle, or the genial imbecilities of Mr. Toots, we do not mind the emphasised pathos of Paul Dombey. Mr. William Archer truly says that if the name of Dickens and all it connotes could be struck out of the history of the nineteenth century, "the English-speaking race would be poorer to a degree not measurable in millions of money. We are all of us, every day, the happier for his work, and it is our own fault if we are not also the better." With regard to Mr. Archer's advice that we should put the "Dickens stamp" on letters, however, by way of advertising the affair and "keeping the name of Dickens constantly in the public eye," as is sometimes done in other countries, we are not quite in harmony with him. The celebration of a centenary too enthusiastically may easily become a bore, and the idea inspiring such a celebration as this is that the public should appreciate Charles Dickens more highly, not that they should become weary of the sight of his face. A little moderation will be wise, lest the object of the promoters be defeated.

The growth of a large city is always an interesting study; but, considered as a concrete fact, is apt to present embarrassing problems. At times, doubtless, those who have to deal with it find themselves wishing for the dark ages, when each town was enclosed by a wall, with gates which could be locked and drawbridges which could be raised. Overgrown London burst such bonds long ago, to flow in rivers of bricks and mortar through miles of fields and hedgerows, and, because this tremendous onset was not realised in time, our present-day Board of Trade has had to consider the question of roads and traffic very seriously. For two years the inquiry has been proceeding, and the conclusions arrived at, embodied in the Report just issued, seem to indicate that London is as yet but a sturdy youngster, not nearly full grown. "Every million spent at the present time," says the Committee, "would be a good investment, as there can be no reasonable doubt that it would result in the saving of an equal amount in the near future, irrespective of the gain in convenience and the saving of time which the prompt provision of better facilities would effect."

The "better facilities," it is suggested, should take the form of main arterial roads, a hundred feet wide, leading from London's suburbs well into the country, so that entrance to and exit from this complicated metropolis shall be a less difficult matter than it is at present. Such roads should of course be under the control of a central traffic board, and not at the mercy of half a-dozen different local authorities. The cost would be heavy, but, as the Report goes on to say, "it is difficult to see how it can be avoided if congestion is to be relieved and proper provision made for the needs of the future." The words which follow are perhaps the most significant of all: "Large as the expense may be, it should be remembered that the cost of inaction is also heavy. . . . It should further be borne in mind that the longer the improvements are postponed the more costly they will be." It is a pity that such a recommendation was not urgently made thirty or forty years ago. In matters of city administration we seem to be rather given to shutting the stable-door after the horse has gone, but the construction of 100 miles of new roads, and the widening of 25 miles of existing highways—which constitutes the scheme proposed—should do much to make us objects of intelligence and admiration to those who will occupy our place a hundred years hence. If, then, the age of flight has displaced the age of wheels, it will be a great joke; but probably we shall not be within earshot of the roars of laughter.

A most interesting lecture was delivered by Sir Sidney Colvin, M.A., D.Litt., on the 10th inst., at the Royal Institution, on "Robert Louis Stevenson." Sixteen years ago Professor Walter Raleigh discoursed on Stevenson and his work from the same chair, and asked whether that work would live; the fact that another discourse was now being

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given might be taken, said the lecturer, as a partial answer to that question. Sir Sidney Colvin's personal friendship with Stevenson, dating from 1873, gave his words an intimate note which is often lacking in the purely academic discussion of a writer. He expressed the opinion that Stevenson's masterpieces consisted rather of the shorter essays than of any lengthy romance, fascinating though some of the latter may be, and that the general work of this author, who made for himself so great a name as a stylist, was an instance of just balance between "things"—the material of life, and "words"—the material of language. Stevenson did not dazzle the reader by brilliant epigrams, but he "lived, felt, tested intensely, in reality or in imagination, all that he uttered before he uttered it." The only conclusion possibly to be arrived at, now that time has elapsed and something like a true perspective can be obtained, is that Stevenson's name is not only undiminished, but still growing; that he is, in fact, a living classic.

Another address, of less importance from a literary point of view but of great entertaining quality, was given by Mr. Leslie Moore, I.C.S., at the Royal Society of Arts on the previous day. Our first-hand knowledge of ghosts and astral affairs is in England rather scanty and vague, but Mr. Moore has gathered much information upon the subject of supernatural matters in India. He presented the results of his observations under the title of "Indian Superstitions," and hinted that there was much more material than he had time to deal with. From omens to mahatmas, from magic to the Djinn (who might be known, if encountered, by his inability to wink), Mr. Moore led his audience merrily. It seems to be unlucky among the Hindus to hear a woman sneeze; but no formula was given for frustrating the result of such a catastrophe. To the practical Englishman the business of avoiding the maleficent omens would seem rather a laborious one if corresponding notions prevailed in this country; the Hindu, however, seems to thrive in spite of unpropitious fates. The lecture, although of an unusually amusing nature, was provocative of thought, and emphasised the words of Kipling which insist upon the irreconcilable differences between East and West—"Never the twain shall meet."

It almost seems, according to the amusing speech of the Postmaster-General (Mr. Herbert Samuel) at the annual dinner of the Post Office Engineering Department last Tuesday, that in a few years Ministers will be able to settle our little international differences by a chat over the telephone. If, as the Engineer-in-Chief stated, "with proper adaptation and equipment" the loaded cable between England and France will some day enable us to speak from London to Astrakhan, endless possibilities are suggested. To ring up Timbuctoo and inquire what had become of a missionary would be exciting; to talk with Ceylon, where, according to a certain hymn (the writer of which had probably never been there) "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," would be an adventure; to ask the Exchange to put us on to 2-double-5 Venezuela Central, and inquire kindly how the latest revolution was progressing—with perhaps the echo of a revolver-shot thrown in—would be unalloyed delight. Why stop at Astrakhan? But perhaps the engineer-in-chief was romancing, or Mr. Herbert Samuel was having his little joke. However that may be, the world is getting smaller, and our clever, busy Post Office people are responsible for a great deal of the lightning-like conveyance of news at the present day; they control the "biggest electrical business in the country," and none can tell to what triumphs of communication they may yet proceed.

THE GOLDEN BIRDS

Ah! the long hours of waiting
Before the blesséd Morn,
When Night broods on the tree-tops
And Nature sighs forlorn;
Ah! in these hours of darkness
Illusion's veil is torn,
And bats fly in the night-time
Before the blesséd Morn.

Ah! the dread hours of silence,
When Hope with drooping wings
Sits staring through the darkness,
While grey imaginings
Come creeping through the shadows;
When Sleep no longer brings
The opiate branch of comfort
To banish cruel things.

Ah! now the long-sought daybreak
Comes floating on the breeze,
And Hope looks up from weeping,
Rejoicing as she sees
The bats fly from the sunlight,
While joyful in the trees
The Golden Birds of morning
Make music with the bees.

C. S.

SOME NEW FEATURES

It is our intention to devote a portion of our space weekly to an authoritative exposition of foreign affairs, considered with sanity and devoid of hysteria. The affairs of the world are entering on phases which promise to be of surpassing interest to the studious and philosophical mind, and it would seem to be desirable that they should be weighed and mirrored with calmness and impartiality. It will be our endeavour to attain to an attitude of detachment apart from perpetual waving of the flag and removed from repeated aspersions on the good faith and honest intentions of other nations which constitute the fellowship of civilisation.

A journal which adopts an attitude of that kind will, we think, gradually be recognised abroad as an interpreter of the balanced judgment of large masses in this country, and the authority which it wields will have a potent influence for good.

India will claim our special attention. Able writers will deal with literature bearing on its history, laws, customs, and religion, and a thoroughly well-informed correspondent in Calcutta will supply a monthly letter tracing the progress and effects of the reforms recently introduced.

Japan has already been dealt with by able writers who know the country thoroughly, and whose criticisms and opinions have attracted much attention.

We can promise the addition of other exceptional features of interest from time to time.

BYRON IN FRENCH VERSE*

M. Leprévost's translation of "Childe Harold" is a work that is of extraordinary interest in more ways than one. It is the life's work of the translator; no mere academic exercise, but the medium through which he has contrived to utter his hopes and his sorrows. In the singularly touching

**Le Pèlerinage de Childe Harold. Version en Vers avec Notes Explicatives.* By Gabriel Leprévost. Alphonse Lemerre, Paris.

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"Hommage à Lord Byron," which serves as invocation, we learn that the writer has been visited with blindness :—

Depuis de mon regard s'est éteinte la flamme
Et mes yeux ne voient plus les choses qu'en rêvant.

This terrible calamity was, it seems, the direct cause of the translation. Byron's verses, committed to memory, became part and parcel of the mind of the translator, to issue again in their present form, fulfilling his aspiration that they should reflect the mind of the poet :—

Comme une goutte d'eau reflète un ciel d'azur.

From the purely literary side, again, the translation is of unusual interest. It is rare to find a rhythmical version in French of a foreign poem. The translations in verse that have from time to time enriched the English language, notably in the sixteenth century, when they abounded both in quality and quantity, have no very exact counterpart in the French language. The versification of parts of the Bible is the only serious contribution of French poetical translators to French literature. Various plays of Shakespeare have, of course, been fitted to French metres; but in general the necessity for adapting them to French stage conventions has prevented a very conscientious rendering of the thought of the poet. The reason of this phenomenon may perhaps lie in the national character; a certain impatience combined with the desire to express new ideas; but what is indisputable is that the French system of metre is so peculiar—fitting certainly with the national genius, but ill-adapting itself to the requirements of alien poetry—that there are few poems that will bear the strain of translation. A French critic, appreciating the present work, has given it his ungrudging praise, but has insisted strongly that the author has struck out a path that is not to be followed: "Si nous admirons discrètement Prométhée lorsqu'il dérobe le feu du ciel, nous cachons vite les allumettes lorsqu'arrivent les enfants."

M. Leprévost is far from having made a literal translation; he claims to be an interpreter rather than a translator. At the same time all the ideas of Byron are there; an occasional redundancy is omitted; occasionally even the translator allows himself to embellish a little. For instance, in the lines to Inez Byron has written :—

To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

M. Leprévost renders :—

Mon coeur pour la beauté n'a plus qu'indifférence,
Et pour moi tes doux yeux ont resplendi trop tard.

The metre chosen, the stanza of twelve lines of six feet, serves admirably to contain the thought of the English poet. M. Leprévost complains of the difficulty occasioned by the comparative prolixity of the French language; in some cases we find the balance on the other side—Byron is not without his redundancies. The smoothness and evenness of the French couplet reproduce very truthfully the harmonies of the Spenserian stanza. The misanthropical gall which so often in Byron's stanza seems to find its way into the last two lines, as if into the bottom of the cup, fits better, because more epigrammatically, into the concluding couplet of the French stanza. Where a more vigorous movement is needed, M. Leprévost has one ready; the song

Tamburgi! Tamburgi! thy 'larum afar

begins thus in the translation :—

Tamburgi! Tamburgi! tes sonores alarmes
Pour les enfants des monts ont de tout-puissants charmes!

More than this we cannot say. For the countrymen of Byron the work of M. Leprévost is in the highest degree interesting; but the gift is to the French people, and it is for them to appraise and enjoy it.

THE SCHELDT—II.

By Hilaire Belloc

We saw in the first of these articles, published last week in The Academy, that the one main outstanding and most general truth about the fortification of the mouth of the Scheldt was the fact that that fortification was directed against a maritime enemy, and a maritime enemy alone.

In plain words, it is of military value to the German Empire only in connection with a struggle against England, or a struggle in which England was involved.

But, apart from this general truth, a number of particular questions must arise in the reader's mind: as, in the first place, what is the legal or defined standing of this country, or one of this country's allies, in protesting against the new facts? What Treaty can be cited or what public law invoked? The answer to that prime question is very simple. There is no legal or defined position available to Great Britain or her allies in the matter. No Treaty, no precedent, not so much as an understanding or exchange of views can be cited. Holland has an indefeasible right to erect there forts if she so feels inclined—she has erected fortifications on the same spot before; and the fact that these and their armament are now out of date is no sort of bar to their right to existence and to renewal.

Were all the Netherlands still united under one crown, from Luxemburg to Groningen, no objection could conceivably be maintained. As it is the Treaty of April 19th, 1839 (the Treaty of London), does insist on the commercial freedom of the Scheldt, but in the matter of fortification, *or even of the use of the river in time of war*, that Treaty is silent. That Treaty expressly leaves the mouth of the Scheldt in Dutch hands. The Dutch may even advance the moral truth that Antwerp was for some time a debatable point, and that a very powerful party within the town desired its retention by Holland. The navigation of the great international highway is fixed by the Ninth Article of the Treaty of London—subject to certain purchase of toll-rights and resettlements of a purely commercial character, designed to facilitate traffic between Antwerp and Flushing. Now this Ninth Article is particular and even minute in its insistence upon the free commercial use of the river in time of peace, but the very fact that it says not a word in restraint of Dutch rights in time of war is a sufficient proof that these rights were left open.

Holland, then, so far as international bonds are concerned is free to fortify the point at will. Next it may be asked Does such fortification effectively close the river? Undoubtedly it does.

The mouth of the Scheldt narrows from an indefinite width ("indefinite" because there is no foreland on the south from which to measure across to the West-Kapelle light) to a "gullet" of no more than just over five thousand yards—to be accurate, nearly five thousand one hundred. This narrowest passage lies between the point of the fort Frederick Henrick, just eastward of the green buoy on the Kadzand side and the pilot's beach in Flushing town. The proposed sites for the guns involve a somewhat longer range; but the point is immaterial, for under modern conditions a range of something under six thousand yards, commanded by heavy batteries upon either end of it, bars the passage utterly. It is true that the fair-way is at this narrow point almost as wide as the whole stream. There is 50ft. of water at low spring tides within a few yards of both on the Kadzand and the Walcheren shore, and even in the shoal-piece between you have over forty (except on the Spyker-plaat bank, where one small patch touches twenty-three). It is also true that the batteries must lie flush with the water-

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level from the flatness of the land. But, I repeat, where so short a range is concerned the channel, though everywhere navigable and nowhere dominated, is absolutely closed by heavy and protected guns.

If the point needed further emphasis, that emphasis could be discovered in the ranges and direction of fire upon approach to the "gullet" and on receding from it up the river inland.

The banks at the mouth of the Scheldt divide the entry of that river into three channels. The northernmost, or "East gat," is very narrow, nearly straight, and hugs the Walcheren shore for miles. Guns to the east of Flushing command it absolutely. The second (or Deurloo) channel narrows as it approaches Flushing, and any vessel using it is compelled to pass right under the land as it goes eastward to pass that town. The third channel (which alone seriously concerns the problem) is wide and open. It is the Weilongen and its continuation, but guns emplaced at Fort Frederick Hendrick, on the one side, and east of Flushing on the other, command this main channel by a cross-fire well beyond the Sluische bank, and at an extreme range almost to the Knocke—the flatness of the land permits the southern batteries to come into play before a vessel has rounded the point, and to command the Fransche Pass.

The same command over the whole sheet of water is discoverable within the river eastward of this narrowest part. Here for a matter of five miles, between Borssele Point and Flushing town, is a deep and safe piece of water known as the Honte, and forming the northern part of the Scheldt where it widens landward of its narrows. Batteries to the west of Flushing would be useless against shipping in this reach; but guns to the east of the town would command the whole of it, and would cross their fire, at least in the western portion, with those of the batteries on the Kadzand bank—for there is no obstacle but flat shoals between.

If it be further asked whether, with the modern use of mines, permanent fortification at this point needs a particular protest from this country, the reply is that mines cannot be sown before an act of hostility and that their disposition is a matter of time. Protected guns are immediately available. Mines may be risked or swept; batteries are absolute until they are silenced or captured. Mines are an obstacle to either party; guns close the door to enemies, but permit it to be opened for friends.

An advocate of indifference in the whole matter might further point out that the time required for a Prussian force to reach and occupy the mouth of the Scheldt would be far greater than that which separates a vessel in Sheerness from the Walcheren coast. This is true; but not greater than the time required to ship and transport men across that sea in any numbers. A French force (supposing the operation to be one of French and English combined) would certainly bring matters to an issue in Belgium before Flushing could be reached from over the Meuse—which is the line of check to an invader. But Flushing would not be approached from Aix-la-Chapelle; that is not the calculation upon which those who have attempted to coerce Holland are working. They calculate to advance the small force required through Holland itself.

Should the French not enter into the problem at all, as in the future they may not, even should they be hostile, as in the future they may well be, the fortification of the mouth of the Scheldt, the establishment of permanent works to be used by an invading or even a local and neutral Power is aimed at this country. It is characteristic of the time in which we live that no alarm was raised here, and that permanent official and professional politician alike were ignorant of the whole matter until a foreign ally insisted upon our attention.

REVIEWS

THE CASE FOR TECHNIQUE

The City of Man. By A. Scott Matheson. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

There are many excellent and amiable things to be found in this suggestive book. The writer seems to have a thorough grasp of the beauty of the mediæval city:—

> The cathedral represented the spiritual aspirations of the citizens, while the town-hall represented the economic or industrial forces. In the mediæval period we find what Greek architecture lacked—the Gothic element, the aspiring impulse, communion with the unseen, aspiration toward heaven. The city was a living unity, just as temporal and spiritual elements were harmonised, and their common devotion to civic interests helped to produce good workmanship . . . Mediæval village churches were often built without the aid of any architect, because every workman was also an artist.

This is well and clearly put; it is to be welcomed as one of the many instances that the most liberal of liberal thinkers are coming gradually to recognise the gross absurdity of the phrase "the dark ages" as applied to the mediæval period.

The phrase in question, it may be surmised, is one of the many offensive results and remnants of the Protestant Reformation. It is interesting to note that in the eighteenth century, when the poison had had full time to work, when the old romance of England had been for two centuries drugged with Protestant and Puritan medicines, there seemed little sense of any vital reality left to the nation. Here and there we had individuals with some glimmering vision of true things; Dr. Johnson saw one or two realities clearly and distinctly. But Dr. Johnson belonged, theologically, to the school of the Caroline divines; and even Dr. Johnson thought that "Lycidas" was something very near to complete nonsense.

But with such occasional exceptions, the eighteenth century was in all but complete darkness. It did not know fine literature when it saw it; it did not know fine painting when it saw it; it did not know fine architecture when it saw it. There is a criticism in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker" on York Cathedral which is quite typical of the average—indeed of the brilliant—eighteenth-century mind. Smollett, in the character of Matthew Bramble, denounces the barbarous absurdity of the "Saracenic" building, and wishes that it were replaced by a neat Grecian room. Characteristically enough, the good Tobias conjectures that Gothic architecture was invented in Spain, and that its peculiarities are due to a desire to keep out the heat. Depreciation of the Middle Ages is often accompanied by extreme ignorance of mediæval thought and art.

From the middle of the eighteenth century the tide began to turn, with eccentric whirlpools and cross-currents enough. Horace Walpole, who knew no more of the Middle Ages than he knew of any good thing, yet built himself a sham Gothic villa. The "Reliques" were published and Sir Walter Scott wrote of the old time with great affection, if not with deep knowledge. Abbotsford, where plaster pretends to be timber, could not have been designed by an understanding lover of a great art expressing a great life. Mediævalism, of a sort, became fashionable.

Still, if mediævalism was in fashion, it was a fashionable game; nobody seriously thought of our ancestors as anything but a set of picturesque savages, whose doings made amusing reading, whose architecture was as good as a scene

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at the play. It is only within the last twenty years that people have begun to ask themselves the serious question as to whether the Middle Ages did not understand the whole *Ars Magna* of life infinitely better than we ourselves understand it. There is but one answer to this question returned from many quarters. Thorold Rogers, the Radical political economist, shows that the mediæval village was an economic paradise. The Liberal politician, Mr. Masterman, contrasts the poor English peasant of to-day who cannot dig a well or graft a tree with his ancestor, who could dig wells and graft trees—and also carve the golden saints in glory on the roodbeam of his church in literature? Where is our romance-cycle to set beside the graal stories? In devotion, where is the twentieth-century equivalent for the "Imitatio"? As for the arts in general, Vernon Lee confesses that before a modern man can be a great artist he must by an almost superhuman effort sever himself from the thought and atmosphere of his own age; he must become a kind of artistic fakir. As for the ratiocinative faculty, a review which has appeared in these columns showed that a thirteenth-century whipper-snapper of a schoolboy would have received Herbert Spencer's "arguments" with loud and long shrieks of astounded and derisive laughter.

It is interesting to welcome Mr. Scott Matheson as amongst those who perceive that the Middle Ages stand for something more than a picturesque game, a playing at life in suits of armour. It is, therefore, curious to find him writing as he does on the subject of religious instruction. He is quite aware of the important fact that religion is a human necessity. "Man," he says, "is a worshipping creature." Good; but then the author goes on to say:—

> In a national system there ought to be no sectarian creed; it should avoid technical language and be taught with the greatest possible simplicity. Tolstoi, who is in favour of religious teaching, and declares that children can easily understand it, says: "About the worship of God in others, I would have the children taught as follows: "Always remember that in every man dwells the same God that lives in you." . . . To this of Tolstoi a positive element of Christian teaching should be added, and it may be summed up in three sentences: "God is Love." "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me." "A new commandment give I unto you: that ye love one another as I have loved you."

Now what is one to say to a passage like this? Mr. Matheson goes on to remark, very justly, that religion "is the biggest thing and the greatest thing and the widest thing of a man's life." And one wonders whether he is really of opinion that the Art of all Arts is the one art that can be learnt by the method—or lack of method—of loose and sloppy inexactitude.

In a paragraph full of dry humour, Archbisop Whately commented on an objection to formal logic, current in his day and probably in ours. It was said by those "advanced" thinkers who objected to the scholastic logic that the art was useless and supererogatory; men could reason very well by using their ordinary "common sense." Yes, answers in effect the Archbishop, a sea-captain will maintain that you can argue by common sense. But that captain would not trust himself on board a ship that was to be sailed by common sense. And perhaps a general in the Army might declare that navigation was mere pedantry, that any sensible man could sail a ship; but the general would not entrust his park of artillery to a mind stuffed with common sense, but wholly ignorant of the meaning of the word "trajectory." And so on; everybody thinks every business can be worked by common sense—always saving his own business, which, he is perfectly well aware, requires a careful and systematic—that is, technical—training. He excepts his own business because he understands it; when he speaks of other men's businesses he babbles of "common sense" because he doesn't in the least know what he is talking about. Mr. Scott Matheson is much too wise to think that a model municipality can be brought into being and carried through successfully by vague amiability and vaguer aspirations. He sees quite well that the thing demands expert knowledge and expert writing; not only the large general principles, but the small details must be subjected to skilled and technical examination. Here is Mr. Matheson writing about the method by which the sewage of Glasgow is treated: "The method of treatment is chemical precipitation by means of under-surface continuous flow." Both matter and manner seem technical enough; the author does not say that *technique* is wrong, that it is enough to teach the citizens of Glasgow three sentences—"Dirt is nasty," "Water is cleansing," "The current of the river Clyde is strong and fast." It is interesting to note that Mr. Matheson apparently believes that it is a simpler thing to build up the fair City of God in the heart of man than to build up the fair city of Glasgow by the Clyde.

Technical knowledge, as has been stated, is simply another term for exact knowledge exactly stated. One looks in vain for any reason, for any shadow of something like a reason, why religion, which is the sum of all life, should be exempt from the law of clear expression and clear instruction. Because religion, in the last resort, is a great mystery? Everything in the last resort is a great mystery. The writer of this article was talking the other day to an expert in wireless telegraphy. The expert explained how the ether was like a great ocean, pervading all things, that a Marconi "discharge" produced an effect on it comparable to that seen when a boy throws a pebble into a pool, and the water flows in ever-widening circles. He told, too, how the ether ocean is troubled by day and calm and still at night; but neither the expert nor any other man alive has the remotest notion as to what the ether is. It is a mystery; but wireless telegraphy is a highly technical business.

Or should we say that religion does not require to be taught systematically, because it is natural to man? Nothing is more natural to man than singing; children will sometimes make a tuneful noise before they can speak. And there is no art in which the necessary teaching is more intricate, laborious, or technical. Painting, too, is natural to man: there are Neolithic drawings on Neolithic weapons. Ask a painter if he produced his masterpieces by saying "That blue sky is pretty," or "That is a well-made man." So one waits for the author's reasons, and waits in vain.

And—taking another point of view—it seems a little odd that Mr. Matheson, who is full of enthusiasm for the Christian religion, should think himself better skilled in the method of imparting it than the Apostles, Evangelists, and Martyrs—in fine, than the whole Christian Church from the beginning. If we exclude the Church, and take the Protestant point of view, the Faith has to be learned out of four Gospels, twenty-one Epistles, a Book of Acts, and a Book of Revelation. Some of these memoirs and treatises are of a highly technical character; again, it is strange that Mr. Matheson should be wiser than the whole body of the inspired writers!

HISTORY AND HUMANITY

The Meaning of History. By Dr. Max Nordau. (Rebmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

The books that accost the book-lover generally fall into three main divisions: books that delight and charm, books that

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instruct, and books that challenge. It may so chance that the book that challenges also delights, and the book that charms may also challenge and instruct. Nevertheless, the distinction holds good. It is one that readily greets the most cursory or hard-pressed reader. It is not always permanent, of course; the book that delights the present age was doubtless one that challenged the previous age. But the distinction is valuable chiefly because the reading mind shapes itself to the book before it, and inevitably shapes itself in one or other of these categories. It will be expansive to the first, attentive to the second, and sharply, and very properly, critical to the third.

Therefore to say that Dr. Max Nordau's book belongs to the last category is to say that it invites a searching analysis. Its very opening sentence is provocative and challenging, inviting the like mind in the reader. He says, "The confusion almost everywhere prevalent between history and the writing of history will be firmly avoided in the course of the subsequent inquiry." That is certainly bracing, though one remembers others—as, for example, Nietzsche—who vaunted themselves as fearlessly facing logical conclusions, but whom one discovered as avoiding and burking logical conclusions at every turn; and therefore the attention becomes watchful. Nor is the first chapter any less provocative than its opening sentence. He would annul all history as hitherto written, and dismiss all historians with something of the same large contempt that the would-be practical man displays towards the fables and phantasies of the world. In so far as he tilts his lance at the merely picturesque in history he is bound to enlist sympathy (though, even so, he would do well to consider the virtue of symbolism in the picturesque); and in crying warfare on the effort to make the writing of history perpetuate outworn caste and race illusions he invites attention. For these reasons his first chapter raises hopes and pricks expectation indeed. How does he fulfil his promises, however?

Having dismissed all history as heretofore written, he proceeds to sketch the story of man as he conceives it. But it will be admitted that he is a little perplexing—even a little inconsistent. For example, he dismisses history as mythical, theoretical, and as possessing no assured date; but he begins his own account of events in an inter-glacial epoch of earth that was a garden of felicity and natural bounty—indeed, "a stage," as he puts it, "that may be called paradisical." He is even a little hazy himself as to the actual meaning of this paradisical stage; for there are times when he speaks of man at this remote date as being free, equal, individual, and prosperously happy; but at other times, as in the chapter "Man and Nature," he hints that it was at this time that Man first broke away from his Simian ancestry! But this is not all. He has also dismissed the writing of history as being mythical and fanciful; nevertheless he carries forward his sober account of the real meaning of history to an eschatology that discovers Man in a millennial age free again, happy again, but equipped moreover in each individual member with the full findings of progressive science! Looking about one—comparing a modern commercial age with a theocracy like that of Israel or with the beauty of Greece—one wonders. Nevertheless Dr. Nordau is entitled to his rosy optimism. He should not, however, pour anger and scorn on his opponents for their credulity or their inclination to myth.

But, again, this is not all. In between these two "paradisical stages" (this Garden of Eden and this Millennium, shall we say?) what proceeds? What is the feature of progress? The above exposition of his views has perhaps made it necessary to say that Dr. Nordau dismisses religion, with all that it means of higher faith and destiny for man, as a bundle of baseless superstitions. He will have none of it. With it go poetry, art, and all efforts of the imagination; for if his philosophy is fanciful it is at least logical; and he sees that if man is from the earth earthy, then he is not from the heavens heavenly; that ideal beauty, the goal of imaginative effort, is an incoherent dream of the night—that, in fact, it is not beauty. "The superior man," says he, "is marked by realism. He hardly knows the flattering delight of day-dreams. His fancy does not soar into cloudy regions, into a world remote from space and time. His thought does not occupy itself with any phantasmagoria of words, or with abstractions which, being devoid of any concrete content, can float above the real." Speaking later of men "who find their highest satisfaction in sacrificing themselves for their fellowmen," he says:—"It is painful" (though he does not say why it is painful) "to have to judge these radiant figures, who must attract the most profound love and admiration in all who behold them by the dry light of reason; but psychological analysis must eschew sensibility, and no piety should compromise its results."

Now this is admirable. If we come only from the tiger, as Tennyson had it, then we have no warrant but to continue to be tigers; that is the law of our being, and all other laws are merely a "phantasmagoria of words." Dr. Nordau's ideal man shapes himself in his hands as possessing the concentrated will, in contrast to the man of dreams, forgetting that the concentration demanded by the contemplation of imaginative beauty is the most exhausting of all concentration. Such a man is the man of action, the harsh egotist, the typically and supremely selfish man. "Great altruists," says he, "have no effective influence on the average man," which if faulty as truth is consistent as theory.

A logical entity of thought such as this cannot help but clear the air. Those who regard man as of Divine origin must needs rejoice, for it has been their experience hitherto to have the virtues that belong logically to their conception of Man stolen for the clothing of the opposite conception of Man as of brutal origin. Yet even Dr. Nordau himself cannot be consistent. It is true that he derides friendship and philanthropy, saying that neither "is a primitive instinct proving man naturally a social being." But he stumbles at what he calls the sex-instinct. "It had nothing," he says, "to do with love originally, and often has nothing to do with it now. Only a slow process of development has *ennobled* and *elevated* it." The words we have italicised make the quotation interesting. For obviously love and sex-instinct are two wholly distinct things. To use the schoolman's antithesis, one is ideal while the other is real. Now comes the interesting test. To ennoble and elevate a thing you must have the same thing as before the process, only better. It must not be a new thing; it must not add outside and therefore illogical elements to itself. That which "roused desire" before must still "rouse desire." The desire must still be only desire, though it may be stronger or less strong desire, more stable or less stable desire. But Dr. Nordau says "that which roused desire also roused far-reaching, lofty, and illuminating thoughts," which is not elevation of an old thing, but a new thing altogether. Or it might be said that love is not the sex-instinct ennobled, but that the sex-instinct rather is the debasement of ideal love—a theory that is consistent with facts, but which somewhat devastates his thesis.

In other words Dr. Nordau stumbles at the crisis of his argument, and therewith his materialism is destroyed. A multitude of minor instances could be given where he fails in a similar manner, because he cannot believe his consistency of argument. In fine, it is an admirable book to make zealous idealists. It is the true reduction to absurdity of materialism.

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"THE OLDEST MUSIC-ROOM IN EUROPE"

The Oldest Music-room in Europe: a Record of Eighteenth-Century Enterprise at Oxford. By JOHN H. MEE, M.A., Mus.D. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE REV. DR. MEE has written, and Mr. John Lane has published, a book bearing this very attractive title—for attractive it must be to those who love music thoroughly as distinguished from those who merely care to have their ears pleasantly tickled by it, and who also can say with Elia, "Antiquity, thou wondrous charm." It is not a volume for those readers of musical memoirs who only search therein for scraps of personal gossip connected with world-famous names, and for humorous anecdote; but for those who love to pursue curious and forgotten by-paths, especially if these skirt the main tracks which wind through the social life of the eighteenth century—age of enchantment for so many of us—it is a book which should surely become dear. People who "taste" Mr. Austin Dobson will taste Dr. Mee. He has not, it is true, any great pretentions to style. Perhaps he has less than we should have expected from such a son of Oxford; but he has been a most patient, careful investigator into the doings of musical Oxford during many vanished years, and he has set down the results of his research with admirable order and precision. His book is the history of that building known to all true Oxonians as the "Holywell Music-room." When the present writer knew it best it was the somewhat forlorn and dilapidated hall where the Philharmonic Society held its rehearsals, and where one sometimes attended a fencing-class. Little did we, ungenerate, uninstructed barbarians, dream that there, where mild Dr. Taylor practised us in Mozart and Mendelssohn, the sweet voices, and still sweeter faces of the Misses Linley had once ravished dons and undergraduates; that there Gainsborough's Abel and his Fischer and "the little miraculous Pinto" had played; that there Teuducci, last of the great sopranists who travelled, Benucci, first to sing "Non piu andrai" (who does not remember Kelly's description of that scene!), Catalani, for whom Lord Chesterfield once sent an express of four horses from Nottinghamshire to London to fetch the claret she preferred; Incledon (Colonel Newcome's Incledon), and Pasta (Fitzgerald's "my old Pasta")—that there all these great heroes and heroines of song had warbled liquid notes!

The Music-room was built for the purpose of weekly concerts in 1748. In that day architecture was one of every polite gentleman's tastes, so we are not surprised that the designer of so "elegant" a temple was the Rev. Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall. Had he studied in the school of Aldrich, perhaps? Dr. William Hayes, Professor of Music, wrote, in 1773, a delightful account of the Room. No detail that could interest curious posterity is left out. Thus we know that in winter, owing to the warmth from the fireplace, "there could be no Side Seats on the Right," but "in summer, when no Fire is requisite, and the Chimney Board fixed up," extra seats could be introduced. "Chimney-boards" were in use, we remember, in the days of "Sense and Sensibility," for Miss Steele charged her sister Lucy with never making any bones about hiding behind one in order to overhear secrets. The room was "chiefly lighted by two handsome Lustres of Cut Glass for which we are indebted to the Ladies," and here were "Weekly Performances of Vocal and Instrumental Music, every Monday Evening, except in Passion Week, all the month of September, and the Quarterly Choral Performances which are usually Oratorios, and these with very little foreign assistance."

A regular orchestra was engaged, great soloists came on special occasions, and the programmes were varied and extremely "up-to-date." As we read Dr. Mee's lists of the composers represented, we ask, What is Fame? Who now remembers the names of Abaco, Barasanti, Cartrucci, &c.? Who knows anything about Keller's "Sonatas for Common Flutes and Trumpets," or about Dr. Mudge's "Medley Concerto, with Horns" (unless this was the amateur Dr. Mudge, who at one of Mrs. Falconer's concerts, in "Patronage," was "Divine, absolutely Divine, in 'Buds of Roses'"), except the antiquaries who may have written about them in "Grove's Dictionary"? The frequent mention of compositions "with horns" recalls what Lord Rosebery, quoting Mrs. Montagu, has just told us about Chatham, that when he gave a tea-party in a tent he "bade his French horn breathe music like the unseen Genius of the Wood." Where are the horn-players now that would consent to play either in a medley or a wood? The weekly concerts were carried on without any break until 1789, when a short interruption took place, after which they were resumed and went on—now successful, now languishing—until 1840. Not that the Music-room's story was always harmonious in all senses. Dr. Mee says that "singers and critics were as tiresome as they are now;" he has several accounts of storms in teacups, and he gives them with a minute faithfulness which may be as tedious to some readers as it is admirable to others. He thinks that the Oxford Movement killed the weekly concerts! Strange this, as its leader, Dr. Newman, was so fond a musician, and a violinist too.

Evil days were now to come upon the old Music-room. It was let for various unworthy purposes. One year a "Performing Horse and Vixen" were exhibiting there, yet still occasional concerts, with great performers, revived its former glories, and Charles Kemble gave Shakespeare Readings. Later, and chiefly through the energy of Dr. Mee, it is again the home of sweet sound, at least we trust that the young gentlemen who belong to the "Musical Union" are not too much enamoured of discord. They must all read their founder's history of their home, and reverence the Room for the sake of the rare musicians who preceded them in the use of it. We began with a reference to dear, unmusical Elia, and will end with another. Mrs. Bland's name is in the list of singers at the Oxford Music-room. Did she sing there the old pathetic ballad I used to like in my youth, "She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more"? "Mrs. Bland sang it in boy's clothes the first time I heard it. I sometimes think the lower notes in my voice are like Mrs. Bland's."

THE PARTY SYSTEM

The Party System. By HILAIRE BELLOC and CECIL CHESTERTON. (Stephen Swift. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT was expected by a good number of those who knew that Mr. Belloc would follow his retirement from Parliament by an active campaign against the Party System. Moreover, Mr. Cecil Chesterton had given pronouncement to certain opinions that lay so near to that perplexed question that their co-operation in a book, if not a foregone conclusion, at least is a matter which scarcely calls for surprise. It is always difficult in such cases of literary co-operation to avoid the temptation to dissect and dissever the several products of the two pens. Yet in this work it is not very difficult to see which way the influences lie; and Mr. Chesterton is scarcely the man to demur at our conclusion when we say that it is impossible to miss the incision of Mr. Belloc's pen in the more notable passages of the book. It is better

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nevertheless, to refer to the authors in the plural, and this we shall do.

Succinctly put their argument runs thus: that the whole constitutional procedure of our country's Government has been inverted; that this has proceeded (partly *pari passu* and partly by cause and effect) and progressed with corruption, whether of a gentler and less direct order or of a grosser and more direct order; that it is now, in fact, a pompous nonentity; and that what has caused this state of affairs has been what is generally known—and admired by countries that have not got it—as the Party System. In theory, at least, the method of representative government is that the electorate should choose 670 representatives to sit in St. Stephen's and legislate its will; that these 670 representatives should, if not choose, at least dominate a Select Committee drawn from itself and representative of its majority, which Committee in due course came to be known as a Cabinet. The actual procedure at the present moment now happens to be that that Select Committee rules the 670 representatives; and not only so, but through these 670 representatives rules the country at large in the interests of itself, its relatives, and its supporters.

Here it would seem that the very subject of our authors' indictment, the Party System, would step in to aid us. For it is the first principle of a Party System that there should be an official Opposition, representative of its minority, whose chief function should be to criticise, attack, oppose, and, if possible, turn out the Select Committee in question. So it should be, they argue, and so it once was. But things have altered, and it is partly the business of their book to examine the causes of the change. The facts to which they allude are, of course, notorious, and much that they say is axiomatic in well-informed circles. Lamentably, however, all circles are not well informed. For example, the historical fact is that in the forty years since 1870 the Opposition has but once succeeded in defeating the Government of the day, whereas in the forty years preceding 1870 it accomplished that feat nine times over!

Such a fact is extraordinary, and the cause of it is even more extraordinary. It is nothing more nor less than this, that the two Front Benches—that is to say, the Cabinet and the Opposition of tradition and theory—have begun to work, and are now in habitual practice working, in general agreement one with the other. Many things have accounted for this—reasons of convenience, reasons of social caste, and the reason to which our authors allot priority of place—intermarriage. They say, giving instances enough to point the moral, that we are ruled by a—

> General system of government by a small, friendly, and closely inter-related clique. We are not surprised at Romeo loving Juliet, though he is a Montague and she a Capulet. But if we found in addition that Lady Montague was the first cousin of old Capulet, that Mercutio was at once the nephew of a Capulet and the brother-in-law of a Montague, that County Paris was related on his father's side to one House and on his mother's side to the other, that Tybalt was Romeo's uncle's stepson, and that the friar who married Romeo and Juliet was Juliet's uncle and Romeo's first cousin once removed, we should probably conclude that the feud between the houses was being kept up mainly for the dramatic entertainment of the people of Verona.

Or, to give a more practical instance from recent history, they quote the "unbridgable gulf" which one of Mr. Asquith's "humbler salaried followers discovered in a notable speech to exist between the views of his uncle on the one hand and of his first cousin on the other."

It will be said, however, that this need not be the end of the matter; that there are yet the 670 representatives; can they not disrupt this Front Bench collusion? The reply is that they dare not; and if they dared, they would not be able to; and even so, that there are inducements enough to obviate their even wishing to do so. Offices and honours are the great rewards for faithful service; but if there are careless souls who set light regard on emoluments and distinction, and who determine to speak their mind, then the "Time-table of the House" is used to brush them aside (there are few pages more terrible to read in this book than those which deal with this important matter), and if they continue obstreperous, then the party support, including the party funds, are withdrawn from them, and they stand but little chance of finding re-election when next a ballot is taken. Thus they have nothing to gain by resistance to what may be called the Bossocracy; whereas loyal assistance will perhaps find them office, or, it may be, help to a peerage.

This is, of course, a state of affairs fairly well recognised. But there are some indictments in this book that are arresting and searching. The sale of honours, and the consequent vulgarisation of what was once a self-respecting aristocracy, is notorious; but the sale of policies, with all that that means, gives one furiously and earnestly to think. Another matter that our authors deal with is one that strikes directly at the present position. There are many issues that demand discussion, but which cannot be discussed because "the Front Benches, by their control of the House of Commons, control also the effective programmes submitted to the electors." They quote the Drink Question, upon which they say:—

> The people are from time to time allowed to choose between the suppression of public-houses and their endowment out of the public money, but are not allowed to vote on any other policy, least of all are they allowed to vote, as they certainly would vote if they got the chance, for the removal of some or all of the intricate and mostly senseless regulations which interfere at every point with the habits and festivities of the poor.

Why? Because the Brewers are large subscribers to one party's purse, and the Cocoa Magnates to the other, and each side recognises the other's treaties.

It is, of course, impossible always to agree with the authors. But they win their right to speak for the hearing of earnest men who have at heart their country's welfare; and the things they speak of are grave matters, and if such matters awake controversy, as they are bound to do, then the controversy should not proceed on party lines, for one of the worthiest attributes of this book is that, however hardly the blow is dealt, it is not dealt in any party spirit, nor is there any party axe to grind by it. Earnestness must needs greet earnestness. They state their problem fairly (though sometimes far too diffusely), and they propound remedies for its palliation and rectification. The reading of the book is depressing sometimes; but it is the depression that precedes resolution. It cannot but cause clearer thinking and sounder recognition of the difficulties that must soon be dealt with.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

TWO BOOKS OF THE SEA

Ships and Men. By DAVID HANNAY. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)

Fighting Admirals. By JOHN BARNETT. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

IT is natural to treat these two books under one heading, yet, as a matter of fact, they are of a very different calibre.

"SHIPS AND MEN."

THE large majority of the papers contained in "Ships and Men" hail from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and after reading the

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volume we feel moved to congratulate our monthly contemporary on securing Mr. Hannay's extraordinarily interesting articles. Mr. Hannay writes with a light-hearted erudition that reminds us of Mr. Andrew Lang at his best, and with his knowledge he combines the indispensable understanding of human nature that proves fact indeed stranger than fiction by displaying it in its true light. In those of us for whom the sea yet preserves its glamour the titles of Mr. Hannay's essays fall like the refrains of old songs. "Smollett and the Old Sea-dogs," "The Pirate," "The Galleon," "A Corsair of Saint-Malo," "Some Naval Mutinies." The state of mind of the person who is not attracted by such titles as these must be worse than that of the gentleman who has no music in his soul. A paper on the execution of Doughty by Drake is no less interesting, though perhaps less welcome, for this is not the Drake of the boys' books and Mr. Newbolt's stirring poems. Doughty, it would seem, was a chatterbox, and Drake had to prove to his piratical crew that their leader had a firm way with him; he proved his case, but, as the author justly remarks, "it was not an amiable action."

Very interesting, too, is the melancholy history of the little English colony that strove for ten uneasy years to combine sound commerce and high Puritanism on two diminutive islands in the Caribbean Sea, to be ultimately blotted out by the Spaniards. We hardly know which to admire most—the courage of the settlers who carried out the forlorn experiment or the commercial enterprise of the noblemen and others who financed it. Nowadays, when novelists explore history and the world for new settings for their stories, one of them might very well consider the possibilities of the tragic story of Old Providence, as outlined in Mr. Hannay's volume.

Perhaps the most notable, certainly the most disputable, of these papers is that entitled "The Folly of Napoleon," in which the author drops his leisured manner, and attacks Napoleon with eloquence and ability. It is especially as a commander that he denies the consummate skill of the man who "threw away one army in Egypt, led another to destruction in Russia, wasted a third in Germany, brought two ruinous invasions on France, and died the death of a mad rat in a hole at St. Helena." Vulgarity is the only satisfactory explanation he can find for the greatness of Napoleon's reputation; the vulgarity that admires large enterprises, regardless of their aims or even of their success. He even goes so far as to approve of Sir Hudson Lowe, beyond which no detestation of the Emperor could carry a man. All this is no doubt of value, taken in judicious doses, to counteract the visions of the hero-worshippers, but we are of opinion that Mr. Hannay errs as much in one direction as they do in the other. And his passion leads him into contradictions. On page 217 and after he shows that Napoleon's intellect has been immensely overrated; yet on page 234 he says that his intellect was of the greatest. On page 241 he credits Napoleon with the realisation of Nelson's energy; two pages later he writes that Napoleon habitually underrated it. These slips suggest to us that Mr. Hannay is not in the same judicial frame of mind in writing of Bonaparte as he is, for instance, in estimating the merits of Smollett's seamen. But we would not take leave of this admirable book on a note of adverse criticism, and we will acknowledge that it is long since we have read a novel as thrilling as Mr. Hannay's true tales of the sea. They are illustrated with some good reproductions of old naval pictures.

"FIGHTING ADMIRALS"

is a volume of essays on famous English seamen of which several have previously appeared in the *Cornhill*. They are written with commendable spirit, and are illustrated with some very interesting portraits. We wish, however, that the author would cultivate a more sober style. The essay on "Raleigh's Last Voyage" shows how easy it is to achieve affectation in endeavouring to be vivid; of all mannerisms in writing, the abuse of dashes and dots and exclamation marks is perhaps the most irritating. Fortunately, boys are not sensitive in such matters, and it is to them that Mr. Barnett's book will make its confident appeal. It is very necessary that the next generation should be instructed concerning their noble inheritance of naval honour, and if their fathers look between the covers of "Fighting Admirals" they too will probably be the wiser for their pains.

THE SHIA WORLD

The Glory of the Shia World: the Tale of a Pilgrimage. Translated and Edited from a Persian Manuscript by MAJOR P. M. SYKES, C.M.G., his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General and Agent to the Government of India in Khorasan, &c., assisted by KHAN BAHADUR AHMAD DIN KHAN, Attaché to the British Consulate-General. With many Illustrations in the Text and Four Coloured Reproductions from Persian Paintings. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

THE mistake into which many critics have fallen, so as to necessitate a disclaimer by Major Sykes, that this narrative is the autobiography of a Persian of position and influence, is quite excusable, for we ourselves felt, mingled with the delight which we experienced when reading the book, that this was indeed something so unique and more than usually entrancing that it was hardly conceivable that it could in its entirety have emanated from the brain of a European. So thoroughly has the author entered into the Oriental mind, so perfectly has he imbued himself with the thoughts, the aspirations, the very inmost life of the people from whom his hero is drawn, that to have taken Major Sykes, who describes himself as the translator and editor, literally, is not only pardonable, but is, moreover, as great a compliment as can possibly be paid to him. Books on Persia, Persian politics, and Persian life have become relatively plentiful, and many of them give considerable insight into the life of the people with whom they deal. The present book, however, differs from all these by the abundant light which it throws on the ideals, the thoughts, the customs, and the life of the Persian people. The book is in the form of an autobiography, but the hero of his own story does not confine his narrative merely to the supposed events of his life. Therefore, those who might find little or no attraction in the thoughts and adventures of Nusrullah Khan will yet delight in his curious pages, which narrate many a custom which must appear strange, yet withal attractive, to European ears. Added to the substance of Nusrullah's story are the additional attractions of numerous illustrations, both European and Oriental, and a weird, unreal style, proper only to the East, which appears so strange and yet so pleasing to English ears.

The hero of the story, Nusrullah Khan, is quite a modern—he was born in 1859—and his narrative, although it smacks strongly of an "Arabian Nights" flavour, consequently deals with modern conditions and customs existing to-day, or rather just before the opening of the present Constitutional era. The incidents which he relates in his inimitable style include a campaign, a pilgrimage, and an encounter with brigands, so that it will be seen that there is food in the book for varied tastes. Even the boy in search of tales of adventure might find cause for delight, although we do not recommend the volume as a suitable gift-book for children. Many anec-

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dotes are told in the course of these pages. From a passing reference in one it would appear that one method of punishing servants in Persia is to order them to eat sticks. The chapter on the Persian New Year celebrations is especially interesting, and it is difficult to select any one passage for quotation in preference to the others. Yet we may venture on the following. It is considered unfortunate to look upon an ugly man at the opening of any undertaking. It is said that Shah Abbas once, when starting on a hunting expedition, looked upon an ugly man. As was to be expected, the expedition was a failure, and when the Shah returned he sent for the evil visaged one in order that he might be put to death. The man asked the reason for his sentence, and the Shah replied, "Because thy ill-omened visage has spoilt my hunting." The retort of the intended victim was, "May I be thy Sacrifice! but *thy* visage will be still more ill-omened if it brings death with it." Then Shah Abbas, in true Oriental fashion, laughed and dismissed the man with a gift.

THE FRENCH IN INDIA

Dupleix. By Colonel John Biddulph. (F. V. White and Co. 5s.)

The career of Dupleix is one of the most interesting in Indian history. In his time the fate of the French bid for Empire in the East was practically decided against his nation, though the struggle continued for a few years after his departure from the scene. Colonel Biddulph aims at correcting some of the statements made in the late Colonel Malleson's little volume on Dupleix, and is able to rely upon new material, unknown to Colonel Malleson, published at Paris in 1901, by M. Cultru, on "Dupleix, ses Plans Politiques, sa Disgrâce," based on original documents.

Dupleix's Indian life extended over thirty-two years. He was member of Council at Pondicherry in 1722, Chief at Chandernagore in Bengal in 1731, Governor of Pondicherry, 1742-1754, when he was superseded by Godeheu, recalled, and badly treated, as the French usually treated their Indian officers. He was absorbed in commercial pursuits before he became Governor; in that position he was in the thick of the wars between the French and English in and about Madras, while the national duel for supremacy was fought out, though nominally they contended in support of the different native candidates for the Nizamship of the Hyderabad Deccan, and the subordinate Nawabship of the Carnatic. The French were very near winning the contest when Labourdonnais took Madras in 1746; it was restored to the English after the peace of Aix-La-Chapelle in 1748. On the renewal of the war the genius of Clive, the military ability of Stringer Lawrence, and English prowess prevailed over Dupleix. Colonel Biddulph, following M. Cultru, dispels various illusions hitherto held. It is a mythical story, he shows, that Dupleix within three years of his arrival in India formed plans for founding a French empire in India. The causes of Dupleix's fall were his insubordination, his studied silence as to what was going on in India, his failure to contribute to the Company's revenues, and the Company's insolvency; no financial benefit accrued to the Company, in spite of great acquisitions of territory. The financial connection between the State and the Compagnie des Indes was fatal to both. Dupleix first brought India within the scope of European politics; he played the game with boldness, some success, and dexterity, but boldness became recklessness, and his attempts to establish the French domination in the East led directly to the despatch of superior English forces to India. But Colonel Biddulph shows that it was not through want of support from France that Dupleix failed, for his masters sent him plenty of soldiers. The conclusion is contained in a sentence—"So long as the English had the superiority at sea French predominance in India was impossible." Dupleix staked everything on the success of his political schemes. He was emphatically not a soldier; he was a very capable administrator, but made mistakes; among others, he allowed his wife, a woman of country descent, whom he used as an interpreter, to be mixed up in official business. When he was recalled his treasury was empty, his soldiers were mutinous for want of pay, his Provinces were ruined, his own fortune was exhausted, his subordinates were alienated by his arrogance, and the directors would not tolerate his neglect of their interests. Colonel Biddulph's monograph brings out clearly the points in which some correction of the generally received view of this distinguished Frenchman's career was required. But his country should not have allowed Dupleix to die in disgrace and poverty.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Religions and Philosophies of the East. By J. M. Kennedy. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

We are told that the author's object is to give "a concise history of the religions and philosophies which have influenced the thought of the great Eastern nations, special emphasis being laid upon the different religions which have swayed the vast Empire of India."

Mr. Kennedy has not been content to pursue this ambitious aim with singleness of purpose, but is obsessed with an almost vindictive animus, which frequently asserts itself, against the Christian religion. To begin with, the dedication of the book is cynically profane, and consists in the substitution of the name "Nietzsche" for "Dei," in the well-known inscription "Ad majorem Dei gloriam." Hence we are not surprised to find that the crude opinions of Mr. Kennedy's deity are quoted at length with approval. The value of a writer's views on comparative religion are somewhat discounted if he holds the opinion that "Christianity is a degenerative movement, consisting of all kinds of decaying and excremental elements," or that "Nietzsche and his school have come to stay;" or that "Christ started a class warfare which has endured in Christian countries to this day;" or that the nineteen long centuries of Christianity have been "centuries of bigotry and superstition never before equalled in the history of the world." Mr. Kennedy writes of Brahminism, Buddhism, Judaism, and Mohamedanism, but we doubt if he has added anything particularly new or original to general knowledge of these subjects except some of his own personal opinions, which are occasionally good and sometimes very amusing.

Should this book reach Harvard, we wonder whether Americans will forgive this paragraph:—

> There is a modern assumption, particularly prevalent in the United States of America, that by intermarriage among different nationalities a new and strong nation will eventually arise. The wish in this case is certainly father to the theory, for a more noxious combination of races, or rather tribes, than those in the United States of America it would be difficult to find.

In the last chapter, on the relations of East and West, there are some shrewd observations on the "great mistake" made in endeavouring to rule India according to Western and so-called "Liberal" principles. But these difficulties

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may eventually be righted "if only the Brahminical caste system could be introduced into Europe and maintained in a pure form for three or four thousand years."

America—Through English Eyes. By "RITA." (Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

"RITA" has whirled through America—that is to say, she has visited a few of the big cities of the United States—with her eyes wide open, and has set down in this volume some very superficial but very entertaining results of her limited travels. She admits that "a brief two months' experience of American cities, life, manners, habits, and hospitality is scarce equipment for criticism," and then proceeds to criticise; but her style is vivid, and occasionally she hits the mark neatly enough, as in her discussion of "Christian Science" and its methods. Her chapter on the American Press and Literature is good, although she detracts severely from the value of her remarks when she naïvely confesses that the work of Edith Wharton (among others) bores her "beyond description."

So brief and hurried a visit could hardly result in a work of any value from a critical point of view; but it was a pity that the author did not take a little more trouble in her actual writing. She speaks of Boston's "near proximity to the ocean," she says of the Americans and English that "each in their own country is admirable," and she misuses the dash to gain an emphasis which any intelligent reader should be able to supply for himself. Perhaps these things go far to explain why the fine and artistic work of Edith Wharton "bores" her. However we need not be too critical with "Rita," since she gives us many interesting observations and swift pen-pictures, drawn, as it were, in flight. Some of her more sweeping statements—such as, for instance, "politeness has no value in the States"—may be qualified by a future visit, when possibly the author may go a little deeper into American affairs and use her opportunities to better advantage.

French Composition: comprising the Grammar of French Composition and English Prose for Reading and Translation. By PROFESSORS F. GUILLOTEL and H. PROIX. (Ralph, Holland and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

A KNOWLEDGE of the French language would soon be widespread in this country if its dissemination depended solely on the enterprise of professors and publishers, for there is no end nowadays to the number of good manuals. None is better adapted for secondary schools and those private students who already have some notion of French than the excellent little volume produced by two of the most distinguished Parisian professors, Messrs. Guillotel and Proix. It is a work on a new plan, by which the art of writing good, sound, idiomatic French may easily be mastered. The differences between French and English idioms are illustrated by hundreds of examples, such as should stimulate and quicken even the slowest mind. The grammatical rules are also set out with great clarity. Particularly good is the treatment of those so-called minor parts of speech—prepositions, conjunctions, &c.—which may entirely modify the meaning of a sentence. The pupil at once sees in which of many different ways such little yet important words as "to," "in," "for," "at," "by," should be translated in order that a sentence may be quite clear and idiomatically accurate. This is a useful feature, for the present reviewer, in discharging his duties as an examiner in French, constantly finds the wrong prepositions used by students whose substantives and verbs are correct. The second part of Messrs. Guillotel and Proix's volume comprises a large number of well-selected and fully annotated examples of English prose for translation, these being taken from contemporary as well as classical authors. The book is one which may be strongly recommended to all who are teaching or studying the French language.

An Account of My Life. By her Highness NAWÁB SULTAN JAHÁN BEGAM, Ruler of Bhopál. Translated by C. H. PAYNE. Vol. I. Illustrated. (John Murray.)

BHOPÁL is the principal Muhammadan State in Central India, and ranks next in importance to Hyderabad among the Muhammadan States in India. The last three rulers of this State have been Begams, this being the title for the wife of a Nawab. Sikandar Begam (1847-1868) was succeeded by her daughter Shah Jahán Begam (1868-1901), whose daughter again is the present Sultan Jahán Begam, now in her fifty-third year. Authorship runs in the family. The two predecessors brought the history of the State up to 1872; the present writer's task has been increased by the careless destruction of collected material. Her educational adviser, Mr. Payne, has translated into English what she wrote in Urdu. This Volume I., besides its historical aspect, contains a free expression of her own observations and opinions. Her grandmother, Sikandar Begam, was a vigorous ruler, and showed great ability and loyalty to the British Government during the Mutiny, which were properly rewarded. She also made the pilgrimage to Mecca, a journey fraught with risk and difficulty nearly fifty years ago. The writer assigns to her grandmother the same place in Bhopál that Akbar held in India—high praise indeed. Sultan Jahán Begam was carefully educated, and at ten years old made her first speech in Durbar. Though she appears veiled in public, the pictures in the book show her face. She dwells at length on her marriage, and the important considerations attaching to the selection of a bridegroom, the ceremony and the festivities; on family troubles caused by second marriages, journeys to Calcutta, the interchange of visits and gifts in 1875 with the then Prince of Wales, the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi, the visits of Viceroys and return visits, also of Lord Roberts (wrongly called Lord Frederick), the political officers and their official relations with the State, the Bhopál railway, and domestic events—the death of Queen Victoria being the last event recorded. Her two daughters have died. The eldest of her three sons is thirty-four years old.

The book has been excellently produced, and contains forty-six interesting pictures of Viceroys and Vicereines, distinguished persons, and the principal buildings. It is welcome as the personal history of a native State in which loyalty to the British Crown is the tradition and practice of the rulers.

One and All Gardening, 1911. Edited by EDWARD OWEN GREENING, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 2d.)

THERE is no healthier, more pleasant, and interesting occupation than gardening, and he "that in trim gardens takes his pleasure" is one to be envied. We heartily welcome the sixteenth issue of this most useful annual, which from its inception has been so very ably edited by Mr. Greening with all the enthusiasm of a lover of the beautiful and an expert horticulturist. Despite the labour it entails, gardening is to the many a genuine relaxation—as Mr. Joseph

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Moody, a Crimean veteran in his eighty-second year and a contributor to this year's "One and All" Annual, says, "It is a rest for the weary and a joy to the aged." The little volume before us contains much practical information, with many delightful illustrations. Among the subjects dealt with are "Pruning Roses," "Pruning Trees and Shrubs," "Uses of Spring Flowers," "Cooking Qualities in Potatoes," "Some Valuable Salads," and the vindication, based on scientific research, of that much-maligned creature the earthworm. A very interesting and curiously illustrated article is "Microscopic Gardens: the Wonders of Tiny Fungi." Altogether the little volume is a treasury of knowledge on matters horticultural. "From the first," says the editor, "I have ardently wished to make the 'Annuals' messengers of a gospel of health and happiness," and now, after sixteen years, he can boast of a hundred thousand sympathetic readers. His great aim to-day is the conversion of our country into "A Garden Land" with the aid of the numerous existing horticultural societies; and we cordially wish him every success in his laudable undertaking.

FICTION

Billy. By PAUL METHVEN. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

MR. PAUL METHVEN'S second venture in the over-tilled field of fiction has resulted in one of the most striking novels of the present publishing season. There was a time when a novel was really a novel—"a fictitious tale, assuming to portray real life and actual emotions in the characters depicted;" but nowadays we have so-called novels turned out by the score—or should we not rather say the ton?—90 per cent. of which are not worth the paper upon which they are printed. Although Mr. Methven is comparatively a new recruit in the ranks of novelists, he has nevertheless had the good sense to be guided by the old traditions, with the result that he is head and shoulders above the motley crew which supplies the ever-grinding maw of the ragged Press. With his first novel, "Influences," Mr. Methven scored a distinct success, with "Billy" we think he has at least "gone one better." After the more or less objectionable problem plays by which we have of late been so satiated, it is an undoubted pleasure to take up a problem novel which in every respect is absolutely clean from start to finish.

The story lies in a nutshell, and is true to life, yet it is not an everyday happening. A young couple agree to marry—he because his family, and especially a rather overbearing sister, thinks he ought to; she for the sake of acquiring more liberty. They are to be "pals and nothing more," in fact husband and wife in name only. The Honourable Gerald—Jerry for short—was "diminutive in stature and feeble of body . . . a sandy-haired, round-faced young man with an anæmic moustache." Moreover, he wore spectacles and was a fossilist. Miss Wilhelmina, otherwise Billy, "was very near being a physically perfect specimen of the sex which is conventionally labelled 'weak.' She was immensely strong for a girl, and tall into the bargain . . . with the face of a pretty girl and the figure of a handsome boy . . . and apparently entirely sexless." She naturally preferred golf and tennis to matrimony, and talked slang.

They are married in due course, and for a while the compact is adhered to. But a time comes when Jerry actually falls in love with his wife, who prefers the more sportive society of other men, and especially of one man, to that of her humdrum husband and his fossils. There is naturally a scandal, followed by a suit for divorce brought by Jerry at the instigation of the aforesaid sister. The description of the trial, which is brought to a most unforeseen and dramatic ending, is worthy to rank with the famous one in "Pickwick." Through Jerry's generous, not to say noble, behaviour afterwards Billy is brought to see the errors of her ways, which were no more than the foolish indiscretions a young wife so situated might fall into, and she ends by loving her husband quite as much as he loves her. The story is sure to entertain all who read it; it is sprightly told, the dialogue sparkles with wit and is replete with epigrams and home truths.

Demeter's Daughter. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

DEVONSHIRE, as usual, is the scene of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's latest story, but it is Devonshire in rather a wintry mood, if there is any relation between the characters and their surroundings. Almost from the first tragedy follows the footsteps of poor Alison Cleave, the real heroine of this chaotic little Dartmoor colony. She is married to a lazy, argumentative, good-for-nothing, who evades work continuously on the pretext of a "terrible shattering accident" which had occurred to him years ago—the accident being a mere broken leg, which left him as well and strong as he ever was, saving only a slight limp. Their eldest son, Giles, ruins a girl and runs away; their second son, Frank, the idol of his mother's heart, is killed in the Boer War; finally, Aaron Cleave himself, husband and father, is inflamed by the attractions of a neighbour, and completes the misery which had begun with the cowardly behaviour of Giles. Bravely Alison still fights on, with her heart wellnigh broken; but in the endeavour to cross a dangerously swollen stream one dark night she is drowned, and her husband, who was intoxicated and responsible for the attempt, is saved, so that the book ends with a promise of some sort of happiness for him, and the reader's sense of justice is unsatisfied.

Such is the barest outline of the plot, but to stop here would be to do the author an injustice. With Mr. Phillpotts's work a considerable portion of the effect is due to the relations he establishes between a certain little community—the keeper of the inn, the baker, the labouring men—who express their opinions on weighty matters in halting language, and whose utterances from time to time contain much of that common sense which comes from the lips of those who think down to essentials, unconfused by books and scholarship. These types are drawn as accurately as is possible, and any one familiar with the speech of the bonnie West Country can almost hear their amiable wrangling, see them standing in the twilight deep in their confabulations upon local or universal affairs. The scenery, too, is described exquisitely, but it does not form an inevitable part of the tale as in the Wessex novels. Mr. Hardy alone possesses that secret. As a piece of really memorable writing, however, Mr. Phillpotts has done nothing better than the opening chapter of "Demeter's Daughter." The total impression left by the book is undeniably sad, since Alison Cleave, in spite of her religion and her faith, seemed, like Tess, to be the sport of the gods. But it is a book which cannot fail to enhance the author's reputation as an exponent of life in the county which he has chosen for his principal labours.

Defender of the Faith. By MARJORIE BOWEN. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

HISTORY, intrigue, love, and war form the materials from which Miss Marjorie Bowen weaves her pretty patterns of romance, and if she is rather fond of the crimson thread of tragedy, she relieves its vividness very cleverly before it

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becomes wearisome. William of Orange is the hero of this novel, and we find ourselves less interested in the progress of his love-affair—his politically engineered love-affair—with the Princess Mary of England than in his constant troubles with his States of Holland and his relationship with certain rebels and plotters against his life and dominion. The story of Don Ramon de la Rosa—Cornelius de Witt—and his hatred of William, and the manner in which that wonderful Prince brought him to fight for Holland at the battle of St. Denis, is capitally told. A little more care would improve Miss Bowen's style considerably. She now and then splits an infinitive so desperately that we almost conclude she does it of malice aforethought. "He blamed the King for allowing his brother to so accurately plumb his intention," is one instance. Several misprints suggest carelessness on the part of somebody; we noticed "withdrawl," "unobstrusive," and "how" instead of "now;" it is a pity to annoy readers unnecessarily by these slips. On the whole, however, "Defender of the Faith" is exciting, well-written, and, being more restrained, is certainly an improvement on Miss Bowen's previous books.

Declined with Thanks. By UNA L. SILBERRAD. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THIS volume of short stories should please the writer who was regretting in these columns a few weeks ago that authors no longer express themselves on their title-pages; for Miss Silberrad qualifies her title with the genial explanation, "Because polite but discriminating editors have declined most of the tales in this collection." To have made this method of protest really effective the author should have attached to each story the names of the periodicals that had refused it; then we should have been in a position to judge, as we fancy we are now expected to do, the degree of competence of the offending editors. As it is, we can only judge the book on its merits, which are considerable. Of the eight stories contained in it, two are exceptionally good, three are very good indeed, and three—the three shortest—leave us cold. "The Wreck of the *Merry Rose*" is a courageous and highly successful experiment in the gruesome. "The Thaw" is even better in a less sensational vein; the description of the coming of a flood is admirable, and there is a cat in it worthy to take his place among the notable cats of fiction. Some of the other stories allow Miss Silberrad to display a very pleasant sense of humour, and, taking them altogether, we cannot escape the conviction that some of those editors must have blundered. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that it was a pity to burden a volume of stories much above the average with a title that may be considered either unduly modest or unduly arrogant.

The Affairs of Ashleigh. By STEPHEN KNOTT. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

IN this tale we are reintroduced to our very old acquaintances, the landed family impoverished by extravagance, the young heir who would retrieve all, and the rich *parvenu* who has a pocket full of mortgages on the family estate, but will burn them if the young man will marry his impossible daughter. We also meet the wealthy widow, sweet and twenty-one, whom the hero loves but will not marry while he is so poor; also the careless young officer who calls the hero "old bird" and "Dustbin," his name being Ashleigh; also the rich *parvenu's* wife with her penny-novelette French; also the aged villainous lord who, too old to be a *roué* any more, turns for gentle relaxation to shady commercial enterprise. These folk and others of their kind move colourlessly through a commonplace and mildly readable story.

Jack Archer. By G. A. HENTY. (Bennett, The Century Press. 4d. net.)

Snowshoes and Canoes. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. (Bennett, The Century Press. 4d. net.)

Cormorant Crag. By G. MANVILLE FENN. (Bennett, The Century Press. 4d. net.)

EVERY encouragement should be given to this series. It is edited by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B., of Mafeking and Boy-Scout fame. The books are well and clearly printed, and are intended, being cheap at the same time, as an antidote to the cheap "dreadfuls" and "shockers" which, in General Baden-Powell's opinion, are "responsible for half the crime and brutality among young offenders." With this opinion we are heartily in accord. The mind and character of a boy are necessarily affected by what he reads; and, to quote the editor again, "I am not squeamish, but when I took up the other day one out of three of the cheap biographies of a celebrated criminal, and read the morbid, dirty detail thus pushed into the minds of our little lads, I marvelled what kind of a beast the writer could be who could prostitute his abilities to such an end." And this was a typical book. We welcome these cheap reprints because, whilst exciting, they are likewise clean and wholesome.

THE THEATRE

"ALL THAT MATTERS" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

WE spent a curious evening at the Haymarket Theatre when Mr. McEvoy's new play had its first public performance. We underwent the same uncomfortable sensations that have before now been inflicted upon us when we were obliged to listen to an after-dinner speech delivered by an able man who has had no practice in after-dinner speaking, and is called upon without any warning. As in such an effort, the play had no form, no beginning, no end, no middle. Moments of great seriousness were jumbled up with moments of screaming farce. Life and Death were monotoned about in what appeared to be blank verse. Love was dilated upon in mysterious terms. Monologues were delivered in caves. A young woman who has acquired a superficial smattering of education delivered Shavian essays upon marriage, and Shavian outbursts of cynicism on the methods of parents. Small farmers and farm hands played cunning tricks upon each other in order to acquire land, and their wives and women-folk demonstrated the meanness and smallness of their nature by performing extravagant acts of snobbishness, and a party of impossible Cockneys came and went intermittently, causing less amusement than amazement. A certain section of the audience—the smallest section—constantly assured themselves that the play was "Oh, so clever," the while they yawned surreptitiously and craned their necks forward to see how one of the regular first-nighters had done her hair. The critics were restless and unspeakably bored. Mere playgoers in the stalls sat with raised eyebrows and an air of accumulating suspicion, and their humbler brothers and sisters in the pit and gallery bore it all with exemplary patience for several acts, until

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politeness gave way, and they laughed, and cried "Speak up," and finally booed.

The truth is this. Mr. Charles McEvoy is a man of ideas. He is also a man with a pretty pen. He is a great lover of Nature and simple things, and is therefore a satirist when he deals with humanity. Unfortunately he belongs to the school of super-men founded by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and he has caught the disastrous affliction of self-approval and self-consciousness—the affliction which ran through all the work of the recent effort to start a Repertory Theatre, and brought it quickly to an ignominious end. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Granville Barker, and the less well-advertised and well-advertising fry, Mr. McEvoy evidently considers it *infra dig.* and contemptible to write for the great public. His "works" are intended for the consumption and adulation of that extremely small, strenuously peculiar, cultivatedly perverse set of persons in whose parrot mouths that horrid word "clever" is turned and turned. He disdains, therefore, to master the difficult technique of play-writing, or to cast his plays in the mould that has been used by the master, or, as he would no doubt call him, the great commercial dramatist. He is like the man who says "Ah! an excellent idea. People live in houses. There is obviously a demand for houses. I know nothing about building, but I am I, and if I build a house people will rush to buy it." So, simply because able builders have made use of stone or bricks, he, obsessed by an ardent desire to be uncommon and different, makes one of *papier-maché*. All his admirers stand in front of it in their queer clothes and cry "Oh, how clever, how original, how subtle!" but the public, the intelligent public, cursed by that most banal of all inflictions, common sense, burst out laughing and pass by, and the first strong, healthy wind blows the abortive building away.

If Mr. McEvoy had never read Mr. Shaw, or sat at the perverse feet of Mr. Barker, "All That Matters" might have matured a good deal more. There are moments in it that are both delicious and excellent, characterisation that is delightful and true, patches of dialogue that are full of humour and pathos. There is in the play also the right atmosphere of the country, and there are, buried among the verbiage of self-conscious fine writing, one or two new ideas. But as a play, as an actable thing, as a piece of work offered to the practical stage, it is altogether and utterly hopeless. Worst of all, it is tedious and tiring, and leads to ribaldry and ridicule just as did Mr. Shaw's "Getting Married" and Mr. Barker's "Madras House," and both these authors' future work will continue to do so as long as they labour under the erroneous belief that they are not playwrights but seers and Apostles, not journalists with the gift of the dramatic instinct, but leaders of men and pioneers. What a pity it all is! What a waste of talent this overweening superiority brings about! Shakespeare was content to cast his wonderful sonnets in the approved form. Sheridan was humble enough and wise enough to follow the prescribed rules of play-writing as they were then laid down. All masters submit to form and style, and it is left to the charlatan to dazzle the peculiar minority with specious miscarriages. In Mr. McEvoy's work there is much that is true, well-observed and alive. He draws his types from life and not from the Fabian Society. He breathes the pure, strong, clear breezes of the country, and does not fill his starved lungs with the miesmic air of the Adelphi Terrace, or the used-up air of debating societies, the cultured drawing-room and the Mutual Admiration Society. But obviously he has been seduced from the country, and has just as obviously been told that he is clever, and so has overlooked the fact that he is able. His former play (delightfully played by Miss Horniman's company) "When the Devil was Sick," was written in what we may be permitted to call his pre-self-conscious days, and is infinitely immeasurably better than "All that Matters," the very title of which stamps it with the exotic hall-mark of Adelphism. We therefore implore Mr. McEvoy to go back to Nature, to rid himself of the niggling little microbe of Shavianism, to forget that he ever was called clever, and write plays, not pamphlets. We have got Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker already.

The story of "All that Matters" is not worth telling. Suffice it to say, the play has the benefit of scenery quite un-English in its beauty and in many instances of acting almost German in its excellence. It is, however, handicapped by stage-management of the most amateurish description. Any suburban club would have produced it better. Tiresome restlessness, irritating pauses, evidences of the "real pump," in the way of bird-whistles and cow-bells and water abounded, and there was Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry. Mr. Fisher White's old shepherd was beyond praise. He gave the part all the dignity, tenderness, optimism, and poetry intended by the author. It was a pure gem of acting. Mr. Charles Maude was unrecognisable as a cockney hair-dresser on holiday, and he gave an altogether wonderful character-study, never overdone, never out of the picture. Miss Greet compelled laughter, and stepped out of a Westminster-bridge tram-car, whose terminus was Tooting-bec. Miss Helen Haye, an actress almost new to the London stage, realised to perfection the snobbish, capable wife of a small farmer, and brought to bear upon her part a hundred evidences of humour and intuition. Miss Sidney Farebrother was as good as ever, and Miss Carlotta Addison quite charming. Mr. Norman Trevor was, however, stiff, cold, unconvincing, and uninspired. The terrible word adequate is the only one to apply to him. Mr. Lyall Swete was sadly miscast. Several other performers did very well, and there was Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

Now, of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, whose name has only to be mentioned to the daily newspaper critics to be followed by a pæan of praise, we have just this to say. If she were to be sent to the School for Acting for several years, and were to live away from home, she might develop into a very charming and capable actress. Miss Terry has everything in her favour—a good presence, a good voice, and abounding self-confidence. What she suffers from is an overwhelming desire to act, and an incitative faculty that has led her to reproduce all the worst mechanical tricks of the worst of all possible schools. She has at present no sincerity. She turns on all the various stops with fatal facility. She intones her speeches in the manner of the hardened leading lady. She listens to her voice, sings, makes curious breathing noises, breathes convulsively to slow emotion, and employs a bent-knee walk that is most ungainly and unbeautiful. She was to us as unlike the small farmer's daughter, struggling under an unrealised maternal instinct drawn by Mr. McEvoy, as it was possible for her to be.

We shall look forward to Mr. McEvoy's future work with immense interest, because we feel that if he will make his escape from Bernard Barkainea immediately, and take himself seriously, he will write fine plays. It will not, after all, take him long to live down Mr. Herbert Trench's unfortunate letter to the Press. Homeric laughter soon dies away, and memories are short.

"THE WITCH" AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE

THE Censor is to be congratulated on allowing "The Witch" to be staged. It may be that that wonderful person Anne Pedersdotter did away with the holy horror that good gentleman usually experiences when a dramatist deals with the unconventional. Witches in themselves are unconven-

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tional, and when we add to that a good-looking young man's *liaison* with his father's pretty wife we certainly get a very unconventional play indeed. But the Censor is not only to be congratulated for passing such incidents on to the general playgoer, but also for the fact that he should have recognised the enormous value of this play from a psychological point of view. It is evidently a play after Mr. John Masefield's own heart. He loves tense situations, and to weave a huge merciless Fate crashing down on his central figure with the final fall of the curtain. Mr. Masefield has adapted this striking play, written by Wiers-Jennsen, of Norway. We must frankly admit that as a play it is a very long way behind Mr. Masefield's "The Tragedy of Nan," though there is something in common between Nan Hardwick and Anne Pedersdotter. Both women hunger after a very human love, and both women experience, from at least one of their own sex, extreme cruelty and misrepresentation.

"The Witch" deals with the sixteenth century, and the action takes place in Bergen. Anne Pedersdotter marries a widower, Master Absolon, a dignitary of the local church. From the opening scene we see in Anne a woman moving about her household duties under the critical surveillance of her aged mother-in-law. From the very commencement we see unruly fires burning within this young housewife, in spite of the meek devotion and the continual pressure of hands above the knees. We feel that here is a woman merely waiting her time when she may be able to kick over the traces and live, if only for one bright but dangerous moment, instead of going about like a sort of timid domestic ghost. Our supposition proves correct with the unexpected home-coming of Martin, Absolon's son by his first marriage. As a little boy Martin had met Anne. They talk over old times till Master Absolon joins them. Father and son have both followed the same vocation and they exchange notes on college life. In the meantime there is another fire a-brewing—a fire for the burning of Herlofs-Marte. Her house is being besieged by the mob. When Anne is alone, Herlofs-Marte, a strange, scarcely human creature, staggers to her side and begs for protection. Anne hides this miserable woman in a loft. But the mad mob, thirsting for the sight of flames about her poor old carcass, finally discover her. The witch's pleadings and curses avail nothing, and she is lifted shoulder-high and carried away to the burning.

In the second Act we find the Synod assembled in Absolon's house. Its members, true to their fanatical creed, discuss with infinite relish the burning of the witch. But Absolon experiences no religious joy. To him the burning of Herlofs-Marte awakens old memories, and he confesses to his wife and son that he had purposely drowned the poor sufferer's confession and implication of others with psalm-singing, because he knew that Anne's dead mother had been an accomplice of Herlofs-Marte. He knew of this matter before he married Anne, and kept his secret for the simple reason that an outward expression of his religious zeal at that time would have prevented him from marrying her. This confession has a curious effect upon Anne. It does not shock her. It fascinates her, and she prays that the miraculous power of her mother may be given to her too. When she is alone she invokes this power for no other reason than that she may have the witchery of love; that she may, with a soft call, even with the concentrated effect of her emotions, bring Martin, in spite of his theology, to her arms. And this calling upon the dark powers of witchcraft is the finest piece of acting we have seen for a very long time. Miss Lillah McCarthy as Anne invokes the devil to some purpose. As she sits before us we see the various emotions flit across her beautiful face—a face reminding us so strongly of one of D. G. Rossetti's women. The emotions are intense, passionate. Her smiles are a continual whispering of the one word, "Come." We see the burning fire of her body seeking for expression when her hands glide over her bosom. Softly the door behind her opens—Martin enters. She goes to him. They cling together. . . . It happens so without a word, because Anne has become a beautiful witch, because love that has been starved for five years is a great and surging and victorious thing when it comes into existence.

Another shadow falls across Absolon's path—the last shadow of all. He feels that Death has plucked him by the sleeve. The very shape and colour of the clouds seem a prophetic warning of the end. Half humorously, he asks Anne if she has ever wished him dead. He remembers her laughter. He heard it when she and Martin were together, and it was the first time he had ever heard his wife laugh. Anne answers his question with a storm of reproach. She tells him that she has given him five wasted years of her life; tells him that where he has given his aged and respectable kindness she has cried out for fleshly love. Bending low over her husband, and in a voice that rings with mocking triumph, Anne tells him that she has given herself to Martin. Her lips curl over a malign smile as she hisses, "*I wish you dead!*" Anne utters a shriek of horror. She has killed her husband. But there is no remorse. Anne is a woman who, once launched in a torrent of witchcraft, is oblivious to everything save her passionate love.

There is a funeral ceremony in the Cathedral. A coffin containing the earthly remains of Absolon stands in front of the altar, surrounded with lighted candles. There is a sound of singing. But it brings no peace, even in the presence of Death. Martin stands by the coffin and extols his father, and hides Anne's guilt by proclaiming that Absolon died a natural death. He is ruthlessly interrupted by his grandmother, who denounces Anne and bids her speak the truth while placing her hand upon the coffin. Anne staggers up the altar-steps. Her shaking hand is poised above the shrouded figure beneath her. She lies till her hand falls, till her white fingers tap the coffin-led. Then her mind gives way, and in her awful babbling she speaks the truth.

MUSIC

THERE is no doubt that in this age—which some folk are never tired of trouncing because of its degeneracy as compared with past ages—there are some very clever people. Among these we must certainly place Mr. Paul Reimers and Mr. Hamilton Harty, whose song-recital on Saturday was an afternoon of pure pleasure. Beethoven and Schubert made their age great, and no doubt they had good singers and players around them; but we cannot be sure that we should have heard their songs more beautifully chanted by the Reimers and the Hartys of those days had we been alive then. London is not an agreeable place of residence since the invention of motor-cars and their horns. In Vienna a hundred years ago a leisurely, quiet life may have been much more possible, but, for all that, we felt grateful, as we listened to our artists the other day, to the Providence which had seen fit that we should be running our course contemporaneously with them. We are none too well provided with such artful singers as Mr. Reimers. We could, we think, count their number on the fingers of one hand. Why is it that there are always so many more ladies who sing *lieder* beautifully than gentlemen? Mr. Reimers has not the voice of a Caruso or a Ben Davies; he has not the haunting *timbre* of Mr. Gervase Elwes; he has no great command of profound emotion; but he is almost miraculous in the use he makes of such means as Nature has given him. It seems as if we might as well ask for the moon as for a singer more entirely agreeable in his way. If criticism is to have its say, we might be disposed to suggest

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that Mr. Reimers's cleverness is just a little too apparent. Does he sometimes convey an impression that he knows how clever he is, and is glad that his hearers know it; that his own skill is affording him more real pleasure than the music itself? Mr. Hamilton Harty leaves no impression of this kind upon us. Like all the truly great, he is unequal in his performance of accompaniments. We have known the day when he has played as if he were bored, and did not care how soon the concert was over. Again—and it was so on Saturday—he applies himself to his delicate duty with the affectionate interest of an Isaak Walton threading a frog or worm. He plays through the song so consummately, that at the end you feel that you have listened to a masterpiece of playing, and there were passages which you feel it gave the pianist extreme delight to play. Yet was he doing them with such perfection for their own sake as well as for the pleasure any honest artist takes in doing a piece of work as well as it can be done. So, we believe, did Mr. Walton bend himself to his task of bait-arrangement, engrossed in it, without anticipatory consideration of the chub or trout which might or might not swim greedily to its neatly-served breakfast—and its death. But let us not be too hard upon Mr. Reimers because he seems to like that Venator and his other companions should admire his unmistakable skill. He could not sing as he does did his own craft not delight him. Let us rather praise him ungrudgingly for his exquisite neatness, his invariable propriety, his graceful turnings of phrase, also for his choice of songs. We would not have missed his "Adelaida" for a great deal. Did it not recall our first "Monday Pop," at which Sims Reeves sang it, and we read with aweful gratitude the special announcement: "Mme. Arabella Goddard has kindly consented to play the accompaniment." Such was the reverence in those days for great Beethoven, and that which was universally held to be the greatest song in the world, that the Carreño of her time was ready to take her place meekly at the instrument when "Adelaida" was to be sung. We do not remember that Sims Reeves sang the lovely cycle "An die ferne Geliebte" which Mr. Reimers warbled so tenderly at the Classical Society's Concert, but if he did, Mr. Zerbini or Mr. Lindsay Sloper would probably have accompanied it. About "Adelaida" only was there the mystic wonder which called for the aid of a Mme. Goddard. Mr. Reimers cultivates Schubert not less than Beethoven. He sang the "Nachtsück" from Schubert's Op. 36 and the "Jüngling und der Tod" and "Der Zwerg," which do not come from every tenor's mouth; and, delightful as he was in "Im Grünen" he was still more perfect (and so was Mr. Harty) in "Der Musensohn." In Wolf's "Elfenlied" the artists were *impayable*, as they were also in Saint-Saëns's "Guitares et Mandolines" and Debussy's "Chevaux de bois." We recommend all lovers of a good song-recital to look out anxiously for the next concert to be given by Messrs. Reimers and Harty.

The concert of the Classical Society just mentioned was specially interesting owing to the performance by Mr. Maurice Sons of Bach's Partita in D minor for solo violin, which is known to most people only by its last movement, the famous "Chaconne," and perhaps by its "Gique," which one sometimes hears as an "encore" piece. To listen to the noble "Chaconne" in its proper place was an unusual experience. The four dances which precede it are in Bach's finest manner, and would by themselves afford a rich treat. But when they are concluded and completed by the stupendous "Chaconne" it is as when, having enjoyed a week in the Jura, one reaches the Col de la Faucille and sees the view of giant peaks, as Ruskin saw them, in the light of a clear evening. That is equivalent to saying that it is overwhelming in its grandeur. Mr. Sons is probably serving his generation best as the leader of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra. But he will always be welcomed when he finds opportunity to show his skill as a solo-player, as those well know who have heard him as a concerto-player at Queen's Hall. It used to be said—perhaps it is said still—that organists were no good as pianists, and that orchestral violinists made inferior soloists Mr. Sons gives us an instance of the futility of such generalisations. He played with dignity, authority, individuality, and, of course, with irreproachable *technique*. Beethoven's early String Trio in G major, heard at this concert, is one of those compositions of exceeding cleverness which would enchain one's attention even were they deficient in imagination, which this Trio most certainly is not. Its freshness and ease were in strong contrast with the laboured heaviness of Brahms' Piano Trio in C minor, in which the *Andante* is the only really good-tempered movement.

We said that there were many very clever people in these days. Were there ever so many clever quartett-players? There is the Rosé Quartett, which has been playing delightfully at Broadwood's; there are the Parisian and the Flonzaley Quartetts, which made us marvel last year; there are our old friends the Bohemian Players, whom we should be glad to hear again, and there is the Brussels Quartett, which cannot, surely, be surpassed for brilliance and certainty. This company of artists gave a concert last Thursday, at which the Quartett of Schubert in G major, no easy task, was played with a champagne-like effervescence, and the beautiful, strange Quartett in F of Maurice Ravel had all its charm revealed. Ravel has not so far convinced us that he is a born poet among poets as Debussy is. But that he has truly poetical instincts, that he is, before all things, musical, and that the modern idioms are his natural mode of speech we have no doubt whatever. The quartett is dedicated to his master, Gabriel Fauré, and it is said that the master did not hesitate to accept the dedication, though later, as is alleged, he declared that he could have nothing to do with the composer of the "natural history" songs.

"Fantastic" is the epithet that one hears used to describe such music as this. We think the word quite unsuitable. There is much that is grave, a good deal that might even be called austere, in the quartett, and to classically-nurtured ears it is undeniably strange. But its thought and the texture of its weaving are so harmonious, so well-weighed, nothing in it seems haphazard, that the music has not the note of true fantasy. It is too serious; though it is strange, it is not fantastic. We were reminded, as we listened to it, of many passages in Pater's essay on Leonardo, the painter who sought curious beauty, that remote beauty apprehended only by those who have searched for it carefully; the painter who was "clairvoyant of occult gifts in common or uncommon things – in the reed at the brook-side, or the star which draws near to us but once in a century." It should be needless to say that we are far from proposing to acclaim M. Ravel as a genius of the order of Leonardo, but we do suggest that the form of beauty sought by the Frenchman may not be unprofitably illustrated by a reference to the new dreams of the great Florentine: "Out of the secret places of a unique temperament he brought strange blossoms and fruits hitherto unknown, and for him the novel impression conveyed, the exquisite effect woven, counted as an end in itself—a perfect end." Might not some of this apply to the aims of M. Ravel?

We have many admirable quartett-parties which are at home in London. The *doyen* of these is surely the Wesseley Quartett, which has been playing chamber-music to us for ten years. At the last Wesseley Concert the players were kind enough to let us hear some Haydn. In this, as in Schubert's G major, they were vigorous and a little rough. They were more at their best in César Franck's Piano

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Quintett, though in this work their pianist, Mr. York Bowen, might have helped the general effect more than he did.

Besides M. Rosenthal, who played at the Philharmonic Concert, and of whose merits we hope to write later, M. Pugno and Miss Adele Verne have been the chief pianists of the week. At the Sunday concert in the Palladium of the London Symphony Orchestra, M. Pugno was in his most brilliant form. Never can the *presto* of Mozart's Concerto in E flat have been played with a more unerring swiftness and delicacy, or with steadier scholarship. One thinks that pianists of the Hummel and the Herz kind must have had fingers like those of M. Pugno. Miss Adele Verne has returned, as pianists are wont to do, from a "triumphant tour" through the New World. She is a powerful player—we almost tremble when she is smiting the piano with the air of a Moses smiting the rock. Perhaps her manner approaches the virile too closely to be completely satisfactory. Sophie Menter and Carreño play like strong men because, as it seems, they cannot play otherwise. But Miss Verne plays as if she were doing her utmost to attain a masculine force of utterance, and that is by no means the same thing. She pleases us much more in her quieter mood than in her vigorous onslaughts upon the keys. She did her best to convince us that Brahms' early Sonata in F minor is a work worthy to be dragged out into comparison with the mature works of that great master, but without success. It must always be a work of great interest to the student, as the earnest effort of an ugly duckling who was going to be a swan, to be beautiful before his time. But it is a pity to bring it forward as if it were a worthy expression of Brahms' genius. Miss Verne has brought with her from Cuba some dances by a composer who bears the wonderful name of Cervantes. They are very bright and charming, and they were charmingly played. She had a large and a very enthusiastic audience.

Since the last sentence was written two announcements of great moment to musical people have been made. One is a cause of rejoicing. The King has graciously agreed to lend his musical library to the British Museum, and it will in due time be available for the use of students. This collection is one of the most valuable and interesting in existence, and musicians of all countries will bless his Majesty for thus making it accessible. The other announcement will be the cause of grief to thousands. Dr. Richter is to retire from the active exercise of his profession in April, and will spend his remaining years (we trust that they will be many and happy) in Germany or Austria. Verily the Daughters of Music will be brought low in the day of his retirement. What he has been to music in England can hardly be expressed. There are many fine conductors; but for us there can only be one Richter.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

"La Demoiselle de la Rue des Notaires"

Another novelist has dawned on the French literary horizon—M. Louis Latzarus, whose first novel is undoubtedly, with "Marie-Claire," the best work of its kind as yet published this season.

M. Louis Latzarus has chosen as theme of his remarkable book the life, thought, and morals of a small, ancient, and picturesque provincial city. He shows us the inhabitants of Vertault-sur-Seine with all their shallowness, meanness, and slyness, and their insatiable love for calumny and slander.

M. de Ramelet, a retired officer, lives with his wife and children in their old ancestral dwelling of the Rue des Notaires, near the ramparts, the aristocratic quarter of the city. M. de Ramelet possesses most of the prejudices supposed to be characteristic of his class; to occupy his leisure hours he takes in hand the education of his son Robert, a boy of twelve or more years, and engages Jean Falibert, the son of a locksmith, to give some lessons to Robert. Jean is a bright, clever lad, whose sole ambition is to become a journalist in Paris. He accepts M. de Ramelet's offer with alacrity, as it may give him the means of fulfilling his cherished dream.

M. de Ramelet, who, though terribly *arriéré* in his ideas, is at heart an excellent man, goes over Robert's lessons each night, so as not to appear an ignoramus in the eyes of his son. What he thus discovers in the course of his readings fills him with a sudden enthusiasm for the beauties of education. He, who had till then professed the most disdainful disregard for culture, resolves that the jewels of French literature, and the glorious episodes of French history, shall also be revealed to his daughter Etiennette, aged twenty-two. And to Jean Falibert is confided the task of awakening Mademoiselle de Ramelet's soul to the appreciation of the great classics.

But Etiennette is not easily aroused. She is an insignificant, apathetic young person, whose retrograde education has reduced her to a state of tranquil boredom. It having been thoroughly ground into her what a *jeune demoiselle* of her class and position should *not* do, she has never felt the slightest desire or will to do anything. Her existence passes in a quiet monotomy which should be desperate for a girl of her age; indeed, any unlooked-for event ought to prove a boon. Yet when Jean gives her her first lesson, the mere effort to understand is too painful for her, and she does not even try to follow his arguments. Jean feels piqued; he had flattered himself that his eloquence would ruffle the cold placidity of Etiennette's heart and win her favour.

But months go by; she remains as indifferent as ever, and things would continue as they are indefinitely were it not for the arrival of Sophie de Boissicourt, a young cousin of the de Ramelets. She is an absolute contrast to Etiennette: pretty, gay, frolicsome. She takes a mischievous delight in troubling poor Etiennette's ignorant mind by idle chatter. She assists at the lessons, and soon the austere classics are banished for works ranging from the most high-flown productions of the romantic school to the most violent and ridiculous *romans-feuilletons*. Sophie is amused by Jean's sentiment for her cousin, and encourages him in it. Her sole excuse in thus acting with such thoughtlessness is that she cannot believe that Etiennette could possibly think seriously of the locksmith's son; she considers the intrigue a harmless flirtation, which Etiennette will know how and when to check. Alas! Mademoiselle de Ramelet is not an emancipated young "Parisienne." She is an unsophisticated, romantic damsel, who has been slumbering far too long, unconscious of life's realities and dangers, and who suddenly awakens to the fact that she is young, in love, and, as she confidently believes, loved in her turn. She disregards all the severe principles which have hitherto surrounded her as a wall, and responds to Jean's sentiment in all sincerity. Sophie is thoroughly frightened and dismayed, realises suddenly all the harm she has done, and, being a coward, flees from Vertault-sur-Seine, leaving her cousin to her fate.

A few days later Jean announces to Etiennette that a situation has been obtained for him on the staff of a Parisian newspaper, at 150 francs a month, and they agree to run away together. But once in the dingy third-class carriage of the train bearing them towards the metropolis, the scales fall from Etiennette's eyes. She observes for the first time her companion's vulgarity, the poverty of his aspect and clothes; she remarks how easily he gets along with a workman, their fellow-traveller; naturally—Jean belongs to his class! She sees her lover as he really is—poor, untidy, vain, bereft

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of the slightest distinction, the son of a locksmith. In Paris, at the miserable hotel, she breaks down. When Jean enters the room to inquire how she is feeling, her disgust is so great that she skrinks from him. He goes without much regret. Etiennette, whilst living in the noble old dwelling on the ramparts, had been adorned to his admiring gaze with all the prestige of her noble birth and position. But in the sordid hotel bedroom, dishevelled and dusty from the journey, she appears only a very ordinary young person, of whom he is most thankful to be relieved. Deprived of her natural environment, she strikes him as being undesirable in every respect. He therefore departs, banging the door.

Poor Etiennette has now but one idea—to return home. She flees from Paris and arrives at the Rue des Notaires drenched and bedraggled. Her parents are horrified, and when, in the delirium of the brain fever she has contracted, they learn from their daughter's lips the whole extent of her fault, their pride receives a wound which never heals. Etiennette recovers; she resumes her old dispirited existence, having lost her honour, her parents' love, and the esteem of the town. Whenever she appears, smiles hover on the lips of the scandal-mongers, and their eyes twinkle with a satisfied malice. The foolish Demoiselle de la Rue des Notaires will thus drag out her ruined life, disdained by both father and mother, who never speak to her save in the presence of the servants.

The character of Etiennette is wonderfully well drawn. It should be said that no one assists at the lessons given by the young Falibert to Mlle. de Ramelet. Indeed, this last detail is one of the defects of the book; for it is utterly contrary to the ideas and principles of the French provincial nobility to leave a young girl unchaperoned with a man. It would be considered of the greatest impropriety, as, even when they are betrothed, young ladies of Etiennette's class and education are never left alone with their *fiancé*. Another imperfection of M. Louis Latzarus's otherwise most interesting work is the too incomplete delineation of Mme. de Ramelet's character; she appears only as a shade—the shade of a weak bigot. It is positive that the novel would have gained greatly if the author had traced this personage with rather bolder strokes.

"La Demoiselle de la Rue des Notaires," written in a clear, concise, and delightfully satirical style, is not the description of one particular town, or of some special individuals; it is a faithful painting of a whole category of ancient provincial cities, slumbering on the banks of placid rivers, under the shade of trees. And the personages which revolve around the action of M. Louis Latzarus's charming and original work are the exact portraits of the exceedingly unsympathetic inhabitants of some such sleepy old towns. Therein resides the real secret of this novel's interest.

"Le Roman d'une Neurasthénique,"

by M. Paul de Laget, transports us into the painful, morbid atmosphere of a sanatorium for persons affected by divers nervous diseases. If the description given by the author is correct, it firmly strengthens one's resolution never, if possible, to go to a French hydropathic establishment, where patients suffering from various affections are huddled pell-mell together in a promiscuity which must prove as painful as it is harmful. The sanatorium of Sombreuil, which is the scene of action of this very modern novel, has amongst its inmates a would-be satyr, represented in the guise of a presumed English baronet, the Baron de Stard. This "gentleman" pursues in the morning, in the park of the establishment, a nervous and virtuous damsel, who in her fright fires a pistol in his face, and who is rescued by a Don Quixote in the person of a romantic and irresistible French nobleman, suffering from fulgurating pains in the spine. The sanatorium shelters also a few harmless lunatics—such as Mme. Merlet, who spends her time in ablutions; M. Tamison, the spiritualist, who insists on always carrying an open parasol; Mlle. Tardieu, a most alarming and uncomfortable spinster; and the pathetic old Mlle. Amic, "in whose eyes, full of anguish, the last vestige of reason seems to come and sob. . . . ."

There is a great deal of penetrating observation in "Le Roman d'une Neurasthénique." Lucie de Vercors, the heroine, is charmingly drawn. Certain details of M. de Laget's work are scrupulously exact, such as the fact of the doctor of the establishment giving shower-baths indiscriminately to men or women; and also the manner in which de Prieux's death is dissimulated, by a skilful *mise-en-scène*, so as not to alarm the other patients. The characters of all the inmates of the sanatorium are very well drawn, with their thirst for new treatments, their touching confidence in the not yet tried, and their pitiful absurdities and foibles. But "Le Roman d'une Neurasthénique" is a very painful story, and the spectacle of the lugubrious "danse macabre" executed by all the personages of the novel is exceedingly depressing and melancholy. Let us hope that M. de Laget, whose style is both elegant and sober, will choose as theme of his next work a less painful subject.

Marc Logé.

INDIA: A SERIES

V.—DIPLOMACY AND EXTENSION OF TERRITORY

Dufferin, 1884-1888

Lord Ripon's policy and expressed sentiments having caused much excitement and race-feeling, culminating in the "Ilbert Bill" agitation, Lord Dufferin's tact, suavity and personal influence were required to restore internal peace and quiet. In attaining this object he was successful. His diplomatic skill was soon exhibited. He had immediately to deal with the Bengal Tenancy Bill, which raised important and contentious questions between the landowners and tenants. He arbitrated with conclusive authority between the parties, and disallowed the main assertion of the landlords that Lord Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement would be infringed. Corresponding Rent Acts, *mutatis mutandis*, were passed for Oudh and the Panjab, which materially improved the laws and benefited the proprietary and cultivating classes. When the Russo-Afghan frontier was being delimitated by an International Commission, a Russian force, in March, 1885, attacked and defeated a considerable body of Afghans, near Penjdeh, on the North-Western Frontier of Afghanistan. At this critical juncture the Amir was visiting the Viceroy at Rawalpindi. Further fighting was averted, partly by the Amir abandoning his claim to certain territory. Negotiations were resumed, and final arrangements for the demarcation of the frontier were in due course agreed upon between England and Russia. These complications necessitated immediate military preparations, which included the despatch, if required, of 25,000 men to Quetta in order to garrison Herat, the mobilisation of another *corps d'armée*, and the construction of a railway to Quetta. These preparations were made with firmness and vigour, but peace was maintained. The Native Chiefs voluntarily offered military assistance, the eventual outcome of which was the enrolment of Imperial Service troops furnished by the Native States Military manœuvres on a large scale showed the efficiency and readiness of the Army in India.

In 1885 three thousand men were despatched from India to support the operations against the dervishes under Osman Digna round Suakim. The British Resident had been withdrawn from Mandalay, in Upper Burma, on account of

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the unsatisfactory nature of his position and the unfriendliness of the Burmese Government; attempts to revive cordial relations up to 1885 had failed. In that year the Burmese Government quarrelled with the Bombay-Burma Trading Company, and condemned the latter to pay an enormous fine, declining the arbitration proposed. The terms of the Viceroy's ultimatum to the King of Burma being rejected, an expedition of ten thousand men was despatched; Mandalay was occupied, the King deported, and Upper Burma, an area larger than France, was annexed to the British dominions from January 1st, 1886. Lord Dufferin himself visited Mandalay. The annexation of Upper Burma was essential to prevent its falling into the hands of another European Power. In 1885-86 a Commercial Mission from India to Lhasa was sanctioned by the Secretary of State, but the Tibetan authorities were alarmed, and intended to oppose its crossing the frontier. Lord Dufferin arranged diplomatically with China, the Suzerain of Tibet, that the Mission should not be pressed if China's claims on Upper Burma were withdrawn. A Convention was signed with China, and the Mission was dissolved. Subsequently the Tibetans invaded Sikkim, and constructed a fort there, from which they were easily dislodged in September, 1888, and driven across the frontier. Besides little expeditions in the Naga Hills in Assam, there was the first Hazara Expedition, in which 12,500 troops operated on the Black Mountain to punish the tribes of that locality for raids on British territory and the deaths of British officers. To provide for the greater employment of Indians in the administration the Public Service Commission was appointed, which, after full inquiry, resulted in the division of the Public Service into three parts—the Imperial Public Service, the Provincial and the Subordinate Services, to the Provincial being allotted many appointments previously occupied by the Covenanted Civil Service. Lord Dufferin also proposed the extension of the Legislative Councils, which was enacted later, with the holding of Budget debates, whether financial legislation were required or not. In 1885 the Indian National Congress held its first meeting, to discuss and formulate demands on the Government in furtherance of the political aspirations of the educated classes. The restoration of the Gwalior fortress to the Maharaja Sindhia was greatly appreciated. The Jubilee of Queen Victoria was celebrated throughout India on February 16th, 1887, with profuse demonstrations of loyalty. The establishment of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund for the medical relief of native women was a new and popular departure. Lord Dufferin left India tranquil and conciliated by his personal efforts.

General Peace and Internal Development

Lansdowne, 1888-1904

To consolidate friendship with the independent kingdoms beyond the frontier, to define our sphere of influence over the petty States and the wild tribes on the border, and to demarcate distinctly the boundaries which separate us from our neighbours were important features in Lord Lansdowne's external policy. A mission was sent to Kabul to induce the Amir to withdraw his troops from certain frontier districts of Trans-Oxiana, which were outside the territory we were pledged to defend from external aggression. A friendly understanding was also effected as to the limits of his jurisdiction on the Indo-Afghan frontier, which was afterwards demarcated. Chitral, Hunza and Nagar, and some of the tribes on the North-West were brought under political influence. All the passes leading from India through the highlands into Afghanistan, Badakshan, and the Pamirs were taken into guardianship. The Burmo-Chinese frontier was aligned, and relations with Siam were adjusted, as also with the Chin hill tribes and the Shan States, the Karens and the Kachins. Frontier expeditions were required in the Lushai Hills, in the Zhob, Mranzai, Black Mountain, Isazai territories, and among the Bor Abors of Assam. A Convention was made in 1890 with China regarding Tibet, and Trade Regulations were formulated in 1893. Internal anarchy in the Manipur State called for the Viceroy's interference in 1891. In the proceedings for the restoration of order British officers were treacherously assassinated; punishments were inflicted for the murders, but the State was not annexed. The loyalty of the Native Princes throughout India was strengthened by friendly intercourse. The finances of India were seriously affected by the great and increasing fluctuations in the gold value of silver and the heavy fall in the exchange value of the rupee. A gold standard for India was proposed, but not then adopted. The mints were closed to the unrestricted coinage of silver and orders were issued for the receipt of gold in exchange for rupees at 1s. 4d. per rupee. From these measures dates the establishment of stability in the Indian currency.

The Legislative Councils were enlarged and reconstituted, and the members were given the right of financial discussion and of interpellation; the elective system was partly introduced. A Factory Act was passed to restrict the hours of employment of women and children. The protection of animals from cruelty was improved. Another Act raised, from ten to twelve years of age, the limit of protection of young girls; and the important principle was established that the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 did not, in the name of religion, sanction practices inconsistent with individual safety, the public peace, and morality. A proposal to reform the Jury system in Bengal, and restrict its application to certain districts, greatly disturbed public opinion, and led to the appointment of a Commission, with the result that the changes contemplated were withdrawn. An anti-cow-killing movement, organised by religious propagandists and political agitators, produced riots in Bombay, Bengal and the North-West Provinces, on which Lord Lansdowne publicly declared the right of the great religious denominations to freedom from molestation or persecution in the exercise of their religious observances, and the determination of Government to permit no disturbance of the peace. The Presidential Army system was abolished by statute, and one Army for the whole of India organised, divided into four commands. The Indian Staff Corps was replaced by the Indian Army. Measures were taken for the mobilisation of the Army, for improvements in the position of European and Native soldiers, and the organisation of Imperial Service troops in Native States. The police force of every Province was reformed, gaol discipline and management received attention; so also education in all branches; the decennial census was carried out in 1891; agricultural and statistical inquiries were greatly advanced; an Imperial Library of 60,000 volumes was established, and an Imperial Record Office constituted. Railways, productive irrigation-works, telegraph lines, land settlements, sanitation, water-works were all extended under well-considered programmes. Without any high-flown policy, or eagerness for precipitate reform, the country was well ruled, and advanced in prosperity.

THE POET WHO WAS

There are some illusions which no man who has formed a high conception of life will readily allow to die. We cling to them because we realise that there is a wisdom that lies beyond the truth as we can see it—a wisdom that holds itself aloof from our timid doubts and reasonings. Of these immortal illusions there is one that is of special value to the artist; he must believe, however often circumstances appear

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to give him the lie, that great work can only be done by great men. The first work of every creative artist is to create his own character, and if he fails here through weakness or carelessness, that failure will be expressed and emphasised in his artistic work. So if admiring grapes we find ourselves confronted with the bramble that has produced them, we must form one of two conclusions—either the grapes are not true grapes, but Dead Sea fruit, bloom without and ashes within, or we lack the sympathetic insight that would enable us to detect the authentic vine in the heart of a briar.

Years ago there appeared a volume of poems for which I have ever had a great admiration, and, holding this illusion beyond all others, I always wished to meet the man who wrote them. He was, I knew, engaged in work that could hardly be grateful to a poet, and he was not to be encountered in ordinary literary circles; still, whenever I read his book I felt sure that sooner or later I should meet this man and like him. His poetry appealed to my more individual emotions, expressing moods with which I was personally familiar. Meanwhile, till I might know him better, I contented myself with writing in praise of his poems whenever I had the opportunity.

Then one day I found a distinguished man of letters and the most enthusiastic of English editors sitting together in a Regent-street café. We fell to talking of the man and his poems. We all admired his work, and, therefore, we all wished to meet him. "It's easy enough," cried the man of letters, and "after all we know the man through his book. We'll write him a mutual invitation to-night, and take him out to lunch to-morrow." There was something gallant in the idea, for we risked being snubbed, which is the last adventure an Englishman cares to have. We wrote the letter and sent it off.

The next morning was one of those rare and splendid days of which only England seems to have the secret—days when the wind is sweet and cool like a russet apple, and the warm sunshine follows close at its heels before one has time to be chilled. It seemed a good day on which to make a new friend. We called for our poet, and received a message that he would be pleased to come with us in an hour's time; so we went into Regent's Park and watched the squirrels playing with the nursemaids, and thrusting their inquisitive noses into the flowing hair of little girls. We felt that it was a generous world that gave us sunshine and little squirrels and men who wrote fine songs.

It is perhaps foolish to expect men of talent to be either very handsome or very ugly, but I confess that I was disappointed with my first impression of the poet. He looked elderly and insignificant and suggested in some subtle way an undertaker's mute, the kind of man who wears black kid-gloves too long in the fingers, and generally has a cold in the head. I thought, however, that his eyes might be rather fine in repose, but the whole body and speech of the man were twittering with nervousness, and he affected me like an actor in a cinematograph picture. All Nature is the friend of the shy man, and behind this superficial unease we divined qualities of enthusiasm and amiability that would no doubt be patent when this overwhelming timidity had passed away.

Looking back it seems to me that we all worked rather hard to set the man at his ease, and find him worthy of his own work. We told him stories, we found mutual friends, we encouraged him to talk, we sympathised with him over his luckless environment, and when called upon we praised and quoted his poetry without stint; but still he fluttered like a bird caught in a snare. He took his food without enjoyment, the sunny wine of France did not warm him a degree. We piped to him his own tunes, all the tunes of the world, and yet he would not dance. It was not that he was embarrassed by our compliments; he took them for his due, as a poet should. But he seemed to think that our enthusiasm must have a sinister motive, that it was impossible that any one should have discrimination enough to wish to meet the author of his book for the book's sake. Nevertheless, being optimists in matters of art our faith in the man held true; if only we could persuade him to drop the mask of his nervousness we thought——.

At the end of lunch we succeeded, and then I think we were all sorry. He stood there leaning gently against the table, while soured vanity spoke with a stammering tongue. It seemed that our little luncheon-party was a conspiracy to persuade him to publish some of his poems in the editor's paper, and therefore he found it necessary to be rude. Had his suspicions been true, a more modest man might have thought such a plot pardonable, or even rather flattering. But the terms in which our poet expressed himself placed him beyond argument or sympathy. We shook hands and said goodbye, and he went away out of our world of sunshine and tame squirrels for ever and ever.

So far as my companions were concerned the matter ended there. Their kingdoms were secure, and they could afford to laugh at our honourable discomfiture. But my kingdom was yet to win, and I could not spare the smallest of my illusions. If such a man as I had met that day could do the big things, Art became of a sudden an unworthy mistress to serve. I went home and nervously took his book from the shelf, wondering how far my new knowledge of the man's personality would spoil my enjoyment of his work. I need not have been anxious; they were real grapes, though perhaps I acknowledged for the first time that their distinctive bitter flavour prevented them from being of the first quality. Still, they were admirable of their kind, and I had to satisfy myself how such fruit could have grown on such a vine.

And then with a flash of intuition I saw the truth. The flesh, the features, the mortal part of the man might survive, but I knew as surely as if I had been present at his death-bed that the youth who had written those poems was dead. Needless to wonder what thwarting of emotion, what starvation of appetite had produced that burst of song; the important thing to me was to realise that the man himself, as we reckon men in the hopeful world, had perished in the singing. With this knowledge to aid me, I could sympathise with the rudeness of the man we had sought to honour. For in his heart he knew himself little better than a changeling, and with the giant's robe of his splendid hour of youth hanging loosely about his shrunken bones, he must have found our enthusiasm no more than mockery.

I have not yet been fortunate enough to meet the author of that book of poems which I have admired so long, yet I feel sure that sooner or later I shall meet the man and like him. I know that he will be young, and I think that on his lips his songs will have lost their bitterness; for it is a hard thing if we must carry our concern for the roses and our sorrow for the spring-tide lightness of girls beyond the gateway of the grave.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE CHESTERTON MANNER*

THE appearance in a neat shilling edition of that remarkably clever and enjoyable volume of essays entitled "Twelve Types," together with the issue of a "Chesterton Calendar," may be taken as a suitable excuse for discussing briefly Mr.

* *Twelve Types.* By G. K. Chesterton. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)
A Chesterton Calendar. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

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Chesterton's general work. For some years we have followed his writings with interest, and, knowing the range of his artillery, are disinclined to group these remarks under the heading of "advice." Perhaps "genial remonstrance" is a more suitable label for our feelings at the moment, but if at times we remonstrate rather strongly, our plaint will not lose the tone of the friendliness by which we are strongly moved.

Mr. Chesterton's style of writing reminds us sometimes of the thunderous, declamatory sentences of Swinburne hurling his elaborate anathemas at Walt Whitman; sometimes, even in the same column, of the primitive, incoherent vapourings of a youngster's essay. This formlessness was all very well a few years ago, but now that we know that he has nearly always good things to say, things worth hearing, we are concerned about his manner of saying them. He will not accuse us of unduly exploiting "temperament" when we protest that a fine wine brims more sweetly from a shapely glass than from a battered tin mug; champagne in pewter pots is incongruous and inartistic. Our estimate of the value of all literary work is determined almost entirely by the rules of its expression, and men criticise involuntarily as they read, so that they resent the straits of language into which a too great exuberance leads, for they encounter strange currents whose tendency is not fully realised.

In spite of this, Mr. Chesterton possesses in a high degree the excellent quality of suggestion. As with true poetry, so with prose—if it brings that peculiar, indescribable thrill, that sense of elation and spiritual recognition of its essential truth, it is often due to something hardly expressed, but strongly felt, which by a mysterious power communicates itself sublimely and potently to the soul of the reader. The reader cannot put his finger upon the divine word, or turn of a phrase, which has moved him so strangely; he only knows that somehow, in one breathless instant, another barrier has been broken down between him and the gods. This has happened to us more than once when in Mr. Chesterton's company, and it argues not verbosity, but restraint, in the writer. Restraint, however, is the very last attribute with which our author can be credited; therefore we contend that its employment would immensely enhance the effect he wishes to produce. When, as in a recent volume, "the wildest Wesleyanism tears the soul" of the Rev. Brown, and "all the evil passions of a curate are roaring within" the Rev. Smith, the machinery of the showman is too visible for our pleasure.

For a long time people have associated his name with the exhibition of paradox as a literary force. Now, paradox as an embellishment is distinctly entertaining and often profitable. It may be compared to the cracker in fireworks—there is a flash, a rousing bang, and one's ears are left tingling, But crackers, whether pyrotechnic or edible, become monotonous when taken in large quantities. To change the metaphor, there are signs that Mr. Chesterton is in danger of becoming regarded as the clown of journalism. With all due respect to the gentlemen of cap and bells—for they are worthy, innocent folk, and we should miss their painted red-hot pokers—they also are monotonous: and monotony is precisely the fault he believes to have avoided. After monotony in a writer comes apathy to the reader—very surely.

There are people who desire to sample the wisdom of a favourite author on every day of the year, to retire to rest with an epigram echoing in their brains—to shave in the morning, perchance, with the added keenness of a sharp saying. For such persons the "Chesterton Calendar" has been compiled—a distinction which few living authors attain. It contains many of Mr. Chesterton's best paragraphs, and although we do not profess to have read straight through the 420 pages (three-score and ten years being the allotted span), we think that all who admire this general work will say that a judicious and tasteful selection has been made. A different form of fame fell to Mr. Chesterton's lot some years ago—that of being parodied in the pages of a literary review. This is a blessed event in the career of an author, for he who has no style cannot be parodied. But Mr. Chesterton is parodied because of his exaggerations. Does it never occur to him that frequently a dignity, a justness, a clarity might be obtained by the elimination of some, at first sight, brilliant remark? He has a *debonair* way of throwing into articles and essays such irrelevant items as cows, maiden aunts, lamp-posts, and stars, until we are left gasping and "winded" in the race after his meaning. *Ergo*, we sit down half-way there—wherever "there" may be—laugh with what breath is left in us, and watch Mr. Chesterton plunging splendidly along until he is a mere speck in the distance. From "Twelve Types," for example, we take at hazard the following sentence: "When William Morris says that 'love is enough,' it is obvious that he asserts in those words that art, science, politics, ambition, money, houses, carriages, concerts, gloves, walking-sticks, door-knockers, railway-stations, cathedrals, and any other things one may choose to tabulate, are unnecessary." It is exhilarating and great fun, but it is not literature. There may be a subtle relationship between the ashes in the reader's pipe and the Assyrian Empire; it is interesting to think so; but it is most uninteresting to labour a proof thereof.

Quite legitimately Mr. Chesterton might retort that his style has made him, and is part of himself. True, doubtless; but the line of demarcation between style and affectation, the real and the spurious, is faint. Could he not do with a little less . . . gunpowder, shall we say? A heavy charge spreads the shots, and at present he is so busy loading and discharging his ammunition that he grows careless with regard to the important question of aim. Fewer shots, well trained and directed, would be more effective, although we are far from suggesting that he never hits the mark. On the contrary, there are sentences and whole paragraphs of his which grip, as we have already noted. "Heaven, so infinite is its care, may shake with anger from bound to bound at the sight of a caged bird." That appeals; it is passionate and challenging—one of the splendid indiscretions which compensate for a deal of loose firing. The charming digression—and his digressions are often charming—on railway-signals and language in "G. F. Watts;" the chapter vi. in "Robert Browning," with its insight and fascinating comparison of the probable manner in which Meredith and Browning would treat a given subject; his description of the old *bric-à-brac* shop in "The Ball and the Cross," and many other detached portions of his writings, move us to willing admiration. Occasionally we find a phrase incomparably fine, such as "Morning lifted itself laboriously over London," or "The long tide of sunset-light;" or, as in his last *Daily News* article, discussing the desolation of a Lancashire moorland, we get an inspiring thought—"It is not the ugliness that I criticise. I don't mind being ugly, but I have a strong objection to being sad." When we read "Defendants" or "Twelve Types," we ask for more; but when, for the sake of a weekly article, we discover arguments upon the relation of Byzantine architecture to penny loaves, fishes, bicycles, or whatever whimsy enters the writer's mind we cry off—distortion has limits.

Several times we have had the joy of hearing Mr. Chesterton lecture in London, but once in the provinces, during the discussion which followed his paper, we were vastly amused at the way in which he spiked the local big-guns. Not until afterwards, when considering the matter coolly, did we understand that many of his opponents' arguments were perfectly reasonable, and that it was the surprising rapidity

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and smiling readiness of his reprisals which left them temporarily helpless. Then we realised that he owns two very valuable possessions—an alert, swiftly-working mind, and an inherent, irrepressible boyishness. When the former takes the reins we are pleasantly exercised and mentally renewed; when the latter dominates we are amused in rather a sad fashion. When the two work harmoniously together we are thrilled.

Let him employ them, then, judiciously; let him clip some of those lusty, irrelevant (and occasionally irreverent) ejaculations; let him aim a bit straighter, with a charge suited to the weight and destination of his projectile. And then let him fire as often as he likes. So shall we get more work of the quality of "Twelve Types," and matter for an even better "Chesterton Calendar" than the one just issued.

W. L. R.

FRANCE UNDER LOUIS SEIZE—I.

HISTORIES of the French Revolution are apt to begin with the assembly of the States General in May, 1789. For this reason the ninth volume of M. Lavisse's "Histoire de France" (Hachette and Co.) is of especial interest, as dealing in a manner at once masterful and keenly interesting with the events immediately preceding the overthrow of the Bourbons. M. Lavisse, aided by MM. H. Carré and Paul Sagnac, has in this volume given us the history of Louis XVI.'s reign from 1774 to 1789.

The abuses of the despotic monarchical system in France had reached a maximum in the corruption of Louis XV.'s reign. When his successor ascended the throne a new spirit of Liberalism and reform was growing up in France. Voltaire had ridiculed the vices of the Court and the intolerance of the Church, and had preached the gospel of liberty. Jean Jacques Rousseau had raised the vision of primitive equality, and preached the rights of man. The road of reform had, therefore, been paved for Louis XVI., whose accession was greeted with much enthusiasm. He enjoyed a great reputation for virtue, which was not altogether undeserved. Had he been called upon to play the *rôle* of one of the lesser "Bourgeoisie" he would probably have earned the esteem and affection of his fellow-men. But he was called upon to rule France at the most critical period of her history, and in this task he showed fatal lack of character, weakness, and even stupidity. The King was kind-hearted, and felt for the sufferings of the lower orders; further, his mind was not closed to new and Liberal ideas, but he invariably sacrificed his reforming Ministers before the opposition of the *noblesse* and the *haut clergé*. The final cause of the collapse of his Government was the bankruptcy of the State. This is not surprising when we consider that the greater part of taxation fell on the poorest classes of the realm, who were the least able to bear it, while the nobles and, to a great extent, the clergy were exempted from contribution to the revenue. Not only were they exempt from taxation, but a large number of them lived on the national exchequer. The Court of France presented an extraordinary spectacle of corruption and extravagance at this time. Hundreds, thousands even, of idle courtiers, drawn from the noblest families, sauntered away life, squandering the resources of the country. Nearly every one who frequented the Court was in receipt of some pension or salary attached to a purely nominal office. When great families found themselves ruined by their extravagances or at the tables it was usual for the King to pay their debts. The family of the "Noailles" were in receipt of 2,000,000 livres per year from the Treasury, Madame de Lamballe received 100,000 livres, while the Polignacs cost the nation 700,000 livres per annum, and this for no other reason than their friendship with the Queen. When the Guêménées went bankrupt the King bought their estates for 12,000,000 livres, although at the highest estimate they were not worth more than 4,000,000. The Duc de Montemart, the Duc de Liancourt, and the Prince de Soubise were succoured in the same way. We may say that it was the Court which ruined France and caused the downfall of the Bourbons. It was by Court intrigues that Ministers were made and dismissed, that incompetent sons of noble families were appointed to ambassadorships.

The higher grades in the Army were only open to the *haute noblesse*, and most of the principal offices of State were filled from the same source. The *intendants* of provinces were, for the most part, nobles, as also were the Judges in the numerous "Parlements," or courts. Personal merit and learning were superfluous; young nobles became colonels of regiments which they never left Paris to command, or Governors of provinces which needed the rule of a practical economist. The households of the different members of the Royal Family alone cost the country some 32,000,000 livres annually, and this did not include any of their additional expenses, which amounted to a much larger sum. "La grande et la petite écurie" of the King had a total of 750 officers appointed from among the courtiers. Fifty doctors, all with large salaries, were attached to the King's household, not to mention a number of servants. The Queen's household was on a similar scale. Marie Antoinette was never popular in France. At the Court her exclusive friendship for a few families, such as the Polignacs and the Princesse de Lamballe, and the favours and huge sums of money which she lavished on these favourites, caused universal jealousy. Outside the Court she was disliked for the part she played in bringing about the dismissal of the two great reforming Ministers, Turgot and Malesherbes, and for her well-known extravagances. Her losses at cards were enormous, and these and her other financial excesses earned for her the sobriquet of "Madame Déficit." The affair of the diamond necklace, and the acquittal of the Cardinal de Rohan by the "Parlement" of Paris served to show the extent of her unpopularity.

The abuses of the *haut clergé* were hardly less scandalous than those of the Court. The Bishops and Archbishops were chosen almost exclusively from among the *haute noblesse*, no spiritual qualifications being necessary. Young nobles passed straight from a life of dissipation at Versailles to the dignity of a bishopric or rich abbacy. The higher clergy enjoyed enormous revenues, and were practically exempt from all taxation. The Archbishop of Strasbourg, the Cardinal de Rohan, had a revenue of 400,000 livres, not to mention many additional large perquisites. This sum, it should be remembered, must be doubled in order to give the equivalent to-day. For the most part these dignitaries of the Church led lives of luxury and material ease; they were seldom in their dioceses, preferring the gaieties of Paris, and their moral lives were often hardly compatible with the episcopal dignity. Some even went as far as to proclaim their unbelief in the Christian religion. The *curés* of Nancy were obliged to petition their Bishop to suspend his balls, concerts, and evening parties during Lent, as the sight of such festivities rendered the people indisposed to fast. The lower clergy, on the contrary, lived in a state of extreme poverty, and learned to hate their gilded idle superiors. When we realise this it is easy to understand why later the clergy almost always voted with the "third estate" in the "States General."

The most blatant immorality prevailed in Court circles; husbands and wives appear seldom to have exacted or even expected any degree of mutual fidelity. When the strong hand of Louis XIV. was removed, the great Court which

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had grown up around him rapidly degenerated. The corruption of the Court had reached its worst point at the end of Louis XV.'s reign. In the words of Chamfort, love had become only "L'échange de deux fantaisies, et le contact de deux epidermes."

S. A.-B.

A HIGH PRIEST OF TRUTH: THOMAS HUXLEY

By Frank Harris

I ought to write this week about the late Francis Galton, and tell of his personality, of the things he saw in this world, and of the things he did, for I knew him and his work. But the estimate of him put forth in the Press since his death is higher than mine, so I prefer to say nothing, over-estimates being less injurious than under-estimates.

I prefer to tell of Thomas Huxley, perhaps the greatest English biologist of the nineteenth century, except Darwin. I do not pretend to deep or intimate knowledge of Huxley: he belonged to the previous generation, always the hardest to know; and yet by reason of his transparent sincerity and frankness I came near enough now and again to honour and love him, and therefore may be able to picture him with sufficient fidelity.

Huxley was of medium height, broad-shouldered, spare, of energetic, quick movements; a man with a leonine face; the keen, dark eyes stared out under shaggy, over-hanging brows; the nose was broad, with wide nostrils, and fleshy, in profile cocked-pugnacious; the upper lip long, the mouth large, the shaven lips clamped together; the chin broad and bony, the jaws heavy, a strong, square face with spacious, broad forehead; an out-thrust, challenging chin—a fighter, this man, if ever there was one.

Unpretentious withal, the long hair is brushed back from the forehead without parting, the whiskers, growing grey now, are carelessly kept; the face would be better framed if they, too, were shaved away; clearly there is little thought wasted on personal appearance; the collar is comfortably turned down, the tie a narrow bow. Yet there is a certain neatness in the dress—no desire to win notice by peculiarity—a high pride here; a good twinkle, too, in the small, deeply-set eyes; a sort of valiant good-humour in the resolute lips and alert air. A well-proportioned, though irregular face, a true British, good-tempered, undefeated, fighting face; the eyes front you searching, probing, yet genial.

At first when we met he used to fence with me; a careless statement would be met with a flat contradiction; an exaggerated estimate sharply corrected; he was eager to argue at all times—too eager, indeed; for dialectic is the method of the combatant, and is distrusted by the lover of Truth, detested by the lover of Beauty. The first time we passed from fencing to thinking was in the garden of his own house. He had been arguing with Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* about the Gadarene swine, and Gladstone had displayed astonishing adroitness in the combat, turning the quarrel perpetually from things to words. Huxley was eager to explain to me how he intended in the next paper to "pin" him to a certain position. He saw at length that I was listening with strained patience.

"I forgot," he broke off courteously; "you don't care for argument, do you?"

"Not much," I admitted, "at any time, and least of all about Gadarene swine. You'll never 'pin' him as you hope. Why go into the arena to wrestle with a naked savage whose body gleams with grease?"

"A good simile," he cried, laughing, "an excellent simile; but I must wrestle with him, man; I can't run away and leave the arena, can I?"

"You could state temperately what you think of the mind which at the end of the nineteenth century still believes in pigs possessed with suicidal mania, and there leave him," I rejoined.

"No, no," he replied, "I could not treat him like that. It is an honour for any of us to cross swords with him. You must remember he is Gladstone after all; he has been twice Prime Minister, fills a far larger space in the world's eye than any of us, writers or thinkers."

"That is just the reason," I went on, "why I should like you to apply the true theory of values to him. We are hag-ridden now by windy politicians and Pressmen of all sorts. If a Huxley refused contemptuously to argue with a Gladstone it would clear the air."

But he would not hear of it; Gladstone must be "pinned;" you might have thought a bull-terrier was talking.

One can discover Huxley's combativeness in his eminently lucid, incisive style—sharp, pointed, bright as a sword—a style, like most modern styles, admirably suited for controversy, but not for literature. It is not amiable enough or graceful enough to belong to an art; it has no indwelling charm either, no rhythmical beat of soaring pinions, no eagle-vision.

English Morality

It says a good deal for the innate essential morality of English life that this eager and stubborn controversialist should have come quickly to every imaginable honour, for he was at daggers drawn with nearly every English convention and English prejudice. Born in the middle class and disdainful of privilege, he was offered a peerage; in an aristocratic society where the Archbishop of Canterbury still takes precedence of a Duke, he declared that "doubt was a beneficent demon," and that orthodox Christianity was a "varying compound of some of the best and some of the worst elements of paganism and Judaism moulded in practice by the innate character of certain peoples of the Western world," and yet he was made a Privy Councillor; in a mealy-mouthed and prudish time under the petticoat-rule of an illiterate and unintelligent Mrs. Grundy he spoke his mind plainly on all occasions, and yet was put on Royal Commission after Royal Commission, and became President of the Royal Society. Nor could it be said that he was consistent in his dogmatic opinions; he began by opposing Darwinism, then defended it, and towards the end of his life seemed to wish to limit its sphere and importance. He professed himself a sceptic at all times, and yet as a member of the London School Board insisted on the necessity of teaching the Bible not merely as fine literature, but for "the religious feeling" it fosters, which is "the essential basis of conduct." It can hardly be denied that the respect of the ruling classes in England was won by Huxley's transparent outspokenness and honesty. High character and intelligence can still come to honour in England. The defect is not in the heart but in the head of our governors, a defect not of will but of intelligence, which may, therefore, more easily be amended.

Huxley was not rich, I believe, yet he maintained a good style of living and seemed comfortably off. I mention this because he always showed a high independence and even a certain contempt for money. I wanted him to write a series of articles for the *Fortnightly Review* on "The Creed of Science." He admitted that the project appealed to him; admitted, too, that the price proposed was unusually high; yet he could not make up his mind to accept the offer. He was too old, he said, to undertake such a task; some younger man would do it better; and when I urged him further he

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excused himself by saying that it seemed a little disloyal to Mr. Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, whom he had "known for many years," who "had always shown him great kindness. . . . Knowles is a wonderful editor, you know; he always praises one lavishly, and as we grow older and become perhaps a little doubtful of our achievements, we long to be praised extravagantly. We old fellows love praise as children love sugar." In this charming, ingenuous way Huxley sought to defend and excuse a loyalty which is all too rare; but, perhaps, because of its rarity and chivalry, all the more lovable.

I happened to meet him once at a funeral, the funeral of a friend and a contemporary of his. The Church of England service was read over the grave, and as we all turned to go, I noticed that tears were falling down Huxley's face. I walked beside him for some time in silence; suddenly he shook his head and dashed away the tears with his hand.

"What good are tears," he cried, "or sorrow, or regret? Death comes and ends everything—the hateful executioner."

"You don't believe, then," I asked, "in Walt Whitman's 'beautiful, beneficent Death'?"

"No, I don't," he replied half savagely. "Do you? Does any one? Here we are, gifted with an intellectual being, 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' far-reaching projects, impersonal ambitions—all to be cut short and wasted. It is terrible. Just when we have learnt how to work, and might be of some use in the world, we are tossed on the dust-heap. Death is hateful and stupid—stupid! When I think of one's affections . . . " and he turned away again to hide the streaming tears.

A most soft-hearted, generous man, whose life-task it was before the dawn to fight the powers of Darkness.

Huxley's Limitations

More than once I found the limit of his vision. I remember one day telling him how I had talked with Carlyle about Darwin, and how the great Scotchman threw aside "the survival of the fittest" as a base and cowardly "evasion" of the ethical problem, and I asked Huxley for his view of the value of Darwinism in morals.

He was not very eager to give his opinion, perhaps because he was not clear on the matter himself. He saw that "law and morals" were "restraints upon the struggle for existence between men in society," and that therefore "the ethical process is in opposition to the cosmic process." But Shakespeare saw as far as that when he was thirty.

In 1892, three years before his death, Huxley wrote:—"The moral sense is a very complex affair, dependent in part upon associations of pleasure and pain, approbation and disapprobation, formed by education in early youth, but in part also on *an innate sense of moral beauty and ugliness* (how originated need not be discussed) which is possessed by some people in great strength, while some are totally devoid of it." Here, at any rate, in the words which I have put in italics Huxley appears to recognise an intuitional fount of moral influence—a fount which must be sought for outside experience. Yet at another time he asserted categorically that "morality commenced with society."

At his best, however, he swung to securer moorings. In 1885, when sixty years of age, he declared that "the perfect ideal of religion" was set forth by "the Hebrew prophets in the eighth century B.C., 'And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'" Such a declaration on the part of Thomas Huxley required the very rarest moral courage and very considerable insight.

Huxley the Agnostic

The inventor of the word "agnostic," Huxley was a sceptic all his life, a natural product of the age. It never seemed to occur to him that the moralist or saint of our time had in his own heart the same fount of living water which the great seers and prophets of the past had drawn upon, or at least he never in his writings or in his speech, so far as I know, gave expression to the belief. His mind was constitutionally anchored on evidence, chained to certainty, or what his reason regarded as the stronger probability, and this extravagant rationality marks the defect of his intelligence. He did not see and would not admit that Jesus had brought a new spirit into life, had lifted, so to speak, the horizon of the soul. In clear words, every one of which deserves to be weighed, Huxley set forth his own shortcomings. He said: "The exact nature of the teachings and the convictions of Jesus is extremely uncertain." The emphasis laid on "exact" and "uncertain" where "exact certainty" is impossible and perhaps, therefore, undesirable, gives one Huxley's whole mind. As a boy, he tells us, he wanted to be a "mechanical engineer," as a man he spent his life, to use his own words again, in studying "the mechanical engineering of living machines." No wonder he wanted exact knowledge of "the teachings and convictions of Jesus"! And because such knowledge as we have is "extremely uncertain" he preferred to do without it. In the same spirit one would journey by night rather than by day, for the "exact" amount of light we can reckon on from the sun is "extremely uncertain." Accordingly, poor Thomas Huxley stumbled along life's road in the darkness, taking many painful bruises by the way, whereas had he used even the best light available he would have made a better journey of it.

But if no new word was to be expected from him Huxley's life and being were in themselves an encouragement and an inspiration. In a fat hypocritical and thoughtless time he was always fearless, outspoken, generous; if he could not believe, he at least would not attempt to cover himself with his baby-clothes and pretend that they fitted; he would rather go naked through the world, and so bravely, manfully, with clenched jaws and eyes staring into the darkness he struggled painfully on, and at the end faced the arch-fear with stubborn, pious courage, and passed into the valiant-true silence—a very valiant-true and worthy Englishman.

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

The principal attraction at the Leicester Galleries, judging from the crowded state of the first room at the private view, will be Mr. George Belcher's drawings of "London Types and Characters." They possess, of course, the humour of a keen observer of life, and humour is an attribute usually absent from exhibitions—unless it be of the kind known as "unintentional." Mr. Belcher's work has become familiar to most people through the medium of the better-class illustrated papers, but we strongly advise any who have not yet made acquaintance with it to do so without delay. Many of the drawings are irresistibly laughter-provoking; many of them again contain that suggestion of pathos behind the superficial comedy which was so characteristic of Phil May's work. The meeting of a broken-down man and a bedraggled woman in a dreary road, with the greeting "What cheer, old sport!" is a triumph of facial expression—grimly humorous, hopelessly sad, extraordinarily realistic. The humour of many sketches lies as much in the lines of print which describe them as in the actual work—as with No. 34, when the "Professor" speaks to his wife: "I really think there must be something peculiar about my hat, for this morning some little boys inquired where I had purchased it, and do you know, Marion, for the life of me I couldn't remember." A touch of pale colour in some of the drawings adds delicately to their effect, but it is in the line-

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work and the depiction of trifling incidents in the life of the London streets that Mr. Belcher excels.

One is hardly in the right mood, perhaps, after leaving these lively conceptions of a fertile brain, to consider critically the charming series of water-colours to which Mr. Hugh Norris has given the title "In and Around a Painter's Garden." The contrast is rather sharp; it is something like a transition from "Pickwick," or "Three Men in a Boat," to the placid pages of "Selborne." None the less, however, the beauty of these often exquisite flower-studies is apparent. Mr. Norris is at his best, we think, when he introduces a slight effect of landscape, as in "Primrose-time," a stretch of woodland studded with clumps of primroses, and in "Bluebells," where the wild hyacinths lie as patches of fallen skies in the shadow of the trees. A few actual landscapes relieve any tendency to monotony; one entitled "A Bend in the Stream," is a beautiful study in tones of brown, while "New and Old Sarum" attracts the eye by its subtle atmosphere, obtained by an intelligent use of very delicate shades of blue and green.

In the Hogarth Room Mr. James Aumonier, R.I., exhibits a series of landscapes in oil and water-colour. Sussex has claimed much of his attention, and he renders the quiet beauty of the county very faithfully. The district of Corfe is also portrayed in several paintings. "Corfe Castle" (No. 43) shows signs of hasty work, but several aspects of Corfe Castle Village are memorable bits of composition—notably "Sandy Lane" (No. 2), where the eye is led beneath an arch of foliage to the scene beyond, and the sunlight on the road is full of life. A painting of a wheatfield in full sunlight, backed by hills in shadow, entitled "Harvest at Fettercairn," is exceptionally luminous and effective. The three rooms of these cosy galleries form, in fact, an excellent exhibition of three totally different styles of artistic work.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

It cannot be said with any truth that the City is overwhelmed with business, yet we are all sanguine. The great game now is to find out a cheap stock, buy as much as is both convenient and safe, then scream out the news. A few months ago both dealers and brokers listened with unthinking mind to stories of safe 6 per cent. investments. To-day you are sure of an eager audience if you can produce a moderate 5 per cent. lock-up. Men go on voyages of discovery. They will rummage amongst the lumber at Somerset House; they will dig up old files of the *Statist*; they will even go to the trouble of calculating yields. They are hungry for facts. By the way, anything is a fact in the City the moment it is printed. We are like prospectors about the truth, but honestly impressed with the value of our discoveries. A great many people know to-day for the first time that our leading Home Railways return over $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. A few have found out that Electric Light shares are cheap. One or two are impressed by the fact that the leading Brewery debenture and preference stocks are safe. There is hardly a market that has not some nugget hidden among the dirt. And we are busy washing and panning. Philanthropy does not form part of our scheme. We intend to sell our nuggets when we have found them. We expect a reasonable profit for the trouble we have taken in cleaning them up for sale. Some time back I pointed out the beauties of the Convertible Bond. To-day all the jobbers in the American Market have a few that they hope to sell. So with Brewery debentures and Electric Light shares. This game has always been played by the rich, played in silence and with profit. To-day it is being played somewhat noisily by the whole House.

Consols are even attracting attention. The Bank rate must come down, for the demand for money is not extravagant, and not even the Court of Directors and all its satellites can uphold a 4 per cent. rate for many more weeks. India requires a certain amount of gold, but she will soon be supplied from Egypt, where the gold is eating its head off. In six weeks' time the cotton campaign will come to an end, and all the Levantine speculators will know their fate; the banks will then be glad to release the balance of the gold they now hold. With a low Bank rate Consols become an attractive feature in the City landscape. They should rise to 85.

Foreigners are now worth going for. Russian Fours may see par, but there is little else worth buying. The plague in China must have a bad effect upon the whole of the East, and Japan should suffer. She is not in a position to stand any serious strain. Paris is dull and disinclined to gamble, even in her favourite Tintos.

Home Rails have been bought all the week. The dealers are short of stock, and the demand from the country investor, though small, has been steady. I have not failed to point out each week the absurd price at which our leading Home Railways stood. The rise has been general, yet to-day prices are much too low. Great Westerns, which were quite neglected at 117, are now eagerly bought at over 130. This price is moderate in view of the fact that the line has all to gain from its new line to Birmingham and has not developed its Fishguard trade. It has spent money, sowed the seed, and will soon begin to reap the harvest. London and North Western are not expensive. North Easterns have had a big rise, but they are worth the money. No one should sell any English railway stock to-day, for if the buying continues the dealers will not be able to find the stock. The market has been one of the busiest and most excited in the House.

Yankees have risen so steadily that a small reaction seems almost necessary. Wall Street has bought in view of the various decisions which are expected within a few weeks. If by any chance these decisions are unfavourable, which I do not anticipate will be the case, we shall see a smart fall. Unions will require about two hundred millions of dollars for their double tracking scheme. This money will be spread over six years. An issue of fifty millions of bonds may be made shortly. Therefore Kuhn Loeb may be relied upon to keep Unions steady. Chesapeakes are earning about 10 per cent. on their common stock and paying five. They are worth buying, for I hear well of the line. Another improving but little-known line is the Seaboard Air Line, which has increased its net revenue 76 per cent. in the year. It will be remembered that the line went into Receivership in 1908, but has improved rapidly of late. The bonds are cheap and safe. Steels might droop if the Wall Street bulls get tired. The buying of Eries and Rocks continues. These are, of course, pure gambles; but they will come off if all goes well in Wall Street. Although I personally think that a reaction is possible, I must admit that my New York friends do not say this. They speak with complete confidence, and, I may add, with a certain authority, of a good time coming in all American railroad stocks.

Rubber still keeps strong. The jobbers declare that the market was never stronger. They are remarkably bullish. But none of them can tell me of any business. This makes me think that the only bulls about are the jobbers them-

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selves—a position that does not make for strength. In my opinion prices are a few shillings too high for the outsider.

Oil.—The Shell Company now being in funds, the Royal Dutch proposes to obtain money. The desire for so much additional capital is ominous. It would appear that these companies want the money for war. Now warfare is not profitable. Therefore I cannot advise a purchase of Shells. Mexican Eagles seem dull. They have risen rapidly since the fountain was struck, and no doubt the Pearson division has taken its profit. Spies, that well-managed Grosny Company, has been sold. Kerns do not seem expensive. Mitchell has made an arrangement whereby the company sells all its output at the market price of the day, a sounder and less speculative business than making a contract at a high price which would be broken if the price fell and would be very annoying if the price rose still higher. Californias are weak, for the contract with the Standard Oil must be running out, and the new contract will hardly be so profitable as the old one. There is still talk of this company refining its own oil. Burmahs seem high in view of the war in the East. Lobitos are a reasonable gamble. Maikop companies must be left alone till the field is on a payable basis.

Kaffirs.—The dealers appeared to think that the Goldfields scheme was good before it appeared, but the cold print frightened them. They wisely sold. The Goldfields have a very poor lot of Kaffirs. They therefore went into the Jungle, a discouraging spot out of which to make money. Now they go into partnership with Hays Hammond, who knows all one ought to know in this world. They are in Rhodesia up to their eyelids. I trust they enjoy the position. The mere fact that they want so much money is disconcerting. Personally, I cannot pretend to any enthusiasm over the way the Goldfields manage their business, and the new circulars make me sorry for the shareholders.

Rhodesians are in the doldrums. The Chartered report will be out before these lines are in print. It will be good. But will it help the market? We all hope so. Some large options exist on Chartereds, and the dealers will naturally make every effort to keep the price down. Options cut both ways; as soon as a dealer sells an option he buys half the stock. This puts the price up. From that moment he is hard at work trying to prevent the purchaser of the option from calling upon him for the balance of the stock.

Miscellaneous.—Omnibus shares look weak. I do not believe the tales I hear, and I am told a new one each day. Electric Light shares must be bought. The dealers are getting nervous, and a little buying should have a very great effect. As I have said before, it is a safe thing to buy Brewery debentures or preference shares in Bass, James Eadie, Mitchells and Butler, Peter Walker, Georges Bristol, Worthingtons, but be careful not to get landed in any of the big and over-capitalised London companies.

Raymond Radclyffe.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE COMING PARLIAMENT BILL

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—There is no doubt that the only possible attitude for the Conservative party to adopt with regard to the coming Parliament Bill is a flat *non possumus*, unless that Bill be introduced and dealt with in a constitutional fashion.

Moreover, the grounds of that opposition are easy to be set forth, if there be any accuracy in the fundamental principles laid down by lawyers, or any honourable consistency with regard to principles which have been acknowledged and accepted by both Houses of Parliament.

In the first place, the action of the Government with regard to finance since 1860 has been a breach of an agreement made between the two Houses rather more than two hundred years. For there has been no power to create or develop privileges, except by Act of Parliament, since the year 1705. At a Conference then held between the two Houses, dealing with the question of appeal, the Lords communicated to the Commons a resolution that "neither House of Parliament had power, by any vote or declaration, to create themselves any new privilege that is not warranted by the known laws and customs of Parliament." It is noteworthy that in the course of this Conference on Tuesday, March 13th, 1704-5, the Peers made use of the following argument: "That every part of the Body politick, as well as the body natural, ought to be kept within due bounds. An Excess in any Member will weaken the whole." The terms in which the Commons' assent was conveyed, on that same date, were clear but grudging. "The First (resolution, quoted above) is not to be excepted against; only is an Insinuation, as if the Commons had practised the contrary, which they are not conscious of." (See Journal of House of Commons, Vol. XIV., under dates February 28th and March 13th, 1704-5.)

But the same is not true to-day. They did so consciously in the Palmerston Resolutions after the rejection of the Paper Duties' Repeal Bill; they persisted in doing so in the sessional resolution declaring the interference of Peers in elections to be a breach of their privileges, a resolution which has only just been consigned to the limbo of unavailing aggressive Acts; and they did so of malice prepense and deliberately in the passing of the Veto Resolutions and the introduction of the Parliament Bill during the last Parliament. It is perfectly clear that, even with regard to finance, the Commons are hopelessly in the wrong, for the Peers have never, as a body, admitted the claim of the Commons which prevents the amendment of a Finance Bill, the supporters of the Commons' view resting their case solely upon the resolutions of that House.

Our Constitution not being written, but having been gradually evolved, and the relations between the two Houses settled after controversy, the judicial functions of the "High Court of Parliament" have, "by the known law and custom of Parliament," been left in the hands of the House of Lords, and are discharged by eminent judges and lawyers appointed *ad hoc*. With regard to finance there is the existing controversy, and each side makes certain claims, on which the Commons have passed certain resolutions in breach of the agreement already quoted. The matter, therefore, can only be settled either by agreement after a Conference or by legislation.

To deal with the latter course first. According to "Stephen's Commentaries" (Fifteenth Edition, Vol. II., p. 452). "All Bills that may in their consequences affect the rights of the peerage are, by the custom of Parliament, to have their first rise and beginning in the House of Peers, and they are to suffer no changes or amendments in the House of Commons, though the latter House has the power of rejecting them altogether." Thus the House of Commons has erred in a twofold direction. It has broken the agreement of March 13th, 1704-5, and has introduced into the Commons, contrary to "the known law and custom of Parliament," the Parliament Bill, commonly known as the Veto Bill. It is perfectly clear, from the foregoing facts, that no Bill for diminishing the powers and privileges of the Peers can have its source anywhere but in that House, and that the House of Lords cannot be reformed except on the lines which they themselves formulate.

To this it may be replied that the Government recognised that fact by introducing the Parliament Bill into the Upper House during the closing weeks of last session—that in itself being contrary to Parliamentary usage, seeing that the measure was technically before the Lower House. But there is this to be remembered. Successive Governments, by means of successive Closure Bills, have effectually choked the freedom of debate in the Lower House; and when the Parliament Bill was introduced into the Upper House the Earl of Crewe, speaking as the mouthpiece of the Cabinet, tried to override the Standing Orders and Rules of Procedure. Even if the Government Bill be introduced first, as it should be, into the House of Lords, there must be absolute freedom of discussion, the Peers must retain their right of amendment; and the Commons can only accept or reject the measure finally sent down to them.

That being the case, we come once more to a deadlock. The extreme Radicals, the Socialists, and the Nationalists cry out for a single Chamber; the more moderate Radicals say they desire two-Chamber Government, but—though they "have all the time there is"—say that they have not time at present to devise a

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reform of the Upper House. The Conservatives say—what? If their name means anything they are supposed to conserve the Constitution, while making such changes as are called for by a changed environment. But, if they are to conserve and to reform, they must play the game according to the existing rules—that is, according to "the known law and custom of Parliament." Dare the leaders of the party state the facts plainly in both Houses, claim that the procedure outlined above shall be followed, or, failing the adoption of this method, that a Conference of the two Houses shall be held? Were this policy adopted, if the Prime Minister refused, he would be forced to ask for the creation of his shoddy Peers at once, and the tactical advantage would be all on the side of the Unionists.—Yours, &c.,

E. HANNAN.

35, Mecklenburg Square, W.C.

A TRIO: THEMISTOCLES, POMPEY, MAHAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not know at all that you will print this, but I do know that, as it speaks plain, nobody else will. The Press of England has grown mumchance, and anything that ought to be said is on that account immediately suppressed.

I only want to say that Sea-Power in the old world was by long-headed men known to be what gave supremacy to the man holding it. It was a remark of Cicero's, that Pompey thought with Themistocles, that command of the sea gave supremacy also on land.

Admiral Mahan, a quite competent authority, has been for years—long years—teaching two numbskull democracies (those of England and America) that this is so. It is lost upon them. But Germany has learnt it. She intends to be quite able to seize the Sea-Power any minute she thinks fit to do so. She will spend a hundred millions by taxation or by loan to get the needful cash. But no matter how, she means to be capable at the right minute to seize the sea, just as Bismarck was ready to snatch the land from France when the "stroke of Knock" was due.

It will be a short arbitrament, and England will lose the sea as *la belle France* the land. The choice is "prepare or perish!"

C. A. WARD.

Chalecot, Walthamstow.

[We are pleased to print this letter without identifying ourselves with it in its entirety.—ED.]

"WHO" OR "WHOM"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Printers are often in difficulties with these words, and seem unable to grasp the difference between "who I thought would go" and "whom I expected to go." A sentence in Mr. Belloc's article last week brings up the difficulty in a very specious form. He is made to say that Antwerp "would be of the utmost value to whomever [*sic*] might be its Sovereign." Surely this is wrong. The relative pronoun here must be connected with the words that follow, not with those which precede. What is governed by "to" is not the pronoun, but the entire clause, "whoever might be its Sovereign." As printed, the sentence seems to me no more grammatical than the one which I append as my signature.

"THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS."

[We prefer Mr. Belloc's idea of grammar.—ED.]

BENTLEY'S STANDARD NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some of the introductions to "Bentley's Standard Novels" were written by some one who signed the initials of "O. C." The only dictionaries of initials and pseudonyms that I have been able to consult throw no light on the authorship of them. Perhaps you, or some of your readers, may know the name of the author, and if you can assist me to learn it you will greatly oblige.—Sincerely yours,

DANIEL EDWARDS KENNEDY.

Chestnut Hill, Mass., U.S.A., January 28, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"*Half a Truth.*" By "Rita." Hutchinson and Co. 6s.
The Bourgeois Queen of Paris. By Janet M. Clark. Greening and Co. 6s.
When Woman Loves. By Rathmell Wilson. Greening and Co. 6s.
The Lass with the Delicate Air. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. John Lane. 6s.
The Broad Highway: a Romance of Kent. By Jeffery Farnol. Sampson Low and Co. 6s.
Bravest of All, and other Tales. By Mabel Mackness. Illustrated. Blackie and Son. 9d.
A Fair House. By Hugh de Sélincourt. John Lane. 6s.
The Gold-Makers. By N. P. McCoy. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
The Day After To-morrow. By Cora Minnett. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
Rosanne. By Algernon Gissing. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
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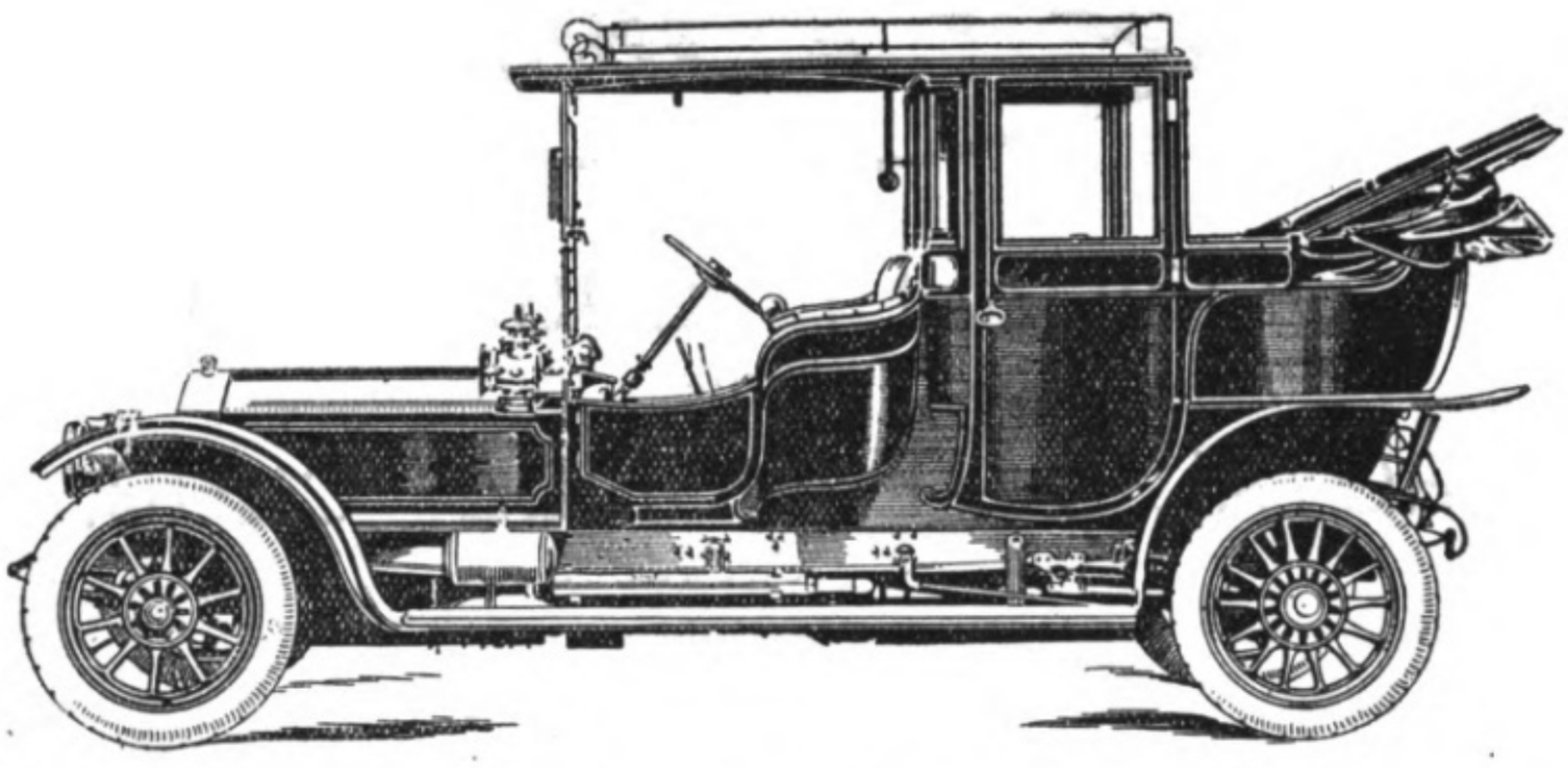
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE article on Conservative Organisation which appears in another column is worthy of careful attention, and it will, we hope, provoke criticism. Sir Charles Walpole, as Chairman for several years of the Chertsey Conservative Association, a seat which was regained at the General Election of January, 1910, has had much experience of organisation. As Deputy-Chairman of the Surrey Sessions, Sir Charles is well qualified to suggest changes in the law. It is not in the interest of the State that either party should be inadequately represented merely by reason of defective organisation, and, therefore, the subject is one which, we think, will be discussed from various points of view by our readers.

The unpleasant incident which led to the unusual procedure of relieving Mr. Ginnell, the Nationalist Member of Parliament for North Westmeath, of his Parliamentary duties for the space of a week has shown once more how keen the House is as a whole to resent any imputation upon the honour of the Speaker. Mr. Wedgwood, Liberal Member for Newcastle-under-Lyme, who wrote the letter accusing the Speaker of partiality, took the sensible and creditable course of apologising unreservedly; Mr. Ginnell, who published the letter in an Irish paper, refused to retract a word, and spoke in a manner which emphasised the baseless charge. To his speech the House listened, as Mr. Asquith said, "with patience, but also with disappointment;" Mr. A. Chamberlain supported Mr. Asquith's remarks of grave censure thoroughly; Mr. Redmond commented upon the "courtesy, fairness, justice, and impartiality" which he and his colleagues had always received from the hands of the Speaker; other Members on both sides paid tribute to the Chair. By a large majority the motion was carried that the offender's punishment should be suspension from the service of the House for a week—a mild punishment, considering the aggravated nature of the offence, but, it is to be hoped, an effective lesson. On such occasions the House is at its best, and the whole affair was carried out in a temperate and sane spirit which we could wish was more frequently applied to matters of party debate.

Exiles from civilisation, those who are engaged in guarding our commerce or keeping watch over English interests in far corners of the world, will smile grimly when they read the discussion on London's dulness which is proceeding, at quite a Silly Season pace, in one of the papers. Of course, as with any subject where all depends upon the point of view, argument on such a theme may continue *ad infinitum*—or until everybody is tired. To the man who has been accustomed to spend his nights going the rounds of the ever-open Berlin *cafés*, London, with its curious regulations as to hours when human beings shall eat and drink in exchange for money, may well seem dull; and to the woman who is used to the inspiriting vivacity of Paris our more stolid Metropolis may appear slightly *triste*. The enthusiast who loves to haunt the forests of Africa in search of big game, or the man who enjoys the hustling methods of New York, may find himself soon out of patience with London; but the plain fact is that we all become bored with London sometimes. In the depth of winter, in the height of summer, it is liable to "get on our nerves;" it is so big, so oppressive in its dreariness or in its heat. For a little while—maybe only a week or two, or even a week-end—we leave it behind; but that is where London scores. No other city calls us back so insistently; to no other city do we return with such delight. The roaring streets which we so detested welcome us; we take a long breath of exhilaration and plunge once more into the vortex, vowing that never will we dwell far away from the sound of this tremendous voice. "London dull?" we exclaim. "Lives there a man with soul so dead" as to maintain such a heresy?

Dr. Henri Fauvel, a well-known Normandy poet in France, and formerly a leading medical practitioner in Havre, has just brought out a translation of "Cymbeline" in rhymed verse for the French stage, published by the Libraire Paul Rosier at three francs. Messieurs Amédé Coignet and Georges Ackain supply the Preface, in which they refer to Doctor Henri Fauvel as "the first of our poets after Rostand," and state that in thus adapting "Cymbeline" for the French stage the former is carrying out the original project of M. Albert Glatigny, the deceased poet of Lillebonne. Dr. Fauvel dedicates this drama in its French dress to Mr. Algernon Warren, a brother of Dr. T. H. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford. As far back as 1892 Mr. Algernon Warren was instrumental in drawing attention to a French translation of Tennyson's "Maud," by Dr. Fauvel, who is a profound lover of English literature, and specially admires Shakespeare, Shelley, and Tennyson. According to the Preface, this "Cymbeline" rendering will in all likelihood be staged shortly.

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APOTHEOSIS

Up from the weltering plain the mountain way
  He toiled, what time the icy Vestal lured
  And made him fain of suffering ;—yea, endured
His heart's impatience and the crags' delay
Till, dead to swarmers of the lower clay,
  He stood upon the dizzy peak, immured
  In vasty silence, and all uninured
To lonely Godhead lived his lofty day.

Then as the lingering beams forsook the height,
  Forth to the void there leapt a cry, "Ah! Thou
    Who uncompanioned sitt'st among Thy spheres,
Grant me the prattle of a child—the light
  Caress of human lips upon my brow—
    A woman's hand to wipe away my tears!"

P. J. F.

LITERARY JOURNALISM?

WHY people are invited to pay sixpence for twaddle which is in no way superior to what is valued in other quarters at one-halfpenny is a puzzle of the times. It may be that certain people value twaddle highly, and it may be that certain editors have gauged the mental capacity of that portion of the public which is at all likely to purchase their wares. We wonder!

Babbling twaddle, however, is one thing and vulgar twaddle is another. A very bad example of the latter appears in a weekly journal which, perhaps, has some circulation. Under the heading of "Present-day Problems" some fifteen hundred words of insolence and utter vulgarity are offered in part exchange for the sixpences of the unwary. It is, of course, possible that in cocoa circles, where sixpences are numerous and righteousness, as opposed to veracity, a stock commodity, this sort of fustian may be thought immensely diverting:—

> Quum pars Niliacae plebis, quum verna canopi
> Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas
> Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum
> Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmae.

We think it is sinning against literature that a journal—however poorly printed on common paper—which professes to be a leader of opinion should publish matter which is absolutely devoid of literary merit and merely enfolds an unmannerly and vitriolic attack on an aristocracy which, in the past at least, has deserved well of all classes in the country.

We will not elaborate our last thesis at this moment, because the learned author may wish to consult a primer before laying the vast resources of his knowledge before his limited public.

We will now proceed to cull a few floral gems from the string of words we have referred to:—

> We hope and believe that a majority of the men—for, after all, they are men—who stand before their looking-glasses draped in their robes, and adorned with even a water-gilt coronet, will say when they see themselves, "I look an awful fool in this get-up."

Examine the gracefulness and rhythm of the writing; recall for one moment the axioms of literary style which the poor literary dunce Horace laid down in "Ars Poetica," and then sit at the feet of the master who penned the passage we have quoted.

The great scribe warms to his subject as he proceeds to speak, with apparent authority, of the opportunities in life which fall "to the dirtiest little wastrel born in the slums;" and, incapable apparently of research in any of the available books of reference to inform himself as to the achievements of those who belong to the upper classes, calmly writes with pontifical pomposity:—

> The chance of achievement, indeed, for those brought up in such an atmosphere as this is slight, and the opportunity for service is diminishing, because the democracy is demanding a higher level of ability, a rational training, and, above all things, better education for those who fill positions of trust and authority.

We hope that the democracy will also demand the better education of those who invite them to part with their sixpences.

If the learned author ever has the advantage of access to a library, he will probably find a volume entitled "Who's Who," and he will be able to revise his estimate of the achievements of the class which he vilifies. He will also observe nearly two inches of quite interesting matter about his editor, whose career has been one of honourable advancement from small beginnings—or, at least, cheap beginnings—to, at all events, an expensive climax.

Limehouse in oratory, Limehouse in journalism—such is the stock-in-trade of the once respectable Liberal party.

We fear that old saw describing the results of evil communications is being verified with remarkable accuracy in the downward track of Liberal methods. If the House of Lords is a bad institution it ought not to be so very difficult to demonstrate the fact. There is the glorious majority of one hundred and twenty, and there is a powerful—or at least numerous—Press, and yet neither the one nor the other relies upon argument and proof.

It is curious! The case is so good, you know! The poor Peers are cornered. They have not an argument, a plea, or a hope of redemption It does seem a little mean, in such circumstances, to fling mud, abuse, and not very literate literature at them. The poor creatures are on their knees.

> "Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

So wrote Virgil. The *Nation*—the great organ of the conquering hosts—adopts a standard of conduct which is peculiarly suited to the cause which it champions, and it perhaps believes that it is the only course which will accomplish success.

CECIL COWPER.

THE LORDS AND THE CROWN

BY MONTAGUE WOOD.

PART I.

THE whole theory of the Constitution as it applies to certainly two of the three factors that go to compose it, is so befogged and befuddled in the Radical brain that it calls for some wholesome attempt at elucidation.

In the first place, Radical theorists lay down the assertion that a Second Chamber should be subordinate to the Elected

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Chamber. That proposition is now by way of being accepted by most political sections with the immense reservation that a Second Chamber if subordinate in practice must by no means be subordinate in legal and technical power. That is all the difference. For what is the meaning of a Second Chamber? Let us consider it from the point of view of those who who have set themselves to fashion Constitutions. It is in its very essence a *check* on the one hand against revolutionary legislation based upon some chance victory, or victories, of the extremist element in the community or a combination of groups who by nefarious bargaining for mutual support are able to override the voice of more sober constituents of a nation, and on the other hand (and this is most especially vital), against legislation subversive of the Constitution itself. Of the latter it is of all things set to be the inviolable guard and custodian.

The necessity of checks upon popular government is not, as heated exponents of tub oratory are prone to insist, merely a fusty survival of mediæval patricianism, the last shackle of feudality upon the free, untrammelled march of an enfranchised people, but a requisition in the political structure of every State, however new-fangled. Recognition of its necessity is abundantly illustrated in every civilised area, but is nowhere more unequivocally marked than in the United States of America. There is a Constitution not in any way transmitted from the twilight of the Middle Ages to be subject to the accusation of outworn anomalies and anachronisms, or of initiation by old-world class domination. It sprang straight from a sheer democracy, fresh from an exultant revolt against thrones and oligarchies. Nevertheless the American Constitution bristles with checks not only of such a character that they possess a Second Chamber through which little or no legislation can ever manage to percolate, but they have devised such impregnable safeguards for the Constitution itself that no conceivable power on earth, save an overwhelming and incredible unanimity of parties, can possibly transform one iota or tittle of its original disposition. The American Constitution is as it is, and will remain as it is till the crack of doom, for unless a two-thirds majority in both Houses, backed by a subsequent two-thirds majority in the different States, unitedly favour any modification in its tenor, no such modification can be carried into effect, and such a combination of requirements can hardly be reconciled with the conceivable. Thus is the provision of sheer democracy devising for itself, and if this provision is good enough for the Republican American people, why is it not good enough for us, especially as the American Constitution, thus unalterable, cannot be said to have worked altogether well for the party of progress, whereas our Constitution, also, I submit, unalterable, has, on the whole, worked extremely well in the interests of civic advancement.

The question will at once arise, "Is our Constitution unalterable save by consent of both Legislatures"? And the further query, "Has the House of Lords, on the whole, worked well in the interests of civic advancement?" that is to say, has our Second Chamber, although legally and technically co-equal with the Lower House, been sufficiently subordinate in its actual methods? It is better to deal with the last question first and to point out that a Second Chamber must in its essence be defined as a retarding and Conservative Chamber, otherwise its existence must of itself be indefensible, and it can have no conceivable apology for continuance. The function, therefore, of an ideal Upper House is to reject legislation, especially should it be of any violent suggestion in any department of public affairs, and this is what the American Second Chamber ideally does, but ours does not. It is, in fact, a barrier through which processes of change are to filter slowly and gradually, if at all, and slowly and gradually except in a very few undesirable instances do they in reality so filter. The function, therefore, of a Second Chamber, the function for which it exists, is to reject legislation, except of course, in a case—(and this is the *crux* of the whole argument)—where the people have not as a party but as a nation, grimly, firmly and by an overwhelming numerical decision set their minds upon a measure. Does any one pretend that the present House of Lords in such a case has ever in action or theory represented itself as not inevitably bound to give way? The contrary under such circumstances is literally unthinkable. Does any one also pretend that any such measure corresponding to the above definition has been passed through the Commons during the last five years? A great many moderate Conservatives were opposed to the rejection by the House of Lords of the Budget of 1909 and of the Education Bill of 1907; but will anybody have the hardihood to assert that either of those measures comes within the scope of the formula above suggested—that they were enactments upon which the people, not as a party but as a nation, had grimly, firmly, and by an overwhelming numerical decision set their minds?

I do not wish to disregard the Radical objection that the House of Lords fail to fulfil their function because they accept Tory legislation, seeing that the answer is this: If the said legislation is progressive—and I maintain that Tory legislation is bound in these days to be progressive—so much the better for the cause of progress; that one party is in the position to induce the barrier to give way. If, on the other hand, the legislation is reactionary, so much the worse; but will any one have the temerity to assert that Tory legislation is reactionary? I do not know of a single instance, however much Mr. Balfour's Education Bill may be called into question. I therefore maintain that our Second Chamber has worked ideally in practice, and our two Chambers have facilitated legislation in a manner unequalled in any country in the world, just as our Constitution has been generally applauded in every latitude of the globe. Under these circumstances, knowing we have a Constitution that all the world combines to envy, we might not unnaturally imagine we had a possession no one could filch from us. But now most amazingly in 1910 we are told this is not the case. We were indeed, as we thought happily, aware that all the fury and malignity and greed of power of the Radical party were impotent to effect this change, but the remarkable premise is now sprung upon us that the power of all powers that can affect this revolution is the Throne.

It is needless to say that the original powers of the Throne were fought against centuries ago and jealously curtailed, not to say extinguished, as a danger to the power of the people, and now at this belated hour an unknown, unthought-of, sweeping, arbitrary, obsolete remnant of possible, but disputed, Crown authority is actually suggested by the Radical party as a means of carrying the most perilous, the most violent, the most gratuitous political upheaval of the last two centuries. Just imagine if the Tory party had attempted to revive for their immediate ends some abeyant prerogative of the Crown, what an infinity of clamour would have assailed their ears. However, in this controversy let us come to stubborn facts. It has been impudently asserted in Radical papers "that no one disputes the proposition that the Crown has the right to create peers to terminate a deadlock between the two Houses." The proposition is most vehemently disputed. The Crown has no such power—it has no such power constitutionally, and it has no such power legally. Let us look into this.

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REVIEWS

THE CHIEF AIM IN EDUCATION

The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim n Education. By THISELTON MARK, M.A., B.Sc. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. net.)

THERE is something almost pathetic in the contrast between this laborious, conscientious, and minute examination of the child's mind and the educational methods that prevailed in former times. Johnson's master, if one remembers rightly, used to call upon a boy suddenly to give the Latin for "candlestick;" the boy did not know. The dominie thereupon told him the Latin equivalent, and gave him a severe beating. Even Johnson, who was far from sentimentalism, found this method both cruel and absurd. One learned the Latin for candlestick certainly, and never forgot it; but the operation was horribly unjust. Here, on the other hand, is Mr. Mark, who unfolds the whole philosophy of human nature so that a little child may be taught its lessons in the best possible way. You are to give, let us say, some simple lesson on coal; before you do so properly you should read such passages as—

> "The inmost secret of each man's heart is the secret of the whole world," says Caird. And Spencer speaks of "the 'I' which continuously survives" and is the subject of our various experiences as a portion of the unknowable Power. This Spencer urges in order to meet the need of a principle of unity and continuity within human personality, for he sees that "the aggregate of subjective states constituting the mental 'I' have not in themselves the principle of cohesion holding them together as a whole." Behind the "mental I," the acts and facts of mind which made up our experience, there must be some primary nucleus or soul, one in nature with the universe, as Caird says, or, as Spencer, a "portion of the unknowable Power."

What a contrast between the savage old pedant, with stick following on candlestick, and this patient and devout approach to the very antechambers of the eternal before a little girl can be taught that coal was once forests!

Which is right? Let us be bold to say neither. The old way is a wicked way; that is certain. And we may be sure that Johnson was not great because of it, but in spite of it; for one man of genius it bred a thousand dunderheads. Or rather it bred dunderheads and nothing but dunderheads, a few of them carrying away a mechanical knowledge of grammar and dictionary, most of them carrying away nothing at all. Johnson, being a great man, survived the process, as to-day men of obstinate originality survive the foolishness of Public School teaching, and manage to be something, and somewhat in spite of all that their masters have endeavoured in the path of pure idiocy and vacancy. And then, on the other hand, this new way, this way of reaching the A B C through Caird and Spencer, and "difficulty of an Infinite Ideal combined with a finite consciousness." What is to be said of it? Simply this—that nothing could be more excellent or more amiable than the intention, nothing more feeble or null than the results. The old Lichfield boys, or some of them, did remember "candelabrum;" the new Manchester boys remember nothing at all. To use a popular but expressive idiom, they "don't know enough to come in out of the rain." Some time ago it was demonstrated in these columns that the modern race of Englishmen, speaking generally, have achieved the quite astounding feat of divesting themselves of the faculty of logical perception; logically, we are no longer firmly convinced that two and two make four. Practically, as recent events have shown in letters of blood and fire and death, we have come as a nation to the mental condition of a resident in the tropics who should with patient care attract swamp-adders to his kitchen-garden, tempt tigers to his bungalow with plentiful and palatable food, and occupy himself with the nesting of the scorpion in the children's nursery. Logically, theoretically we are very near to the Ward of the weak-minded; practically, "we don't know enough to come in out of the rain." A few weeks ago our rulers were instructed, by the experiment of death, that there are certain things called "automatic pistols;" these pistols being deadly at 1,000yds. Therefore—O rare *ergo!*—having to deal once more with the wielders of these weapons, they sent against them a force of detectives armed with revolvers which kill, in practised hands, at thirty yards. Really, one almost wishes that savage old Hunter of Lichfield were permitted to return for a season, to work his incantations *per modum baculi;* beginning on the bodies of Cabinet Ministers, and proceeding to the corpuses of permanent officials. And if these things are done in the green tree of high position, what about the dry wood of the average "man in the street"? Education? But when a people has reached such a stage of theoretical and practical mania as this, what is the use of talking of education? You might as well talk Binomial Theorem to the wild ass, and choric metres to the giant sloth as prattle of educational theories to a generation that has forgotten alike how to spell "winder" and how to clean it.

How has it all come to pass? Chiefly through acts of National Apostasy from right-thinking and right-acting preconised in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, and since then solemnly ratified again and again in thought, word, and deed by the whole people. The theorem would sound quaint enough and extravagant enough in all conscience if it were stated in detail; yet it is inevitably true. Your American rebel of the late eighteenth century states his proposition that all men are born free and equal, and by stern decree of high justice the proposition works itself out in practical affairs. The newspaper of a few weeks ago contained the intelligence that President Taft had refused to pardon a millionaire condemned to gaol for the offence of keeping men in a state of "peonage," which is polite for slavery. So it is, and so it will be; though all the "Liberal thinkers" of all the earth should protest and cry together with one voice, gunpowder will still blow up if you set light to it, and two and two will make four unto ages of ages, whatever the Peckham Protestants may say. If you say that vipers are harmless, that we should practise toleration towards vipers, that vipers are made viperous because they are natives of the rocks, that vipers will cease to be viperous if we let them sleep in feather-beds and eat mutton-chops, that if vipers attack us we should reply with a rose-water spray, then our heel shall be pierced by the viper's fang, and our bodies shall suffer the anguish and corruption of the viper's venom. The premises are—in a rude logic—"England is a free country;" "All opinions should be tolerated." And the conclusion is *in modo mauser, in figura sanguinis et flammæ ardentis.* We reap what we have sown; we shall gather in yet more of these terrific harvests of fire and blood-shedding.

So much for the general standpoint; we are, in the proper sense of the term "uneducated," because we have voluntarily and resolutely withdrawn ourselves from that region in which alone true education is possible. Leaving the clear heights and the blue ether, we have gone down into the black fog; in it we wander, uttering confused cries, not knowing any more the way of Syon. But, specifically, the vice of all education—of common instruction even—in these days is the dream that everything in general, and learning in particular, ought to be simple and easy. The Gospel must be simplified; the A B C must be

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simplified; we are to get all the goods of the world, physical, spiritual, and intellectual, without bother, without worry, without pain. Pain is an evil; we are Liberals, and we mean to abolish evil, and so little boys and girls are going to learn their Latin grammar and their French verbs without any trouble at all. Yes; they will accomplish this feat when "chickens get teeth," as the negroes say; or at "next Nevermas," as the Scots used to say.

When Mark Twain commenced Mississippi piloting, his chief and instructor, Mr. Bixby, asked him an innocent question:—

"What is the shape of Walnut Bend?"

Mark replied that he didn't know that it had any particular shape, and he consequently got into trouble. And the following conversation took place:—

> "Do you mean to say that I've got to know all the million trifling variations of shape in the banks of this interminable river as well as I know the shape of the front hall at home?"
>
> "On my honour, you've got to know them *better* than any men ever did know the shapes of the halls in his own house."
>
> "I wish I was dead!"
>
> "Now, I don't want to discourage you, but——"
>
> "Well, pile it on me; I might as well have it now as another time."
>
> "You see, this has got to be learned: there isn't any getting around it."

That phrase of Mr. Bixby's states the real facts of the Mississippi piloting business, and, incidentally, the real facts of the whole universe. "There isn't any getting around it." You may try to get around it by Protestant Reformations, French Revolutions, Declarations of the Rights of Man, and by Grammar made Easy; but the fact still remains, not to be circumvented, not to be removed from its sure place while the strong heavens endure. Everything that is worth doing has to be done at the cost of endless pains and interminable labours. It was in the fervent heat of the cosmic process that the splendour of the diamond was fashioned—beauty came, as it were, from burning torments. And so from torment and from the fire of the soul come all the fair works and accomplishments of men; it is the law of the world, and "there isn't any getting around it."

MR. NOYES' POEMS

Collected Poems. By ALFRED NOYES. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 10s. net.)

Two handsome volumes and seven hundred pages for a poet at his thirtieth year in this much-maligned twentieth century is something to muse on indeed. Yet here is the irrefragable fact before us, will we or will we not. But, as in most other things, the fact is one thing, and the deductions we may choose to make from the fact are wholly another. It would be churlish to look askance at a poet simply because he has achieved an uncomfortable bulk of work at an extraordinarily early age, even as it would be a token of smugness to grumble because he has hit popularity despite the fact that most of the best poetry has always been unpopular in its own day. Mr. Noyes cannot complain if these things set up a prejudice in his disfavour; a large bulk of work at an early age, together with a suddenly earned popularity, can but suggest one thing, and that is the peculiarly deadly thing—a derived voice of song. Historic examples show that most poets' early years have been taken up with the effort to shake free from the influence of the voices that sung before them, and to individualise their own song. This makes against a large body of work, and it also makes against popularity, since tentative efforts can never be popular.

Mr. Noyes, however, by the very use of the word "collected," denies that these volumes contain tentative work. In a manner that wins admiration he takes his stand by them, and avows them as his own to all the world. Therefore the critic must needs take him at his own word and judge these volumes as a serious and seemingly permanent contribution. This is a pity, for by that standard it must be said that he fails, though his failure is far indeed from ignominy. One can trace in his work, from the early poems to the latest, strata upon strata of influence. In a sense all poetry is derivative, since none of us can disavow the Great Memory, but in the highest sense the truest art is the most purely individualistic. That is to say, the fact that Mr. Noyes derives his ancestry from Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne only implies that he comes after them; but the fact that he echoes them is in itself a denial of his own song. Witness such a stanza as the following out of "Orpheus and Eurydice:"—

> And over the cold white body of love and delight
> Orpheus arose in the terrible storm of his grief,
> With quivering, up-clutched hands, deadly and white,
> And his whole soul wavered and shook like a wind-swept leaf!

To say that this is derivative of Swinburne is to make a statement short of the fact. It is the actual and authentic Swinburne itself.

There is this much in Mr. Noyes' favour on this head, however, that such unhappy derivation partly arises because he wishes to sing concerning the same type of subject that Swinburne chose, and it is undeniable that certain subjects can only be sung in certain manners. Swinburne was forced to his manner by his subject, and Mr. Noyes has been forced to the same manner after him. There are poems in these two volumes in which he has shaken free from his influences, and given us something from his own founts of song. Such a poem is "The Progress of Love." A certain sonnet of his—which does not appear in these two volumes—addressed to Fiona McLeod, discovers for us the artistic ancestry of its idea. "The Progress of Love" is not merely good in spite of the ancestry of idea, but actually because of it. The conception is richer in Mr. Noyes' poem than it ever was, or could have been, in the hazy twilight of the earlier writer.

Such another poem is "Forty Singing Seamen," which enables us to strike on one of his dominant notes of song, one of those things that belong to Mr. Noyes and to no other. It is easily discoverable in the following stanza from the poem quoted:—

> So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied us—
> First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,
> Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops and eyed us,
> While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!
> We was trying to look thinner,
> Which was hard, because our dinner
> Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high degree!
>
> *Chorus*—Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole menarjeree.

Some would find this an echo of Kipling, but it is not so, despite the fact that Kipling led the way with this kind of thing. It has, for example, quite a delicate beauty that is essential not only to its manner but also to its inception. In "A Tramp Transfigured" this effort after beauty is more pronounced, in the same kind of song; but there the beauty, being less robust, and therefore more foreign to the subject, is too attenuate. It seems more an effort, and less a native

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product. It is certainly not a very lofty manner of song (it is not poetry), but it has a ringing and quite worthy melody.

Another subject that Mr. Noyes makes to serve the purposes of song is children's fairy lore. From first to last it threads his work with perennial interest, while it is the cause of being of two long poems, "The Flower of Old Japan" and "The Forest of Wild Thyme." This is not the world of fairies that interests Mr. W. B. Yeats' poetry, not a world within worlds of which the outer is symbolical, it is a genuine world of fancy and make-believe. Mr. Noyes endeavours, it is true, to attach a deeper meaning to it sometimes, but it cannot be said that success attends his efforts. It is a world for the love of children, and its talisman and goal is Japan. Indeed, he often conjures with the word "Japan" to upcall mystical meaning, with sad failure, it must be confessed, to those who know of a Japan in which a very unpoetical commerce is enthroned as supreme Deity, with tyranny to match it, and with sweated labour and vice as fit accompaniments.

Mr. Noyes' greatest, though not his best, effort is "Drake." It is an epic, and if ever a poem deserves to succeed this poem does. Apart from every other consideration, the poet who writes an epic in this age is one who deserves well at the hands of every lover of the highest of Arts. The poem is written with extraordinary spirit and with prodigal colour. The colour of jewels, the romance of adventure, the love of seemingly impossible deeds, the characteristic English love of the sea and the splendour of seamanship, the tropical refulgence of lands at the ends of the earth are all called in to advance the interest. There is no failure of interest in it from first to last. On its claims of excitement of adventure alone it is better worth reading than many an excellent book that rests on this only. He does actually call round his hero the halo of the heroic, no mean achievement. When Sidney, "the king of courtesy," comes to offer himself for service in the fleet that is to oppose the Armada this is how Drake rejects him:—

> With grim eyes
> He scanned the silken knight from head to foot,
> While Sidney, smiling graciously, besought
> Some place in their adventure. Drake's clenched fist
> Crashed down on the old oak table like a rock,
> Splintering the wood and dashing his rough wrist
> With blood, as he thundered, "By the living God
> No! We've no room for courtiers, now! We leave
> All that to Spain."

When Drake captures a galleon in the far West, this is how the treasure is described:—

> The hold like one great elfin orchard gleamed
> With dusky globes and tawny glories piled;
> Hesperian apples, heap on mellow heap,
> Rich with the hues of sunset, rich and ripe
> And ready for the enchanted cider-press;
> An Emperor's ransom in each burning orb;
> A kingdom's purchase is each clustered bough;
> The freedom of all slaves in every chain.

Between this love of colour and the splendid spirit in which he attempts the heroic, sometimes the fabulously heroic, the poem is sustained in interest. But as a poem, in the realm of poetry, it does not succeed. An epic demands three things—form (meaning unity of structure and architectonic ability), metrical skill, and the strength of reserve. None of these Mr. Noyes has, or let us rather say hopefully, he has none of them as yet.

The new poems contained in this collection are largely of the type that is written to order on State occasions; and it is not well to judge of a poet when his muse is, as he should never let it be, perfunctory. "Mount Ida" is among them, however, and this, in spite of its echoing of Keats and Shelley, is a fine poem.

EAST-BOURNE—AND "THE TIMES"

East-Bourne Memories (1845 to 1901). By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., Barrister-at-Law, &c. Illustrated. (East-Bourne: V. T. Sumfield. 12s. 6d. net.)

No reviewer can well resist the appeal of a book which treats of the locality where he spent the happiest days of his life, and which, by transporting him once more among scenes and people well known to him in his boyhood, makes him feel nearly half a century younger than he actually is. The name of East-Bourne is doubtless more familiar to the general reader of the present day when it is written as one word; but the author of the book before us gives various reasons for dividing it into two. East-Bourne is certainly the older form, and that to which the Dukes of Devonshire and the Gilbert family, who chiefly own the soil of the well-known Sussex watering-place, have always adhered. In Domesday Book, however, the village (such it was at the Conquest) is simply called Borne.

Mr. Chambers is a many-sided man. His name is well known to all who are interested in astronomical science, on which he has written several text-books; he has also long been connected with the Parliamentary Bar, and has discharged important duties under Government; further, he was at one time a Captain in the Sussex Engineer Volunteers, and for a great many years he played an important part in East-Bourne's municipal life. To put the matter in a hackneyed but none the less appropriate way, what he does not know of the town and its surroundings and their extremely interesting history is scarcely worth knowing at all, and he has here gathered together a vast amount of information which is often of much more than mere local interest. In some respects he has stayed his hand, from a desire to avoid repeating anything previously said in his own handbook to the town, or in the works of East-Bourne's other historians, such as Mr. R. J. Graham and Mr. J. C. Wright. Nevertheless we here have several interesting pictures of East-Bourne in the past, and are shown how the town gradually expanded and became a place of importance.

Both Mr. Chambers and the present reviewer were partly educated there, going to the same school, though not at the same period. Mr. Chambers's term of instruction under the worthy James Anthony Bown was confined, indeed, to the first "'fifties," whereas ours came in the next decade, extending from the beginning of 1861 to the summer of 1865. The school-house was originally known as "The Gables," but Mr. Chambers says that in his time no particular name was given to Mr. Bown's academy. In ours, as is shown by the inscriptions in half a dozen "prizes" which we were lucky enough to wrest from our schoolfellows, "The Gables" had become "Eastbourne School," an appellation to which the establishment was fairly entitled, for with its sixty boarders or more it was in all respects the town's chief place of education. The population of East-Bourne was then, however, under 6,000, whereas to-day it is nearly 45,000; and instead of their being, as in our time, only four or five schools all told, there are now, in addition to East-Bourne College, founded in 1867, between two and three hundred educational establishments of various degrees.

It may perhaps interest Mr. Chambers to know that we once did our best to immortalise "The Gables" in a novel of ours, and we may also tell him that the school produced several literary men and journalists. Among them was the late Mr. Horace Voules, who was long Mr. Labouchere's coadjutor on *Truth*, in which journal he laudably exposed several egregious swindles. Three of the brothers Vizetelly, authors, war correspondents, and journalists, were also among Mr. Bown's pupils. Mr. George R. Sims is another

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literary man who received his early education at East-Bourne, but he attended a different school.

We have said that Mr. Chambers's book is of more than local interest. This is largely because he came in contact at East-Bourne, at one or another time, with a very large number of notable people, respecting whom he tells a variety of anecdotes. King Edward and Queen Alexandra (when Prince and Princess of Wales) figure in his pages. There is frequent mention of successive Dukes of Devonshire and other members of the Cavendish family. Two Dukes of Rutland are also here, together with Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, the late Lord Nelson, Lord Willingdon, and many others who have figured prominently in public life, and Mr. Chambers often has something interesting to say about them. Some stories told him by the third Earl Nelson, the well-known Churchman, were amusing. Here is one of them:—

> Lord Nelson once found himself in possession of a spurious sovereign. He put it, as he thought, into an out-of-the-way corner of his waistcoat pocket, where it would not get mixed up with other coins. He afterwards hired a cab, and when the trip was over put his hand into his pocket for the fare, one shilling. Forgetting all about the bad sovereign, he pulled that out of his pocket, and feeling the coin without looking at it, gave it to the cabman as a shilling. Cabby drove off quite satisfied. He had only got a little way, however, when Lord Nelson discovered that he had given the man the bad sovereign, so he shouted after him to stop. Cabby heard the shout, turned round, and derisively flourished the coin in the air. History has not recorded his feelings at a later time in the day.

Another of Lord Nelson's stories was this:—

> In a certain year (I think 1844) he went into the country to stay with a friend who accosted him thus: "There will be in church to-morrow an old lady who is very anxious to make your acquaintance. I told her that I would introduce you to her; and what do you think she said? 'Oh! you need not do that. I shall be able to recognise his lordship easily; *I remember that he has only one arm!*'"

Almost at the end of Mr. Chambers's book we made an unexpected discovery, which will explain to the reader the perhaps somewhat peculiar title given to this review. Our author tells us that his grandmother, Mrs Brodie (wife of the Rev. Dr. Brodie, Vicar of East-Bourne from 1810 to 1828), was a daughter of the John Walter who founded the *Times*, and that she inherited from him a two-sixteenth share in that famous newspaper. At her death the share in question was subdivided, and in due course Mr. Chambers himself became the holder of one-ninth of two-sixteenths in the *Times*. "But," says he, "there were smaller sub-divisions than this. Several of my cousins held one-fourteenth of two-thirds of one-ninth of two-sixteenths." A holding of that kind certainly necessitated a good knowledge of arithmetic whenever dividend day came round. Mr. Chambers adds that he has known a great deal about the inner history of the *Times* throughout his life; and although he feels that this is not the time or place to say all he could say on the subject, he appends a variety of information which will be useful to future historians of the English Press. He points out that the third John Walter and his son and successor, Mr. Arthur Walter, were by no means chief proprietors of the *Times*, as was often thought, but were simply minority shareholders, their holdings being no more than about one-eighth, leaving seven-eighths held by other people, brothers, and cousins, &c.

Mr. Chambers roundly blames the third John Walter and the *Times* manager (Mr. J. C. Macdonald) for embarking in the famous Parnell affair without holding any consultation with the co-proprietors of the paper. Walter, moreover, made a mistake, Mr. Chambers declares, in refusing "the offer of the Government of the day to provide out of the public funds the official expenses of the Parnell Commission, as distinguished from the personal expenses of the *Times*. This would have eased the main burden on the proprietors very considerably." As it was, the affair cost them no less than £180,000, of which, says Mr. Chambers, only a small proportion fell on John Walter personally. "The non-acceptance of the [Government's] offer was the more blameworthy because others, and not himself, were to be the chief sufferers."

Mr. Chambers, who is a strong Conservative (a member of the Carlton Club), sums up what he calls "the Parnell escapade" as a "praiseworthy and patriotic move in its conception," but one which "lacked an adequate basis for success." It undoubtedly "shook the credit of the *Times*, and precipitated the decay of its influence and circulation." Then came Mr. Arthur Walter's unsuccessful management, the whole ending "in the necessity of reconstructing the concern, and turning it into a limited company, with the Walter control reduced almost to zero." Mr. Chambers then goes on to say:—

> In the hands of the new management, under a board of directors of up-to-date journalistic experience . . . I still think the paper has a great future before it, and I have shown my confidence by retaining a considerable share in it, though my income from it will never be even one-tenth of what it once was. Whether it will ever regain its old financial position is another matter. For many years between 1868 and 1885 the annual dividends paid to the proprietors exceeded £80,000, and in 1876 amounted to £93,000. Great wars always had the effect of lowering the profits. The Franco-German War caused a drop of nearly £5,000 in the next year's dividends. The Russo-Turkish War of 1877 was still more disastrous; the drop was £18,000, but the next following years in each case showed a full recovery. The actual *causa causans* of these great fluctuations was the determination of the management to get the best obtainable news with the greatest possible promptitude, regardless of cost.

Those last remarks should help to dispel the popular fallacy that war is a source of profit to the newspaper press. It always entails a great increase of expenditure, rendered imperative by the public eagerness or anxiety for news, and by the keen competition existing between different journals. Increase of circulation can scarcely ever compensate for the increase in expenditure, and if the latter were not incurred a paper would be ousted from public favour by more enterprising rivals. On the other hand, of course, a newspaper's reputation is often consolidated by its enterprise in war time, and, in the case of a new journal, the foundations of its success may be laid.

Our quotations from Mr. Chambers's book will have shown that it is by no means restricted to the subject of East-Bourne. Besides appealing to the inhabitants of that prosperous and delightful watering-place, it contains numerous pages of interest to the general reader. It is embellished with fifty-four plates from old engravings, drawings, and photographs, many of them views of parts of old East-Bourne and neighbouring spots, such as they were in the long ago, or as they remain to-day.

AN ANCIENT SAGA

Beowulf and the Finnsburg Fragment. A Translation into Modern English Prose by JOHN R. CLARK HALL, M.A., Ph.D. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE translator of this important work has rendered all students a great service by his conscientious and thorough treatment of a poem which is one of the most precious

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treasures of English literature, concerning which, notwithstanding the countless books and articles that have been written on this favourite Early English and Gothic hero, fresh and even still more interesting discoveries will assuredly be made, probably in Bohuslän, the scene of the last exploits of Beowulf.

It is indeed remarkable that one of the earliest Scandinavian sagas, with its incongruous Christian additions, should have been handed down to us in such a perfect state full of local colour, not thanks to a Scandinavian scald, but to some unknown Saxon, Anglian, or Mercian gleeman, who imbued his work with such zeal and poetic skill that his "amended" version of Beowulf is probably far more interesting and human than the rough original Gothic or Jutish sagas which probably formed the body of the work. Thanks to the conscientious rendering of this priceless treasure into modern English and to the copious notes and illustrations with which it is illustrated, the English people have now placed before them a faithful picture of the life and ideals of their Viking forefathers, the Goths of Viken (South Sweden), the Danes of Skane (East Denmark, now South Sweden), of Zeland and Funen (West Denmark), so far back as the fifth century. We see their great halls ("Haller" and "Up Salar") hung with gold embroidered tapestry, their carved and gilded war-vessels (Drake), their gold inlaid and enamelled weapons, their beautiful jewellery, hardly surpassed even in our days, their ornate drinking-vessels, their splendid armour and other war-gear, the rich and costly harness of their horses. All these are described with astonishing accuracy in this grand old poem Mr. Clark Hall has so ably translated into pure, vigorous, simple English.

Judging from internal evidence, an impartial critic might take it for granted that Beowulf was no Dane, but a Goth or Jute, from the old province of Viken (Bohuslän), and resided near Hronenaes, near Gothenburg (pronounced in English "Jutteborg"). His abuse of the Danes, and his praise of "the vengeful Swedes, vigorous and keen on fighting across the lakes" (Wener and Wetter), also the distinction drawn between his own people and them, is strong evidence of this assumption. The present poem, as handed down to us, is, however, the finished work of some early English poet (gleeman), or minstrel, whose home was England; for the language, with few exceptions, is Early English, and not Norse or Gothic. The bragging about Gaetish (Gothic) pluck as compared with that of the Danes is very significant. The use of such a term as Wyrd instead of "The Fates" in an English translation is to be regretted, as it only mystifies the reader.

The translator's contention that Beowulf, notwithstanding his Munchausen adventures, was an historical personage is, in the writer's opinion, thoroughly justified, for not only are the place-names, localities, and tribes mentioned in Beowulf familiar to Scandinavian archæologists, but the armour, weapons, jewellery, and other articles found in the tumuli of Sweden and Denmark so strikingly resemble the objects described in Beowulf that one cannot doubt that the Gothic hero actually existed, and performed many remarkable exploits which in process of time have been exaggerated by his admirers until we have them at last in their present surprising form.

Bohuslän, with its rocky headlands, deep and gloomy fiords, and wild skerries, and not Jutland, as the translator affirms, is probably the scene of the last feats of the brave and noble Beowulf against the dragon. What the monster could be no one seems to know, but that the inhabitants of the skerries in Sweden believe in sea-monsters to this day there is not the least question, for one appeared, or is alleged to have appeared, last summer at Saltsyöbad, near Stockholm, and scared many simple folks almost out of their wits. This strange incident brings Beowulf very near to us.

The saga was probably introduced into England by the Jutes of Kent, or by the Viking Jutes, or Goths from Viken, in South Sweden, who had settlements in East Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. From them it could easily have passed over to some skilled Anglian or Mercian minstrel, who, with true artistic craft, collected the scattered jewels, and wove them into a costly vestment of rich brocade, which will last for many centuries.

Whilst praising the thorough erudition of Mr. Hall—for he has consulted about two hundred works on Beowulf alone, dating from 1815 to 1910—we must confess that we hold with Professor Bugge that the Gaets were not a different, but practically the same, race as the Götar, or Jutes, and were likewise Goths. In Swedish the English "g" is generally pronounced as a soft "j," almost a "y," and the words Gothenburg, East Gothland, West Gothland, Gotha Elf are pronounced in the South of Sweden "Jöteborg," "Östra Jötland," "Westra Jötland," and "Jöta Elf;" whilst the people are called "Jötar," not "Gaetar." The Danes who inhabited the peninsula of Jutland originally belonged to the same race, and were also Jutes or Jötes. This being the case, it would perhaps be easier for English readers if Mr. Hall had called the Gothic followers of Beowulf Jötes, or Goths, since we know from the lay that they belonged to Gothland, in contradistinction to the Danes, who inhabited Skane and the isles of Denmark; whilst the Svea folk (the Swedes) dwelt on the other side of the Lakes Wener and Wetter.

SOUTH AFRICAN ETHNOGRAPHY

The Yellow and Dark-Skinned People of Africa South of the Zambesi. A Description of the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and particularly the Bantu. With Numerous Folklore Tales of these Different People. By George McCall Theal, Litt.D., LL.D. Illustrated. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 10s. 6d.)

Even to those who have merely a cursory acquaintance with the literature of South Africa Dr. Theal will need no introduction. As the standard historian of Africa south of the Zambesi, his name and his work are equally well known to all who show any interest in the past of South Africa. His great history of that region has just been completed, and, recognising that the students of South African ethnography have some grievance in finding that the chapters on their subject are scattered throughout the eight volumes of his masterpiece, he has collected them and, with the addition of further material, constructed another volume, which will not only prove invaluable to students of the native races of South Africa, but which should, if only as a piece of general literature, secure a wide public. Dr. Theal has written a book of absorbing interest. His narrative is in many parts entrancing; and, although his literary style is easy and encouraging to the reader no matter how abstruse the topic on which he writes, he has sacrificed nothing of the sound scholarship, the wide reading, and the clear judgment which form the basis of his work. It is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Theal has written a book which will for long contain the last word on the South African native races.

The extent of ground covered in this book is for the most part indicated in the full title given at the head of this notice. The Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the Bantus are treated in succession. The different theories concerning the origin of these races is discussed: their history, built up step by step from widely scattered records, is related; the life of the different peoples, their customs, their habits, their beliefs, and even their thoughts are described. A fair proportion of the volume is, moreover, devoted to the folklore

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of these tribes raised by Dr. Theal far in the scale of interest, and the many tales which he relates if collected and illustrated would of themselves make a volume of fairy-tales certain to gain favour with the children.

The Bushmen are the earliest race of which any trace can be found in South Africa. Dr. Theal considers them identical with the palæolithic pygmies, of whom traces are still found in Europe and elsewhere. Their original home, he believes, was in Central Asia, and from that source one section moved towards Europe and another into Africa. All relics of this earliest of European races which still survive he finds almost identical with the corresponding implements and utensils of the Bushmen, and he adds that the prehistoric paintings recently discovered in a centuries-hidden cave near Pau are indistinguishable from the work of the Bushmen in South Africa. These very rudimentary people were still more widely spread than over Europe and Africa. Traces of a similar race have been found in Australia and among the Mongols, and, moreover, the existing aborigines of the Philippines, the Andaman Islands, and Penang in the Malay Peninsula "are so like the Bushmen that it is almost certain they are of the same stock."

After the Bushmen came the Hottentots. The former were forced through the length of Africa by more powerful races. The latter also came in from the North-east, and from the same quarter came centuries later other races whose descendants, more or less pure, held within recent times sway in different regions of Africa. Despite the great pressure from the North, the whole of the earliest race now known as Bushmen—that is to say, the minority who survived the onslaughts of the invaders—did not make its way to the South. Isolated fragments remained behind, and probably the last of these is the pygmies of the Central African forest. The Hottentots Dr. Theal derives from light-coloured Hamites, soldiers in the Egyptian service who mutinied and marched into Somaliland about 650 B.C., and the women—Bushmen—whom they found there. In order to explain the persistence of the differences which still exist between the Hottentots and the Bushmen, Dr. Theal suggests that further immigrations of men of the superior stock were made at later periods so that the predominance of that stock was assured. The Bantus, of whom all the races of South Africa, except the Hottentots and the Bushmen, are branches, also came from the North, and to them far more detailed attention is given by Dr. Theal; but it must not, however, be thought that the treatment meted out to the two earlier races is by any means inadequate. This he was enabled to do by the far more voluminous material at his disposal when he came to consider the relatively modern settlements of the race which was predominant in South Africa prior to the advent of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English. One chapter, the last, is entitled "The Mystery of South Africa." It relates to the mighty ruins of Mashonaland, and Dr. Theal leaves it where he found it—an unsolved mystery.

In the course of his pages the author has many opportunities for turning aside to discuss and linger over subjects not in the direct line of the march to which he has set himself. For the most part Dr. Theal keeps rigidly ahead, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Knowing this, it is probably quite unconsciously that he throws a lurid light on the efficacy of the conversion to Christianity of many of the natives of South Africa. The following quotation relates to Bantu converts, the most highly-developed, intellectually, of the natives, and consequently the most favourable material for leading towards Christianity and civilisation:—

> When I first went to Lovedale nothing impressed me more forcibly with the futility of much of the educational work than the sight of boys in the senior classes learning Latin and reading Shakespeare while their minds were steeped in the crudest superstitions. There was one boy in particular. . . . He was in the Matriculation class, a Christian, and a member of the Christian Association, in connection with which he used to go out to preach on Sundays to the "Red" Kaffirs in the surrounding kraals. Through overwork his health broke down, and, seeing no ostensible cause of his illness, he immediately thought he was bewitched, a belief shared by all his friends at the Institution. He consulted a native witch doctor in the district, who advised him that he was being bewitched by an enemy in Basutoland, and a few days later he left the school to seek out his would-be murderer.

This quotation by Dr. Theal is from a pamphlet by Mr. K. A. Hobart Houghton, a teacher at the Lovedale College.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century. By HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN. A Translation from the German by JOHN LEES, M.A., D.Litt. (Edin.). With an Introduction by LORD REDESDALE, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., &c. In Two Volumes. (John Lane. 25s. net.)

ON one point, and on one point only, will there be general agreement regarding Mr. Chamberlain's work, which, although published some years ago in Germany, has but recently been translated into English. That point is the importance and wide interest of the subject on which he has written. There will be, in addition, a widespread appreciation of the very extensive reading with which Mr. Chamberlain equipped himself before he proceeded to his task. Beyond this, however, opinions on the views put forward in these two volumes will be very varied, and the majority of thoughtful readers will, without doubt, rise from the perusal of this work unconvinced, despite the earnestness which the author has thrown into it and the eloquence with which he has expressed himself. The book is a production of an essentially heterodox description, and this, of course, would immediately prejudice those conservative elements which always predominate in English intellectual circles against it.

But apart from this ingrained antipathy to new ideas, almost universal in the latter half of life, considerable hostility to Mr. Chamberlain's conclusions is well justified; for, divested of the verbiage which surrounds them, they are for the most part found to be crude, ill-digested, and, it is to be feared, warped by prejudice. The two volumes may, in fact, be compressed into a dual sentiment—the apotheosis of Teutonism and the denunciation of Semitism. The work is essentially German and un-English. No fact is allowed to interfere with the glorification of Germanism or with the vilification of Judaism. Cleansed of its Semitic influences, which Mr. Chamberlain is unable entirely to deny, although he strains every nerve in order to belittle them, modern civilisation, we are led to believe, would be perfect. The only dross in the alloy of modern Europe is due to the Jews and their ancestors, the Judæans. If modern civilisation had been based upon the culture of the Greeks and the statesmanship of the Romans alone, perfection would now be installed in the world. The intrusion of Jewish ideas, however, marred the otherwise perfect picture. Hence all the ills to which modern civilised flesh is heir are directly due to the Jews and their ancestors. This is the substance of Mr. Chamberlain's teaching, and by its very extravagance it defeats his own ends, for his readers must pass it by as the ordinary German Anti-Semitism, which has hitherto

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failed to gain any foothold in this country, and is unlikely to do in the future as it has been in the past.

Although permeated to a considerable extent by this unconsidered prejudice, it must not be thought that the Jewish spectre appears upon every page of the book. Other matters are also discussed, and on them also many startling theories are raised. For instance, Mr. Chamberlain's readers, if they accept his teachings as gospel, will have to revise their opinions concerning the Romans. To describe them as invaders or conquerors is a libel. The Roman never went to war for the purpose of conquest or aggrandisement. He did so always in self-defence. In order to preserve his home he was compelled always to fight, and thus in the end he subdued the world. So says Mr. Chamberlain, but one reader at any rate has not been convinced.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY

Studies of a Biographer. By Leslie Stephen. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

This volume, the first of a series of four, contains essays reprinted from various periodicals—chiefly from the "National Review." All but one of the subjects dealt with are connected with the eighteenth century. The introductory essay on "National Biography" serves incidentally as an apology for the Preface which Sir Leslie Stephen did *not* prefix to the first volume of the famous Dictionary. In a few pleasant and vivid pages we realise the gigantic nature of the task achieved in that monumental work. The standard to be aimed at, the special qualifications required of contributors to the Dictionary, and the practical utility of such a work are all considered. With regard to the last point, the pith of the matter is given in the following short paragraph:—

> The first office of the biographer is to facilitate what I may call the proper reaction between biography and history; to make each study throw all possible light on the other, and so to give fresh vitality to two different lines of study, which, though their mutual dependence is obvious, can yet be divorced so effectually by the mere Dryasdust.

The writer himself exhibits in the whole of these papers some of those ideal qualifications he has laid down as desirable in critical and biographical work. In his account of John Byrom, author of the well-known hymn "Christians, Awake!" we are introduced to a quaint, kindly, and gentle eighteenth-century figure, who attracts us, in this sketch, by pursuits in life far removed from the sphere of hymnology. Born of an old Manchester family, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, during the mastership of the famous Bentley, whose goodwill he enjoyed; a writer of a few memorable epigrams, with a facility for turning odd personal experiences into ingenious verse, an enthusiastic teacher of a self-invented system of shorthand in London, and later on in life a devoted believer in the religious mysticism of William Law, he moves through the first half of his century, a curious lay compound of Parson Adams and the Vicar of Wakefield. Two other essays, "Johnsoniana" and "Wordsworth's Youth," are founded respectively on works by the late Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, and the French critic M. Emile Legouis. They have this much in common—in each full justice is done to an aspect of the subject which lends itself to mistaken notions and erroneous judgments.

The two remaining essays give us contrasted types of eighteenth-century writers—the man of enthusiasm and the man who would have regarded that quality as a sham inspiration. In the study of Gibbon, founded upon his autobiography, we have a brilliant analysis and description of the conditions which made possible that concurrence of the man and the moment necessary for the production of a masterpiece like the "Decline and Fall." The essay is of absorbing interest, and gives one an increased sense of the dignity of history and the greatness of the historian's task. "Arthur Young," traveller, farmer, economist, pamphleteer, and reformer, is an enthusiast, wayward and impulsive, who enunciated views that marked him out as a man in advance of his times. Young kept up his restless activity and enthusiasm to the end of a long life, and was an attractive and, in some respects, pathetic personality. These essays, written in a terse and vigorous style, full of sympathetic insight combined with a power of masterly analysis, and enlivened by touches of genial humour, should appeal to a wide circle of cultivated readers.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Attitudes and Avowals. By Richard le Gallienne. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Between a bowl of roses and a vase of lilies Mr. le Gallienne continues to gaze upon a pleasantly sunlit world from a study window which we feel sure must be framed in honeysuckle. "Books as Doctors," "Concerning a Woman's Smile," "Clouds," "The World and the Lover," "Dream Children," "The Profession of Poet"—how well we know the dulcet voice in which Mr. le Gallienne will descant to us upon these ethereal themes! This, of course, is equivalent to saying that he has an individuality and a style, and, if we are constrained now and then to poke a little sly fun at him, we freely admit that there are occasions when his rosy reasonings take us captive; when we can wander contentedly with him through the flowery uplands of fancy, hearing the golden songs of happy birds, hoping to meet some sophisticated Phyllis of the dewy dells who shall inspire us to a rondeau or, perchance, a sonnet. But let us forbear; for in this volume is much matter cast in a sterner mould. Part II. is devoted to some "Retrospective Reviews," and the introductory essay on Grant Allen and his work is well worth careful reading. Mr. le Gallienne was a personal friend and a warm admirer of Grant Allen, and his reminiscences and comments are extremely interesting.

We remember Mr. le Gallienne's book on George Meredith with considerable pleasure; here we have three articles on Meredith's poetry, full of good things. Surely, however, the author makes a serious critical slip in the following passage, where he alludes to Carlyle, Browning, and Meredith:—

> . . . The more we demand this expressive finality and universality of literature, the more we realise that these three writers I have classed together are inspired prophetic journalists, moulders of the spiritual aspiration of their time, rather than enduring voices of the eternal meanings. It is exceedingly improbable that any one of them will be read, or even understood, a hundred years from now; for they write, so to speak, in the spiritual slang of the day.

We differ entirely from this curiously perverse summing-up of possibilities, and differ all the more strongly because on other pages Mr. le Gallienne proves himself a critic of acute insight. But why, in his note on Mr. Maurice Hewlett, does he write "different than"?

The other essays are written with discrimination and care, and if we are at times tempted to call Mr. le Gallienne names for failing, in the years that have lapsed since "Young

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Lives" and "The Romance of Zion Chapel," to climb to the highest peaks of the enchanted land of literature, we are bound to confess that with all his faults we love him still.

Lord Clive's Right-hand Man: A Memoir of Colonel Francis Forde. By COLONEL LIONEL FORDE. (James Nisbet and Co. 5s. net.)

FORDE'S whole military career in India, in Clive's time, lasted only from 1754 to 1760: his present biographer describes it as meteoric. Worsted in his first detached encounter at Nellore, north of Madras, he gained subsequently three victories, which stamped him as an officer of unusual ability: he amply justified the confidence which Clive invariably reposed in him, selecting him for any arduous service there was on hand. Forde was a King's Service officer, and there was some difficulty—pecuniary compensation was in fact required—to induce him to accept, on Clive's nomination, the command of the Company's troops in Bengal at the commencement of 1758, the year after the victory of Plassey. That same year Clive despatched Forde to assist Ananda Raj, the Vizianagram Raja, against the French. The force consisted of 500 Europeans, including the artillery, 2,000 Sepoys, and 100 Lascars. The object of the expedition was to expel the French from the Northern Circars, or to create a diversion in the Carnatic. He soon met the French force commanded by the Marquis de Conflans; it consisted of 500 European infantry, numerous artillery, 500 horse and 6,000 Sepoys. The French were utterly defeated. This was "the battle of Condore, one of the most brilliant actions on military record, generally little known or mentioned." Exactly four months later, Forde took Masulipatam, a fort standing a mile and a half from the sea, where the French had rallied. His force of 315 Europeans and 1,500 Sepoys encamped on the sandhills, and advancing across difficult, swampy ground made a night attack which was completely successful. It was splendid audacity, admirably planned, brilliantly executed. The third victory, in 1759, is mentioned, though not by name, in Macaulay's essay on Lord Clive. The Dutch sent seven ships with 1,500 men from Java, after secret communications with the Bengal Nabob at Murshidabad, to attack the English in Bengal. They were soundly beaten, both by land and water. Macaulay records that Clive "took his resolution with characteristic boldness, and was most ably seconded by his officers, particularly by Colonel Forde, to whom the most important part of the operations was intrusted." This was the victory of Badara, near Chinsura on the Hooghly, which Broome calls a brilliant one, and Malleson includes among the decisive battles of India. Notwithstanding his success and Clive's support, the Court of Directors refused to confirm Forde in the Bengal command. So Forde had to leave India, and was not re-employed until 1769, when he was selected with two other Commissioners to investigate Bengal affairs. They reached the Cape, and were afterwards lost at sea.

Forde was clearly a very remarkable officer, and was hardly treated. The author tells his tale simply, without much embellishment of style. As it stands it should be in every regimental and military library, as a chronicle of bravery and of skilful leading. Opportunities for gaining distinction were, perhaps, more frequent in India a hundred and fifty years ago than they are now, but it is still open to officers to profit by the examples of their predecessors and to take advantage of chances that present themselves.

Phlox. By CHARLES H. CURTIS, F.R.H.S. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.)

THE author of this remarkably cheap and useful little handbook, which forms No. 30 of the popular "One and All Garden Series," is assistant editor of the "Gardener's Magazine," and Hon. Secretary of the National Sweet-Pea Society, and he writes with all the authority of a keen horticulturist, and one well-versed in his subject. His directions for the cultivation of this charming flower will therefore be found most valuable, especially by the amateur gardener who takes a pride in obtaining the best results from such plants as it may be his hobby to grow. The phlox is not a flower that demands a great deal of attention; given a moist—but not wet—and slightly shaded position, with an occasional application of liquid manure during the flowering season, phloxes will grow to perfection. There are hundreds upon hundreds of florists' varieties, of which the excellent illustrations which adorn this booklet will give some idea. With the exception of the beautiful Phlox Drummondii all are perennial, some flowering early, others late.

Matriculation Geometry. Books I.-IV.

Conic Sections Made Easy. By SARADAKANTA GANGOPADHYAYA, M.A. (The Student's Library. Calcutta and Dacca.)

IN these days, when hustle is king, an elementary student of science becomes more and more forced to utilise text-books which are written specially for particular examinations. The result to the student is often one of mental stagnation and narrow vision, usually accompanied by a knowledge built up on very insecure foundations. Writers of text-books may be divided into two classes, differing in a manner analogous to the popularly-supposed difference between journalists and *littérateurs*. Just as the journalist is imagined to keep as his stock-in-trade a scrap-book, a pair of scissors, and a bottle of paste, the former being called into use whenever an article has to be written; so the writer of examination text-books may be expected to work in a study surrounded by examination-papers and syllabuses. The scientific expert, like the true literary man, writes because he must.

The books under notice were specially written for the examinations of the University of Calcutta; but both nevertheless may be utilised as sound general text-books on the subjects with which they respectively deal. As a good introduction to Geometrical Conics we may recommend the second book of the author, who was formerly a professor of mathematics in India. "Matriculation Geometry" contains some very interesting notes, such as the proof that the theorem of Pythagoras, better known as the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, Book I., was understood by the Hindus in very ancient times. But we feel that the author has not allowed sufficiently for the mental development of his students. If the book is used in class-work the teacher will become a mere corrector of exercises. For instance, a complete page is occupied by the description of the method of drawing parallel straight lines by means of a set-square! Such thoroughness verges on the ridiculous. The book will be of great assistance to private students.

FICTION

The Latent Force. By LIEUT.-COLONEL E. C. THWAYTES. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

ONE approaches the criticism of this book with a certain reluctance. It is difficult to avoid saying too much or too little. But one comes across all too often a novel about which one asks oneself—Why was this ever published? What is there in it which appealed to the publisher's reader and decided him upon a favourable verdict? "The Latent Force," by Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Thwaytes, is

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such an one. The author lures the reader on by a little Arab story, serving as a prologue to his novel, which is grammatically and interestingly told. Curiously enough, however, the writer seems to have forgotten all knowledge both of grammar and punctuation as soon as he wrote Chapter I. at the head of his paper. Commas are flung in defiantly where their presence is highly objectionable ; semi-colons and present participles suddenly appear in the middle of a line for no apparent rhyme or reason. In consequence the reviewer forgets all about the story in an unholy joy at watching for the apparition of an elementary blunder. A single sentence meanders through some sixteen lines. At the end of it the reader is forced to retrace his steps in order to dislodge the verb which makes sense of the whole. On many of the pages one sentence alone constitutes a paragraph. As to plot, atmosphere, or characterisation, one seeks for them in vain. Of native life the occasional glimpses one has are buried under a mass of meticulous detail and well-meant explanation. The writer has an annoying trick, too, of using native Indian words and then translating them. There is no intention in this criticism of being unnecessarily harsh; evidently the author is a beginner, and as such should appreciate a few straightforward remarks on the question of what to do and what not to do. Lieut.-Colonel Thwaytes writes as a soldier who is concerned rather with polishing his gun-barrel than with the men he must shoot. He taxes patience and forbearance to the utmost.

The Love of Kusuma. By Bal Krishna. With an Introduction by Victoria Cross. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

The Foreword which Miss Victoria Cross has written for Mr. Bal Krishna's book is not only absurdly excessive in its praise, but it belauds the author for quite the wrong things. We could quarrel with almost every sentence of it, but we must content ourselves with contradicting two or three. At the very beginning Miss Victoria Cross says : "One of the greatest points of difference between the outlook of the Eastern and the Western upon Life is the way in which they regard Love, and this difference is very strongly marked in the following love-story." We do not know exactly what Miss Cross means by "the Western," but if, as is natural, she includes the Italian and the Spaniard, then we can only say that the passionate love of Mohan and Kusuma, with its sleepless nights, pallors, faintings, and telepathic dreams, is just the sort of emotion we have always understood to be characteristic of Southern European peoples. Again, "As a mere piece of photography of Indian life, manners, customs, and scenes it (the book) is most valuable." If there is one thing more than another which the book is *not*, that is a photograph of Indian life and manners. We are not very fond of literary photographs, but we are surprised that Mr. Krishna tells us so little, and that little so ordinary, about Indian life. Surely as a native of India he might have told us a few things hidden even from the devouring eye of a Kipling. But no, he gives us an artless tale of love at first sight which did not run very smoothly ; he describes very pleasantly a little natural scenery ; he gives us slight and commonplace glimpses of two or three Indian households of the wealthy class ; and he finishes up with an account of attack and abduction by robbers in the Rajputana desert, which might perhaps have been dramatic if Mr. Krishna's way of writing were not unusually quiet and matter-of-fact. His material is certainly slight, but he is obviously much occupied with the task of writing neat and correct English, which he does mostly with great success. Sometimes his style takes on a little of what is called "Oriental colour." His moralising is rather too naïve for English readers, but it is certainly well precedented in an Eastern tale. Mr. Krishna's greatest achievement is that he has written a love story without gushing. A writer who can do this ought to be capable of a great deal more than we see in "The Love of Kusuma."

The Card. By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen and Co. 6s. net.)

Compared with "Clayhanger," "The Card" is as a pencil-sketch by the side of a fine, detailed etching ; from the hand of a true artist, however, the sketch may be full of humour and suggestive qualities, and as acceptable in its way as the more elaborate work. "Denry" Machin, the queer "card" who is the hero of this lively story, is one of Mr. Bennett's happiest achievements in lighter vein. Eager to get on, not too scrupulous, quick to profit by the ideas which flash into his brain at critical moments, Edward Henry (called by his mother "Denry") progressed from an insignificant member of the classic Five Towns community to the dignity of Mayor of Bursley. How this crowning glory was accomplished we will not here relate ; nor is "The Card" a book which demands a lengthy review. As an instance of Machin's methods, however, we may mention his golden idea of purchasing for a mere song the old lifeboat at Llandudno which had rescued the crew of a wreck. This craft, he advertised, would make hourly trips to the scene of the wreck at half-a-crown a head ; and the enterprising young man, who had merely purposed a holiday at the watering-place with his best girl, remained to line his pockets—and to fill a hat-box—with sovereigns. Laughter runs through the whole story, and the catastrophic preliminary love-affairs of Denry make good comedy, "The Card" is a very entertaining interlude while we are awaiting the promised sequel to "Clayhanger."

A Lady of the Garter. By Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Mr. Hamel has chosen for the *clou* of his romantic novel a quotation from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "The world's male chivalry has perished out, but women are knight-errant to the last." From this standpoint he takes his heroine, Lady Katherine Merivale, through a stirring career full of adventure and excitement to the moment when she is invested with the Order of the Garter. It is regrettable that the book opens somewhat tediously. One has to wade through very many chapters before arriving at the entertaining moments, but, once there, Mr. Hamel's sword-blades clash right vigorously, and death is looked upon by all his characters with a smile. Lady Katherine, married to a soldier, follows him over to France, pursued by the villain, Sir John de Grailly, who, in his way, is greatly enamoured of her. The battles and daring deeds which follow are handled with force and abruptness, leaving the reader gasping and a little bewildered. The reign of Edward III. offers great scope to the historical novelist, and Mr. Frank Hamel may be said to know his history thoroughly.

SPECIAL ISSUES

The "Mid-Winter Number" of the *Century Magazine* is an especially interesting issue to students of the dramatic art. It opens well with an excellent retrospective paper entitled "Shakespeare on the Stage," the first of a series, in which various interpreters of Hamlet are discussed, both male and female. The contrasts that are drawn are very illuminating, whether we regard differences in style or

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variations in appearance. "Acting in the Lyric Drama," an article by Mary Garden, deals rather too much in the obvious, as may be inferred from the following sentence:—"In studying the dramatic side of an operatic *rôle*, it seems to me one often needs to go further than the mere lines of the part set forth by the librettist." Of course! Any knowledge of the stage will show how much more the capable actor puts into his part than was given by the actual words which he utters. In spite of this, however, the article is of great interest, and contains some peculiarly significant passages concerning the psychology of an interpretation of an emotional scene. The fiction, poetry, and humour of this number are of the usual high standard, and the illustrations in colour set an example which many of our own magazines might well emulate.

United Empire, the journal of the Royal Colonial Institute, has for its principal article "The Next Imperial Conference," by Mr. L. H. Hordern, in which the writer discusses the difficulties which lie in the path of consolidation, and makes several interesting but not always practicable suggestions in furtherance of that Imperial unity which still seems far in the distance. Organisation is the leading note of this clever and well-considered essay, and all who have the welfare of the Empire at heart should read it carefully.

MUSIC

Forty years ago on Maundy Thursday Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew" was sung for the first time in Westminster Abbey, the performance being mainly due, we believe, to the zeal of Dr. Troutbeck and Mr. Barnby, whose energies were cordially approved by good Dean Stanley, in spite of the fact that he was, as his biographer puts it, entirely destitute of musical feeling. Fierce controversy raged round the Abbey walls in consequence. Many a "Handel Commemoration" had been held in times past within them, but any movement blessed by Dean Stanley was anathema to most of his brethren. It was supposed that some of them would not unwillingly have led him to the stake the year before, which was that of what they called the "Vance Smith Scandal," and after the "Passion" had been sung Mr. Barnby wrote to Sir Frederick Ouseley, "My life is hardly safe within the precincts of Westminster." We have become wiser and more tolerant. For many years the "Passion" music has been devoutly performed in St. Paul's Cathedral, and there is hardly a church where such performances would be condemned. Once more have the reverend walls of Westminster echoed to the solemn, beautiful music. Permission was granted by the Dean to the Bach Choir, and on February 17th they sang it in the nave. We decided to hear it from a place in Poets' Corner, and were truly thankful that we had done so. Many people cannot enjoy music unless they can see those who are making it, though the sight is not always an impressive one. At Queen's Hall, on Saturday, half the occupants of the stalls stood up, the better to delight in Herr Rosenthal's feats on the pianoforte. We ourselves prefer not to look at the performers; the enjoyment of music to us is multiplied tenfold if we can hear it in tranquillity, without having our sight or our senses disturbed by the movements of the *exécutants*. Here, then, was an opportunity of indulging our fancy that was on no account to be lost. It was probable that we should have heard all the details of the performance more clearly had we been in the nave; perhaps its beauties might have been more apparent, but so would have been its imperfections, and we should have been able to find fault, and to go away dissatisfied with this and that. We are sure that we chose the better part. Distance lent its enchantment as we listened from near the spot where Handel sleeps. We were told afterwards that some of the singers had not always sung in tune, that the orchestra had now and then committed a crime, that the choir was feeble at some points. But of all this we were blissfully unconscious. We could hear as well as we wished. The sweet, grave music floated up among the arches with all the added effect of mystery, as we could not tell from whence it came; and the faults, if faults there were, had been purged away before they reached our ears. The transept was dimly lighted by candles, and a great stillness fell upon the vast audience the moment that the music began. We might almost have been alone among the dead as we listened to the eternal story unfolded in Bach's "dignified musical prose." The world was only recalled to us when we looked up from our score and along the transept to where through the north door, which has panels of glass, we could see the hurrying lights of motor-cars, and the form of a policeman passing and repassing.

Lamps and policemen are not easily to he compared with swallows and butterflies, but the note of life which they struck reminded us forcibly of the curious effect of the birds and insects which came fluttering about one in the theatre at Ober-Ammergau, unconscious of the scenes on which our minds were rapt. It is true that except from Mr. McInnes, who sang the music of the Saviour, and who was in every respect the most distinctly heard, the words were not clear; but then we knew the words. It is true that the effect of the wind-instruments was not always apparent (perhaps there were not enough of them compared with the strings), but our score told us that they were playing, which was a great help, and frequently (as in the case of the *oboe da caccia* accompaniment to "Ach, Golgotha," and the oboe in "Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen") their distant melody was touched by an ethereal beauty. It is true that the dramatic music was more blurred than the lyric, and that the organ sometimes played the part of a too predominant partner; but all this was as dust in the balance. We have heard some fine and many moving perfomances of the "Matthew Passion," one of them under Herr Mengelberg, at Amsterdam, was by very much that which most nearly approached perfection, but we can truthfully say that, owing to the environment of Poets' Corner perhaps, we had never heard a more appealing performance than that given by the Bach Choir in Westminster Abbey. We think it must be the case that the performers were one and all animated by the right spirit; that the great work was really well done; that we were not deceived by the glamour of our corner into thinking so. The choir surely sang with tenderness and great feeling the orchestra played with sobriety; the ladies, Miss von Glehn and Miss Dilys Jones, showed purity of voice and right phrasing. Mr. Bertram Mills, the bass, was always good, and as for Mr. Gervase Elwes and Mr. McInnes, it is not easy, without seeming exaggeration, to express one's gratitude for the so finely-controlled fervour with which they sang. We wished that Purcell could have heard it all, even though he be in that place where his harmony (and Bach's, too) is exceeded, and Handel, and all the poets and musicians, among whose tombs we sat. Milton, we felt, would have approved the fair music that these creatures were making. He does not lie in the Abbey; there is only the monument in whose inscription "Mr. Benzon has bestowed more words upon himself than upon Milton." But could his spirit have returned to wander under that "high embowed roof," and hear the "full-voiced quire below," we think that even that "too proud and too sensitive" man might for once have been tranquil and happy.

How shall we fitly commend the liberal spirit shown by the directors of the Classical Concert Society? Devoted as they are to Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, they have yet had the self-sacrifice to filch one of their precious afternoons

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from their trinity, and give it up to the moderns of France! The result was a concert of the very first order of interest and beauty. Of interest, because it taught us that the young players who call themselves "The English String Quartett," Messrs. Thomas Morris, Herbert Kinze, Frank Bridge, and Ivor James, can actually play Debussy's Quartett as it ought to be played. We will frankly own that we had not expected English players to show such a fine power of expressing the delicate art of Debussy. We do not say that Messrs. Morris and Co. surpassed some of the wonderful foreign quartett-parties who have probably played Debussy a great many more times, and who have doubtless lived in an atmosphere more penetrated with the modern French spirit, but we could hardly have desired to hear the second and third movements of Debussy's enchanting quartett more charmingly played. The first movement was a little harsh. It is marked *très décidé*, and the performers' decision was a little too imperious. The rhythms of the last movement were not quite successfully marked; but even in these two movements there was very much to praise, and the great thing is that the young artists had got deeply into the meaning of the music. We would willingly have heard it all over again. Then we had solos by Mr. Percy Grainger. We cannot think that his touch is suitable for Ravel's homage to the "Dieu fluvial riant de l'eau qui le chatouille," or for Debussy's "L'Ile Joyeuse." It is glittering enough, but too hard. He was much more to our liking in two brilliant and amusing pieces from the "Iberia" of Albeniz. These he dashed off with much dexterity and force. César Franck's magnificent Piano Quintett came last. Perhaps this is at present too great a piece of music to be thoroughly explained to us by these players. At any rate, they did not speak Franck's language "in its depths."

Why is it that so few artists pay composers the compliment of carrying out their instructions to the letter? At the last London Symphony Concert a new pianist, Miss Tina Lerner, played Chopin's Concerto in F minor with a lovely touch and the clearest and cleanest *technique*, and with a frequent grace which made up for a certain want of warmth and power. But any one who knew the score well could have put his finger on many, many passages marked by Chopin to be played in a particular way which Miss Lerner played in quite another way! Now, no composer has left more careful indications of the manner in which he wishes his music to be played than Franck. Yet time after time one hears his music marred by the wilfulness of players who will not regard his directions. He is particularly fond of the effect of sudden changes of tone, *dolce subito*, *dim. subito*, and so forth; he loves to suggest a *nuance—piano ma drammatico*, *pianissimo ma marcato*, &c. But his interpreters too often play as if they had not read him. This was the case on the occasion of which we write, and we cannot say that the splendidly-pregnant themes were given with all their significance, or that the climaxes were built up with perfectly graduated steps. The second movement was the most successful, though Mr. Grainger did not murmur his part as most of it ought to be murmured.

Mr. Holbrooke promised us a new Clarinet Quintett at his concert, which one hoped to find a worthy pendant to the masterpieces in that form of Mozart and Brahms. But it had not been sufficiently rehearsed, so that the composer fell back upon his "Diabolique." With Mr. Gammon he essayed C. Franck's Sonata for P.F. and Violin, but he played it almost as if he were doing so for the first time, omitting many notes, scrambling through difficult passages, and playing so loud that his colleague was overwhelmed. Mr. Holbrooke's programme notes are generally interesting; but they, too, give the impression that they have been dashed off in a hurry. Why should Franck's personality be characterised as "timid"? Mr. Holbrooke probably meant nothing more than that the great Frenchman had the rare virtue of tone humility. He did well in allowing us to hear Richard Strauss' early effort in chamber music, the P. F. Quartett in C, Op. 13. We do not wish to hear it again, and are unable to agree with Mr. Ernest Newman that in its slow movement Strauss "sings himself into that ideal world of ecstasy and enchantment in which the older musicians spent their most golden hours," or that the movement "stands unique among Strauss' work both in its pure beauty and in its æsthetic purpose." We seem to detect the "note of provinciality" in such criticism. But the work was interesting as showing us, as Strauss' other early attempts have shown, how little was this Boy the Father of the Man. Wagner's symphony, written when he was eighteen, which Sir Henry Wood revived on Saturday, was interesting for the same reason, but not otherwise, in spite of its clever imitation of earlier models, and its undeniably bright *scherzo*. At this concert Mr. Rosenthal's playing of Schumann's Concerto was of memorable beauty, though he did not always seem on the happiest terms with the orchestra. His playing of the brilliant passages was spotlessly perfect, and on the interpretative side he must be given abundant praise. Always romantic, he never overdid the sentiment. To match his feats of dexterity in his Fantasia on old Strauss' waltz-tunes ("Tausend und Eine Nachts" the best of them) one would have to arrange the piece for at least six pianolas to be played simultaneously, and then we do not think they could do it! We must not omit to record that Mr. Frank Bridges' Symphonic Poem "Isabella" was performed at the London Symphony Orchestra's concert under its composer's direction. A first hearing made us anxious to know it better, for it was at once apparent that here was a work of serious aim and real power which would be worth repeating, not a mere clever student's exercise, but the composition of a musician with something of his own to say.

UNIONIST ORGANISATION

By Sir Charles Walpole

There is no doubt that the want of proper organisation accounts for the lack of greater success of the Unionist Party at the two General Elections held in 1910.

The present outcry is against the Central Office, and I doubt not that much is wanting to make headquarters efficient; but though reform may to advantage be effected there, the radical need for reform is in the constituencies

This is by no means the case in all constituencies; but, I fear, in a very great number, not only faulty, but absence of organisation is at the root of the mischief, and I venture to say that if every constituency was organised throughout Great Britain as some are organised with which I am acquainted, the Unionists would sweep the country, including London, and not excluding a large percentage in Wales and Scotland.

Each constituency is a unit, is self-governing, and is very jealous of outside interference, especially from headquarters. In many there are local magnates who are wedded to the old methods, and who resent any attempt to bring fresh blood into the governing clique. In some cases they will neither do the work themselves nor allow any one else to do it for them. The Central Office may have all the will, all the knowledge, and all the ability to show them the way they should go, but it is a matter of extreme delicacy to get changes made without giving offence to influential personages, and so doing more harm than good.

In these democratic days a constituency must be organised on a democratic basis, and *every* Unionist in every class of

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life who is anxious to help (and they have only to be looked for to be found in thousands) should be enlisted in the cause and made to feel that he has an interest and a share in the wellbeing and eventual success of the party.

Each constituency should be subdivided into branches.

In urban districts the whole area should be parcelled out according to wards, in country districts according to parishes. Each ward or branch should have its own committee, elected, like a parish council, at a parish meeting, with its chairman, vice-chairman, secretary, and treasurer. Each branch should send elected representatives to the central council, and its chosen delegates to the executive committee of the constituency, and should also have its own executive committee, the greater in number the better, so chosen that its active members should be planted about in every corner of the ward, and every populous part of a branch in a rural constituency.

It should be the business of each one of these members to send information from time to time to the local secretary of the arrival of the newcomers and the departure and destination (where possible) of residents leaving, to spread the light amongst his neighbours in his own immediate area, and on polling-day to do his best to bring the sound voter to the poll. The local executive should consist of all classes, high and low; the best workers and the best canvassers will be found among the artisan, servant and small shop-keeping class, and the information they will give is always reliable.

The executive committee of the constituency, elected by the branches, must be kept in touch with the sub-areas. The Central Council is responsible for the choosing of a suitable candidate from those whom it is the business of the executive to select for choice and adoption. The Central Council should elect its own officers, and especially the Chairman of the Association, whose business it is, with the help of his chief agent or Organising Secretary and his Executive Committee, to superintend and vitalise the thoroughly organised structure of the constituency.

Your unit is then a complete and complex whole, ready at the pressing of a button to take the field.

The next most important thing is that each constituency should be self-supporting. Every effort should be made to collect sufficient revenue (the smaller the sums subscribed the better, if sufficient in number) to pay the salary of the organising secretary, and the expenses of registration, rent of offices, printing, postages, and such like, so that the constituency when looking for a candidate shall be able to go to him and say, "We run the machine for you year in and year out—we do not ask you for any assistance, we only leave it to you to pay your election expenses and meet the current subscriptions which are usually looked for."

Each branch also in a country constituency should have its own little fund, raised by local subscription, to pay its current expenses and a small salary to its secretary.

If all the constituencies were organised in this way, the Central Offices would be free to conduct the campaign like ths General Staff of an army.

Happily a great number of the constituencies are organised efficiently, more or less, in the way I have described; but, unhappily, a great number are not. I am acquainted with one constituency, where there was recently a by-election with literally no shadow of an organisation. All was absolute chaos. There were no ward committees, no Central Council, no executive body until at the last moment matters were taken in hand and agents drafted in from outside; there was no organised body of workers, though many willing hands were soon found; there was no marked register, no sources of local knowledge to guide the canvassers, no record of the removals. In another constituency (which was won at the General Election of January by a substantial majority), when the General Election of December arrived everything had been allowed to go to sleep; even the sitting Member appeared not to have troubled to see that his organisation was efficiently maintained—all was confusion, no one had his own line of country allotted to him, and those who thought themselves to be pillars were wrangling instead of working in unison and concord.

I need not say what was the result in both these divisions.

Of course in many cases a shortness of funds is one of the great difficulties. A poor constituency finds itself unable to be self-supporting, and, instead of making an effort, looks out for a rich candidate to pay the piper. This is one of the very worst conditions of things. It is all-important that the constituency should be independent of the candidate or Member, and in such cases it would be wiser for the Central Office to assist with a subsidy, or pay the salary of the organising secretary, at least for a time; it would then be in a position to insist on the organisation being efficiently conducted in the most up-to-date-manner.

Where the fault of the Central Office lies is in its not persisting in compelling the proper organisation of constituencies which are in a parlous state, and in keeping well-organised constituencies up to the mark.

As I have already said, this is a very delicate work to carry out in a great many cases—and in many it would, perhaps, be quite impossible for the chief agent to effect his object, however strong and tactful a man he might be. In such cases I would suggest that a strong front-bench man, such as an ex-Cabinet Minister, should take matters in hand and visit the constituency, assemble the unmanageable magnates, and put the case so forcibly before them from the patriotic point of view, that with some self-sacrifice and self-denial the desired end might be achieved.

If statesmen of this calibre would take such cases up on the lines which the chief agent would himself have adopted the trouble might be vanquished. It is worth any amount of painstaking and patience to weld the units into a composite whole. Until this is done, and the constituencies are rendered healthy, the Chief Whip and the Central Office and the National Union are merely wasting their time.

There is one other thing to be remembered—viz., that when once the work has been done it must be *kept going and not allowed to fall to pieces;* the organisation should be constant, the work never-ending.

The mainspring in each unit must, of course, be the agent or organising secretary, the whole of whose time should be devoted to the work, and it is the business of the chairman and the executive committee to see that he does his work well, and does not get slack. It is, then, all-important that the agent should be hard working, intelligent, tactful, and enthusiastic, with a fairly good knowledge of registration and election law.

Good agents do not grow on the blackberry-bushes, and the lack of good agents is one of the weak spots in the party.

It would be most valuable if the Central Office were to institute a school for agents, and if possible create a sort of *service* for agents, with a system of pensions. The salary of an agent must vary according to the importance of the constituency, and it would be an incentive to the agent to know that there were prizes to be won in the profession, especially in the Central Office, to which the humblest student in agency could aspire. Merit should be the only ground for promotion, and patronage of the unworthy duffer should be a deadly sin. It will be objected that this will all cost money; but doubtless there might be many economies practised by a chief agent with financial instincts, and, of course, anything like a pension scheme would be founded on a contributory basis.

One of the most vital things which contribute to success is the selection of a suitable candidate.

Each constituency should select its own candidate, and only

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Foreign Affairs. On the North-West frontier he adopted what was practically a compromise between Lord Lawrence's principle of non-interference and the Forward Policy of later times: he cultivated friendly relations with the frontier tribes, and from Chitral to Seistan withdrew the regular troops, and substituted for them as frontier garrisons tribal militia or levies, commanded by British officers. This plan was so successful that there were no military operations, except one blockade against the Mahsud-Waziris, which brought them to reason. On the death of Abdurrahman, Amir of Afghanistan, in October, 1901, the succession devolved without disturbance on his son Habibullah, who maintained the same friendly relations with India, and received a British Mission in 1904-05 to renew the former agreement made with his father. After ineffectual attempts to get into correspondence with the Dalai Lama of Lhasa, in order to improve political and trade relations with Tibet, Lord Curzon was allowed in 1903 to despatch a Mission to Tibet, to carry out the previous Anglo-Chinese Convention and the existing Trade Regulations; war with Tibet resulted, the Mission being opposed, and, on the defeat of the Tibetans, a Treaty was negotiated with the *de facto* Government—the Dalai Lama having fled. By these operations the late Russian intrigues at Lhasa were counteracted and terminated. Besides availing himself of opportunities to cultivate amicable relations with Persia, Lord Curzon, late in 1903, took a cruise up the Persian Gulf, touching at the principal ports of commerce, to make acquaintance with the local potentates. He explained in Durbar the principles of British supervision over the peace of the Gulf, the intention of preventing any encroachment on British interests, and the desire to increase trade and maintain the sphere of British influence in Southern Persia.

Lord Curzon also made important speeches to the border chiefs and clans at Quetta and Peshawar, and forwarded the development of the Nushki-Seistan trade route, which avoids Afghanistan. In 1899 the prompt despatch of troops from India to South Africa saved Natal from the Boers; Indian troops were also employed in Somaliland against the Mullah, and in China for the protection of the European Legations at Peking. From the Native Princes of India, whom he claimed as his colleagues and partners in the task of administration, Lord Curzon, while addressing them on their duties and responsibilities, required improvements in their government, and their personal attention to the affairs of their States. With the Nizam of Hyderabad he concluded an agreement by which, for an annual payment of twenty-five lakhs to the Nizam, the Government of India obtained a perpetual lease of Berar, and were able to place it under the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. The Chief's Colleges at Rajkot, in Kattiawar, Indore, Lahore, and Ajmere were reformed, and the Imperial Cadet Corps was established, which gave hopes of some opening in military service for the scions of the noble families. The Coronation Durbar at Delhi on January 1st, 1903, attended by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, held to celebrate the accession of the first Emperor of India, was a gorgeous pageant, calculated to impress deeply the numerous Native Princes, who came to show their loyalty, and the representatives of all classes, Europeans and Indians, officials and non-officials, there assembled. Its cost, about £200,000, was criticised by some, but with no effect. The incidence of taxation in India, Lord Curzon explained, is among the lightest in any nation in the world. He travelled extensively throughout India, leaving no part unvisited, from Quetta to Manipur and Mandalay, from Peshawar to the South, including all the important Native States; he held constant durbars and made eloquent speeches. His activity in the internal administration was no less marked, and requires separate notice.

THE THEATRE

"MR. JARVIS" AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

An inn. Fielding's at Rochester, which might just as well be Fielding's anywhere else, or, for the matter of that, Smith's, Brown's, or Robinson's. People everywhere—ladies of quality, men of fashion, porters, postboys, pedlars, ostlers, valets, ladies'-maids, and a fiddler who keeps his back towards us. Much noise. Loud laughter and chatter. Shouting of plebeians. The half-mad ravings of a seventeenth-century John Burns, and, above all, the thin note of the mysterious fiddler's violin. More noise and the entrance of two soldiers, which leads to nothing. Much broken conversation, of a type which ought not to be overheard—but which is delivered loudly enough to become the property of porters, postboys, pedlars, ostlers, valets, ladies'-maids, and especially of the mysterious fiddler—between the ladies of quality and the men of fashion, who are labelled Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, Sir Lionel Pilkington, Captain Drummond, Lady Betty Acton, and Lord Peter Wildmore, a person who has a Lancashire accent, although he hails from Ireland. Above it all two sounds—the thin note of the violin and the creaking of the play's machinery. Then the entrance of the man Fielding and the enforced exit of the seventeenth-century John Burns, still shouting, still yelling execration at the lazy rich after the manner of his kind. The coach is waiting for the gentry and the audience for something to happen. With the departure of the coach the audience is temporarily appeased. The stage is empty. No, there are two legs visible under a table in a recess. They belong to the mysterious fiddler. No sound is heard by way of a change, except the creaking of the play's machinery, which now creaks more loudly than ever. The mysterious fiddler yawns, stretches, comes out backwards, fully aware of the fact that he is being watched by the audience. He throws off his hat, removes a large pair of goggles, and stands convicted. Good heavens! it is Gerald Du Maurier. How versatile! . . .

A slight mistake. The stage was not empty. We have forgotten Lady Margaret Beauchamp, who had come from nowhere to be on in time to see the mysterious fiddler seize hungrily upon some broken meats. The creaking grows louder. A gasp from Lady Margaret, a widening of the eyes, and a falling open of the mouth. Ah! what have we here forsooth? Another gasp and more widening and an unexpected genuflection on the part of the young lady from nowhere, whose movements are manipulated by the authors, who are pulling on strings from the flies. "My liege! my liege!" quo' she tremulously. Some surprise on the part of the mysterious fiddler, who, nevertheless, mutters "Rise" right royally. Further loud creaking. In the gallery above stands Captain Drummond, secretary to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. "God save the King," saith Lady Margaret. "Not at all," from the mysterious fiddler. Raised eyebrows and rolling eyes from the gallery. In another instant, to appropriate music from the orchestra, Captain Drummond is face to face with the still more mysterious fiddler. But the sound which dominates everything is the creaking of the machinery. Hailing from nowhere, Lady Margaret then returns thither, lingeringly, for the eyes of the mysterious fiddler are upon her hungrily. Bursts of "I' faith!" and "Gadzooks!" and other historical expressions from Captain Drummond, who adds, in a voice loud enough to rise temporarily above the creaking, "The likeness! 'Tis exact." Irritation on the part of the mysterious fiddler, who has been told before *ad nauseam* that he might be a twin to Mr. Jarvis, the Pretender—the usual Pretender, the old, old Pretender. He is, however, not Mr.

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Jarvis—if he had been the sound of the creaking of the machinery would never have been heard.

He is a Charles Lebrun, natural son of some one or other, possibly a Charles, possibly a James, a person, however, with a profound knowledge of languages, who has served in many wars, and who is in Rochester for no other reason than that he may be used by the authors and acted by Mr. Du Maurier. Whoever he is, he bears so striking a resemblance to the Pretender in question as presently, when dressed in Drummond's clothes (who himself appears to masquerade as the Pretender at odd moments, for his wig and costumes are exactly like those of Mr. Jarvis), to bring a gasp from Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and Lord Godolphin. This is precisely what Captain Drummond hoped to achieve, for he had bought the mysterious fiddler's face for four hundred crowns, his intention being to make Lebrun masquerade as Mr. Jarvis for no other reason than that he may wring from Bolingbroke and his friends written expressions of their loyalty to the Pretender, which afterwards may be handed to Queen Anne to the discomfiture of the writers, and the return to favouritism of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. We have, however, anticipated events, such as they are. Something must obviously happen on the stage while the mysterious fiddler turns himself into Mr. Jarvis. So it is given up to Sarah, who herself does a turn. She curses and throws food about, spits and boxes people's ears, issues termagantian cries, and, in the curious but descriptive language of the Americans, "makes things hum some." Altogether a rather entertaining interlude, conducted with great spirit by Miss Henrietta Watson.

And then the hidden orchestra, employed by innkeeper Fielding, strikes up softly. The machinery creaks again, and along the gallery and down the stairs comes the mysterious fiddler. He is, however, no longer the mysterious. fiddler, with unkempt hair, and worn, ill-fitting clothes. He is the Royal Pretender, who passes under the name of Mr Jarvis. We have already said that at sight of him Sarah gasps. Without any prompting from Captain Drummond, with the marvellous intuition of all Pretenders, the mysterious fiddler shows his teeth in the mirthless Stuart way, and holds out his hand to be kissed. Captain Drummond's infantile plan is hailed with acclamation by Sarah, who is labelled Duchess of Marlborough, but who might just as well be Sarah Gamp. And presently, to the creaking of machinery, the curtain falls.

Lady Margaret Beauchamp's house in London. Two weeks elapse. Discovered in a room with a noticeably excellent carved-wood fireplace, real wainscoting, and a dummy spinet, two wooden figures—Mistress Cochrane and the Lady Margaret before mentioned, who, it will be remembered, came from nowhere into the first Act in riding-clothes, unattended, and sat on an inn table in the common parlour among the broken meats. Talk of loyalty to his Majesty, ecstatic talk, quite unbelievable in the mouths of those who are supposed to be in the favour of Queen Anne. White roses and a letter from Captain Drummond, and a further talk of loyalty to the King. The entrance of Captain Drummond, fully disguised under a *nom de guerre*. Mr. Fielding's private orchestra has evidently been removed from Rochester to Lady Margaret Beauchamp's house in London, for, just as the doors open wide and the temporary Mr. Jarvis makes his appearance, it breaks into soft music, the same soft music. Can it be that it has been employed by Lady Margaret to drown the sound of the creaking of the machinery? If so, the intention, though excellent, is abortive. Deep genuflections, more imitations of the mirthless Stuart smile, and two kisses. In the background raised eyebrows and rolling eyes. How to pass the Act? Ah! there is the spinet forsooth, or i' faith, it matters not. But the Lady Margaret Beauchamp can neither sing nor play. What matter? This is a machine-made play, and so there is a spinet "off" and a lady with her mouth to a convenient trap-door.

The long-suffering audience, fully aware of the mild trick that is being played upon them, listen to the song, to the spinet accompaniment, sung and played by the Lady Margaret without any apparent effort. At the end of this somewhat childish display enter Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, who might just as well be Charles St. James, Viscount Brokeingbol. Minor things happen, for this person gives the gasp we have expected of him on coming face to face with Mr. Jarvis. Further exhibitions of the mirthless Stuart smile and the promise from Bolingbroke of his letter of loyalty which is so urgently desired by the disguised Captain Drummond, whom it is impossible to recognise under his *nom de guerre*. Exit the easily gullible, so-called Viscount Bolingbroke, who, evidently not a master of the three R's, is given a fortnight in which to write his letter. There being still ten minutes or so before the curtain usually falls, Mr. Jarvis kindly obliges by giving an exhibition of royal love-making. He wishes to kiss the Lady Margaret, and she, swearing she will ne'er consent, consents. The kiss is about to be consummated when—Ah! What have we here? Who is that sitting in the window-recess, with raised eyebrows and rolling eyes? 'Tis Drummond, *alias* McNeil. It is one part of his bargain with the mysterious fiddler that he shall kiss the Lady Margaret, so, spoil sport that he is, he edges to the door, opens it, shuts it with a bang, comes down centre and reminds his "Royal Highness" that the hour has arrived when he must attend to affairs of State. Oh, how the machinery creaks and how the orchestra swells! Mr. Jarvis turns angrily, like the wolf despoiled of his prey, raises his upper lip in order to give yet another exhibition of the mirthless Stuart smile and marches slowly to the door. Genuflections and curtain.

It cannot be necessary to follow the obvious mazes of this creaking thing with any further detail. Of course, Mr. Jarvis is discovered to be a pretender, but not *the* Pretender. Of course, the Lady Margaret, who has just sworn that she will follow him barefoot to the world's end, turns violently upon him and rends him with coarse words. Of course, the mysterious fiddler then leaves her presence—slowly, oh, so slowly—while the convenient orchestra from Fielding's renders the song, which her ladyship did not sing, with exquisite *vibrato* and *rallentando*. Of course, the Lady Margaret, who has, as we knew she would, plucked the white rose of a blameless life from her bosom and flung it at her feet, cries out, "He has gone! my King!" bursts into floods of tears, stoops, gathers up the still intact rose and presses it to her lips. *Vibrato, passionato, crescendo,*—Curtain.

Captain Drummond's rooms in Bishopsgate early the following morning, so early that the day has not yet broken. For all that the Lady Margaret is abroad and so is the seventeenth-century John Burns and the mob of that period, early risers all. Many things now happen, and all of them ridiculous. The so-called Mr. Jarvis is once more the mysterious fiddler, and, having washed his hands in real water with real soap, and dried them on a real towel, and, having spoken somewhat to Captain Drummond's man, he is told that Lady Margaret is below. She has come to save him from the mob led by the seventeenth-century John Burns. So, for no other purpose than to keep the curtain up, the fiddler gets back into Mr. Jarvis' wig, places himself in front of the window, through which two stones are flung, and addresses the mob in a high, hollow voice.

Drummond, now no longer *alias* McNeil, has joined his tool, who is then the recipient of a bullet in a vital part. Other early risers include Mistress Cochrane and Viscount

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Bolingbroke, who are taking the early morning air in Bishopsgate, which is some distance from their haunts. Anger from within and without. More noise than ever, but above it all the creaking of the machinery. Inconceivable happenings, and, finally, the fiddler in a heap upon the floor with the passionate young lips of the Lady Margaret upon his equally heated brow. He is dead. The wound is vital . . . Nonsense! This is a machine-made play. The kisses restore him to himself. After some feeble remonstrance, he hands the incriminating letters, greatly desired by Bolingbroke, to Captain Drummond, who tears them up at once, although he has occupied all his time and much of his money to obtain them, and throws them upon the fire—the fire which has been burning all night. And then, in order that the mysterious fiddler who has made him look so great a fool shall bear him no ill-will in the future, Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, offers him a snug and lucrative post in a sunny clime, and turns obligingly away so that the Lady Margaret may fling herself into the tattered and despicable arms of a rogue and blackguard, whose French accent is delicious but whose manners leave much to be desired, and are indeed no better, and particularly like those of Arsène Lupin. The ubiquitous orchestra from Fielding's, not to be beaten, has followed our strange collection of dolls and marionettes from the Lady Margaret's house, and is hidden somewhere in Captain Drummond's room. And so once again it is handy with its *vibrato*, *impassionato*, *crescendo* just before the curtain falls.

It is quite unnecessary to say that the actors concerned in this infantile production can do nothing with their *rôles*. For the most part they look extremely foolish, and the only point in the whole of the production which affords any surprise is why Mr. Gerald Du Maurier ever had anything to do with it. Is there not one candid friend attached to this new management?

A STRONG MAN FUTILE

Poor Othello! He looks pitifully at us over a sea of misunderstanding and failure. Tripped and obstructed in his own day by the very excellences that lay in him, he has been wrestled with since but not unriddled, much discussed yet little understood. "My parts, my title," says he when first we see him, "and my perfect soul shall manifest me rightly." So he spoke, back over the years! Would he speak thus now?

He asked not for sympathy; he was not of the stuff that sought it. He would have spurned the subtleties of peripatetic defence. He himself was sternest in censure of himself; even as he was unerring in mentioning, with kingly dignity, those attributes that had won him place and power before, but that had unwrought him in the end. Free of introspection though he was, he yet knew himself; and assuredly the subtle Iago was not unaware of him. Even so frail a dupe as Roderigo did not fail in striking his central note. It was he who made Brabantio aware that his daughter had been plucked away by "an extravagant and whirling stranger of here and everywhere." Othello, too, in no way suspecting the traitorous ear that heard it, says the same thing: "For know, Iago," says he:—

> But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
> I would not my unhouséd free condition
> Put into circumscription and confine
> For the sea's worth.

He has won to mature age, to weight of opinion and office, never knowing the bonds of condition. His location was "here and everywhere." His condition was "free and unhoused." His disposition was "whirling and extravagant;" he would course the earth as his choice dictated. And he prized it. An ancient Pliny might declare the "riches of the sea" to be past all reckoning. Be it so! He would yet not exchange it for his liberty.

Moreover, such a life had left its mark on him. It had, indeed, moulded him to its fashion. Since his arms had but "seven years' pith" in them they had used "their dearest action in the tented field." He had been "sold to slavery," and had won his redemption thence. His "disastrous chances," his "moving accidents by flood and field," his "hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach"—all had given him not only to love his freedom well, but to meet his perplexity with short, straight deed, thus to proceed to the next matter in hand. Widely travelled was he, and could speak of strange marvels at the remotest ends of the earth; nevertheless "little of his great world" could he speak, "more than pertains to feats of broil and battle." And a mood so bred is not one to weigh and excogitate the perplexities of a ravelled occasion.

Such was the man who came to Venice: liberty-loving and imperious, prizing his freedom and proud of his "perfect soul"! He came to Venice to seek service, and it was "nine moons" ere any could be found him. Those "nine moons" chafed him; he regarded them as "wasted." He did not desire languor; he wished activity, he hungered for the things of count—

> The neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner, and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.

Baulked of these, the only realities to him, he sought to recreate them by dwelling on the deeds and adventures of his past. With something between modesty and pride (with that modesty which is all pride) he permits himself to be questioned on his vigorous history by the courtly Brabantio, and in replying he does not forget that the "gentle Desdemona," the duteous daughter in this hospitable house, hangs on his words. He is warmed by that fact. Something that had not hitherto accosted him in his life greets him now. Moreover, his "nine moons wasted" soften him to submit to the gentle influence.

Was ever so strange an opposition? He, a stranger to the gentler ways of women, and she in mute wonder at these monstrous experiences of his! He was even such a man as her dreams had pictured for splendour and power. It was not strange but inevitable that "she wished that Heaven had made her such a man." And he? In truth he was no marrying man; his mood and habits rebelled against all thought of shackles to his freedom. But she won him with as remote and wild a charm as he won her. She came to him as an angel might—wild because unknown, wondrous because strange. Moreover, she *pitied* him! Whoever before had thought to pity so stout a warrior as he? Said he:—

> She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
> And I loved her that she did pity them.

"This only is the witchcraft I have used," he adds. It was witchcraft enough. It was the philtre of the wondrous.

What could be the outcome of such a union? From its inception it trembled on disaster. Would he not bruise her with his resolute handling of life? Would she not irk him with the very gentleness that had first won him? Moreover, there was another trait in him that whispered danger. For a man who wins to the height of years without ever having to bend to a gentler companion; a man aloof so long, not only from conjugal embrace, but from the softening of feminine ways, such a man will, if he marry at last, be touched with a grossness that may easily flame to jealousy,

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even to the picturing of gross visions at a hint of infidelity. He will be uxorious to the limit of irritability. Furthermore, a man who through all these years has never known place or property, will seek these even to selfishness in his wife, if he marry at last. And so secluded a girl as Desdemona, so confiding and trustful, moreover, would be but little likely to understand so imperious a husband. Yet Othello was one who was open as the day; of perfect honour; compact of generosity—which might well win them both beyond the first troublous tacks to the open sea. There needed but the boon of peace, of mutual faith and tranquillity.

That was a boon not to be granted. Iago hung near; and he was one who knew Othello well, and hated him not less. He was a man whose young mind swung to filth and iniquity as a magnet to the Pole. Breathing evil with his every breath, emitting filth with his every word, he hated virtue on instinct. He cast about for reasons of hatred, but his instinct sprang before all reasons from a virginal evil. Thus he hated the "free and open Othello;" whereas the union of a noble Othello and a pure and lovely Desdemona roused him to a height of furious, unconsidering hatred. He hated the gentle Cassio too; and he determined to whelm all three in an imbroglio that shall give play to his cunning intellect, and rouse delighted laughter in the fiends that infest his mind. That he shall thereby win money from his dupe Roderigo is but another whip to his instinct.

That Othello has faith in him he knows well. Was not his bluff, crude manner put on to fend distrust? On this he relies for success with his desperate plan. First by hints, suggestions, innuendos, half-revealings, he prepares Othello's mind to receive the full blast of his vile suggestion. Its very monstrous character is its own surety, and Iago's bluff manner, surely, is earnest of his honesty! But its deadliest guarantee to success is the gross mood in Othello's mind that awaits its reception. It touches his raw uxoriousness, his sense of place and property. Forthwith the words fly from him:—

> O curse of marriage,
> That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
> And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
> And live upon the corner of a dungeon,
> Than keep a corner in the thing I love
> For others' uses.

The very sight of her purity, as she comes to him, mocks him. It, by terrible irony, fans this very gross mood in him that strikes conviction on Iago's tale.

"Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, that made ambition virtue," he cries; and flies into a fury of denunciation against Iago. This is even what that subtle intellect desired. In the hot defence of himself he pours out filthy images that fan Othello's gross mood aflame again. It is swift work now; and that Iago knows well, rejoicing in the excitement. Let Othello's mind once cool from this, and all is undone for Iago. So he brings out circumstance, in part imagined, and in part such as fortune had dowered him withal, to fan the flame to higher terror. And every circumstance avouched is carnally gross, or lends so vile an interpretation. "Goats and monkeys!" wails Othello at the zenith of his mood.

The terror is full; Othello determines to free himself from these entanglements with as sure a hand and as unerring a decision as he had known in the days before he let himself be tricked by a woman. He, a free man once, was trapped by her; now he is tricked by her; he must quit himself of it all. She must die. "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul," he says as he proceeds to the deed, whipping his determination still with gross reminder of her imagined act, thereby showing that he is wounded in his sorest part. Through all he holds her fancied deed before his eye, to spur and hold him to the destined end.

Who shall paint that tragedy? The marriage has fallen awry: she dead, and he with ruined peace of mind. Who, too, dare paint the horror of his after-discovery? That is tragedy of tragedies. She shines now to him as an angel of purest ray. He looks back over the past and sees the over-energy of purpose that led him to so disastrous a conclusion; he looks back further, and sees where once it plucked his honour, where, "when a malignant and a turbanded Turk beat a Venetian and traduced the State," he "took by the throat the circumcised dog, and smote him—thus!" With that word the action closes his account, even as it had closed the Turk's in the times gone by. Therewith Tragedy is full—so full as to swell to a very relief of conclusion. The hand that slew his innocent wife destroys her wronged husband, and death seizes them both in kindly arms. The tragedy is its own relief, yet it is exceedingly pitiful. For he had never an opportunity of displaying to her those more kingly qualities that had won him honour. He fell, pierced in the one weak joint in his harness; fell in tragedy; fell in pity; fell with hands red with the life of his dearest—she who might perchance have been to him the coming of heaven on earth. It is terrible, terrible with all tears.

TIME-WORN RIDDLES

Men have perennially pondered over the problem of the origin of life upon the earth. With the dawn of reason to lift them above the brutes came this legacy of thought that did not perish from one generation to another to puzzle and perplex. Mankind has striven to lift the veil for unknown æons. Evidence of the geological antiquity of our race is so obscure that a portentous fabric of theory has often been built up on a chipped flint, or on a scrap of material from which the cranial index of some primitive being could be argued. While research has carried us step by step toward the goal of evolution, the ultimate issues "What is life?" and "How did it originate on our globe?" are still unanswerable. Nowadays we shroud our guesses in a maze of words, words which bristle with broken links of definition. Primitive man, when he tried to unravel the mysteries, built up quaint allegories. His environment was one huge parable to him. Just so a child weaves fascinating legends and spins "stories" out of the talk of birds or the flitting of clouds across the sun. Primitive man was childhood writ large. Modern man is busy laying up his talent of imagination in the napkin of commonplace. Nevertheless, imagination is the only talent which will ever enable the investigator to see beyond the end of his nose.

The varying degrees and condition of life-tissue are, again, problems as perplexing as its ultimate essence. In what does plant-life differ from animal-life? Is it conceivable that one phase of being can have passed into the other, or is there some impassable gulf fixed between the two? The answer of Science is halting and uncertain. Now and then she takes an ambiguous genus which she used to label "plant" and labels it "animal." She gives reasons for so doing that satisfy herself and conform to her formulæ of half-defined words.

To the poet the plant or tree is a sentient being. In him primitive man lives again. He builds by parable. When Wordsworth says:—

> 'Tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes,

the assurance, as of the statement of some ultimate law, comes home to us, as if by instinct. It must be so, we say

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to ourselves. Only those who have wandered in a virgin tropical forest can conceive the meaning of the words "the struggle for existence." The whole vegetable world cries insistently "Give us light and air or we perish. Shut us in the dark dungeon of impenetrable gloom beneath the great trees, leave us to the tender mercies of those self-seeking bullies and, if we do not die and disappear, we must persist in some pallid, anæmic type. Rather than give up the struggle and go under we will change our habit. Give us air and light and we can level up; shut us out of these and we must level down."

The modification of plant-life by environment is surely evidence of the essential ultimate unity of living things. All living forms hold the breath of life in common. The plant and the animal both breathe, although in inverted fashion. Here, again, for the moulding of the mood of man by the message of the woods, we must look to the poet to interpret for us. All the world knows the magic of the musings which Tennyson wove into his monologue "Maud." The self-tormenting lover, with the dreadful taint of insanity in his blood and the burden of idleness and vacuity to set his brain teeming with fancies, has reached an unsteady quicksand of felicity. He has poured out his tale into responsive ears, and in the twilight he catches glimpses of the light of heaven. As he muses the muffled roar of the distant rollers comes up from the shore, the breezes whisper, as they stir the cedars round about his home and Maud's. Thus he falls to dreaming of the dark trees as of a thing sentient and within the pale of human analogy :—

> O, art thou sighing for Lebanon,
> In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
> Sighing for Lebanon,
> Dark cedar?

The passage surely contains a note of true inspiration. Thus, beneath familiar palm-groves the Jews dreamed by Babylonian waters of their captivity. Thus young Disraeli's thoughts flew, like homing pigeons, to the cradle of his mysterious race. It requires the poetic instinct so to realise a supreme law of association linking up the whole round earth.

To get nearer to the heart of our problems we must take our stand on the platform of Science. At a recent meeting of the British Association the President told the scientific world that the old belief that each vegetable cell-unit was boxed up in a case of cellulose had disappeared under modern investigation. The protoplasm is now believed to be in a state of continuity by reason of the discovery of connecting canals and threads passing through the cell-tissue. Something like sense-organs, he said, have been discovered in the roots, stems, and leaves of plants, and the phenomena of geotropism appears to indicate a perception of the incidence of gravity and its reaction on irritable tissues. Thus the plant, in the light of modern investigation, would appear to furnish us with an object-lesson of a nervous system in the melting-pot of evolution.

Our green planet teems with a myriad life. Vegetation fills nearly every chink and cranny of the earth's surface, from the region of perpetual ice to the baked walls of rock which tower above the Red Sea. Put the tropical plant under chill skies and it withers. We say it "dies." Let it be placed in uncongenial environment or mutilated, and, by automatic forces of which we know nothing, blight and parasite take possession of it. It becomes a cumberer of the ground. An unconscious force or instinct teaches it expedients by which its fertilisation and consequent propagation may be achieved. Its being is bent on the task of carrying on the type. Surely if the last word of Science be read through the glasses of imagination, the whole economy is no mere parody. The lives of animal and vegetable are not moving on parallel paths which can never meet. There must be some common territory into which, in the flux of live form, the vegetable has entered to emerge with the added symbols of animal life. "When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear," to ears that hear and eyes that see :—

> Imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

On Tuesday evening, February 14th, Mr. George A. Stephen read a comprehensive paper dealing with the subject of "Modern Machine Bookbinding," Mr. John Murray, J.P., D.L., F.S.A., being in the chair. Machine bookbinding, the lecturer observed, was solely a product of the nineteenth century. At the time of the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations in 1851 it was in its infancy, yet the jurors of the bookbinding section were jubilant at the great strides which they considered had then been made.

Since then the incessant demand of the public for cheap books, and the acute competition of publishers and authors, have combined to stimulate mechanicians to produce machines for the efficient execution of almost every process in printing and bookbinding, and the natural result to-day is a plethora of books, good, bad, and indifferent.

The various technical processes for binding books and magazines were described in detail with the aid of many good lantern-slides, and the methods of colour-printing with regard to the production of artistic covers were plentifully illustrated. Unfortunately, said Mr. Stephen, owing to the acute stress of competition between publishers and the demand for cheap books by the public—who cannot or who will not make any distinction between immediate and ultimate advantage—the publishers are practically compelled to avail themselves of every means which tends to lessen the cost of production. The inferior physical qualities of books at the present day must not be attributed primarily to the wholesale bookbinder, as he simply estimates for that for which he is asked, and, if the prices are cut very fine, cannot turn out good work. The responsibility lies with the publisher, who is generally more concerned with low prices than with quality and serviceability; even when he is prepared to pay a fair price for a binding he often handicaps the binder severely by giving him books that are printed on the detestable featherweight paper, or the equally execrable heavily-loaded art paper, both of which preclude satisfactory work.

Reference was made to the common defects in cheap bindings, and to the fact that the Royal Society of Arts did a great service when it appointed a committee to investigate the causes of the decay of modern leather bindings, and to indicate the best methods of preparing leather for bookbinding. The committee's published report had a salutary effect on the manufacture of leather, for which all librarians and bookbinders are grateful.

"The standardisation of book-cloths in Great Britain," concluded Mr. Stephen, "is quite practicable, and worthy of the attention of the Royal Society of Arts. The Society could prosecute inquiries and obtain suitable materials for testing, and so forth, and it could employ the National Physical Laboratory to make the actual tests, as it possesses much of the necessary apparatus. Special attention should be given to the relative advantages of cotton cloths as compared with linen cloths, and to the attacks of British and foreign insects; tests should be made regarding the effects of water on the colour of the cloth, the effects of the

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products of combustion, and the behaviour of the cloth in regard to germ cultures.

"If the Royal Society of Arts would undertake this, publishers would have reliable standards for their guidance in the production of satisfactory books, for which librarians and others would be prepared to pay a fair compensation; the publishers would receive the cordial co-operation of the paper-maker, the printer, the manufacturers of materials, and the binder, and with this consummation British books would become renowned for their intrinsic value in addition to their artistic quailties."

Mr. John Murray, in the most interesting speech with which he opened the meeting to discussion, remarked that although he had not actually bound books, he was responsible for a very great deal of bookbinding. The more one considers the question, the more one realised that there were two distinct points of view—that of the book-lover and that of the book-user; and they were widely different. Mr. Murray discussed briefly two or three matters which had not been mentioned in the lecture—the manner, for instance, in which the text of a volume is placed, and the moot point as to whether the edges of a book should be cut or not. Years ago his father issued one of Darwin's works at a time when this latter question first began to occupy attention; thousands subscribed for it, but very few desired the cut edges; people then preferred to cut the book themselves.

Mr. Murray humorously observed that the publishers had been rather severely censured by the lecturer; personally, he was so used to this that he rather liked it. They often deserved it; but they were practically helpless, in view of the present-day curse of cheapness. The public gave no thanks for a beautiful book. Pictorial lithographed covers, in his opinion, were utterly out of place; handling such a volume, he always felt as if he would like it re-bound. Binding, like printing, began at its very zenith—we cannot compete with Caxton or the old binders. Books were now looked upon not so much as treasures as things to be read and thrown aside.

Sir George Birdwood, in the discussion which followed, expressed the opinion that bindings should be as plain as possible, and condemned the illustrated covers strongly; he also explained lucidly a technical point with regard to the use of cotton and linen thread in bookbinding, and referred, in the course of a valuable little speech, to the French methods of issuing books. Other interesting contributions were made to the elucidation of various questions that arose, and at the close of a very successful meeting a large collection of specimens and designs which the lecturer had thoughtfully provided were inspected with much interest.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE FAR EASTERN SITUATION

By Lancelot Lawton

The action of Russia in presenting an ultimatum to China has abruptly transferred the centre of interest in foreign affairs from the Middle East to the Far East. Regarded separately, it must be confessed that the demands contained in the Russian Note are not of sufficient importance in themselves to warrant a resort to extreme measures. Taken as a whole, however, they constitute a very serious indictment against the good faith of China as expressed in her treaty obligations, and in so far as they reflect the incapacity of the Central Government to reconcile the growing spirit of aggressive nationalism among the masses with the solemn duty imposed upon the State of maintaining friendly relations with neighbouring Powers they exhibit disquieting symptoms of world-wide concern. Let it be said at the outset that nobody who can lay claim to an intimate knowledge of the situation in the Far East believes for a single moment that hostilities will result. China has merely tested the extent of Russia's patience in diplomacy, and now that the movement of troops in the direction of her frontier has convinced her that this is exhausted she will not hesitate to seek an early and an amicable settlement.

It is generally recognised in diplomatic circles that the ultimatum can hardly fail to have a more far-reaching effect than would appear on the surface. For some time past the relations between the two countries have been drifting towards a crisis, and on more than one occasion the Russian Minister at Peking has considered it necessary to protest in no unmeasured terms against the obstructive tactics resorted to by the Wai-wu-pu. Recently there have been grounds for believing that China intended to revive the question of a railway in Manchuria running north from Chinchau. This project is of peculiar interest to Great Britain; for, whereas the original scheme, supported by the United States Government, for a line from Chinchau *vid* Tsitsihar to Aigun provided that the necessary financial assistance should be obtained from a group of American bankers, it was agreed that the actual work of construction should be placed in the hands of a well-known firm of English railway contractors. It is, of course, understood that in the event of China deciding upon a modification of the proposed system similar provisions in regard to finance and construction would remain in force.

I am speaking with some knowledge of facts and, moreover, with a deep sense of responsibility when I assert that the prospects of obtaining Russia's consent to a line northwards from Chinchau are exceedingly remote. There is, however, reason to believe that a line southwards from Aigun, constructed according to the Russian gauge and terminating at some point on the Chinese Eastern Railway, would meet with her approval. It has already been suggested that a railway from Chinchau proceeding no farther north than Taonanfu—a town some three hundred miles from the coast—would satisfy, at least for the moment, the requirements of all Powers and partners concerned; but were Russia to be consulted in the matter it would be found that she holds to the opinion that no safe guarantees can possibly be given that such a railway would not one day be extended in the direction of her frontier. She would, in short, be disposed to look upon this latest idea as merely an attempt on the part of China to drive in the thin end of the wedge, and thus to realise the first stage of the grand ideal, a line from the Gulf of Pechilhi to the Amur, which would rival in every respect the already established communications.

It cannot be too clearly emphasised at the present juncture that Russia is frankly opposed to any project for a railway that is to penetrate Manchuria in a northerly direction while possessing a southern terminus on the sea coast. Her attitude is mainly dictated by strategical considerations of the highest importance; but at the same time it also finds warrant in a very natural desire to protect the purely commercial interests of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Again and again she has warned China in terms that leave no room for misconception as to possible consequences, that she must be consulted in all matters relating to railway developments of a nature likely to affect "the military and political interests of Russia or the Northern Manchurian Railways." Her right to place a veto upon Chinese schemes in the area under discussion has been explicitly endorsed by the British and French Governments; while, apart altogether from anything that may have transpired at the already memorable Potsdam interview, the exclusive privileges held by Germany in Shantung preclude her from protesting against the existence of

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similar conditions elsewhere in China. The United States, whose diplomacy has been consistently exerted in favour of the policy of the Open Door, remains therefore the only source from whence objections may reasonably be expected. It cannot be denied that since the conclusion of the recent agreement between Japan and Russia, recognising the mutual character of each other's interests and guaranteeing the maintenance of the *status quo* in Manchuria, the Washington Government appears to have lost all heart in the pursuit of railway schemes, and has adopted a policy more conciliatory than that which formerly characterised its relations with Russia. It may therefore be safely assumed that the Chinchau-Aigun railway project has been finally buried, either with the consent or the knowledge of all the Powers; and the firm action recently taken by Russia in Peking will serve to remind the Chinese that she is ready to resort to force in the event of her interests being seriously menaced in directions other than those specifically mentioned in the terms of the ultimatum, and that, in short, an attempt to revive the Chinchau-Aigun project in any shape or form whatever will be viewed with marked disfavour.

From the Japanese side I have received an authoritative statement concerning the negotiations in connection with the Manchurian railways, and as it makes mention of several very important aspects that are new to the whole controversy it is not inopportune in the present article to summarise their purport. In the first place, it is claimed that an agreement concluded between English and Japanese financial groups, on the occasion of discussions over the Hankow-Canton Railway, provided for frank and loyal co-operation throughout the whole of China, including Manchuria. Then it is asserted that the British interests involved in the Chinchau-Aigun project gave repeated and explicit assurances that in no conceivable circumstances would there be any question of seeking an alliance with American interests, but that, on the contrary, they were only too willing that the Japanese should be admitted to substantial participation. On the plea that the feeling in Peking at the moment was anti-Japanese in tendency, they urged that it would prejudice the success of the scheme if representations were made by them to the Chinese Government with a view to securing an immediate and properly defined recognition of Japanese rights in the matter; but they promised that as soon as an agreement was concluded they would not hesitate to exert their influence in Chinese official circles with the object of obtaining for the Japanese a share in the enterprise, and thus giving practical effect to the understanding already arrived at between the two groups.

The Japanese complain of unfair treatment, inasmuch as they allege that all the time that these pourparlers were in progress an agreement had been secretly concluded with Tang Shao-yi on behalf of the Chinese Government, providing that the line should be constructed solely as a result of British enterprise, and making not the least allowance for Japanese participation. According to their version, the same statesman, on the occasion of his visit to the United States, made yet another secret agreement on the subject, in consequence of which British and American interests were literally forced into co-operation; and, furthermore, they assert that it was the publication of a third and subsequent agreement, defining the interests of the various parties concerned, that first made them acquainted with the true circumstances. Thus, if they are to be believed, they were deceived throughout the whole course of the negotiations, and the pledges given to them were in every instance cynically disregarded. The charges are of undoubted seriousness, and it is due to the British reputation for good faith that they should not remain unanswered. The Japanese are careful to explain that throughout the British Government have admitted their claim to participation, while they add that the "highest authority" in the United States has also expressed the unqualified opinion that their attitude is a reasonable one.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THIS week has seen a rush of new issues—some of them reasonable, others not quite so enticing. But the promoter has been too sanguine, for the public is not on the feed. Timber seems fashionable, but there are few things more speculative, and I do not think that any one who had ever ridden through a big forest abroad would care to speculate in timber. A Channel Islands Company, the Dominica, has secured the Millars Karri and Jarrah crowd; but I should never advise any one to put their money into any company registered in the Channel Islands. The Roneo venture appears a reasonable business, for the company does a large trade and makes a good article. The West Australian Loan at 96½ does not appear cheap, and the underwriters will probably be called upon to take most of it. The Alpha Petroleum is a reasonable oil venture.

MONEY is temporarily somewhat hard, but it must eventually become weak, for there is no speculation here, very little in New York, and hardly any on the Continent. In a few weeks Egypt will release her gold, and as soon as she does this we shall see the Bank Rate fall to 3 per cent.

CONSOLS are barely steady, but they must rise eventually, and are a good purchase. It will probably occur to most people that India 3½ stock is a sounder security than the West Australian New Loan. It is certainly a better market, and its security is equal to Consols.

FOREIGNERS are not a market that is much in favour to-day, although no one anticipates any Russo-Chinese trouble. China is too weak and too much perturbed at the moment to stand up against Russia, especially as she has no case. The Railway Loan is being got ready, and this will keep Russian stocks steady.

HOME RAILS are in such short supply that the dealers bid lustily for stock the day before the settlement. The more closely one looks into the figures of the accounts the more convinced must one become that there is a good time ahead for English Railway stocks. Lloyd George is preparing his great scheme of nationalisation, and will probably bring it forward next year. By that time we shall have seen all English Railways rise ten or fifteen points. The State will then absorb the railway system and pay 25 per cent. more for it than it would have done a year ago. That it is wild-cat finance makes little difference to the politician. By the end of next year the Irish party will have left Westminster and the Labour party will have been promised paying jobs in the Railway world. Thus Asquith and Lloyd George will be left in possession. I cannot deal with this Nationalisation scheme here. It is not yet complete. But it is being pushed on, and the Railway managers are being consulted by the Chancellor. The point for the investor to observe is that any State purchase of the Railways must tend to enhance the value of the speculative stocks. For example, Dover A, Little Chats, and Great Central deferred when converted into Consols become at once solid negotiable securities. On yield alone the investor can to-day safely buy North Eastern, Great Western, and London and North Western. As a speculation we may purchase both the preferred and deferred of the Great Central, also Great Eastern ordinary.

YANKEES.—This week Wall Street enjoys another holiday, and it is hardly likely that the market will be improved by the break. Nevertheless, all Yankees are steady. A reaction seems almost necessary after the considerable rise. There is a rumour that the rates will be raised on all the lines. This is hardly likely, but we may rely upon a

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moderate advance upon most of the leading railways. Whether this will give us a boom market depends upon the Banks. They may decline to finance any great speculative movement. They have been bullish ever since the middle of December, and they might turn round. There is this bare chance against us, and were I a large bull of Yankees with a profit to take I should not lose the opportunity. No one was ever ruined by taking a profit. The best shares to purchase to-day are Unions, Chesapeakes, Atchisons, New York Centrals, and Pennsylvanias. These are all solid investment stocks, paying good dividends, and are almost outside the gambling risk.

RUBBER.—The raw rubber market continues absurdly strong. The Para stocks are being held up on the Amazon and are financed by the Brazilians. It is a dangerous game, but the plantation output cannot affect the price of fine hard cured Para for at least two years. Therefore as long as the financiers are satisfied I suppose we shall see a strong market in the raw material. This does not, however, attract the public, which remains indifferent to the price. The Lane buys heavily, and the Stock Exchange jobs in and out, not exactly bearish, but inclined that way. The argument that you cannot continue to mark up quotations unless you get the support of the public is sound. The effort ends in a rigged market, which again ends in collapse. I have made careful inquiries this week amongst the dealers, and I can find no signs of public buying. But the Mincing Lane proprietors who have dozens of stale options on estates, and the Mincing Lane speculators who hold many thousands of unmarketable rubber shares are much more sanguine than the House, which is short of stock. I see no signs of a break at the moment. But I cannot advise any one to buy rubber shares to-day. I have absolute faith in the plantation industry—but as an industry alone, not as a speculation.

OIL.—There has been very little doing in the oil market this week. Lobitos looked so cheap after the fall that they were wisely bought. Shells have been steady, but they are not worth their present price. Spies have fallen, but as they were not affected by the oil war there was no reason for the weakness except the state of the market. Kerns have been picked up. The spouter in the Mexican Eagle ground did not catch fire, and the bears bought back. Until we hear exactly how this Company stands with regard to its fight with the Waters Pierce Company the shares are very much of a speculation. The Potrero well has helped them; that is the best we can say at the moment.

KAFFIRS.—The Goldfields capital will be raised to £4,500. That is now agreed. But, though the Board carried the day, it can hardly be said that the City likes the scheme, or that the Goldfields has improved its position by its increase in capital. The public is not in the Kaffir market, and shows no sign of ever returning.

RHODESIANS.—In spite of all the marvellous news, no one can be got to buy anything. The Chartered Report did no good, and now we await the meeting. But I doubt if that will help us at all. Plainly, no one wants to speculate in mining stocks, however good they may be.

The MISCELLANEOUS MARKET seems to please the speculator best. Here he has the chance of picking up bargains, and above all he can buy shares that have paid dividends for many years and will continue to pay. London General Omnibus are, however, far too high, for the Board can hardly pay a dividend until they have tackled the question of depreciation. The Imperial Tobacco Company meeting was a success, and the securities of this concern are worth buying. Bradford Dyers Ordinary shares are also a reasonable speculation. Maples have had a good year and should be bought. Whiteleys have had the best year since they became a public company, and the preference and ordinary are much under-valued. Harrods have also done splendidly, and the new capital will be eagerly sought for. All these companies are in the first rank, and no better investments can be found on the Stock Exchange. They are all splendidly managed, honestly capitalised, and not too high in price. The buying of Telephone shares still continues, and the purchasers are both rich and influential. A move is on.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"WHAT OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT?"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice that you state in your current issue that you will be glad to receive the views of readers on the above subject in reply to a letter *re* same from Mr. Wenyon-Samuel. May I, as an ordinary sort of man, with no political ties, give my view of the case dealt with by Mr. Wenyon-Samuel?

Firstly, let me say I am not a political party man in the sense that I do not believe in "party" government as the best, and am convinced it is almost the direct opposite of true representative government—*i.e.*, government by the people, literally, which we are so fond of boasting about and with so little justification. Our present House of Commons is in no better position towards the Ministers of the party in power than the Russian Duma is towards the Czar! At all costs and hazards the "Party" must not be defeated in a division that has its leaders possessing the plums and emoluments of office.

However, as regards Mr. Samuel's letter, I am in full and complete agreement that, until we get Home Rule, we must treat all Ireland as a portion of the electorate, in the same way as Wales, Scotland, and England. Since 1905, the three political groups—Liberals (or Radicals), Labour (including what "Socialists" there are), and Irish Nationalists, have supported the Liberal party's programme in and out of Parliament, and are part and parcel of the Liberal Government. Very well, then, this Triple Alliance at the last General Election received a clear majority of 126 over the opposing party, the Conservative party, from the electorate. They therefore received an unmistakable mandate for the reform and bettering of the legislative powers and functions of the House of Lords, but for nothing else. By Liberal candidates everywhere Home Rule was shelved, especially by Liberal Ministers; Disestablishment was nowhere; even Tariff Reform played second fiddle. *The* question they asked a mandate for was restriction of the House of Lords' Veto solely, and they have got it—not to abolish, but to reform.

And now, Sir, I really must question the accuracy of Mr. Wenyon-Samuel's figures. He says—"If Ireland is left out of account . . . this would leave the Liberal party in England, Wales, and Scotland with a majority over the Unionists of more than 70." Again, and further—"If the Labour Members are deducted, still the Government's majority would be over 30." Let us look at the actual result of the last General Election:—Liberals 272, Labour 42, Irish Nationalists 84; total 398 for the Liberal Government; Conservatives 272. Deduct the Irish, and the total of Liberal and Labour is 314, a majority over the Conservatives of 42. Further deduct the Labour Members and the Liberal majority is *nil*. It is a tie, 272 each! I do not agree that the Irish Unionists should be deducted from the Conservatives, as they regularly support every Conservative measure, whether dealing with Ireland or not; whilst the Irish Nationalists don't care a pig's tail for any measure but Home Rule, and will vote for or against any legislative proposal—Liberal or Conservative—as it affects the one object they are, on their own admission, at Westminster for—viz., Home Rule. The Liberal party alone have not got a majority in the House, taking the whole electorate into account. The Irish Nationalist group, supporters at present of the Liberal party, and therefore part of the Liberal Government, hold the balance of voting-power in the House.

When Mr. Wenyon-Samuel states that to have a Liberal majority in the Second Chamber ("in both Houses") would be the "representative system of Government perfected" and "as it should be" I can see the all-absorbing strain of "party" bias runs very fiercely in this gentleman. If he laments so bitterly over a Conservative majority continuous in the House of Lords, or Second Chamber, how can he, as a fair-minded and consistent man, advocate simply substituting this party's majority with a similar Liberal party majority? When the Liberal Government went out of office and government and was succeeded by a Conservative Government in the Commons, as I suppose is quite possible, how does Mr. Wenyon-Samuel propose the Second Chamber Liberal Party Majority is to be prevented from doing exactly what he resents the present Conservative majority doing—*e.g.*, spoiling, blocking, or rejecting the measures of their political opponents in Government? No political party or group should be predominant in the Second Chamber.

My idea of a perfected representative system of Government "as it should be" is to abolish, lock, stock and barrel, our present

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"party system" of politics, which is killing individualism, smothering conscience, and simply turning a thinking, intelligent man into what is nothing more or less than a part of a machine. As Mr. Gilbert satirically put it, "If they've a brain and cerebellum, too, they've got to leave the brain outside and vote just as their leaders tell 'em to." Perfectly true. Woe betide the man with conscience, spirit, independence, and loyalty to his constituents who defies the Whip to keep his conscience clear! Witness Lord Robert Cecil, Harold Cox, Gibson Bowles, Hilaire Belloc, Sir Robert Perks, and Horatio Bottomley, to mention only a few. All fell from their political places because of declining to become the docile slave of the party Whip—all, that is, except Mr. Bottomley, who conquered, thanks to what must be an unusually intelligent constituency, that forced the party to swallow a direct snub in routing their official party candidate to return an independent, intelligent, honest politician who will take his "brain and cerebellum into the House and vote just as his conscience and constituents tell him to." Let us have *independence* in politics; no title after a candidate's name, such as Liberal, Conservative, Labour, &c.; but let a candidate simply give his opinions to his proposed constituents, and let his opponent or opponents (if any) give their opinions and let the electors then vote for the man whose opinions they uphold, not because "he is a Conservative and so am I." Let the leaders of the majority returned on certain questions as at present choose their Ministers of State from the best of the whole House of elected representatives of the people, not as at present from less than one-half of the House. Let the different Departments be governed by Boards of experts on the various subjects dealt with respectively by the Departments, with the Secretary of State as the Head. Let soldiers rule the Army, sailors rule the Navy, genuine business men the Board of Trade and Local Government Board, learned men *and women*, as also business men the Education Board, and so on. And, finally, introduce that most democratic of democratic arbiters, the Referendum, to decide on unusually important measures where there is a deadlock between the "Ayes" and the "Noes" in Parliament. Then, Sir, I maintain we *shall* have true, perfect representative government, literally "government by the people for the people," and not, as now, government by party represented by the Whips.

That is one thing I must say, I should like to see good Christian women enter Parliament, for *they* would have none of the present nerveless, axe-grinding state of affairs I am sure.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A CONSTITUTIONALIST.

Wigan.

A CASTING VOTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Unionist party can save the country, and no one else can. With this paraphrase—or parody—of William Pitt's memorable words, I preface what I desire to submit to yonr readers. Every Unionist must needs agree that the present constitutional crisis is the most momentous since 1832. Some, indeed, have gone farther back and spoken of 1688; nor can it be shown that they were exaggerating. But there is a difference in the situation, whichever date be chosen for comparison. Civil War, which all but broke out in 1688—did actually in Ireland—is now no longer a contingency to be reckoned with. In 1832 the mass of the nation was on the side of Reform, and the House of Lords had put itself in the wrong. How do matters stand now? It is the Lords who in 1911 are in the right, and the Commons in the wrong. The Commons in 1911 have no more right to interfere with the structure of the House of Lords than the Lords had any right to interfere with the structure of the House of Commons in 1832. The "Veto" Bill is even more unconstitutional than was the rejection of the Reform Bill. But this is not all. In 1831-2 the mass of the people were Reformers. What of the electorate at the present day? It is worth while asking this, and striving to answer it. Briefly, out of the seven millions of electors in the United Kingdom, the Ministry had a majority of a little over a quarter of a million. What is a quarter of a million among seven millions? And even this is not all. This quarter of a million is made up of Labour Socialists and Irish Nationalists. If we take the historical parties, Conservative and Liberal, and leave out of account the new fangled revolutionary factions, we shall find an actual majority, in England, for the Unionist party over the so-called Liberals. On the other hand, the motley "Ministerialist" majority is wholly composed of persons to whom the time-honoured British Constitution is of no moment. The Irish Nationalists, whatever they may say, aim at breaking up the United Kingdom and "casting off the yoke of England." The Labour Socialists simply want to take the money of the "rich" in order to improve the condition of the "poor." Socialism and Nationalism are both impracticable, as could easily be proved—but the proof is irrelevant to the present discussion. Were they ever so practicable, the advocates of these policies are put out of court by the fact that nearly half the electorate opposes them. The extremist devotee of popular Sovereignty could not contend that three millions and a quarter are entitled to impose their arbitrary will upon three millions, and to fling the Constitution into the wastepaper-basket in order that they may do so.

But, it will be argued, the three millions and a quarter have returned to the House of Commons a majority of 126 supporters of the Ministry—and the majority of the House of Commons is the supreme power in the Empire. Every clause of this plea is a fallacy; a fallacy so transparent that it is not easy to know where to begin refuting it. Are the Labour Socialists really supporters of the Ministry? Would they not withdraw their support if they were told that some of their schemes were impracticable or inexpedieut? As for the Irish Nationalists, to ask the question is to answer it. They are only in the House of Commons at all in order to destroy its legislative and administrative authority over Ireland; and this deprives the Nationalists of all claim to vote upon an English Constitutional measure. Besides, the Irish Nationalist members have more than once threatened to vote against the Ministry if some demand or other of theirs were not complied with.

All this goes to show that the nominal majority in the House of Commons is wholly fictitious. By a curious coincidence, the genuine Ministerial majority is exactly one in excess of the Unionists. When Mr. Butcher was alive the genuine Ministerialists and Unionists were exactly balanced; and as Cambridge will certainly not return a Home Ruler or a Socialist, the balance will be restored in due course. Sir Charles Dilke's death actually has restored it.

So, then, public opinion is for practical purposes exactly balanced in the electorate, and representation is virtually balanced in the House. It is in this state of things that the Lower House is being asked to dictate to the Upper as to the structure, functions and duties of the latter—a wholly unconstitutional assumption, as I have shown. Moreover, anticipating the refusal of the House of Lords to be dictated to, the Premier has talked of demanding "guarantees" that the Upper House shall be overruled. This means that the House of Lords shall be swamped; that the King shall be asked to create peers in numbers sufficient to place the present Ministry in a majority in the Lords as well as in the Commons.

To protest against such a procedure as this is not "to drag the Crown into the vortex of party strife" though Radicals, Socialists, and Irish Separatists will shriek that it is. But it is not so. On the contrary, it is the Premier who has dragged the Crown into the vortex of party strife. It is for the Unionist Party to save the country and the Constitution; and the way to do it is to rally round the Throne. Let every Unionist—elector or non-elector, for the unenfranchised are part of the people as much as the enfranchised—sign a petition praying the King to forbear from creating any peers for the purpose of swamping the House of Lords.

It cannot be denied that if his Majesty, whether of his own motion or in response to such a petition, refused the request of the Ministry, a serious crisis would arise. Finance would be thrown into confusion, worse confounded even than Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George have left it. Nay, the turmoil of yet another General Election might have to be faced; but anything is better than the overthrow of the Constitution. There may be other modes of rescue—if so, let us have them as promptly as may be. But if no one devises a better method, and if the Unionist Party will not adopt this one—the cause is lost.

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In THE ACADEMY for February 11th there is a criticism of a book by W. Lyon Blaese, entitled "The Emancipation of Englishwomen." In these words Mr. Arthur Machen expresses his strong disapproval of the purpose of this book:—

> Our state is bad; there is no reason why we should make it worse by adding to a voting-list chiefly composed of emotional and ignorant and puzzle-headed people a few

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hundred thousand more puzzle-headed, ignorant, and emotional people who happen to wear petticoats. And then, again, there is another point, and an important one. In America, as we have seen, "politician" means rascal. It does not mean that in England, so far; but it does mean in the great majority of instances dreary and windy bore, sham logician, insincere and gabbling humbug. . . . It seems a pity to poison, and corrupt, and destroy the source of all beauty and every Art with the driest, dreariest of all the delusions with which the wretched race of men has been afflicted since it was driven from the flaming portals of the Lost Garden. It has often been urged that women have accomplished singularly little in the region of the Arts. This, in a sense, is true; there have been very few supreme women-musicians, poets, architects, painters, or sculptors. But those who know see beneath every masterpiece the words *femina fecit;* and it is this fountain of beauty that the foolish suffrage-maniacs are endeavouring to pollute and destroy.

I will then turn to a second description of the nature of women in the same issue, occurring in Mr. Frank Harris's amusing "Open Letter" to Mr. Bernard Shaw. There we get an interesting glimpse of the high estimation Mr. Harris entertains of women. He writes:—

> I see Shaw as a woman, with all a woman's quick insight into shams and a woman's quick eye for little faults and conceits, and a woman's genius for romance, and a woman's sympathy with suffering, and a woman's intuition of all high things.

This quotation, read in connection with Mr. Machen's article, forms a very pointed comment on it. Surely, if the inevitable trend of politics seems to be towards rascality, windy boredom, sham logic, insincere and gabbling humbug, or the driest and dreariest delusion, it is time that this deplorable *débâcle* was arrested? And who are better fitted for the task of inspiring, uplifting, and purifying this field of human activity than those who have inscribed "beneath every masterpiece of the world the words *femina fecit*"? Whether this remark of Mr. Machen's is true to history or not is beside the question; what I wish to point out is that you cannot have it both ways. Either the collective force of women's influence makes for good in this world, or else they "poison, corrupt, and destroy." Mr. Machen seems at one moment to fear this and at the next to affirm the exact contrary. He would do better to consider that many of his so-called "foolish suffrage-maniacs" are women of the kind so truly described by Mr. Harris, and approved of by Mr. Machen himself, as a fountain of beauty and Art in human life!

E. Money Coutts

HARRISON AINSWORTH

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—Will you kindly permit me to make two observations arising out of your very interesting review of "Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends," that delightful biography written by Mr. S. M. Ellis?

(1) The inference which you have drawn that because Ainsworth's romances are only read to-day by young people, and are therefore not in vogue and unpopular, to my mind is not quite correct. There is always a vitality in books that fascinate the youthful intellect. What appeals to the young is generally universal. The young mind longs to see its own vigour and freshness unmoved in romance. The fact then remains that Ainsworth's novels—and particularly the early ones—are still popular. The Kensington Public Librarian assured me of this, and the Manchester Public Library contains no less than 457 copies of his works, which to-day find numerous readers.

(2) There is positively no foundation in your remark that Ainsworth in his latter years was ostracised. Like many of us, he may have outlived his ideals. The works of the literary giants of his day may have overshadowed his own, and the voice of fame which in his youth and maturity heralded a new power in creative work may have grown weaker; but in the isolation of his age he was never subject to any detraction. He was always held in high honour by the few who outlived his generation, and it is also remarkable that almost to the end of his life he continued to write; and his last novels fetched prices which many a budding novelist of to-day would be proud to receive.

I speak with a certain authority on the subject, as I had the great privilege of contributing to the two magazines which he owned and edited.

Isidore G. Ascher.

CARLYLE AND MR. FRANK HARRIS

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to my article on the Magazines in The Academy of the 11th inst., where I said of Mr. Harris's "interesting article on 'Talks with Carlyle'" that some of it "is a little difficult to reconcile with internal probability." As the friend who drew my attention to the matter thought that it could be made to bear a doubt of Mr. Harris's personal word, I hasten to repudiate such an interpretation. I do not myself see how it could possibly be twisted into such a meaning; but what one thinks another may think, and hence my letter.

I am the more anxious to write as this opens a very interesting question. Mr. Harris in his article disavows the claim of literal accuracy by saying that his notes at the time were not expansive; in one case he says, "I can't remember how the talk began and my notes do not help me much." But, despite this, there is one passage that is so wholly at variance with all that one conceives as being characteristically Carlyle, judging from the internal evidence afforded by his emphatic writings and declared opinions, that I would be very glad to hear Mr. Harris's exposition of it.

Let me quote the passage. Mr. Harris is speaking of Disraeli, and says to Carlyle, "He at least offered you a baronetcy. Why didn't you take it?" Carlyle's reply goes thus: "Baronetcy!" the old man roared. "The unspeakable Jew would have given me the reward of work, but not the work; he might have kept the reward if he had given me the work." Now this can only mean one thing, and that is, that Carlyle desired administrative employment under Disraeli! Carlyle, the irritable, irascible autocrat, the man whose emphasis of political opinion his pamphlets had made notorious, the man who in "Sartor Resartus," and again in "The French Revolution," had made pitiful laughter of flunkeydom, grumbled at not receiving employment under the man he detested! Surely not! Yet Mr. Harris records it. It is perplexing. I, for one, would be glad to read his explanation of it all.—Yours, &c.,

The Writer of the Article.

SUMMER IN MID-WINTER

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—During a stay in the Canary Islands which I have just completed, I was pleased to find the leading English newspapers, including your valuable journal, readily available there. This is one evidence of the way in which these Islands are becoming anglicised.

It may interest your readers to know that while at Orotava, in Teneriffe, which is the beauty spot of this interesting group, during the wintry weather at the beginning of the year I was bathing daily in the open Atlantic, which washes the shores of the bay. The water was so agreeable in temperature that I could stay in for a lengthened time, and afterward enjoy a prolonged sun-bath on the sands. Nothing could have been more healthful or invigorating.

Those of your readers who winter abroad may be glad to know that such facilities can be enjoyed even in January within four days' run by liner of our own shores.

G. Macara.

Spencer Park, St. Albans, February 17th, 1911.

HUXLEY

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—Mr. Frank Harris writes again as grandly on Huxley as he did on Dilke. Such criticism as his is worth rubies set in gold, for it reads like very truth itself. I only saw Huxley once at the Royal Society, and then he was a trifle bombastic in talk, which was silly; but, for all that, I rejoice in the very grand and *just* portrait Mr. Harris gives us.

C. A. Ward.

February 21.

"WHO" OR "WHOM"?

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—The correspondent who impugns the grammar of the following sentence (attributed to Mr. Belloc) may, I think, fairly

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claim that he has the grammarians on his side: "Antwerp would be of the utmost value to whomever might be its Sovereign."

In Maunder's handbook I read (p. 15): "Sometimes part of a sentence supplies the place of an objective case, as 'Much will depend on *who the commissioners are.*'"

Mason, too, a well-known authority, describes as "faulty": "I will give this to whomsoever wants it," and adds that "*wants* must have *whosoever* for its subject."

Other authorities might be cited to show that "whomever" in Mr. Belloc's sentence should give place to "whoever."

W. C. M.

Glasgow.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The sentence "Antwerp would be of the utmost value to whomever (*sic*) might be its Sovereign" is grammatically correct. The preposition "to" governs the relative that follows it. The phrasing may be ungainly without being wrong. To whomsoever "it (*i.e.*, Antwerp) belonged, or might belong, it would be of value." The ellipsis is over large—that is all. Anybody who will study Lambert Bos's ellipses may explain half the things that read like bad grammer, and are not.

C. A. WARD.

Charlecot, Walthamstow, February 21.

MSS. OF ST. BERNARD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am editing for the *Cambridge Patristic Texts' Series*, published by the University Press, the *De Gradibus Humilitatis et superbiae*, the *De Diligendo Deo*, and the *De Conversione* of St. Bernard. For the purpose of collating Mabillon's text I am wishing to obtain information as to the MSS. of St. Bernard which exist in this country. By the courtesy of the respective custodians I have learnt something of the MSS. of this author in the British Museum, the Bodleian and the Cambridge University Library. I am led to suspect that others are contained in various public and private collections. I venture to beg your kind help in order to make known my need. I should be very grateful to any person who would meet it.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WATKIN W. WILLIAMS.

Monkton Vicarage, Isle of Thanet, Kent.

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When you suggest, in your "Review of the Week," that the author of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" had probably never been in Ceylon, it is really sad to reflect how dim must have become the memory of that man of "apostolic zeal" before such a sentence could have appeared in a paper devoted to literature. Reginald Heber was appointed Bishop of Calcutta in 1823; his diocese included Ceylon; and he died at Trichinopoly, in South India, in 1826.

A. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

His Will and Her Way. By H. Louisa Bedford. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Once Upon a Time. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 6s.

The Witch Ladder: A Story of Somerset in the Later Days of Victoria. By Edward S. Tyler. Duckworth and Co. 6s.

A Debt of Destiny. By Aimée (Lionel Dalsace). Authorised Translation by Fred Rothwell. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 3s. 6d.

Adventure. By Jack London. Coloured Frontispiece. Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.

The City of Shadows: A Romance of Morocco. By Charles Beadle. Everett and Co. 6s.

The Bermondsey Twin. By F. J. Randall. John Lane. 6s.

The Stranger from Tonia. By William P. Kelly. Illustrated. George Routledge and Sons. 6s.

The Old Dance Master. By William Romaine Paterson (Benjamin Swift). Chapman and Hall. 6s.

Just to Get Married. By Cicely Hamilton. Chapman and Hall 6s.

The Polar Star: A Sequel to "The Bounty of the Gods." By the Lady Helen Forbes. Duckworth and Co. 6s.

A Weak Woman. By W. H. Davies. Duckworth and Co. 6s.

Knight Checks Queen. By Mrs. L. Lockhart Lang. Alston Rivers. 6s.

VERSE

Lays of Love and Trust. By Isabel Fannin Barker. Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d. net.

Oedipus, King of Thebes. By Sophocles. Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes, by Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. George Allen and Sons. 1s. net.

The Adventure: A Romantic Variation on a Homeric Theme. By Henry Bryan Binns. A. C. Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

Essays on Russian Novelists. By Wm. Lyon Phelps, M.A. Frontispiece. Macmillan and Co. 6s. 6d. net.

Anglo-American Memories. By George W. Smalley, M.A. Portrait. Duckworth and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900. Tome III., La Formation de la Langue Classique (1600-1660). Deuxième Partie. By Ferdinand Brunot. Armand Colin, Paris. 7f. 50c.

The Department of Education in the University of Manchester, 1890-1911. Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.

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United Empire; Oxford and Cambridge Review; Century Magazine; Literary Digest; Cambridge University Reporter; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; University Correspondent; Constitution Papers; School World; The Author; Atlantic Monthly; Mercure de France; Bookseller; N.R.A.; Modern Language Teaching; Revue Bleue; Publishers' Circular; Popular Magazine; Top-Notch; Editorial Review, N.Y.; The Book Buyer, N.Y.

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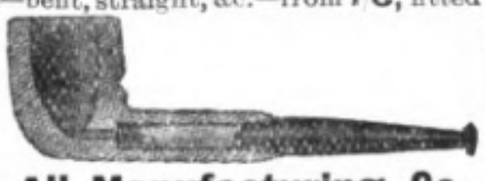
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements may be addressed to MESSRS. ODHAMS, as above.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

Owing to postal restrictions, THE POETICAL GAZETTE will in future be issued as a separate publication, obtainable through the Poetry Society, Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C. By courtesy of the Editor of "The Academy," the special subscription rate offered Members of the Poetry Society remains available, and as a special privilege they may obtain "The Academy" weekly for one year for 10s. (instead of the ordinary annual postal subscription of 15s.), or for one quarter 2s. 6d.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE Shakespearean writings, whoever was the author of them, are certainly the medium for producing Homeric contests. One day Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Bernard Shaw are exchanging compliments. Mr. Bernard Shaw, as a defence of cribbing from Mr. Harris, remarks that Shakespeare was addicted to the practice of "picking up a good thing where you find it." Indeed, yes! According to Dr. Owen, he picked up and calmly appropriated the entire dramatic stock-in-trade of Bacon; and, says Dr. Owen, "I can prove it, and I alone!" "Not at all," says, in effect, Mr. Albert Calvert, "you are only prigging from me. I knew all about the cypher and buryings years ago, and said so in a book I published." According to one authority, Shakespeare was a drunken, dissolute scoundrel; according to another, Bacon was one of the greatest and most impudent literary frauds of all time. We stand aside from a conflict in which only Achilles and Hector would be worthy protagonists. Fortunately we possess, ranged on our shelves, plays and sonnets which are catalogued under the name of William Shakespeare. They may have owed their authorship, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to a gentleman who would be summarily convicted in these days, or to a profound lawyer who was apparently endowed with a most unlawyerlike equipment. We have our own view on this matter, but if ever it is committed to cypher, we shall take care that it is buried in mid-ocean with a ponderous weight attached to it.

If Charles Dickens is receiving this year his meed of worship, William Makepeace Thackeray is not to go unhonoured and unsung. Twenty octavo volumes, comprising a complete *édition de luxe* of his works, are to be published as a centenary issue by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., beginning with "Vanity Fair" this month, and concluding in November with the "Critical Papers" in art and literature. Reproductions of more than fifteen hundred illustrations by Thackeray himself and other artists, which appeared in the original editions of the various books, are to be included, while Mr. Harry Furniss has designed five hundred special plates. Several of those we have been permitted to see, and they are certainly in the artist's best style, full of humour and significant line; his idea of Becky Sharp is especially good. Evidently there is no reason to fear any eclipse of the fame of the great Victorian novelists for many years to come. A few years ago the indifferent remark was frequently heard, "Nobody reads Dickens—or Thackeray—now, except the old fogeys," a remark which was, of course, absolutely untrue, but one of those contagious observations which gave "tone" and superiority (in certain youthful circles) to the immature critic. That statement would be greeted with scornful laughter to-day. Cheap editions and expensive editions all seem to be good investments from the publishing point of view. In the end the public has the word, and long after critics and writers have passed away its voice proclaims who shall wear the laurel crown.

Among the foreign papers which have recently reached us are copies of the *Wednesday Review* of India, a capably edited weekly modelled on the lines of the London reviews. Politics, literature, science, and "society" come within its sphere, and its articles make interesting reading even for men of the Occident, since English affairs occupy plenty of space in its columns. One paper, entitled "Two Years in Birmingham: some Reminiscences," by an Indian Bachelor of Arts and Science, is a capital little picture of ourselves as others see us—though it is unfortunately written in the present tense. "It is still summer. There is nothing lovelier than a real good English summer day," writes Mr. Raghavendra Rao. "There is brilliant sunshine—a phenomenon so uncommon in England that any morning when the sun comes out all the people rush out of their houses to salute the rising sun, and gleefully call out to their friends across the road, 'What a glorious day!'" We have not noticed this peculiar enthusiasm at 3.30 a.m. (for the month of which the author speaks is July), but there is a certain amount of truth beneath the pleasant exaggeration; we are pleased, also, to note that the reproach of stolidity finds no corroboration from Mr. Rao. He walks through the Park, and sees plenty of life and enjoyment. "Here is a nation that can and does let itself go. Here none of the reserve that is characteristic of the English." Other articles on "Rulers of India" and "Cotton Cultivation in India"—the latter by Professor Kale, M.A.—are well worth consideration by English readers.

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TO THE MONTHS

Dance, dance and whirl the weary year away
Unto the bourne of every bygone year.
Dance on; your measures, be they sad or gay,
No imprint leave upon the face austere
Of this our kingdom. Ring your fleeting rounds—
Their trace evanishes; and not a birth
Of darkling vapour 'neath the azure bounds
Of empyrean, clouding its blue mirth,
Nor flashing wafture of the wild bird's wing
Write upon air a more enduring thing.

The Seasons are your garments; them you cast
Over the world you dance upon; their stain
Tinctures the vision of the precious past,
Garlands the garners of delight and pain.
Though Earth forget them and a bosom bare
Lifts to the lashes of the winter wind,
Your robes of many colours—radiant, rare,
Kindling old haunts of memory—remind
How Spring and Summer and red golden ways
Were prelude to the sere of these dark days.

Dance in my heart, ye Twelve, that delicate thing
Throbs at your lightest footfall, to the last,
And not a day of all the days ye bring
Shall unrecorded steal upon the past.
Too instant are they—each a living stroke
Of this slight shadow-picture that enspheres
My life—a vision of a rainbow broke
On stormy time. Oh, children of the years,
Your dance of joy shall light my dim to-morrow
Through the long darkness of your dance of sorrow.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

EBB-TIDE

As in some rocky cleft
Half hid among the cliffs' vast jagged steeps,
The sound of ocean softly weeps
Like dreams long past and left,

The anguished soul of me
Mourns, shivering, steeped in woe that rends
Its ship of Love—vowed to enchanted ends—
Which life's wild wrecking sea,

Storm-driven as if accurst,
With wild shrieks claimed. Love swooned and sank
As Fate, relentless, seized the cup and drank
—But left my soul athirst.

Now ebb-tide's cadence low
For ever sobs with Love that once was mine:
Lost more and more the less I all resign
To One whose claim I know.

A. M. J.

THE NAME OF THE SHIP

By HILAIRE BELLOC

LADY CAPON: Of course they were glad in one way, because it gave him something to do, and they weren't rich, but it was a terrible wrench to have to lose him. His mother went down to Plymouth to see him off, and she tells me that he bore up very well. They're glad of the ship, anyhow.

MR. BAILEY: Ships differ, don't they?

LADY CAPON: Yes; it seems that people find an *awful* lot of difference. Some ships, you know, they simply try not to get onto at all; but I suppose they're commissioned, or something. (She looks vaguely before her; then her eyes become passably intelligent and alive, as though she had a story to tell.) There was Dick Betherton. . . .

MR. BAILEY (pondering): Dick Betherton!—(waking up suddenly)—Oh! *Lord* Betherton!

LADY CAPON (a little snappishly): Yes, of course, Lord Betherton.

MARY SMITH: Bill, how can you!

MR. BAILEY (innocently): How can I what? When she said Dick, I couldn't help thinking of all the other Dicks I knew.

MARY SMITH: Well, you know that he used to be called Dick.

MR. BAILEY (sadly): Not by me.

LADY CAPON (hurriedly, to smooth things): Well, anyhow, he was frightfully keen on getting onto the *In*— (She looks puzzled and worried, and then turns to Mary Smith). The *In*— What was it?

MARY SMITH: *Inp—p*—

MR. BAILEY: *Important?*

MARY SMITH: Oh! how can you—

LADY CAPON (excitedly): No, not the *Important*. It's on the tip of my tongue. . . . The *In—In*—

MR. BAILEY: *Indescribable.*

LADY CAPON (waving her hand nervously): No, no! wait a minute. *In*—

MR. BAILEY (sympathetically): *Indestructible?*

MARY SMITH (whispering angrily): I do wish, Bill—

LADY CAPON (interested): The *In*— *What* did you say, Mr. Bailey?

MR. BAILEY (solemnly): *Indestructible* I suggested, Lady Capon. I'm sure there's a ship called the *Indestructible*, but I can't remember where she is.

LADY CAPON (thoroughly interested): It's very like that, Mr. Bailey. (She looks at him sadly and thoughtfully for a few seconds. Mr. Bailey stares into space through his glasses. Lady Capon shakes her head.) N—o, it's not the *Indestructible*, not exactly, but it's like that. *In*—

MR. BAILEY (cheerfully): *Indefatigable.*

LADY CAPON: No, but it's like that.

MR. BAILEY (in a satisfied tone): Well, then, it is *not* the *Indecent;* she's in the Caracas.

LADY CAPON: The *In*— what, Mr. Bailey?

MR. BAILEY: The *Incredible*, I said.

LADY CAPON (still seeking for the word—worried): You didn't say that; but anyhow it's not that—it's not that sort of sound. You had it nearly once, the *In—In*—

MR. BAILEY: *Indescribable.*

LADY CAPON (thoughtfully): No, not that.

MARY SMITH (trying to cut all this short and talking rapidly): I do hope they haven't gone on the China Station. You see. . . .

MR. BAILEY (interrupting): My dear Mary, there mayn't be any China Station any longer. And you couldn't drink there when there was.

LADY CAPON: Isn't there? Couldn't you? (She goes on pitifully in a half tone.) The *In—In—?*

MR. BAILEY (brilliantly): The *Inexcusable?*

LADY CAPON (shakes her head irritably, only half hearing): No, no; oh dear! it's on the tip of my tongue again.

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MR. BAILEY (suddenly, as though he had found it): I know—the *Inconsequential.* She's a German ship, with blue and white funnels and stripes, and a frieze of white fishes in stencil all round the gunwale strake.

LADY CAPON (triumphantly): The *Inhospitable;* that's it, the *Inhospitable!*

MARY SMITH (gently): Surely, Dorothy dear—

MR. BAILEY (eagerly): Yes, that's it, the *Inhospitable.* I remember her well. She was one of the *Inseparable* class, sister ship to the *Inexcusable.* (Mary Smith looks daggers at him. Mr. Bailey goes on talking rapidly.) It's a very funny thing. You can get two ships built one exactly like the other, and yet they behave quite differently. There were those two ships, for instance. I went on one of 'em with my brother Jim to Malta in the year 1903. She rolled like a pig; and the other one was as steady as a timber ship.

LADY CAPON (interested): Which one was that?

MR. BAILEY: The *Ineffable.*

LADY CAPON (disturbed): But you said another name just now.

MR. BAILEY (airily): Oh yes, the *Infallible;* but she's out of commission. They're going to scrap her.

LADY CAPON (recovering it again with triumph): *Inhospitable!* That's it; she's got four funnels.

MR. BAILEY (gloomily): Yes, she would have. (He gets up and moves solemnly across the room. He stoops and peers for a long time closely at a little etching.)

LADY CAPON (to Mary Smith): What are you looking so vicious about, Mary?

MARY SMITH (viciously): Oh, nothing.

LADY CAPON: He's your cousin, isn't he?

MARY SMITH (sighing): Yes.

LADY CAPON (following Mr. Bailey with admiration in her eyes): What a wonderful man! Really, he seems to know every ship in the Navy. Does he belong to the Navy League?

MARY SMITH (wearily): Oh no; oh dear me, no! He's quite the other way.

LADY CAPON (a little offended): Oh dear! Do you mean he's a Little Englander?

MARY SMITH (sighing profoundly): Oh, worse than that!

LADY CAPON (shocked): My dear Mary!

MR. BAILEY (coming slowly back to them again): I was wrong about the name of that ship.

LADY CAPON (very graciously): Oh, Mr. Bailey, I've been hearing dreadful things about you.

MR. BAILEY (in alarm): I hope I didn't get one of the ships wrong, did I? I rather pride myself on knowing that sort of thing.

LADY CAPON (graciously): No; certainly not, Mr. Bailey. (Archly) But we've been hearing dreadful things about your politics.

MR. BAILEY (airily): Oh, my politics! . . . Well, well, I'm not sure that I've got any. But I do hope I know my way about the Navy List. By the way, I was telling you I got the name of that boat wrong.

LADY CAPON (interrogatively, never having met such detailed knowledge before): Yes?

MR. BAILEY: It's the *Intolerable.*

LADY CAPON (muses, looking at the carpet, then suddenly waking up, a little flustered): What an odd name, Mr. Bailey!

MR. BAILEY (vaguely): Yes, it is odd; but they've got odd names sometimes. You see ships inherit names, and very often they're French names from prizes taken in the Great War. For instance, there was the *Insaissable* and the *Incongrue,* and the *Incomprise.* And—oh, lord! lot's of 'em. (He merges into silence, and many thoughts fill to overflowing the mind of Lady Capon. Mary Smith has given them both up in despair.) I must be going home, Mary. (He gets up to go. Mary Smith shows no enthusiasm to detain him.) It's odd—after our conversation, but the man I'm going to meet now has come off a ship with a name that I can't remember for the moment. But it's the *In— In—*

MARY SMITH (suggesting savagely): *Inexhaustible!*

MR. BAILEY (rapidly): Yes, that's it—the *Inexhaustible.* Thanks, Mary.

LADY CAPON: Oh, Mary! how clever you are!

MR. BAILEY (looking at his cousin paternally and very tenderly): Yes, she is clever, isn't she, Lady Capon? Well, as I was saying, the *Inevitable*—beastly old sieve. (He goes off, and there is a great silence.)

BAXTER AND HIS PRINTS*

THE hobbies of collectors are many, and they are in no small degree, at all events in the present day, the result of ingenious trade impulses started with a view to creating a demand, with a corresponding rise in prices for work which would otherwise arouse little attention. It is so with pictures, it is so with engravings, and now that the nineteenth century is beginning to recede into the past, people are turning to the despised Early Victorians, and wondering vaguely whether there is nothing "collectable" there. There seems every prospect of these curious folk raising the works of George Baxter to this dignity, and the phrase "Baxter Prints" is already coming to have a familiar ring in circles where you must collect something or confess your self unintellectual. It is to help folks who have been bitten with this craze that Mr. Lewis's volume has been produced; and, whatever we may think of the collector-connoisseurs who accumulate Baxter's works and detect in them beauties invisible to his contemporaries, it is certain that Mr. Lewis has turned out a careful study of Baxter's art and craft, and of its place in the chain of artistic development.

George Baxter's works undoubtedly mark a fresh departure; he was indeed the father and practical originator of modern colour-print, and although much of his ingenuity was expended upon the reproduction of subjects intrinsically poor and unworthy, yet his fine craftmanship appears in the delicacy and richness of his tints, and often in the remarkable sense of atmosphere with which he contrived to invest his distances. Some of his best work is seldom excelled even now; and when one considers the primitive nature of his apparatus, the entire originality of his methods, and his independence of the discoveries and inventions of others, the results he produced are seen to be little short of marvellous. But, of course, they were altogether lacking in the breadth and power and softness of the work of the great mezzo-tinters, whose sun was setting as his was beginning to rise; and they failed, too, when compared with the fine texture and harmonious tones of the great eighteenth-century work, as handled by Rowlandson and some of his contemporaries. The Early Victorian era was a prosaic time; it wholly lacked any understanding of, or desire for, that element of

* *The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century: George Baxter.* By C. T. Lewis. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 21s. net.)

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mystery which, as the greatest of the Victorians pointed out, was the essential element in art. So Baxter supplied their need with bright colours and garish lights, which formed appropriate frontispieces for their printed works, and decorated the covers of the jingly music which was the delight of that time.

The life of George Baxter extended from 1804 to 1867. He was born at Lewes, and his early labours were performed there and at Brighton. From the first he displayed the characteristics of careful accuracy and practical ingenuity which marked his work to the last. His temperament was of the irritable artistic sort, which kept him continually at loggerheads with those who ought to have been his friends throughout his life. He was swift to take offence and slow to forgive, and the result was that on the personal side his life was stormy and unsatisfactory. But he was a true artist also in looking for his reward rather in the excellence of his work than to the pecuniary profits which it realised. Although he had one or two spells of success which brought fortune, they never lasted long enough to set his affairs upon a permanent satisfactory footing, and he died at length in what can only be described as poverty. He was open-handed and charitable, and much of his money was dissipated in helping others. Throughout his career he was always busied in improving and perfecting his processes of printing, and he certainly had pre-eminently "the eye that winces at false work and loves the true." He was continually refining and improving his methods, though with small reference to their commercial value, and for some of his colour-prints he used as many as twenty-four blocks, worked, it must be remembered, by hand processes, and in quite a large proportion of his works the number of blocks used was ten and upwards. Thus the labour that he expended to produce his results was very large, and one can only regret that it was not always given to subjects that were worth preserving. Mr. Lewis provides us with a very careful and complete *catalogue raisonné* of his known works, with full details of size, date of publication, and description. This is, so far as we know, the first authoritative catalogue of the kind produced, and collectors will find it invaluable—not the less so for the chapter principally devoted to advising collectors on the subject. Numerous illustrations are provided, and they are exceedingly well produced, the delicacy of Baxter's work being perfectly re-echoed in them both in colours and in black and white. The subject has in short been thoroughly thrashed out in a handsome volume, which will interest a very much larger circle than the collectors to whom it is primarily addressed.

THE LORDS AND THE CROWN

By Montagu Wood

PART II.

I was maintaining last week that the Crown had no power legally or constitutionally to terminate political deadlocks. Let us examine this: What is the case quoted as the foundation of this contention? It is, of course, the one universally cited case, the case of William IV. It is rather curious to reflect that but for the fact that Lord Grey, a Radical of those days, suggested to William IV., an almost Radical King, that he should create Peers to pass the Reform Bill, we should never have heard a syllable of the preposterous contention of the Radical Party to-day that the House of Lords can willy-nilly be overwhelmed and wiped out of existence, nor is it possible to conceive that any one in their wildest moments of insanity would have dreamt of suggesting such a demented means of solving the embarrassment of a discredited faction. But it is also remarkable that as a matter of fact William IV. did not carry out what he may possibly have intended, so that a precedent, maniacal as such a precedent must have been, was not even in reality actually created.

Now let us consider the circumstances of the proposed creation of Peers so often quoted as compared with the present crisis. There was a case of a Bill brought before Parliament, which came, if any Bill ever did, under the formulæ prescribed above—that is to say, a Bill upon which the people, not as a party but as a nation, had grimly, firmly, and in the overwhelming mass of their multitude set their minds, and unsurprisingly so, considering that it was a Bill that conceded them the first and barest elements of political rights. The prolonged rejection of the Bill might without exaggeration (because exaggeration is so customary where revolution is talked of) have led to very serious uprisings of the people. Considering these circumstances, it is quite conceivable that a wise King might justifiably consent to the creation of a few Peers to avert a tremendous national convulsion. It is arguable that it was justifiable, it is arguable that it was advisable. But before one points the absence of all sort of analogy between the present time and that occasion, let us make one comment on the position of the Throne in those days to what it answers to now.

In spite of the checks that since the Stuart times had been placed upon the personal powers of the Sovereign down to the time of William IV. inclusive, the Throne was frankly partisan. The first two Georges were naturally Whigs. George III. was notoriously and in many ways disastrously a strong and bigoted Tory. George IV. was as Prince of Wales a violent Whig; but on becoming Prince Regent transferred himself abruptly to the side of the Tories. William IV., on the other hand, was hailed as a democratic Monarch, so that his acquiescence to create Peers for *his own side* had in those days no baleful significance or promise of acute resentment.

Since those days, happily for every one, the Crown has had no politics. All Sovereigns are human, so that in all probability the Crown has had its partialities, but in overt acts it has held the scales most honourably and impartially.

Now let us see what it is now asked to do. It is asked, I suppose the Radicals would argue, to terminate a deadlock between the two Houses. There is no deadlock between the two Houses in any ordinary sense of the term. There was a temporary deadlock over the Budget, but that has been removed, and there is no bill that has come up from the Commons—save one, to be deferred for a moment in my argument—which has been rejected by the Lords. In fact, to go back to my formula, there is no legislation directly affecting the welfare of the people, upon which the said people have grimly, firmly, and by an overwhelming majority set their hearts that has been rejected by the Lords. Even if that had been so, it would surely have been an order of the very strongest and the most unpalatable kind, to suggest that the Throne should be called in to solve the difficulty. As a fact, as I have already stated, the idea that the Lords would not give way under such circumstances is unthinkable.

Now what are the facts of the present case? The Bill sent up to the Lords which they reject is a Bill to abolish themselves. There is not a fragment of evidence that the people are, in spite of two Elections, virulently hostile to the Peers; on the contrary, the Peers who were said before to represent only themselves, now clearly represent three million electors—quite sufficient to support any Second Chamber. They are also warmly and stoutly supported by the rural constituencies in which they live. Under these circumstances the Crown, hitherto admirably, loyally

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instinct with all the finest devotion it is possible to pay to its neutral duty, is called upon by an arbitrary personal act to create an artificial party majority in the Second Chamber of the United Kingdom for the purpose of wiping out the said Chamber from the Constitution of the realm, in defiance not only of every sentiment in connection with the Royal position in the kingdom, but in defiance of the Coronation Oath, whereby it has religiously sworn to maintain the Constitution in its integrity.

In regard to any such personal act, let us reiterate the fact that the Crown has no Constitutional power to create Peers in the way suggested. The Crown has power to create Peers, to reward national and political services within rational limits, but it has no Constitutional power to create Peers for the avowed and intended object of manufacturing an artificial majority in one of the Estates of the realm, and so forcing through a purely partisan measure; much less has it the Constitutional power (save the mark!) to create Peers in order to eliminate one element of the Constitution which it has solemnly sworn to uphold. So far with regard to the Constitutional standpoint; but an additionally imperative standpoint is the legal one. Not only must the sense of the community be outraged by the suggestion of such arbitrary action in regard to decency and custom, but its legality is entirely without foundation. The legal aspect of the question is this: The Crown can technically and legally ennoble as many subjects as it chooses, but it cannot, without the consent of the House of Peers, make them Lords of Parliament. The House of Lords *can therefore refuse to allow them to vote*.

Constitutionally, and legally therefore, the Crown has no status to act; but even if it had, can any one conceive that a Prime Minister outside Bedlam would recommend the Throne to interfere in the matter or to drag it into the mire and degradation of party politics? Obviously the Throne must either acquiesce, and become a tool of the Radical party, or refuse and be the target of its vulgar abuse. Unhappily there is no alternative, because to abstain is, to the hectoring Radical mind, to refuse; so that if the personal advisers of the Crown, as opposed to the political ones, say, as they only can say, "We have no power of any sort, and no wish to interfere with party politics," that will be treated as a refusal by the riff-raff of the Government battalions, and acted on as such. It is useless with such battalions to argue that, if Peers are to be made for Radicals to abolish the House of Lords, more Peers must be made subsequently to re-establish them, and so the Throne is to be a pawn in the party game henceforth, and evermore shorn of dignity and prestige.

On one thing, however, let the Unionist Party and the House of Lords be absolutely determined. If the Throne cannot see its way to resist the advice tendered by its Ministers to create 500 Peers, those 500 Peers must be in full measure created. The whole thing is an undisguised bluff on the part of the Radical Ministry. A few months ago they openly declared that not a single Peer was to be created because the House of Lords was expected to give way. Now they declare "Yes; the Peers will be created in batches of fifty. After the first fifty the Lords will give way." What a delightful trap, if any one is fool enough to fall into it. Nothing can exceed the grotesque farcical pantomime position of the Radical Cabinet if they have to create those 500 Peers, out of their democratic, disinterested gutter following. Also, if one may respectfully suggest anything to the personal advisers of the Monarchy, let 500 be created or none. They and their Radical sponsors will be the laughing-stock of the universe. These sponsors will moreover have grossly and egregiously violated the privilege of Parliament, the privilege of party, and the primary liberties of the Kingdom.

REVIEWS

THE GREAT KEVIR

Overland to India. By SVEN HEDIN. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.)

SECOND only in order of merit to the pleasure of traversing great distances in a far-off land is that of sitting in a comfortable chair by a cheerful fire and reading the story of such travels. Those who would obtain a somewhat nearer insight into the life of modern Persia than is possible from a perusal of the daily paper will find a deep well of information in Dr. Sven Hedin's recent work, "Overland to India," more especially since the learned author, as he points out in his Preface, diligently avoided routes trodden by the feet of other travellers. Now "travelling in Persia is as calm and peaceful as on country roads in Sweden, and exciting adventures are exceedingly rare," and, consequently, one would naturally expect a certain "flatness in the description" of day after day spent amidst the deserts of Iran. We are, therefore, exceedingly grateful to the author for the gracious way in which he extends his forgiveness to us if we perhaps grow a little "weary of the perpetual ring of caravan bells, and look eagerly for an oasis where for awhile he may wake from his slumbers."

The first point to appreciate before setting out upon the arduous task of following the author's restless footsteps through the sandy wastes is that a *farsakh* is equivalent, roughly speaking, to three and three-quarter miles. The earlier portions of the journey—namely, from Trebizond through Erzerum and Tabriz to Teheran—do not call for any particular comment. In view of recent events, it is, of course, of some interest to read of the manner in which Russia protects and extends her interests in the land of the lion and the sun, and for this and other obvious political reasons one may well pay a considerable amount of attention to the descriptions of such strategical points of vantage as Erzerum. The favourite policy of Russia in playing off native races against each other, and thereby keeping them in a lasting state of impotence, is well exemplified in these introductory chapters.

The far-reaching effects of the opening of a new commercial route may be appreciated when one reads, as here, of the comparative ruin of Tabriz, which shortly before the opening of the Suez Canal had a population of 350,000 inhabitants, but has now sunk to the level of a mere provincial market-town. The decline of Tabriz is merely a single illustration of a general national decadence:—

> A degenerate race, without orderly control, without discipline and obedience; a morality which reminds one of whitened sepulchres; a language which produced one of the world's richest literatures, but is now spoken by a people which has lost mastery over itself, and is spoken in a land which seems doomed to disappear as an independent state. Everywhere is seen neglect and decay, an indifference which knows no other rule of life than *laisser-aller*.

Such is the author's indictment of modern Persia.

At Teheran began the serious business of the expedition—namely, that of equipping a caravan, no novelty to such an old hand as the author. Those who have followed his previous wanderings in Central Asia and Tibet will scarcely be surprised to hear that the explorer felt a great longing for places far from the haunts of men:—

> And yet I was eager to return to the desert; its silent, inexplicable witchery drew me on with irresistible force; I seemed to hear its mysterious voices calling to me from its

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depths, "Come home." Beyond the great desert I had a vision of the blue, snow-clad mountains of Tibet, but now the desert must first be conquered.

The latter half of the first volume is mainly devoted to the Great Kevir, that weird inland lake of salt and mud which is scarcely less mysterious than that other great lake in the heart of Africa, Lake Tchad, recalling vividly the memory of the late ill-fated Lieutenant Boyd Alexander. Its area, in round figures, is 21,000 square miles, about the same as that of Lake Michigan. Dr. Sven Hedin mapped with considerable care the Southern limits of this immense salt waste, which possesses a maximum length of 300 miles and a maximum breadth of 150, and twice traversed it, from South to North and from North to South, by these means enabling himself to form a fairly complete theory of its origin and extent:—

> The Kevir is, then, a kind of masked subterranean lake, concealed and filled up by the loose material carried into it by the watercourses; it is a lake which contains more mud than water; a lake with a bottom which, paradoxical as it may sound, lies higher than the water-surface, for we should have to dig down some eight inches into the solid matter before coming to the water . . . it is really a hydrographic system of beds without water.

The Kevir appears to be a climatic boundary, and

> Though an exceedingly shallow and flat depression, is an enormous recipient for all the rain-water that falls in the surrounding hills; it collects from all four points of the compass as into a lake.

Although caravans frequently cross the Kevir, the passage is fraught with very grave danger. After heavy rains the whole expanse becomes one vast quagmire, and men and camels may never, or only with the greatest difficulty, escape to dry ground. Upon the completion of his second crossing the author convinced himself that "the descriptions by the natives of the risks to be encountered were not exaggerated." There is a native tradition that the salt desert was formerly a large lake into which a broad river discharged its waters. Under existing conditions, according to the author's theory, denudation is proceeding with great and destructive energy, and "it is the part of the rain to wash down, during the winter months, to the Kevir all the material pulverised during the summer; and during the lapse of thousands of years the depression has been filled up with solid matter."

"Persia is poor in everything except square miles," and when one contemplates the universal apathy prevalent in that decadent land and the rapacity with which landlords and bureaucrats seize the meagre profits of the peasants one is scarcely surprised to hear it so described.

A study of the Kevir undoubtedly affords ground for extremely fascinating conjecture, not only as to its past history, but as to its future destiny. The author's conclusion is that—

> Undoubtedly the physical geographical changes now in progress will end in entirely converting the Kevir into a sandy desert of the same kind as in Eastern Turkestan. And we can, on the other hand, draw the inference that Eastern Turkestan, after having been at one time a part of the Central Asiatic mediterranean Sea, was gradually filled up with finely disintegrated products of weathering of the same kind as in the present Kevir, and that its solidified lake of wet mud and clay was finally dried and hardened to such a degree that it could bear the weight of the encroaching sand.

In Tebbes, that marvellous oasis of palms and running water set like a tiny island in the midst of the wastes of sand, the author had the good fortune to witness the great Passion Play performed each year in the first month of the Mohammedan lunar year, Moharrem, in commemoration of the death of Hussein at Kerbela in the year A.D. 680. Readers of the author's "Trans-Himalaya" will remember how he also witnessed the New Year festival of the Tibetans in Tashi-lunpo.

The present work is not devoted entirely to a record of Dr. Sven Hedin's own wanderings, but discusses in very full detail the journeys in Persia of a number of more or less celebrated travellers, from the days of Alexander the Great and Marco Polo to those of Lieutenant Vaughan. "The great value of Marco Polo's description of the Persian desert consists in confirming and proving its physical invariableness during more than six hundred years. It had as great a scarcity of oases then as now, and the water in the wells was not less salt than in our own days."

At Seistan the author found himself in the midst of a plague-stricken area. The ravages of the dreaded disease are graphically described. The general impression of Persia and the Persians conveyed by this work is a sad one. But that the future is not necessarily black is clearly demonstrated. The great need of the country is improved irrigation. "Fertility in Persia is almost solely dependent upon water supply; and here alone [Seistan] is enough water not merely to fill great canals as large as rivers, and a network of smaller ditches and dykes, but also very frequently to run to waste in superfluous swamps and lagoons." And again, "The soil is not less fruitful than before, and, whether the volume of water in the Hillmend increases or diminishes, it is always so enormous that it could provide for the maintenance of millions of human beings."

A few words may be said regarding the maps and illustrations. Dr. Hedin's services to cartography are well known and appreciated. He has in these volumes added greatly to our knowledge of the more remote regions of Iran, and in especial of the great Kevir, of which all existing maps give an inaccurate representation. The illustrations are very numerous, almost unduly so, and the coloured plates might well have been omitted. The gem of the collection is a photograph of the great Tamarisk outside Tebbes, with men and camels beneath its shade, and the city floating like a mirage in the background. The sketches from the author's pencil do not pretend to artistic merit, and therefore escape comment. And so we leave him wending towards the land of wild asses and yaks, beyond the eternal snow.

THE GREAT WORD

The Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel. By Ernest F. Scott, D.D.

The Founding of the Church. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D., LL.D. Constable. 1s. net each.

Three or four volumes of this series—"Modern Religious Problems"—have already been noticed in The Academy. It was shown that a number of persons, not widely known to fame, innocent of the simplest logical sense, were prepared with a stern flourish of critical trumpets to brush all that is vital in the Christian religion on one side. These prophets of "Modern Religious Problems" set about their work with a kind of sad stoicism; they grieved even as they struck; with a sort of *fiat justitia, ruat cælum* air they evacuated the Gospels of all but a little weak morality, and left us to contemplate documents about as inspiring as "Poor Robin's Almanack."

Dealing with two fresh volumes in the same series it is not necessary to retraverse the old ground. It was shown that the reasoning powers of these "higher critics" would have entailed a whipping in the thirteenth-century booby-class; it is hardly worth while repeating the process. Dr.

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Ernest F. Scott, who is Professor of Church History in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, however, is perhaps worth a passing notice. He is quite certain that the Fourth Gospel "cannot" be attributed to the Apostle St. John; and here are some of his reasons:—

> Its portrait of Jesus is dominated by certain conceptions of His work and nature which were not possible to a thinker of the primitive age. . . .
>
> We cannot believe that one who had known Jesus in the flesh, and who had been nearer to Him than any other, would thus have presented the Master's life. His reflections on the meanings of the life could never have displaced his interest in the life itself. . . . The Gospel . . . lacks the warm colours and the definite outlines of personal reminiscence. The Evangelist, like Paul, is "one born out of due time," who has not witnessed the earthly life of Jesus except through the eyes of others.

And so forth, and so forth; and one turns to the Gospel and reads:—

> When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled.
>
> And said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto Him, Lord, come and see.
>
> Jesus wept.

It is curious that any one, professing any form whatsoever of Christianity, should have the hardiness to sweep away all the evidence both of universal tradition and of hard fact itself on no better ground than his own purely personal fancies and speculations. So and so was not "possible" to a primitive thinker, we "cannot believe" this, we cannot admit that. One would really be glad to know the qualifications of this writer for making his whims and conjectures the criterion of the truth.

However, too much space has been given to the vagaries of these obscure and illogical persons who know, as they say, the mind of Christ better than the Apostles and the Evangelists. The real interest of these little books, and of many other books written in the same spirit, is the evidence they afford of the infinite possibilities of human errancy; and this capacity for going astray, for being utterly and completely wrong on any given question, is no doubt the defect of the human quality. The lower we go in the scale of being the less the possibility of defect; to put it roughly and crudely, a chunk of old red sandstone, which cannot possibly be "wise," cannot possibly be "foolish;" an oyster which cannot be "kind" cannot be "cruel;" a tiger which cannot be "moral" cannot be "immoral." It is when we get to man that we rise into the region of the great paradoxes. The being who can literally mount to heights of meditation and imagination that are unearthly is also transcendent on the downward path, so that there have been people who have declared men to be inferior to the trees and the flowers and the dead rock itself. The rocks, they would say, know not corruption, whereas humanity for ever dwells on the very edge of death and putrefaction; a man, with his eyes turned heavenward, is removed by but the drawing of a breath from that mass of horrible and deadly poisons which we call a corpse; and thus is man inferior to a diamond, to a lump of granite even.

So with the intellect; a pig is incapable of reason and equally incapable of unreason. The same measure applies to the Arts; an anthill is not architecture, but ants can never commit the horrible follies and monstrosities in brick and stone which are making the inhabited parts of the earth hideous to look upon. The chains which hold the lower parts of creation, so that they may not ascend on high, restrain them also from descending lower than the place which has been appointed them.

Now in the eighteenth century it may be said generally—with certain notable exceptions—that mankind in Europe had succeeded in entirely forgetting the meaning of the Arts. It was not so much that people wrote ill or painted badly as that they had ceased to know what Art is in its essence. We know that they regarded Pope's work as representing the highest achievement of poetry; we may justly conclude, then, that they had not the remotest notion as to the meaning of the word "poetry." Strange as it may seem, the whole mass of well-educated, otherwise intelligent Englishmen had succeeded in blotting out of their consciousness and intelligence and emotions a piece of knowledge, an instinct, which is part of the very definition of man. It was as if a whole nation, subject like all other men to the passion of thirst, endeavoured to appease this physical desire by swallowing dust and ashes. It would be incredible if it had not happened. So also would certain modern states of mind with respect to religion be incredible if we had not evidence of its existence in the form of "Modernism," "Higher Criticism," and such-like bewilderments. Using general terms, religion manifests itself to that form of mental muddle which calls itself "the modern spirit" as a system of ethics touched with hysteria. The real substance of the dish, as it were, is a moral substance; but that this may be swallowed and rendered more or less palatable we are allowed a sauce of vague sentiment. It is as if the priest, reading out the Decalogue, were to treat himself and the congregation to a gulp and a choke after each Commandment, thereby testifying to his belief in the Cosmos, the Immanence, and the Benevolence of Everything and the Equality of Everybody, and the (almost) certainty that there is a Sort of Something Somewhere that, for the present at all events, we may justifiably continue to call God. Still, the gulp and its significance are but the agreeable accessories of the real thing: true religion consists in not coveting one's neighbour's wife, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.

And here is a blunder, here is a blindness almost as enormous as if one thought that literature consisted of the rules in the grammar, or painting of the laws of perspective, or good manners of obedience to the negative injunctions laid down in little books of etiquette.

Religion, to put the matter simply and intelligently, is nothing more than the supreme art of happiness. Like other arts, it has its negative rules. Suppose we regard man for a moment purely as a thirsty animal, who is to be instructed in the true method of appeasing thirst. We should give him some preliminary and negative cautions, such as (if you would quench your thirst), you must not eat salt, you must not drink sea-water, you must not consume dust and ashes. These cautions—or commandments—clear the way, as it were; but it would be a strange error indeed that would put them in the place of the great draught of the cold well-water, which alone can quench the burning, and finally satisfy the desire. So with religion. Its end is happiness; it declares that this happiness—this fullness of joy and delight, this fulfilment of all that man's being vaguely prophesies—is only to be found in a certain way or conduct of the soul, and it lays down its laws and its rules and its cautions so that this end may be attained. Part, and part only, of this code is ethical, and the Christian religion, it may be claimed, stands unique on this ground—that it has perceived the real relation and interdependence of the means and the end. There was plenty of morality in pre-Christian times, and plenty of "religion," but it had not been perceived that the one was the means and the other the end. You had your philosophic code of morals and you had your mysteries of Eleusis; but the pagan world did not see that on the one hand ethics *qua* ethics did not lead

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to initiation—that is happiness—nor did it understand that the immoral person was incapable of being initiated.

The Catholic Faith joined the two broken syllables, and made one great Word; we must take care that modern heresy and confusion do not shatter that quickening utterance into senseless particles.

AMERICA'S EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL LEGISLATION

American Commercial Legislation before 1789. By ALBERT ANTHONY GIESECKE, Ph.D., President of the University of Cuzco, Peru. (University of Pennsylvania. $1 50c.)

The Tariff History of the United States. By F. W. TAUSSIG, Ph.D., Henry Lee Professor of Economics in Harvard University. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.)

THESE two books deal, the one with the history of American legislation of all kinds before 1789, and the other with the history of the tariffs, beginning almost immediately after that date. The first, of course, was the legislation imposed compulsorily upon America when she was regarded as a subject-Colony to England, and the second is the story of her own voluntarily decreed legislation for the purpose of expanding her trade and commerce. The first book is new, and the second is a fresh edition of a highly successful and authoritative work first produced in 1888, and now revised and brought right up to date. In view of the recently proposed reciprocity agreement between America and Canada, they are both of special value and give rise to much thought.

Professor Giesecke's book appeals perhaps mainly to the pure scholar as apart from the practical political historian. It is essentially a student's book, though it treats of its subject in the most lucid way. Students of Adam Smith—and they are still too few—will be already familiar with a great deal of the ground covered. The old economic fallacy so utterly destroyed in the "Wealth of Nations," that wealth consisted in money, gold and silver, and that those could be brought to a country and kept there only by means of a favourable balance of trade—*i.e.*, by an excess of exports over imports—is seen to be the basis of England's commercial policy during this long period.

In this belief difficulties were placed in the way of the importation of foreign goods, and the export of raw materials was restricted with the idea that it helped the home markets, and what with bounties on the one hand and restrictions on the other trade was forced through artificial channels and progress was very slow. All this was done because the Colonies were looked upon primarily as sources of profit, and their trade was to be preserved, with exceptions, to the merchants of the Mother Country. The result of this policy we know. It led to the refusal of the colonists, as they then were, to submit to English dictation as to the way in which they were to conduct their own business, and a repudiation of the authority of a Parliament in which they had no representation, and which assembled some three thousand miles away. The end of the conflict was the discarding of all external governing authority and the drawing up of the Articles of Confederation, the principles of which have led to the foundation of the United States, where can be witnessed forty-five equal and co-ordinate States, living peaceably together as one nation. Yet the year 1789 marks no such epoch in economic as it does in political history, and we have to pass on to the year 1808 to see the birth of the new idea and the growth of the Protectionist principle in America.

> The Berlin and Milan Decrees of Napoleon and the English Orders in Council led in December, 1807, to the Embargo. The Non-Intercourse Act followed in 1809; war with England was declared in 1812. During the war intercourse with England was prohibited, and all import duties were doubled. The last-mentioned measure was adopted in the hope of increasing the revenue, but had little effect, for foreign trade practically ceased to exist. This series of restrictive measures blocked the accustomed channels of exchange and production, and gave an enormous stimulus to those branches of industry whose products had before been imported. Establishments for the manufacture of cotton goods, woollen cloths, iron, glass, pottery and other articles sprang up with a mushroom growth. . . . The consequent rise of a considerable class of manufacturers, whose success depended largely on the continuance of Protection, formed the basis of a strong movement for more decided limitation of foreign competition."

There you have shortly the rise of the tariff movement in America and the creation of a powerful class in the community, in due time to become the most powerful of all classes, whose strength is always at its disposal.

The subsequent history of the tariff movement in America is a story varying in important and uncertain ways, but it is always increasing in strength, and increasing in its demands proportionate to its strength.

Gradually the trusts grew under a system developing its tariff not mainly for revenue, but for protective purposes. Their legislative control, however, is of comparatively recent years. One of the best examples is to be found in the victory of the Sugar Trust during the passing of the Tariff Act of 1894. At first the proposal for the sugar-duty was incorporated in a series of measures, one of which was the proposal for the establishment of an income-tax, beginning on incomes over $4,000. This tax on the comparatively rich was meant to offset the burden the sugar-duty would impose on the poor. But the income-tax proposal was lost whilst the sugar-tax was won.

The Tariff Act of 1897 went still further along this course. "The tariff of 1897, like that of 1890, was the outcome of an aggressive spirit of Protection." "It was the longest-lived of the general Tariff Acts of the United States. Its material was the Act of 1846, which remained undisturbed for eleven years. That of 1897 remained in force for twelve years:"—

> The huge fortunes acquired in some protected industries, the Carnegie fortune most conspicuously of all, brought the feeling against monopolies and trusts to bear against the high duties. . . . The two things—trusts and tariffs—are much associated in the public mind, and hostility to the combinations has bred hostility to extreme Protection. Hence the Republican party on its campaign platform of 1908 gave a promise of revising the tariff; and its candidate, soon to become President Taft, pledged his efforts to secure a revision—"revision" being understood on all hands to mean primary reduction.

The Bill was at last produced, and in the main was of a lowering tendency as regards tariff-rates. Yet when it reached the Senate—that faithful guard of the interests of the Corporations—the Protectionists, under the leadership of Senator Aldwich, carried 847 amendments!—

> So the Bill went to a Conference Committee, and there, as usual, its details were finally settled. . . . What passed in the Conference Committee can only be guessed, but guessed with some certainty; many sessions, hurried procedure, give and take, insistence by this or that member among the ten on some duty in which he is particularly interested.

But in the end President Taft intervened, and, securing the complete abolition of the duty upon hides, also secured a

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general lowering of the tariff in fulfilment of his election pledges. Professor Taussig says, however, later on :—

> In a sense the Act of 1909 brought no essential change in our tariff system. It still left an extremely high scheme of rates, and still showed an extremely intolerant attitude on foreign trade.

The political battle of the future is clearly to be the battle of the tariffs, the fight between the interests of those who produce the necessaries of life and the millions who use them. To those interested in the great commercial problems arising out of the tariffs there is much to learn from and ponder over in this nobly-written history of tariffs in the United States of America.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Le Voyage Romantique: Chez Louis II., Roi de Bavière. By Ferdinand Bac. (Eugène Fasquelle, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

M. Ferdinand Bac is a distinctly fascinating writer. His work exhibits that undefinable quality which we may roughly describe as writing for writing's sake, a quality which not seldom extorts from the reader its corollary—reading for reading's sake. The author has, of course, a thesis; he might say, with La Fontaine, "Et conter pour conter me semble peu d'affaire," but his sincerity would be as questionable as that of the fabulist. Not that we mean to disparage the subject of the "Voyage Romantique"—an interesting theme admirably treated; but the manner outweighs on the whole the matter. The thesis, at times passionately supported, of the necessity for artistic consistency, for "l'Unité Romantique," seems to fail in wringing a verdict even from the author—its judge, jury, and counsel for the defence rolled into one. M. Bac has, in fact, the extraordinary talent of being able to give, in their most telling form, all the arguments against his own side. We are reminded of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "Modern Symposium," where a dozen political thinkers of the most various complexions are made to say, one after the other, the absolutely last word in an endlessly-revolving wheel of debate. We are reminded over and over again of Robert Louis Stevenson—the Stevenson of "Virginibus Puerisque," of "An Inland Voyage," of "A Lodging for the Night." We find here the same obscurantism, the same self-mockery, the same helpless irony in face of "the big battalions." M. Bac notes sympathetically this last quality in the hero of his book—Ludwig II. of Bavaria—adding that he displayed it at its best at the moment of his supreme isolation and defeat, "for to practise irony when everybody can see the meaning of it is to take away all its effect and to bring it down to the level of a mere exercise of wit." Another ingredient of the present work is the absorbing interest of the author in works and questions of art; this also he shares with Stevenson, but in a far higher degree. It could hardly be otherwise, seeing that the matters that M. Bac here discusses—Stevenson-like—in the spirit of an amateur were formerly the things of his profession. He was a painter, in fact, before he became a writer. In this connection, if we may be allowed one more comparison, it would be interesting to put his work alongside of that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, another penman who began with the pencil and the brush. We find the same freedom from literary conventions, the same amiable discursiveness, the same susceptibility to all sorts of suggestion.

"Le Voyage Romantique" has something of the power and character of a dream. It is a medley of fact and fiction. Pascal Latour, a rather shadowy personage, more of a brain or a bundle of perceptions than a living man, resolves to go on his travels in search of the beautiful—of loveliness set in loveliness, free from all vulgar discordance. As companion for his journey he takes a little sempstress, called Simplicité, another unreal personage, whose untaught aspirations after the beautiful may serve as a foil to his own exaggerated æsthetic culture. Once embarked on the quest, Latour becomes, for any real young girl corresponding to the Simplicité of the story, though not for a sympathetic reader of latent artistic proclivities, excessively long-winded; he confesses indeed as much, when his companion, not unnaturally, seizes an occasion to get away from him. "It is a pity," he humorously laments, "I should have had the opportunity of easing myself for good and all of a whole crowd of *dicta* that no one has ever yet been willing to listen to." The stuff of M. Latour's reflections is theories of art and Romanticism. He has all the Romanticisms—the return to a Golden Age, the return to one's twentieth year, a touch of sympathy for Wertherism, a regret for the old provincial basis of society. Christian Romanticism is set off by that of the modern Simple Life. He gives us reminiscences of Borrow, of de Quincey's "Mail-coach," of Victor Hugo; he utters sentences that might come straight out of "Dorian Grey." Speaking of some curious cloud-effects, "Those are," said Pascal carelessly, "clouds of the English School of 1820—the property of Mr. Bonington, whose delightful studies you can see at the Louvre." Simplicité contributes an occasional item, sometimes fairly appropriate, to the romantic feast; once, for instance, to confirm a long disquisition of Latour's on Nature's abhorrence of symmetry, she narrates the appearance of a square cloud over her native village, whereat the villagers set to feasting and drinking and consuming all their provisions and stores, thinking the end of the world had come. For the attack on Romanticism, M. Bac has recourse to such protagonists as Max Nordau, with whose opinions he furnishes the mind of the "Conseiller d'État," who gives the case against Ludwig II.

Ludwig II., the half-hero of the book, is the nucleus of that part of it that deals with historical facts. It is natural that the Mecca of the romantic travellers should be the scenes where the patron of Wagner tried to live his dream and met his tragic end. Many new facts and views are brought to light, and there is no reason to distrust the substantial accuracy of the accounts, favourable to the King, of the Hungarian painter, and of the coachman who had been the partner of so many of those famous nocturnal escapades, in the gilded coach, lighted by electricity—an unexpected trait in our romantic—or of the brutal requisitory of the "Conseiller d'État." The King's habit of ordering executions, which were carried out in as academic a spirit as those of the Queen of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland," and his imposition of a mask on a servant who displeased him, and who had an ugly face, are amusingly told. Two interesting documents are the remarkably sane proclamation of the alleged madman at the very moment of the *coup d'état*, and a letter to a certain Countess, the only woman he seems to have come near loving. In this latter he speaks eloquently and touchingly of his own character; "hatred of everything that is base" is the note he signalises himself. The castles are described, and the daily life of the King, though we miss the famous drive across the snow with torches. We feel, too, that the account of the final tragedy, when the body of the King was found locked in a mortal embrace with that of the mad doctor, below the waters of the Starnbergersee, is incomplete through lack of the mythical element. We have ourselves found traces of the peasant belief still surviving a bare ten years since that Ludwig did not perish in the Starnbergersee, but continued to live among his faithful peasantry for many years afterwards.

The life of Ludwig II. of Bavaria is an excellent text for a writer on Romanticism, for he exhibited not only the

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peculiarities that are morbid to the Philistine, but also the foibles that the disciple would condemn out of his own creed. He sins often against artistic harmony. On this point M. Bac is particularly interesting. Severe as he is for the *bourgeois*, who tries to buy an artistic equipment on no principle at all, whereby "most people's houses are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where any creed can enter and hold its fancy bazaar under the eye of the Turkish gendarme," he is hardly less so for the æsthetic purist. "It is science rather than truth." The bigot for eighteenth-century decoration should reflect that they mixed their styles at the best moments of the eighteenth century. We might extend this condemnation of æsthetic purism, with reservations, to linguistic purism. A language would suffer indeed if all its words were made to satisfy the conditions of uniformity of origin and antiquity.

An interesting incident in the book is the story of Moritz Schwind, the brilliant Viennese painter who was befriended and honoured by Ludwig II., and whose merits have scarcely met—outside Germany—with the reward they deserve. We will conclude with the story of a Tyrolese innkeeper's wife, who had enjoyed the royal patronage; on her death-bed she is reported to have said, "Je bénis mes Hautes Seigneuries et je les supplie de . . . nous garder toujours Leur auguste clientèle." Though this is not the original language, it would be a pity to translate it.

THE LAND OF OMAR

Through Persia in Disguise, with Reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny. By Colonel C. E. Stewart, C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E. Edited by Basil Stewart. (George Routledge and Sons. 15s.)

Colonel Stewart served for twenty-five years in India, and afterwards for thirteen in Persia, completing his service with seven years as Consul-General at Odessa. In India he went through the Mutiny of 1857, both with English and Indian troops, and was constantly in action; though very junior, he commanded a native regiment in the Umbeyla Campaign of 1863-4, and was highly commended in despatches for his gallantry in the expedition against the Jowaki-Afridis in 1877-78. He thus gained a knowledge of various languages and of the native character which was most useful in his travels in Persia. On one occasion he crossed Syria, and went down the Tigris to the Persian Gulf, taking with him his newly-married wife. Later, he landed at Trebizond, on the southern shore of the Black Sea, and journeyed through Armenia to Teheran and Ispahan. He had a feeling for the Armenians, who, being Christians, fare badly; the Kurds ravage the country, while the Turks do not pay for provisions supplied. Colonel Stewart noticed many interesting things: "The difference between a Persian and a Turk is that a Turk always drinks coffee, and a Persian tea." "Certain Mahomedan tribes in Persia believe that Hussein, the grandson of Mahomet, went voluntarily to death when he was killed near Bagdad, so that mankind should thereby be saved. This idea of an atonement being requisite is evidently acquired from Christianity." He found that "although Russians drive so well, they never ride, with the exception of Cossacks." In Armenia he observed a dislike to the Turkish Government among the Christian population, but a still greater dislike to the Russian Government. In Persia, he described briefly, but clearly, the division of Mahomedans into Sunnis and Shiahs, the latter declaring Ali, the prophet's nephew and son-in-law, to be the first Khalif. "It is curious how the love of Ali and his family has taken the place of patriotism and every other feeling in Persia." He praises the Persians highly for their excellent Parisian manners, but evidently did not trust them. To the Europe-taught ones he applies the Arab proverb, "They leave their home a donkey and return a thorough jackass."

Colonel Stewart made a long journey in 1880-81 from Ispahan to the North-East frontier of Persia, disguised, under the name of Kwajah Ibrahim, as a Culcutta Armenian dealer in horses, engaged on their purchase. He assumed the disguise "because I could travel about more conveniently as an Armenian than as an Englishman," and kept it up for four and half months, only once being doubted by an Afghan merchant from the Panjab, whose suspicions he managed to allay. His long employment on the Afghan frontier enabled him to observe much, and while attached to the Afghan Boundary Commission of 1884-86 he visited Herat. His health suffered at times; the heat was constantly excessive, and the water was often brackish and hardly drinkable. Like all Persian travellers, he dilates upon the Kavir, or Great Desert, of which only parts are salt and look as if they had formed part of an inland sea: "Sometimes the whole soil seems rotten and the feet sink deeply into it, salt showing on the surface." Food was at times a difficulty, though he was assured by Persians that manna did sometimes fall from heaven. His travels and surveying have added greatly to the knowledge of Persia, and it is to be regretted, as he says, that when the Shah applied for twelve English officers to drill his troops, but did not offer to pay them, expecting the Indian Government to do so, the application was refused. "The influence that England would have gained in Persia would have been considerable." Besides his travels, Colonel Stewart held Consular appointments at various large towns in Persia, and gained such special information of the country that he was invited to lecture before the Geographical Society and other London institutions. These papers are reproduced and repay perusal, though they are no longer quite up to date.

Mrs. Stewart has prefixed a very suitable Introduction to her late husband's journals, which have been edited by Mr. Basil Stewart, already known as an author. The story is well told, with good maps, and is an interesting record of an unusual career. More illustrations would have been welcome, especially if they had been as humorous as that of the picture in the Cathedral at Julfa, Ispahan, illustrating the parable of the man with the beam in his eye picking the mote out of his friend's eye.

PATRIOTISM AND SOCIALISM

Contre l'Aigle: Contre Nous. By Paul Adam. (Falque. 3f. 50c.)

Books, articles, and pamphlets directed "Contre l'Aigle" (the Prussian one) have for a long time been numerous in France, but during the last twelvemonth they have certainly exceeded the average; the fortieth anniversary of the Franco-Prussian War seems to have usurped by anticipation the customary honours of a fiftieth commemoration. After all, this is perfectly natural; another decade will have thinned too irretrievably the ranks of the foremost combatants, and will perhaps have answered the question of Alsace-Lorraine. Though the majority of these writings are of an ephemeral character, many of them serve a useful purpose in exhuming facts from the graves where they have been buried by unscrupulous idealists. M. Paul Adam is a

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distinguished writer, but in his latest work he has not achieved a monument of imperishable bronze; he has compiled a somewhat incoherent volume, relieved by a series of extremely lucid intervals.

The book is divided into two parts; the shorter, earlier part is by far the more interesting. "Contre nous" is a series of excessively-detached remarks on the vices that M. Adam finds in modern society, especially in modern French society. His standpoint is a little elusive. We were prepared for attacks from the author of "Basile et Sophia," on bureaucracy, the *bourgeoisie*, and Philistinism; these attacks we get in the best Flaubert and Whistler style. We were less prepared for his ferocious and, it must be added, very practical advocacy of Socialism. "Give us arms" is his cry; he demands them, not only to repulse the invader, but also to inaugurate the millennium. This had led him into a controversy with a Hervéist journal; a sketch of the arguments is given. He criticises the actual organisation of strikes and elections, and has some appallingly practical suggestions for the leaders of revolutions.

But, as we have already said, it is the "Contre l'Aigle" theme that is the best worked out. M. Adam here goes to the very root of the matter, and joins issue with those very politicians whose ideas he seems elsewhere to share, the Parliamentary Socialists. He is quite as severe for the partisans of Jaurès as he is for those of Hervé;" if the latter are preparing to hand over their countrymen gagged and bound to foreign Cæsarism, the former are doing to the full as much mischief by their vague sentimentalities and untimely fraternisings with a potential enemy. "Le pacifisme, voilà l'ennemi" would be a very fair rendering of M. Adam's thesis: he believes in nationality; he brings his opponents down to facts; he shows them in the concrete instance of Alsace that it is not a matter of indifference "whether one wakes up a Frenchman or German." And he rubs in the incontestable fact that, supposing that in the event of a war the French Socialist refused to draw the sword, the German Socialist would certainly not follow his example. He believes in the most certain fact in European politics—the shade of Bismarck; in a most characteristic phrase he tells us that "le rire sardonique du Teuton a pour dents quatre millions de baïonnettes inexorables." He has a great admiration for Mr. Blatchford, and accepts most of the conclusions of that controversialist's famous pamphlet. He supplements them with some observations of his own relative to the position in the Netherlands. He even allows himself to consider the lamentable hypothesis of the absorption of France by Germany.

The grave defect of this work may be described as its "shrillness." It abounds in "little facts;" a fatal mistake—every cause can produce a sufficiency of such facts. It borders sometimes on the hysterical. M. Adam starts his whole argument from the case of a child, accidentally killed in a collision between the Prussian mob and the Prussian authorities. The same defect is to be found in that historical pamphlet, "Histoire d'un Crime." This is a state of mind that generally gives the advantage of position to the enemy. The German press has lately been congratulating itself, with some show of plausibility, on its even temper and forbearance, thrown into strong relief by the passionate outbursts of its rivals. We will conclude by indicating one of the most whimsical ideas of the book. The Triple Entente, according to M. Adam, is the alliance of the countries once conquered by the Normans of Rollo, Rurik, and William. Our late King, it seems, was a Norman, and his successor is an Anglo-Saxon; whereby the Triple Entente may be put in jeopardy. This makes a rather excessive demand upon the imagination. It is a curious variant of the wolf and the lamb, with abstraction of the former's disinterested motives.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF DURHAM

Memorials of Old Durham. Edited by HENRY R. LEIGHTON, F.R.Hist.S. Illustrated. (George Allen and Sons. 15s. net.)

MR. HENRY LEIGHTON deserves many congratulations for the very interesting volume which he has compiled out of a number of instructive and withal attractive monographs bound together by their common connection with the County of Durham. Archæologists in general, and moreover all who take interest in the great bishopric will delve with rejoicing in the rich mine which Mr. Leighton has placed before them, and few will turn from its pages without feeling the desire for still more of the same material.

Conscious of the work of those who had preceded him on the same road, Mr. Leighton made no attempt to write a history, either popular or exhaustive, of the Palatinate. He recognised that the occasion did not call for any such attempt, but, on the other hand, he felt that further information on some of the side-issues of Durham lore, as it were, would not be unwelcome. This of his instinct has been sure. In his preface he states his object as twofold—"to awaken a greater interest in the past of this most historic district, and, secondly, to serve as an introduction to the greater histories of the county." Durham, the county of a Prince-Bishop, differed materially in government, and consequently in history, from the other districts of the British Isles. Thus its history in all its ramifications has a distinctive character, and serves as a tonic to the most jaded historical appetite. The present volume contains the following monographs, together with an historical introduction:—"Topography of Durham," "Folklore of the County of Durham," "The Legends of Durham," "Place-Names in the Durham Dales," "Durham Cathedral," "Finchale Priory," "Monkwearmouth and Jarrow," "The Parish Churches of Durham," "Monumental Inscriptions," "The Castles and Halls of Durham," "Durham Associations of John Wesley," and "The Old Families of Durham." From this list it will be seen how varied is the fare which Mr. Leighton places before his readers.

It will be news to many that the county of Durham in earlier times included detached portions scattered in the surrounding counties. These outlying portions were gradually absorbed, and it is now long since they passed out of the jurisdiction of those with whom the government of the county lay. The power of the Bishop in the Middle Ages was very considerable. He was more than a feudal lord; in fact, one might term him a feudatory prince, and such he really was. He had his own courts of law, his own officers of state, his own assemblies, his own system of finance, his own coinage, and even his own army and fleet. The Bishop had also the power of life and death over his subjects. The writers in this volume confine themselves strictly to their respective subjects. Nevertheless occasionally we get a sidelight of some movement of more general concern. Thus the Rev. Henry Gee, in his historical introduction, in a few short sentences makes his readers feel half the terrors of the Black Death:—

> It spread with frightful rapidity, carrying off all orders and conditions of men, for none escaped. Sometimes a whole household perished, and here and there an entire village was obliterated. "No tenants came from West Thickley, because they are all dead," is the steward's entry at one manorial court, or halmote, as the local word is. In the winter that followed there was no sowing, and when the spring came men had not the heart to go to work on the fields, for the plague was renewed with increasing violence, and everything was thrown out of gear. Villeins had run

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away from sheer terror; even madness was not unheard of; and whilst there was little to eat, famine and misery stalked unchecked.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Pictorial Key to the Tarot. By A. E. Waite. With Seventy-eight Plates. (William Rider and Son. 5s. net.)

About the occult there is no disputing. There is an arbitrariness in the dogma of the mystic before which the layman is powerless to do aught but confess himself of the "outer circle," apart from the elect minority. Happily, however, the *profanum vulgus*, the Smith of Mr. Waite's scorn, may enjoy the "Paradiso" of Dante without seeking authority for his disposition of the planets or the arrangement of his celestial spheres, while it is possible to embrace the more vital portion of the theosophic philosophy apart from certain of its dogmatic tenets. In the same way we are content to class ourselves among those who have received no part of the secret tradition pertaining to the mystic Tarot cards of the early fourteenth century, and to enjoy merely the picturesque and decorative quality of the symbolic interpretation of universal ideas by means of universal types to be found in Mr. Waite's "Pictorial Key to the Tarot." Though the author is careful to insist on his indifference to the history of playing-cards in general and to declare himself concerned with the Tarot merely as an instrument of divination and a keystone to the occult sciences, his book will prove of considerable service to the student of the Middle Ages by reason of its kinship with the literatures of Alchemy and Kabalism and the mysteries of Rosicrucianism and Craft Masonry.

Mr. Waite appears to have spared no pains in compiling a comprehensive synoptic account of the Tarot, and defining its archæological position. With his symbolic interpretation of the cards themselves, and the divination proper to their various combinations and juxtapositions we are not concerned here, nor is our philosophic calm impaired by the controversy which has raged over the Tarot cards as to their claims in relation to the Mystic Quest in connection with Witchcraft and the Black Magic as a means of obtaining oracles, and lastly, as a medium for the humble fortune-teller. Nevertheless, we welcome Mr. Waite's book as a valuable addition to the literature of cartomancy, and a proof of the existence in our midst of something of the true mediæval spirit. The set of seventy-eight Tarot cards prepared by Miss Pamela Colman Smith, and illustrating the Greater and Lesser Arcana, are for the most part happy in their design and appropriately simple in composition, although the effect is occasionally marred by a certain weakness of drawing. If they do not invariably succeed in conveying the whole of the mystic meaning attributed to them, her task has certainly not been an easy one.

Legends of our Lord and the Holy Family. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

Mrs. Arthur Bell has made a typical selection from the wonderful and romantic cycle of legends which in the course of many centuries has grown round the simple Gospel story of the Life of Christ. Some are drawn from the Apocryphal Gospels, a good many from French, others from German sources. Interspersed are accounts of various national and local rites and customs, which celebrate the events of certain legends. Although the book is illustrated with some photographs from the great Masters, it does not follow the lines of Mrs. Jameson's work of showing the legends as represented in Art. The stories are given in their own picturesque setting, very well told, with many charming references to sacred traditions, floral folk-lore, and special cults, with some occasional notes on pictures inspired by the legends. The growth of legend far from the Holy Land is curiously illustrated by the remarkable claim of the Bretons that St. Anna was their fellow-countrywoman. In Brittany "'Il n'y a que Ste. Anne' is a favourite saying of the simple peasants, and it is to her shrines that they flock for help and comfort in all their difficulties and sorrows." We can hardly follow Mrs. Bell when she says that the Romance of the Holy Grail "belongs rather to secular than to sacred legend, for it is to a great extent a transformation of ancient Keltic folklore into a Christian allegory. . . ." The same might be alleged of a considerable body of legendary stories. For those who appreciate the old saying, "*φωναντα συνετοισιν*," the chief value of these often very beautiful legends is their deeply humanistic element. Such readers will delight in Mrs. Bell's admirable collection.

The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma. Rhyncota. Vol. V.—Heteroptera: Appendix. By W. L. Distant. (Taylor and Francis. 10s.)

We lately noticed the volume in this series—now being published under the authority of the Secretary of State—on the Coleoptera Lamellicornia. This volume, also edited by Dr. Shipley and Mr. Guy Marshall, contains—to use popular language—more beetles, of all sorts and shapes, with their antennæ, and legs, bodies, and other members and portions, in all sizes, dimensions, and attitudes. It is perfectly wonderful that there should be so many grotesque varieties, and it would be most interesting and valuable to know what is the real bed-rock meaning of so many deviations in Nature from, say, a normal type. From the numerous references to Vol. II., this would appear to be a supplementary work, as the author is said to have described a large number of forms which have been collected in various localities in British India since the previous volumes were published. Absolute finality is probably unattainable, but the enumeration of the Indian Rhyncota will, with certain exceptions, be completed in another volume. As to the family Lygeidœ, there has been some question of nomenclature, as it was suggested by an expert that a family name should be founded on the oldest genus it embraced, and should be changed accordingly. Some confusion has naturally resulted. The question of nomenclature is a thorny one. We were lately informed by a scientist that scientific names are mere names, and that their meaning is not worth investigating. Certainly many of those in this volume are repellent, and obscure to the uninitiated. They do not all appear in the ordinary reference-books. McNicoll and Stormont are out of date. Some new comprehensive work, to explain all scientific terms, is much wanted. The Indian names in this book are, on the whole, quite well reproduced; but certain of them should be Parasnath, Pondicherry, and Rajshahi, as printed in the recent "Imperial Gazetteer," and not as printed in this volume. Dr. Nelson Annandale is evidently making his mark in scientific observation and collection.

The Church and the Empire. Being an Outline of the History of the Church from A.D. 1003 to A.D. 1304. By D. J. Medley, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Glasgow. (Rivingtons. 4s. 6d. net.)

Chronologically this is the fourth volume in a series of eight brief histories of the Church Universal admirably

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edited by that well-known ecclesiastical historian Mr. W. H. Hutton, who has himself contributed two volumes of the seven now published.

Mr. Medley gives a clever survey of the chief problems and struggles which agitated the Church and the States of Europe in the period allotted to him. The eleventh century witnessed the beginnings of the Church's "efforts to prevent her absorption by the State, and to attempt the reduction of the State to a mere department of the Church." Hence arose the great quarrel between the Pope, Gregory VII., and the Emperor, Henry IV., over the question of lay investiture. It is interesting to note here that Mr. Medley does not adopt the usual interpretation of the famous penance of Henry at Canossa. So far from this act being, as Dr. Bryce said in his "Holy Roman Empire," "an irretrievable disgrace on the Crown so abased," it was a clever move by which Henry forced the hand of the Pope.

In tracing the development of "the great movement in favour of Church reform which emanated from Cluny" with the object of freedom for the Church from feudal State control, Mr. Medley deals with one important question which touches present-day relations—the appointment of Bishops. The resultant compromise in several countries made the clerical elections merely nominal, leaving the real power with the State. "It was not the rights of the electors, but the all-pervading authority of the Pope which was to prove the chief rival of royal influence in the local Church;" so a later section speaks of the Papal power in the Church Other chapters have to do with Guelf and Ghibelline, The Schoolmen and Theology, and the Mendicant Orders. There is an interesting account of the later development of certain doctrines with their antipathetic heresies. Mr. Medley (in his Preface) ironically trusts that, guided by the expert hand of Mr. Hutton, he himself has "not fallen into any recognisable heresy"! But on his own showing the immanence of the spiritual in the material is ever a difficult point for some minds. We recommend this useful book to those who desire a short and instructive study of some of the most important relations between Church and State during a difficult period of mediæval history. The whole series would form fitting companion-volumes, indispensable for reference, to the comprehensive History of the English Church edited by Dean Stephens and Dr. Hunt.

FICTION

Account Rendered. By E. F. Benson. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

Mrs. Winthrop, a lady of superabundant energy, which she endeavours to exhaust in dealing with domestic matters in a summary fashion, is the wife of a retired gentleman of about fifty, whose only occupation seems to be playing patience alone in his study. Mrs. Winthrop is also mother of Frank, a subaltern in the Army—a six-foot lovable personage—and of two imps, a boy and girl, for whom a governess is required, as they apparently are beyond parental control. The governess is young, beautiful, and poor. The neighbours are Lady Tenby, who seems overflowing with kindly feelings, and her son Ted, or Lord Tenby, also six foot and a golfer. The last-mentioned is a very amiable personage, and does not use, at least so far as the book records, golfers' bad language.

In the earlier chapters, which are very entertaining, the story deals with swimming-parties and the usual daily amusements of a country house, with bridge to follow; but in the midst of this tranquil existence everything suddenly changes by the governess finding herself heiress to over a million of money, left her by an American bachelor uncle. Thenceforward the story consists mainly of the doings of Lady Tenby and the governess, and the results of Lady Tenby's lying in order to secure the governess as wife for Ted, and the recoil, or "account rendered," we must leave our readers to learn for themselves. We may mention, however, that there is not the usual traditional ending, but an inferential one. There is some clever dialogue in the book, as one might expect from Mr. Benson, and some of the fairy and other tales evolved by the governess for the benefit of the imps are distinctly clever.

On the whole the character of Lady Tenby is consistent throughout, it being apparent to everybody that her seeming open-heartedness is no more than a blind, and we are not surprised at the development; but Miss Allenby, the governess, does not, after her governess days, when she was really charming, appeal so strongly to us. There is an air of unreality about her which vexes one. It may be the rapid transposition of her fortunes, or it may be the knowledge given to the reader, but not to herself, of the way in which she is being deceived that creates such an impression.

A Russian Judas. By Fred Whishaw (C. H. White. 6s.)

The palm for the great novel, previously held by one or other of the nations of Western Europe, has in the last generation most often gone to Russia. Her great names have shown the world a new truth of portraiture, a fresh vividness of narrative, and a greater breadth and dignity of art-form than had been before attained. Moreover, without exception, the material they worked upon has been Russian life and the previously unexplored region of the Russian soul.

The scene of the present novel is laid in Russia. The heroes are Englishmen—two brothers who have been summoned to Russia by an uncle with the prospect of replacing two Russian nephews of his as the joint-heirs to his enormous estate. They come, they conquer the old man's affections, and in due time inherit the property. But the Russian nephews are not content to be ousted, and immediately commence a series of plots against the lives of the two Englishmen. Under assumed names they hire themselves as "lukatchi," or gamekeepers, and in the course of bear-hunts and wolf battues make various attempts to do away with their employers. This gives the author an opportunity to describe the pursuit of game in Russia. The knavish tricks of the disappointed nephews meet with an ill success, the consistency of which is amazing. Clumsier villains—oh, how maddeningly their shots miscarry!—and more lamblike victims it would be difficult to find. Time after time the Englishmen's cartridges are filled with sand; they are peppered, they have bullets whizzing by their ears; they are driven out to pot wolves, and then told that their return is a risk of life and death, that they must probably sacrifice the horses to their ravening pursuers, and still they suspect nothing!

In one or two ingenuous asides the author reveals a point of view towards the peasantry as sweepingly censorious as that of the average district-visitor in England. We wish we could have said that the descriptions of hunting adventures give any sort of fillip to the story, but they do not grip, and the English used is often slipshod.

Friends of Fate. By Lucas Cleeve. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

It is a suggestive, although perhaps not a remarkable, fact that, while great writers of fiction are as a rule content

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to busy themselves with describing quite ordinary people, the journeyman novelist seems to be obsessed by the necessity of portraying genius. In "Friends of Fate" Lucas Cleeve has tried to create the character of an unscrupulous but, of course, great Jewish lawyer, who, by means of backstairs intrigue and modified blackmail, becomes the leading legal light of his age. We do not see in what way he is great in himself, and, although we have watched him at work, we have not discerned any touch of genius in his methods. There are many people in Dartmoor and Portland who are considerably more clever, and also considerably less unsavoury. We need not here enter into the dirty tricks of Raphael Nathan, *alias* Ralph Norton; suffice it to say that he does most things which even the ordinary sensual man has agreed to call abominable, and in the end he is left materially successful, having realised his high-souled ambition to become the friend and confidant of various members of a penny-novelette aristocracy. Lucas Cleeve does not possess a very good style, and she has ruined whatever power of writing she may once have possessed by continuous efforts to be clever. Nor has she any gifts for description or dialogue. She has, however, by means of broad margins and large type, managed to make a book of it, and that, after all, is the main thing.

The Shadow on the Purple. By A Peeress. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

In a somewhat naïve and unintentionally amusing preface "A Peeress" tells us that these tales are experiences of a relative of hers as Attaché to a British Embassy on the Continent, and that "the facts recorded are in every case true." This statement surprises one a little, not because the facts are extraordinary—from a novelistic point of view—but because they seem to belong so completely, and one might even say so exclusively, to that style of aristocratic sensationalism which the ingenious Messrs. Guy Boothby and William le Queux have made popular. However, in view of the preface, we do not feel entitled to deny that various Princes of the reigning House of Alvania really did embroil themselves in a monotonously vicious manner with fair ladies of inferior birth, then meet violent ends at the pistol point, and lie in State "with their faces artificially whitened to hide the stain of the powder." Of course all the numerous throng did not die thus; one was condemned to death by Nihilists, and two or three may even have reached comparative old age. On the whole, we do not think "A Peeress" need have warned her readers not to inundate her with "correspondence regarding the characters and incidents recorded in these pages." Her book will hardly set the Thames on fire.

Lady Fanny. By Mrs. George Norman. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

According to the publishers—and, indeed, they ought to know—this book is concerned with "the psychology of a married woman of our own time." For our part we should have preferred to describe it as the psychology of a Dresden shepherdess or some pretty artificial trifle of the sort, for though we found Lady Fanny Benning interesting, we also found her wholly unconvincing. After seven years of happy married life this charming creature discovers that her husband is not worthy of her romantic raptures, and decides to try the effects of absence from home and innocent flirtation to bring her husband back to her rather exigent emotional level. She goes abroad and flirts successfully enough, but her husband very sensibly refuses to pay any attention to her epistolary hints. Then the inevitable happens, and she meets the young man whom she ought to have married; but her defiance of convention does not extend beyond innocent flirtation, and she makes the great renunciation and goes home with a mysteriously penitent husband. The young man, who is not much more than a Dresden shepherd, says "It is best!" so we may regard this as a happy ending. The author's grammar is not always above reproach, and Stevenson's name should not be spelt like that of the inventor of the steam engine. Lady Fanny would have known this, for we are told that he was a great crony of hers.

Wilson's. By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.)

The mantle of the late Talbot Baines Reed, master in the art of school story writing, seems to have fallen on Mr. Desmond Coke, for "Wilson's" is as good a yarn of schoolboy hopes, comedies, tragedies, and fears as we have read for a long time. Wilson's is the slack house of the school—do we not remember "The Master of the Shell"?—and Dick Hunter is forced by circumstances to the unsavoury task of reforming it. He makes enemies among the "slackers," for all the manly sports were to them "rot;" but in due time he has his reward. The descriptions of the "Bumps"—the boat-race—of a critical match between the newly-formed and somewhat flabby cricket eleven and a junior house, and the general portrayal of school life at Sherborough, are vivid and exciting, and appeal to the grown-up reader most strongly. In fact, a great part of the pleasure we have obtained through this clever story comes from the author's realisation that most sensible people are young at heart. He has written, as he states in his neat note "By Way of Explanation," for the lucky ones "who, by steadfastly refusing to grow old," have managed to remain children; he succeeds, therefore, in interesting all.

THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

By Frank Harris

The title of these papers usually implied a considerable intimacy with the person written about. I therefore hasten to say that in this instance I can make no claim to any such privilege. I had two or three conversations—I might almost call them "interviews"—with the late Duke when he was Lord Hartington. These talks seem to me memorable for various reasons, and I desire to report them with all fidelity, while expressly excluding any pretension to friendship, or even to more prolonged personal acquaintance. Moreover, I have no notes of these talks, which matters the less as a vivid memory of them has been sharpened by the fact that I have used the knowledge acquired from them again and again in the intervening years.

A statue to the late Duke, who died in 1908 in his seventy-fifth year, has just been erected in Horse Guards Avenue. It was unveiled on February 14th by Lord Lansdowne, who, according to custom, made a speech about the man, whom he must have known intimately for many years.

Such customary tributes are almost always taken as conventions in convention-ridden England; every word of praise is discounted, every hinted shortcoming exaggerated, and yet the effect is a high-coloured oleograph of an angel rather than a photograph of a man.

Nor will I pretend to give a true portrait of the late Duke; I should not be allowed to, had I the intimate knowledge necessary to establish a fine spiritual balance between virtues and vices, and so reconstitute the individual soul with its tangled web of good and evil; but something I can

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do to make a legendary figure clearer to men, and this ought to be done, it seems to me, in the public interest.

The first talk I had with Lord Hartington, as he then was, was in Monte Carlo one night after the Casino had closed and the crowd dispersed. It was a year, I think, after Lord Randolph Churchill's untimely resignation. Men were still at variance as to his leadership of the House of Commons—some praising it, and others dispraising, while the great majority were completely indifferent. I was eager to find someone who would agree with me that Lord Randolph's leadership was a miracle of tact and courtliness inspired by an almost uncanny knowledge of men of the House of Commons variety. As the chance offered itself to me, I put the question to Lord Hartington.

I had already a high opinion of his judgment and his curious impartiality. I had been in the House of Commons three or four nights a week from 1883 to 1885. Lord Hartington usually sat with his hat tilted forward over his face in an attitude that implied sleepy indifference to what was going on. But I had reason again and again to remark that his indifference was of manner alone, that he was an extraordinarily interested, careful, and acute observer. One instance occurs to me. Mr. Sexton at that time was commonly spoken of as the best orator in the Irish Party, and if oratory were limited to an exquisitely modulated delivery of platitudes and commonplaces, Mr. Sexton deserved his reputation. Lord Hartington, I noticed, often sauntered out of the House when it was crowded and members were excited by Mr. Sexton's elocution. But whenever Parnell spoke, hammering out realities in broken phrases, Lord Hartington was there listening; he listened, too, to Tim Healy and Mr. Redmond. One could judge the value of men very closely by Lord Hartington's attitude towards them. More than once I noticed that he could endure bores gladly so long as they were earnest, fanatical bores; but fluent windbags found no favour in his sight. I came to see that his judgment was peculiarly English; that he was in some sort the embodied conscience of the House of Commons.

Holding this high opinion of Lord Hartington, I was, of course, excessively eager to get his judgment of Lord Randolph Churchill, for by it I might be able to correct, or at least confirm my estimate both of Lord Randolph and of Lord Hartington.

At first Lord Hartington put me off with courtesy that evidently cost him an effort; I could see he wished me and my probing questions to the devil. I ventured to remind him that it was a duty which intelligence owed to itself to provide the ingenuous with correct estimates.

He answered to the obligation at once:—

"I'm willing to give my opinion," he said, "but it's difficult to answer a general question. Can you define more nearly what you want to know?"

His disinclination to reply to me, which at first I took for personal dislike, was rather a sort of mental inertia or lazy reluctance to make the effort necessary to find exact and adequate expression for his thoughts.

"I should like to know," I said, "what you think of Lord Randolph's leadership of the House of Commons in comparison, with the leading, say, of Disraeli or Gladstone?"

With wrinkled brow and a sort of ill-tempered obstinacy he set himself to the task of turning his feelings into words; again and again he corrected himself meticulously, evidently determined to say neither more nor less than just what he felt.

"Disraeli," he began, "came to the House of Commons from the outside" (his look questioned me: "D'ye know what I mean?" I thought I knew, but I wanted him to explain, so I replied with arched eyebrows and a puzzled look). "I mean he was not English exactly, and had not been at the 'Varsity, and all that" (I nodded); "and he never learned much about the House. To the very end he kept running his head against walls—walls often of prejudice; but sometimes walls which I hope won't be overthrown for many a year to come. But as soon as he found he was against a wall he altered his course, and the House used to forgive him because of the quickness with which he tacked round and the dexterity with which he found good reasons both to explain and to justify his change of front.

"Some men," he went on, after a pause, "thought him insincere because of the ease with which he chopped and changed; but he was sincere enough, I thought; if you granted his unvarying premise that he was the best man in England to be Prime Minister;" and the heavy face seemed to lighten from within.

"Gladstone, on the other hand, was English all through, a Public School boy who had won honours at Oxford: he knew a good deal about the House of Commons—a hundred times more that Disraeli ever knew; but he was never what I should call a House of Commons man. He was too emotional, too—" (high-falutin' was the word he wanted; but I would not supply it) "too—you know what I mean. . . .

"Gladstone was imposed on the House of Commons by the country. English Liberals throughout the country wanted him at the head of affairs and no one else, and they got their way.

"When Gladstone ran his head against some House of Commons wall, he did not do it out of ignorance but of malice prepense, and he usually persisted in butting the wall till he knocked some sort of hole in it which served him as a way out or in, as the case might be. . . .

"You can call his self-will principle if you like, though sometimes the principle was difficult to see unless you began by admitting his major premise, which wasn't very different from Disraeli's except that he thought Gladstone was the only man in the world who had any business to be Prime Minister of England."

"Randolph Churchill, on the other hand, knew the House of Commons better than the House of Commons knew itself. He led it with genius as it has never been led in my time. Such a Leader does not come once in a century. Every hour he was in the House strengthened his hold upon it, his control of it. If he had only waited a little while, his unique power would have been acknowledged by every one, and he would have been master of England; but——" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a pity, isn't it," I said, "that the House takes such a long time to recognise genius?"

But he would not have the House blamed.

"Genius," he said, "being singular, should expect to have to wait for general recognition. It's a pity, if you like, that Randolph's powers are not being used, but it's mainly his own fault, and this he'd admit himself, I think, if questioned."

"In fact," I replied, "he was 'a young man in a hurry,' to use his own words against him."

The remark was too obvious. Lord Hartington nodded with indifference and turned away.

This impartial judging of three such men as Disraeli, Gladstone, and Randolph Churchill implies, in my opinion, extraordinary insight, backed by an even more extraordinary fairness of mind.

Lord Hartington is often spoken of as a typical Englishman. He was that in fairness and firmness, in practicality and reticence, and half a dozen other qualities; but he was very much more. On a memorable occasion he took the side of genius against power, against his own self-interest, too, and that is not an English trait—not a characteristic, indeed, of any nation. It is a generosity which goes with greatness and with greatness alone. The

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incident is rare enough to be worth mention. Some will remember that Lord Randolph's resignation put Lord Salisbury in a quandary. He had accepted, perhaps, indeed, forced on, the conflict with his imperious lieutenant; yet the sudden resignation found him unprepared. Who could be put in Randolph's place as Leader of the Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer? He naturally turned to Lord Hartington, as the leader of the Liberal-Unionists. He did not know that Randolph had already asked Lord Hartington whether in such a case he would take office under Lord Salisbury, and Lord Hartington had answered that so far as he could see at the moment it would be better that he should refuse. Lord Salisbury put the question to Lord Hartington, who was abroad at the time, and Lord Hartington declined the offer. In his extremity Lord Salisbury then got the father of Lord Hartington to recall him to England, and put a leader in the *Times* declaring his willingness to serve under Lord Hartington. This changed the position.

As soon as Lord Hartington reached London, Randolph Churchill met him, I think, at the station, and asked him whether Lord Salisbury's new offer had altered or would alter his resolution.

Lord Hartington began by admitting that he had not considered such a probability when he said he thought it best for the Liberal-Unionists not to take office with the Conservatives; but added that his own position did not seem to him to alter the question at all. "I think," he concluded, "you are the best Leader of the House of Commons, and I should not like to put any obstacle in the way of your return to power."

Randolph came away satisfied that neither argument nor entreaty would move Lord Hartington from his position of self-effacement, and the event showed that he was right. Every sort of pressure was brought to bear on Lord Hartington, but nothing would move him—Randolph was the best man for the post, he thought, and he would not be a party to keeping him out of it.

One more reminiscence. I was in the House one night, after the Liberal-Unionist split, when Lord Hartington attributed a certain statement to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone shook his head energetically, and was understood to deny having used any such words. Lord Hartington attempted to define the words more precisely, but Mr. Gladstone persisted in his denial. Then Lord Hartington declared that he would be very loth to insist on an assertion which his right hon. friend denied, and he continued his speech. After he had finished speaking he came through the lobby and I met him and gave him the exact reference. He thanked me and went to the library to verify the very words. But, a little to my astonishment, he never referred to the matter again in public. Some months afterwards I met him and asked him how it happened that he had not gone on with the matter.

"I gave Mr. Gladstone," he said, "the words; but he had some explanation of them. I did not think it sufficient, but it was painful for me to dispute on such a matter with one who had been my leader, and I preferred to let the matter drop"—preferred, that is, to seem to have been in the wrong himself rather than convict Mr. Gladstone of inaccuracy.

"The embodied conscience of the House of Commons" I have called Lord Hartington; but the praise is insufficient. Why is it, I ask myself, that even I seem inclined rather to under-estimate Lord Hartington? Partly, of course, the reason is that Lord Hartington's qualities did not touch the emotions or catch the eye; they were not brilliant; they were, indeed, rather of character than of intellect; though, if I am not mistaken, his intelligence was very great. But he neither conquered nor conciliated you; he lived apart in a sort of proud isolation; his manners were unsociable; his power of speech paltry; his elocution stiff and halting.

Still, with all his shortcomings as a speaker and artist, and all his faults as a man, I regard him as second in original genius to Lord Randolph Churchill alone of the statesmen of the last thirty years, and far above all of them in disinterestedness and magnanimity.

More than any other man he proved to me by his deeds and being that Burke's noble eulogy of the race was not all imaginary. Burke spoke of "the ancient and inbred integrity and piety of the English people." Lord Hartington was the only Englishman I have ever met who deserved this extraordinary panegyric. There was in him "an inbred integrity and piety" which were very remarkable. It is for others to explain how his inferiors, both in intellect and character, were always preferred before him.

THE THEATRE

"LOAVES AND FISHES" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

"Ah! pour estre dévot, je n'en suis pas moins homme," said Tartuffe truly enough. But Mr. Somerset Maugham applies this truism to his Canon Spratte, who is neither devout nor bears the least resemblance whatever to any living or dead man. With something of that rather impish cleverness for which Mr. Maugham is famous, he has called his new play, "Loaves and Fishes," a satire. He did so with the obvious hope of throwing dust into the eyes of critics and playgoers. If he had labelled his play a farce, people would have been somewhat irritated, because nothing happens—no one sits on his hat, or falls through a conservatory, or performs any of the time-honoured and apparently irresistible English farcical tricks. To call the play farce would have laid Mr. Maugham open to the mild reproaches of his admirers, who regard him as the first writer of comedy of the day. To have called it a farce would have been just as inaccurate as it is to call it a satire. It is neither one nor the other. It is nothing more nor less than an extremely bitter and cruel caricature. From the Hon. and Rev. Canon Theodore Spratte downwards, all the characters in Mr. Maugham's play are drawn with the pencil of Mr. Max Beerbohm, and they are finished with the thin pen of Mr. Syme, which is always dipped in vitriol. So wildly are these characters treated, so distorted are they, that not one of them after the first ten minutes of the play has any interest for the audience. We laugh at their initial appearance, grow extremely irritated long before the fall of the first curtain, and remain to see the remainder of the play without any further curiosity than that which arises from a desire to see how the audience will take it.

We at once absolved Mr. Somerset Maugham from the charge of holding the Church up to ridicule. His Canon Spratte wears no more resemblance to a vicar than to a minister of Nonconformity. He is nothing less than a rather tiresome burlesque of Machiavelli, dressed in the orthodox costume of a clergyman. His brother, curiously called Earl Spratte, is just as unlifelike. We are asked to suppose that this person is a satirical character-study of one of the backwoodsmen of whom we hear so much. He is, however, much more like the drawing of a third-rate comic artist than a pen-picture by Mr. E. T. Reed, of *Punch*, which it was apparently the intention of Mr. Maugham to make him. And, as a matter of fact, this third-rate comicality was the note of all the other characters: the young curate; the wooden Lord Wroxham, dressed like a tailor's dummy—a city tailor's dummy; the tailor who advertises in the Tube; the long-haired, red-tied Socialist with the movable cuffs; the Lady Sophia Spratte; the brain-

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less and dishonourable Winifred Spratte; the giggling and suburban Gwendoline Durant; the Peckham Mrs. Railing, and the Suffragist Louise Railing—all are painted with the same heavy brush, with the same glaring paint. The very names of the characters suggest the third-rate comic artist, and the wonder is that Mr. Maugham, with a new laziness which is to be deplored, did not go one step lower and call his characters by even more obvious names in order to save himself the trouble of making their natures apparent. After all, Theodore Spratte is little less jejune than Theodore Cunning or Theodore Self. Railing is only a little less obvious than Tub-Thumper, and Wroxham than Woodhead.

So far as the dialogue goes the play contains several witty lines, but these are as water in the desert. For the most part it is of the easy, obvious type—the sort of dialogue which we are accustomed to find in the Christmas skits of the weekly papers—mere journalistic dialogue. In short, the play as a satire does not exist. It has none of the accumulating tragedy of farce, nothing of the humanity of comedy, and as a burlesque it is very feeble and rather distasteful. In sitting the play out we told ourselves, by way of making some excuse for Mr. Maugham, that "Loaves and Fishes" must be one of his very early plays rescued from the waste-paper basket. Since the first night we find that it is nothing more nor less than an adaptation of one of his youthful books called the "Bishop's Apron." From the way in which the play was received it is all too plain that Mr. Maugham is mistaken in his belief that he has acquired so strong a hold on the play-going public as to be able to palm off upon them anything that comes to his hand. We are of opinion that had this play borne the name of any author who had not succeeded in being produced before, it would never have been "presented" by Mr. Charles Frohman or any other manager. It bears all the evidences of immature work. In construction as well as in dialogue it is juvenile. It might easily have been written by an undergraduate on the staff of the "Isis" who had made a somewhat cursory study of the plays of the early eighteenth century. The only word that can be applied to it is amateurish, the worst of all words. We would therefore venture to offer Mr. Somerset Maugham, much of whose work we greatly admire, and to whom we look for entertainment and excellence, a piece of fatherly advice. Let him put aside his busy pen for twelve months. Let him study more closely the manners, customs, and aims of the men and women of to-day, and, above all, let him apply to his own work a keener sense of criticism.

It might be well, too, if he were to spend more time in front of the stage, so that he might discover first-hand what is the intellectual worth of the people who go to the theatre. He would then come to the conclusion that to be successful as a playwright it is necessary to provide audiences with plays in which there is less cynicism and more vraisemblance, less journalism and more humanity. If "Loaves and Fishes" achieves any measure of success at all, and this we doubt, it will be due to the admirable acting. Mr. Robert Loraine, certainly the most versatile and sincere of our young actors, made something of a *tour de force* as Canon Spratte. He played the part with a sense of humour which would have made his character a masterpiece had it been drawn less obviously and with some sort of likeness to life. Mr. C. M. Lowne, another admirable actor, certainly managed to bring the whiff of the stables across the footlights, although we could see no reason for his wearing a tuft of hair, Disraeli-like, on his chin. Miss Frances Ivor had very little to do as Lady Sophia Spratte, but her facial expression made up for her lack of lines. We found Miss Nina Sevening a little petulant and colourless, and Miss Viva Birkett a little too toothful. But Miss Mary Barton was altogether excellent as the Board-school educated type of Suffragist, full of the conventional shibboleths of her kind. Mr. Thomas Holding was well cast as Bertram Railing. His hair, his melodramatic intensity, his accent, and his tie were the real things. And Miss Florence Haydon saved the Third Act by her finished performance of the elderly Peckham woman. Her smile upon the mention of the word "gin" was a thing of joy. Miss Ellis Jeffreys was a little disappointing as Mrs. Fitzgerald. Her character was the one natural person on the stage, but Miss Jeffreys was glassy. She made too many eyes and laughed all too loudly. For all that, she looked extremely charming and well groomed. We should have preferred to see Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the part. Her sense of comedy would have made it a very pleasant thing, and it would have been a great relief after the long round of erotic and emotional characters to which Miss Irene Vanbrugh has been doomed in recent years—characters which are in absolute antagonism to this charming actress's personality and methods.

"BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

In this Mr. Lewis Waller makes a welcome return to the London stage. It is true that Mr. Waller has not been altogether absent from London. We had the inestimable pleasure of seeing him in the Forum Scene of "Julius Cæsar" a week or two ago, and his performance of Mark Antony was so full of dignity, beauty, eloquence, and imagination that to find him once more as the stereotyped Bravo in the conventional machine-made romantic comedy is disappointing. That he acquits himself with great gallantry, immense aplomb, and extraordinary sincerity goes without saying. There is no actor on the London stage who is so picturesque as Mr. Lewis Waller, or who can make the hyperbole and sky-bosh of romantic drama pass muster so well. In "Bardelys the Magnificent" Mr. Waller finds the part too much after his own heart. It would be better for him, and in the long run for his audience, if he liked these parts less and were to be plucky enough to break away from them and devote himself to those worthier of him. For all that, we found "Bardelys" a little less foolish than its many predecessors of the same school. The play has colour and something of the romance of Dumas—something, but not much. The picturesque note was struck at once on the rise of the curtain in the first Act. The magnificence of Bardelys was obvious from the bachelor splendour of his Paris hotel, where a collection of bravos and dandies were making free with his wine and telling us much about Bardelys which we had already taken for granted. The entrance of Marcel de St. Pol, Marquis de Bardelys, was timed with all the exactitude of this type of piece. He did not come up through a trap-door and say, "Here I am again," but he entered just at the moment when all his overlively guests had sprung to their feet to toast him.

The great weakness of the play lay in the fact that the whole of its action depended upon a very foolish and unconvincing wager made between Filippe, Comte de Castelroux, and Bardelys as to the wooing of a beautiful but unsophisticated young woman, Roxalaune de Lavedau, who lived in her father's house in a town some distance from Paris in the department of Languedoc. As in all these plays, Castelroux, the villain, is a far greater fool than Bardelys, the hero, and there is nothing whatever throughout the play to prevent the hero from outwitting the villain at every turn except a well-timed sword-thrust and a bullet-wound in one of those vital parts which seem to make heroes far more lively than ever. In all the similar productions under which we have recently suffered—"Princess Clementina," "Beau Brocade," and "Mr. Jarvis"—the authors have not known how to draw a

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villain who should give even a momentary thrill of excitement. Everything comes so easy to the heroes of these plays that we feel that it is hardly necessary to waste a whole evening in order to wait for a *dénouement* which is obvious from the first. In "Bardelys the Magnificent" Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. Rafael Sabatini have done a little better than the writers—they cannot be called dramatists—of the plays just mentioned.

They perform their task too with a greater air, a wider swing, with more pomp and circumstance. They do not suffer from that cramping self-consciousness which brings about the fear of ridicule. They put into the mouths of their puppets long sentences of amazing hyperbole, far-fetched simile, and glowing words of love and passion, hatred, and contempt, and thus they manage to give a rather pleasant suggestion of robustness to their play which, but for its fundamental absurdity and weakness, would have been worth seeing. Then, too, they have been at some pains to provide a touch of comedy in the character of the heroine's mother. This character, in the inimitable hands of Miss Lottie Venne, whose walk, laugh, and facial expression would wring laughter from a sphinx, saves the piece from its monotonous pomposity. We have already said that Mr. Lewis Waller acts too well. We wish that we could say that the members of his company acted well enough. Apart from Miss Lottie Venne, who is a genuine artist in everything that she does, the rest are very feeble. We do not believe that the production of this play will repay Mr. Lewis Waller the money he has spent upon it.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER AT THE PALACE THEATRE

Herr Schnitzler wrote a short series of one-act plays called "The Adventures of Anatol," and Mr. Granville Barker translated them into English, and has been playing them at the Palace Theatre. Anatol is supposed to be a very *blasé* and immoral young German, who falls in love with a different girl once a week. In the original these adventures possessed something of the epigrammatic cynicism of Oscar Wilde, and Herr Schnitzler drew in them the portrait of a typical German "blood." Mr. Barker's translation retains nearly all the excellence of the original, and the Palace Theatre has provided him with admirable and appropriate scenery. He has been assisted in their interpretation by Mr. Nigel Playfair, Miss Gertrude Robins, Miss Lillah McCarthy, and other very able actors and actresses, and there is little doubt that these sketches would have provided some amusement had Mr. Granville Barker not hi nself appeared as the amorous Anatol. Mr. Barker is as unlike the typical young German as it is possible to conceive any man being. He dresses and makes up for the part as though he were representing one of the members of the Young Men's Christian Association on a fortnight's holiday at Clacton-on-Sea. He is utterly unforeign in manner and appearance, and he plays Anatol with a smirk of self-consciousness which robs the part of all its meaning. We picture Anatol a rather fat, fair-haired, voluble person, with the proud marks of several duels upon his cheeks, dressed in the "Higlif" clothes of the fashionable German tailor with a branch in Paris and a collection of designs of an English tailor's artist. We picture him a man who inhales cigarette-smoke and exudes scent. But at the Palace Theatre we find him a person with a hard, dry voice, uncontrollable hair, dressed in clothes which look as if they had come off the peg.

Mr. Barker could not be *blasé* if he tried, and he appears to be merely a demagogue on the spree, a vegetarian dallying with a butcher, a propagandist posing as a novelist. In a word, Mr. Granville Barker was unsuited to the part. Mr. Nigel Playfair, on the other hand, was quite admirable as the Machiavellian tubby little man, quite capable of accounting for an unlimited number of Bocks without losing anything of his *joie de vivre*. The audience at the Palace Theatre have been puzzled, but unamused. The experiment was, however, quite worth making.

MUSIC

THE music made in the London concert-rooms last week was pleasant enough, but had no striking features. From the Société des Concerts Français one has come to expect a good deal. Their performers are so excellent, and the music they present, if not necessarily novel, is generally well worth hearing. But their concert last Wednesday was not one of their best. It consisted entirely of compositions by the veteran M. Saint-Saëns and of songs—fifteen of these—and some violin pieces by M. Ernest Moret. Now M. Saint-Saëns is a man for whom we in England have had a great respect for a long time. Before even the "modern French school" was heard of he stood as the representative of French musical culture, in strong contrast to Gounod, whose religious music, then widely popular over here, was felt by the judicious to be by no means elevating in style, even if it was not absolutely pernicious in its example. Saint-Saëns was known to be a man of immense learning, of extraordinary activity, brilliant in musical scholarship, endowed with fine taste, thoroughly French in his lucidity of style, and sometimes the composer of works not only attractive but having serious value. But like many another very prolific author, Saint-Saëns has written a good deal of music which, attractive as it may be because of its workmanship, says nothing very much. The Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin and the Pianoforte Trio (composed nearly fifty years ago) are pleasant enough in their way, undeniably clever, not without an agreeable sense of melody, and a power of building up noisy and effective climaxes; but if we did not know them to be by M. Saint-Saëns, should we be inclined to pay much attention to them? His Toccata for Pianoforte is a good piece of music—quite a good piece—and one that would generally be welcome in a recital programme; but all the skill of that admirable pianist, M. Yves Nat, could not disguise the poverty of "Cloches du Soir," or the tinsel of the difficult study "In The Form of a Valse." M. Nat is a player of the first class, and it was a disappointment to hear him in music so little worthy of his gifts. M. Maugeot, the violinist, is also a fine artist. The songs of M. Moret are so good up to a certain point that one rather impatiently wished they were better. In construction, in workmanship they have much that is interesting, and they were admirably sung by clever Mme. Blanche Marchesi, but we listened in vain for one that glowed with the divine spark.

The Classical Concert Society has played Beethoven's "Grosse Fage" for string quartett, and played it twice over for the benefit of the perplexed. It is a work of which we must all speak with respect, of course, but as for any pleasure to be derived from hearing it, most people, we fear, would think it a gift from that Pleasure of whom Baudelaire wrote so bitterly—"Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci." Brahms' clarinet quintett, on the other hand, is one of those lovely things that everyone, surely, can appreciate. Happy are those organisers of concerts who depend mainly for their audience on their subscribers. They need not rack their brains to think what will "draw," what will be popular. They know what their patrons want to hear. Like the Classical Society, Messrs. Broadwood cater for an audience

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that likes what is good, what is refined, to be performed for them by artists of finished accomplishment. No wonder was it that there was hardly a vacant seat at the Broadwood Concert, for Miss Maggie Teyte was to sing a number of songs, and for "finish" and "charm," combined with undoubted musicianship, you would have to go a long way to find a singer more entirely pleasant to hear than Miss Teyte. Yet have we a little scolding for her and for Messrs. Broadwood. For such an artist all the songs were not quite worthy, were they? But she must never appear without her Méhal and her Monsigny, for she is enchanting in them, and, after hearing her in "Du bist die Ruh," we are eager to hear her again in Schubert. Dupere's fine "Le Manoir de Rogamunde" was very welcome, and, of course, Miss Teyte may sing as much Debussy as she will, for she *can* sing the much-attempted songs of that much-tried composer.

Mr. Percy Grainger, who shared the Broadwood programme with Miss Teyte, has many admirers, and it is impossible indeed not to admire a great deal that he does; but he is terribly unequal. Now he plays with perfect propriety and a singing tone (as in some Schumann and Brahms and Grieg), and now (as in some Chopin) he indulges in changes of time that we could almost call wicked, in a sentiment that suggests not honey but treacle, and not seldom in a vociferous clamour. We must, however, give him great praise for the concluding pages of Chopin's "Barcarolle." Would that all pianists realised, as Mr. Grainger does, that Chopin never meant the music that he wrote to be played with a deafening din and at railroad speed. Mr. Grainger's piety towards his friend Grieg no doubt led him to bring forward several pleasant but unimportant pieces by the amiable Norwegian. "Little footsteps lightly print the ground" in Music's domain as well as in the neighbourhood of the nursery, and we like to hear them sometimes, so we do not blame Mr. Grainger for bringing these innocents forwards. But some of the "little footsteps" were very little indeed, and while we could admire the enthusiasm with which the annotator of the Book of Words had written about them, we could not but question the justice of his judgments.

Mr. Lengyel, a youthful pianist, who was rightly acclaimed a few years ago as a prince among prodigies, has reappeared at Bechstein Hall, and proved that as a powerful executant he is likely to obtain high rank. He can already toss his chords about with the strength and ease of a leviathan at play, and though he did not always hit the right notes, such a peccadillo could be pardoned on account of the great spirit with which everything was attacked and all the redoubts were stormed. Experience will teach Mr. Lengyel not to take certain variations in Schumann's Études Symphoniques too fast, nor to indulge in *ritardandi*, which, without wishing to give offence, we can only call stupid. And he will learn, as he grows older, how to keep details in their right place, so that the whole may be harmonious. A technical point about his playing which should be noticed is that he is not sufficiently careful to make his crescendos equally with both hands.

Mr. Plunket Greene finished his course of lectures on the interpretation of song and the composition of recital programmes by singing a model programme, which he explained very carefully. His principles are of the soundest, and if he could be induced to publish a pamphlet on the subject of the making of programmes, we believe it would be found valuable and useful to a great many distracted artists.

The "Strings Club," another of the organisations which secure an audience by means of a subscription-list, has again given one of its pleasant concerts, with the aid of such experienced players of chamber-music as Messrs. Alfred Gibson, Reeves, Hobdey and Whitehouse, who were, of course, quite competent in Beethoven and Brahms. The quartett in B flat of Brahms, once so popular that it became almost "hackneyed," is an honest, homely work, and vigorous withal, but were it introduced in these days as a novelty it would hardly arouse the enthusiasm with which it used to be greeted. The Concert-goers' Club have given a first performance in London of a Pianoforte Trio by Komygold, the Viennese boy (he is only thirteen), who is said to possess undoubted genius. It will be wise to hear more of his music before deciding if the verdict of Vienna is justified.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERIES

Lovers of water-colour painting have had exceptional opportunities within a few weeks of studying its development during the last century. Representative exhibitions such as that at the Leicester Galleries, which has only been closed recently, and that now open at Messrs. Agnew's are full of interest for those who are glad of an opportunity of studying not only the true greatness of giants such as Turner, Cox, and De Wint, but the various methods of the lesser men—Leitch, Prout, Birket Foster. The work of these and many other artists, although of little artistic value, is of very great interest when dropped into its own niche as illustrative of the phases through which water-colour painting has passed. The collection at Messrs. Agnew's is not the less interesting because the various works of each master represented are by no means of equal beauty or worth. Those pictures described as "not of his best period" have a special significance for the painter, if not perhaps for most laymen. Such pictures, for instance, as David Cox's "Ancient Carthage" only enable us the better to appreciate the grandeur of such work as "Across the Common: Market Day" by the same artist. Turner's work can happily be studied best in our own public galleries, but the screen here devoted to eight or nine of his pictures illustrates in a very interesting way the development of the genius which produced at one period the "Old Abbey, Evesham," and ultimately "Dunstanborough Castle" and "Geneva." Another Turner—by no means one of the great ones—hangs on the south wall of the Gallery near Copley Fielding's "Summer Evening in the Highlands." Copley Fielding's work is widely represented here, but little beyond technical ability is disclosed. Two or three men are represented by single pictures, of which Weissenbruch's "Grey Afternoon" and "The Abbey, Middelburg," by J. Bosboom, may be mentioned. We would also call attention to one of the finest of De Wint's water-colour sketches—"A Lincolnshire Farm."

ASPECTS OF TRAGEDY

From the Beginnings to 1700.—I.

For the beginnings of drama we must look to the very morning of mankind. So soon as man first learned to love the narrative told of the day's hunting around the camp fire, we find the beginnings of primitive drama, for we observe to this day that an ordinary unemotional man, stirred up by the relation of a personal adventure, will rise from his seat and indulge in varied and illuminative gesture, such as would be foreign and repugnant to his usual nature, in illustration of the more vigorous passages of his tale. The most successful of these narratives—those most graphically told and best illustrated by appropriate gesture—were naturally demanded again and again; and when some maladroit spear-thrust or tusk of boar or bison removed the

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original narrator some one of his friends took up the oft-told tale and embellished it with wonders of his own invention.

Thus was the primitive drama already established, for this man represented a part—in short, pretended. The instinct for pretence and the love of it is innate in mankind; this protagonist of a great art was his own leading actor, and had for sole stage the clear space allowed him by the admiring circle of his friends. From such beginnings sprang at once lyric poetry, epic poetry, history, and the drama.

If man had never felt the impulse of vanity, he might yet have remained practically at a brutish level; the desire to make some record of his own fine deeds led at once to the rude paintings which he executed with such primitive tools as came to hand upon the walls of the cavern that formed his sleeping-place; and to the whole cycle of poetic legends, weird songs and perhaps beautiful, yet necessarily uncouth beginnings of literature which, being preserved only by oral tradition, have faded with him into the shadowy remoteness of the infinitely long ago. We can only conjecture of these things; and our first recorded drama, apart from the dramatic elements in religion, the observances and ceremonies performed by the priests in the temples, belongs to a comparatively late age, and is found in the records of a people already well advanced in civilisation.

The great empires of the Euphrates, Assyria and Babylonia rose, flamed, and fell; the sleepy-seeming, wonderfully gorgeous splendours of the Hindustani princedoms ascended to their tropical noon; the Eastern tyrant had his singing and dancing girls. We find no record of a written drama; but when Greece, glory of the early world, awoke into sentience, then from vague beginnings emerged a definite dramatic performance.

No one appears competent to deny the claims of Thespis to be hailed as a pioneer. He it was who first took upon himself to enact the part of a hero or a god, to speak to the chorus and to order the rhythmic fashion of their answers. An antic rout they were, these rude progenitors of the drama, as, their faces besmeared with wine-lees, they went the round of the villages in a wagon and varied the dance and song of the Dionysian revelry with their one-man tragi-comedies. From the first stage to the second in the inception of an art is often a mighty step. The blind gropings of Thespis towards a new art-form were succeeded almost in his lifetime by the magnificently open-eyed achievements of Æschylus, moving at ease in this form, and already daring to introduce more innovations. To him belongs the honour of introducing a second actor, whereby he transformed what had formerly been a lyric monologue, interrupted by choric odes, into a real dramatic dialogue.

Sophocles, contemporary with him as Jonson with Shakespeare, but unhappily without the same degree of mutual friendliness, introduced a third actor; both of them made various minor improvements, and left the stately and perfected Greek drama for the hand of Euripides to cherish and mould yet further into beauty. There is no law in any art which obliges inevitable progress, and by just so much as Euripides was a modernist and felt the strict bonds prescribed for him irksome did he fail to carry forward an art-form which, within the limits unalterably imposed on it by the severe canons of Greek tragedy, had already attained perfection. These two giants make, as it were, the Elizabethan age of Greek drama: after them there are no more great plays written in Greece.

To a reader compelled to judge between these masters by English versions alone it is extremely difficult to form a just impression of their respective excellences, and a profound debt of gratitude is due to Professor Gilbert Murray, whose Euripides sings in living verse.

He has, however, placed us in an unfortunate dilemma. Reading his free and lyric transmutation with Æschylus and Sophocles in the frigid and stilted versions that are obtainable, we are in some danger of thinking Euripides to be the greatest poet of the three. As a solution of the problem we can only beg Professor Murray to hasten and give us equally lovely renderings of the two elder poets, lest our judgment be perverted. We may see, however, taking, for example, the versions made by the three poets of the same story of Electra, the main divergences between the three.

It must be remembered that the Greek tragedy never concerned itself with invented stories, but retold the old tales of the gods and heroes. Consequently, the audience were perfectly familiar beforehand with every possible incident. We may compare them to a person of our day who goes for the first time to see a Shakespearean play acted. To its last days the Greek drama retained many of the old characteristics of a religious sacrifice, and the theatre was purified before every performance as if for a libation in the temple.

In Æschylus' version of the terrible and bloody story the mortals are no less superhuman than the immortals; the unalterable decrees of destiny pursue each character to his inevitably appointed end; and the gods walk the stage, glorified beings, merciful and wonderful, incapable of evil. The change from Æschylus to Sophocles is the change from the glorious unearthly splendour of the dawn to the placid beauty of the morning. With the widening of the Greek horizon by sea-voyages and increasing international commerce came the widening and humanising of their drama. The characters of Æschylus are demi-gods; those of Sophocles, elevated, full of dignity, are yet human beings.

Sophocles introduces a softening element. Instead of the too poignant figure of Cassandra, utterly forlorn in a stranger land, and tormented by a foreknowledge in which none of the victims she piteously endeavours to warn will place any credence, he gives us the earthily beautiful Chrysothemis, poor-spirited yet rather appealing foil to the hate-maddened figure of Electra.

Euripides, "our Euripides the human," in bringing the characters yet nearer to us, loses for ever that marvellous sense of remoteness, of high tragic dignity, which enveloped Æschylus and lingered about Sophocles.

To him the gods are not infallible; they are rather tempters, whose promptings man must resist or obey as his own understanding prompts him; and seen in this light, as an avoidable deed of private vengeance, the actions of Orestes and Electra assume a more sanguinary and awful, because a less inevitably ordered, aspect. The stern justice of Æschylus' Orestes and Electra bears almost the same relation to the vacillating, trembling, over-wrought crime of Euripides' brother and sister, that an old-time state execution bears to the hanging by lynch-law in some remote Western state of to-day.

Therefore, Euripides, constrained, it may be, by a dramatic sense superior to those possessed by either of his two earlier rivals, introduces the palliative urging of the old herdsman to nerve the two instruments of vengeance to their deed. Of the three Electras, Euripides', while the most closely studied—Æschylus, in particular, is far more interested in Clytemnestra—remains at once the most interesting and the most repellent of them all. The cold-hearted calculation of her scheme to entrap her mother to her death remains absolutely unforgiveable; yet when the play is over and the book closed we cannot but be glad that at last her feud is ended, and a season of sunshine promised to her withering springtide of womanhood in the love of Pylades; and that the harried, strangely sympathetic figure of Orestes is destined to forgiveness and ultimate happiness in exile. The lyrics sung by the promiser of these fortunes,

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the god-like Castor, are of extreme beauty; indeed, all of the choric utterances in this play are sufficiently lovely to enable us to overlook the fact that, so far from being integral parts of the drama, they are for the most part positive interruptions to the action.

To conclude, then, Æschylus stands, a remote figure of god-like stature, lighted with the morning; Sophocles, next him, is, like Castor, half human, half divine: last, Euripides, wholly mortal, stands, neither quite accepting nor wholly rejecting the gods of his fathers, combating destiny, full of doubts, uncertainties, sympathies—full of the naked barbarity of that so-long-ago civilisation—a strangely modern and appealing figure. When we consider that the speaking characters on the stage at one time were positively limited to three, thus necessitating continual exits, the freedom and apparent ease with which the action moves forward is nothing less than marvellous.

The flower of Greek drama, having come to full perfection, withered and died, and every subsequent attempt to accustom it to an alien soil has hitherto failed.

Worshippers of beauty in all its forms, the Athenians abhorred physical pain and naked violence; so that, while all the murders and bloody battles are performed off the stage and narrated by messengers, the entire tragedy of two plays, "Philoctetes" and "Prometheus Chained," consists in the physical suffering endured by the hero To the northern races, inured to hardship, this does not seem to be sufficient motive for a tragedy; and this softness was eventually the cause of the downfall of that exquisite culture, once opposed to the brutal strength of Rome.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

1.—The Philosophy of Travel

It may be said that a man is bound to the agreeable illusion of youth until he no longer expects to find something rather wonderful round the next corner. It is this youthful capacity for wonder that sends grown men laden with tinned meats to the North Pole; it is this that nerves the seafearing tripper to make forlorn excursions to Boulogne; it is this that induces small boys to thrust their heads into rabbit-holes. When we are disillusioned and realise that wherever we go on the round world we take our limitations with us, that it is only in our own hearts that wonder can be born, the desire to visit other countries becomes little more than the desire to escape from an environment of which we are weary. We cannot travel away from our passions—our thirst for song, our hunger for expression, our theory of joy that is one long pain. The man who is hard ridden by his desires will find peace no easier to win in the midst of the desert than by his own fireside. His body may travel ceaselessly between the two Poles; his mind and his heart are imprisoned still in their lifelong cells.

I think that there must be a spirit of childishness in most people that enables them to take pleasure in seeing new things without asking whether their novelty has any significance. It is this naïve curiosity that accounts for the extraordinary tediousness of the letters that we receive from friends and relatives travelling abroad. They describe churches and museums and picture-galleries, or it may be lakes and mountains; it would be more interesting if they would tell us how these marvels really impressed them apart from the tyrannous approbation of guide-books. As a matter of fact we know very well that it takes a great man to appreciate great works of art, and our tourists would be far more sincere, and therefore far more amusing, if they would write about the things that excite them, though it be only the queer little gooseberry tartlets they have for lunch. But there is a kind of emotional snobbishness that will not confess to the pleasure that is to be derived from trifles, though it is only the very exceptional man who derives pleasure from anything else. Those who possess this especial vanity had better stop at home, for wherever they go they will learn nothing of men and women, and, more important still, nothing new of themselves. For, when all is said, there is this one advantage in moving from one place to another: we shall never discover Arcadia or escape the anguish of existence, but in a fresh environment we may succeed in exploring some untrodden byway of our own natures. Whether a man goes to Margate or the Himalayas, he may not hope to discover more than that.

And yet there is the illusion of the marvellous which makes it difficult for any human being to pack a portmanteau without sharing in some degree the feelings of a merchant-adventurer fitting out an expedition to the islands of rubies and gold. It may be doubted whether any one ever wholly conquers this illusion, and for my part I confess that at such a time I find even a prosaic thing like a roll of collars or a cake of soap agreeably romantic. I feel compassion for the man whose soul is so dead that he can write labels for his luggage without a thrill of excitement. I remember how glad we were to do this at school when we were going home for the holidays, and even when it was a question of going back to school again. We were at pains, by aid of capitals and exclamation-marks, to impress the importance of our "tuck-boxes" on the railway mind. We lose something in later life by intrusting the carrying out of these trifling tasks to others; but repetition stales the adventure.

Well, our boxes are packed, either by ourselves or by some one else—our tickets are taken, and with a faint quickening of the pulse we prepare to set forth on our sentimental journey. Let us forget for once the philosophic truth that, after all the pains and discomforts of travel, we shall find ourselves exactly where we were before we started. Let us make-believe—any child can do it—that we are going to a place where the men are more kind and the women more beautiful than any we have known before—a place of young laughter and old song; above all, a place where we shall be masters of our own natures, and have peace at last from the wild unreason of our days.

The apples and flagons are in the rack overhead, and I have an agreeable companion, whose baggage chiefly consists of books of verse. There are people on the platform to see us off—Christine, still mindful of the wiles of Chloe, and a wise, sad little man who has made a great reputation as a wit by continually laughing at himself. For a painful twenty minutes we talk banalities, and I am reminded of a famous essay of Mr. Max Beerbohm's without being freed from the spell. Then the train starts, and relief gives us a fleet happiness.

It is three years since I last went to Brussels, and then I went on a cargo-steamer without any luggage at all. When we were within an hour of Antwerp I saw something which was a good example of the fact that the extraordinary is not always the wonderful. Within a hundred yards of our little vessel, in broad daylight on a calm sea, a great passenger-boat, the *Montezuma*, ran into a steamer fully laden with cargo and cut her nearly in two. There was no loss of life. The crew of the cargo-steamer had plenty of time to scamble up the sides of the *Montezuma* before the smaller boat sank. The whole business was oddly unimpressive. Somehow or other the calmness of the sea and the brightness of the sunshine gave the calamity an air of artificiality, and I have seen a far more convincing wreck on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. There was only one strange moment in all those pregnant minutes. The deck of the cargo-boat was laden with agricultural implements, and just as she

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sank I had a brief vision of green and red ploughs standing among the salty meadows of the sea. After that we went down to breakfast.

This time I crossed in a fog, and the air was full of the bleating of nervous ships. I walked up and down on the deck, and looked in the faces of my fellow-travellers, wondering why they, too, were at pains to journey from one place to another when everywhere on earth joy has a briefer hour than sorrow. I was going to visit Brussels and Amsterdam and Paris, and afterwards other places, perhaps; but wherever I went I should find men and women laughing, crying, hoping still. It is not necessary to travel in order to behold such miracles, but there is a distemper of the blood that finds tranquillity in wandering. Perhaps we were all suffering from the same complaint, and the vessel was in truth a hospital-ship. I recalled a poem of Ernest Dowson's, and murmured it to the fog between the lamentations of the myopic ship, "For I go where the wind goes, Chloe, and am not sorry at all." I doubt whether any one on the boat had a better reason than that for their pilgrimage.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

INDIA: A SERIES

VII.—STRENUOUS REFORM THROUGHOUT THE ADMINISTRATION

CURZON OF KEDLESTON. 1899-1904-1905.—(*Continued.*)

FINANCE dominates every department in internal administration. After deficits and unstable exchange, an annual surplus was very welcome. When Sir Henry Fowler's Indian Currency Committee had reported, the Indian Government legislated in favour of a gold standard, the sovereign to be legal tender, and sixteen pence to be the legal rate for the rupee. Currency reform was subsequently completed when the profits of coinage were set aside to form a gold-reserve fund, so that a permanent guarantee for the stability of exchange was ensured. Countervailing duties were imposed on bounty-fed sugar. The salt-tax was twice reduced by Lord Curzon, and all possible care taken that the benefit of the reduction should reach the poor consumer. Much revenue was thus sacrificed, but increased consumption lessened the loss. The line of exemption from income-tax was raised. Besides the remission of taxation large grants were made for provincial and local purposes. These financial reliefs were afforded, although the country had suffered from severe famine in 1899-1900—perhaps the severest that India has ever known—which affected an area of 420,000 square miles and a population of sixty millions, in Bombay, the Panjab, Central Provinces, and Native States. Over six million persons were for weeks dependent on relief administration and charity. The total expenditure was very considerable, including a remission of land-revenue of £1,320,000. There was abnormal mortality in Guzarat and elsewhere; in British India there was an excess mortality of half a million, more or less attributable to famine conditions, and it was greater in the Native States. A Commission was appointed to inquire into the famine-relief operations, and suggest improvements in famine administration for the future. Irrigation was pressed forward; a Commission appointed to investigate future schemes presented a valuable report. Other Commissions were nominated, on the Police as well as on the Universities and Higher Education, and educational conferences were held; Technical Education and European and Eurasian Education were carefully examined. A serious effort was made to reduce the amount of report-writing, and to simplify the procedure in Government offices. A railway Board and a Member of Council for Commerce were appointed. An Agricultural College was established as a model for similar institutions in each Province to teach agricultural science. Plague continued to defy analysis, the efforts of medical officers, and all administrative plans for its extinction. But the people became more resigned, and less interference was enforced. A scientific Commission reported favourably of inoculation, which saved many lives. Some important legislative measures were passed, such as the Universities Act, the Official Secrets Act, the Indian Mines Act, the Ancient Monuments Preservation Act, the Co-operative Credit Societies Act, an Inland Emigration Act, the Panjab Land Alienation Act (which has since been extended to other areas).

On the death of her Majesty Queen Victoria, on January 22nd, 1901, deep public feeling was exhibited throughout India—the mourning was universal; shortly afterwards Lord Curzon initiated a project for a Victoria Memorial Hall to be erected at Calcutta; large subscriptions were offered by wealthy natives for this object, to which many others contributed. Lord Curzon's tenure of office was renewed after his absence for six months in 1904. One of his latest measures was the so-called Partition of Bengal, which involved the reduction of that Province by three divisions, containing many millions of inhabitants, and their transfer to Assam, to make a new Lieutenant-Governorship. Lord Curzon rejected the idea of an Executive Council for Bengal to relieve the Lieutenant-Governor; it has, however, since been created. The partition met with great opposition, some of which was possibly fictitious; meetings were held to protest against it and to boycott British goods. In military matters changes and improvements were required; the native regiments were rearmed, the artillery strengthened, and the British officers increased in number—Army expenditure always shows a tendency to rise in India. In 1905 the Government of India differed from a proposal of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, for the creation of an Army Department under himself, charged with the whole business of military administration. Lord Curzon objected to the abolition of the military member of Council. On the decision of the dispute by the English Cabinet, supporting the main proposal, he resigned. Lord Curzon's ability, as displayed in his writings and speeches, was undoubted; the stimulus he applied was often required; but the unceasing pressure which he applied universally and his severity rendered him unpopular, and left a legacy of political discontent.

CONCURRENT CONCILIATION AND REPRESSION

MINTO, 1905-1910

When Lord Minto became Viceroy, late in 1905, discontent had developed into active disaffection, tending to sedition and violence. After realising the situation, he initiated a policy of Constitutional reforms which, after consideration by a special Committee and the Government, found expression in a Parliamentary statute—the Indian Councils Act of 1909. Meanwhile Lord Minto had to cope with agitation and outrage. It became necessary in the spring of 1907 to deport certain agitators from the Panjab, under an old Regulation III. of 1818, occasionally used for political purposes, which was again utilised in December, 1908, for the deportation of nine Bengalis. Various murderous attempts and outrages occurred. A temporary Ordinance was converted in 1907 into an Act for the Prevention of Seditious Meetings, likely to cause disturbance of public tranquillity, the Act to be operative in notified Provinces and proclaimed areas. An Explosive Substances Act was passed on the lines of English law, to punish the criminal misuse of explosive substances.

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The Newpapers Act was also passed, to make better provision for the prevention of incitements to criminal outrages in newpapers. It was confined to incitements to murder, to offences under the Explosives Act, and to acts of violence. As it failed to check the seditious utterances of the Vernacular Press, another more comprehensive measure was enacted in 1910, which, besides the incitements above mentioned, included matter likely to cause mutiny, sedition, religious or race hatred, intimidation, or interference with the administration of the law, or the maintenance of law and order. It included also a procedure for the deposit and forfeiture of security. This measure was accepted by the Extended Legislative Council, and has improved the behaviour of the Vernacular Press. By the Indian Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1908 provision was made for the more ready trial of anarchical offences and for the prohibition of associations dangerous to the public peace. A bench of three High Court Judges was constituted as the tribunal. Among other useful legislation a new Code of Civil Procedure, applicable to the whole of British India, became law in 1908. The special Acts enumerated indicate the repressive measures required to meet existing circumstances.

In England the Royal Commission upon Decentralisation in India was appointed and presented a report. The Council of India Act of 1907 made changes in the constitution of the Council and the tenure of appointments. Two Indian members were added to it. Under the Indian Councils Act above mentioned the maximum strength of the Legislative Councils was raised from 126 to 370, and the number of elected members from 39 to 135. An official majority was retained in the Imperial Legislative Council, but was dispensed with in the Provincial Councils. Special electorates were provided for Mahomedans, and arrangements made for nomination of representatives of particular classes. An Indian was appointed Legal Member of the Supreme Executive Council, the existing local Executive Councils were expanded, and an Executive Council was created for Bengal to admit of the appointment of Indians as members. Changes were made, giving great latitude in the discussion of the annual Budgets and matters of general public interest. Thus every effort was made officially and supported personally to conciliate the discontented elements by affording greater opportunities for the participation of Indians in public affairs. Lord Minto simultaneously conciliated the Native Princes by consulting them and relaxing the requirements of efficiency in their administration, which they had resented as interference. He received the Amir of Afghanistan, and made a friend of him. Other matters were not neglected. The military member of the Executive Council was abolished; a new member of Council and a Department for Education were established; the Railway Department was reorganised; an attempt was made to deal with malaria; improved measures were adopted against plague; the cultivation of poppy was diminished, and the supply of opium reduced, to co-operate with the opium policy of China. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1905-6 aroused enthusiastic loyalty. The situation had shown signs of improvement before Lord Minto left India.

REFLECTIONS ON MODERNITY

THE cinematograph and gramophone have established themselves as familiar facts, almost as commonplaces, in our lives, with such singular swiftness, that we have perhaps missed the thrill of wonder that is their due, and the strange message that they bring to all thinking men and women. Marvels nowadays come so quickly one after another that modern man hardly stops to discern what it all means and where he is being led. He becomes *blasé*, and that which would have kept his forefathers gaping for a year assumes to him the aspect of a prosaic fact in a week.

In the darkness of one of London's innumerable Electric Palaces that have sprung up like mushrooms almost in a night let us try to shake ourselves free from the rather apathetic mesmerism of the performance, and detach ourselves with an effort from the fascinating adventures, and quietly think what is happening. We are listening to an impersonal voice, and we are looking at an impersonal play, both *almost* to the life, but without the living presence of actor or singer. What has done this?—primarily, powers of thought. Where our forefathers saw fleshly personalities we stand on the threshold of a new era; we are beginning to see thought-people and to hear thought-voices.

The world seems to be rising from its apparently established fetters in every direction, mind is overcoming limitations of time and space in ways that have never been even faintly imagined possible to man. Before the discoveries of the steam-engine, electricity, telegraphy, Marconigraph, motors, and aeroplanes all communication over distance depended on man personally carrying a message, and all movement depended on man's own legs or on those of animals to draw or carry him, except, of course, over the waters. It is always an evolution that one can trace from man's personality utterly dependent on himself, his bodily strength and muscles, to mind independent of personality carving out new methods of freedom and breaking away from the old limitations.

Look for a moment at another sign of the times. What game now claims the first place in the mind of the English-speaking game-playing upper classes? There can be no doubt that it is golf. "Ye anciente and Royal Game" has certainly come into its kingdom. Was it not declared in the august pages of the halfpenny paper that reaches—almost, we might say, dictates—the thought of millions of people daily, that a continuous game of golf could be played from Cornwall to John o' Groats, so surprising is the number of courses that have been made everywhere. What constitutes the especial charm of the game to this generation? Ask any golfer if he relies on his muscles, physique, or strength; he will tell you that they count for little—in fact, that if used as mere hitting force they will spoil any stroke in golf. Every stroke has its science and reason, and woe betide the golfer who uses only muscle and not his knowledge of the principle of the game. He will plough up much turf and may hit the ball hard along the ground, but nothing will send it whistling into the air, a straight 200 yards towards the hole, except the man's mind controlling the swing of his club every inch of the way. It is the most *mental* game that ever was played, and every golfer knows this, for herein lies its charm.

Look now in still another field of activity. What is going to be the result of the immense spread and development of the Daily Press? The daily newspaper, and particularly the halfpenny daily newspaper, is becoming a startlingly potent factor in the world's thought. Day by day all civilised places on the globe are presented with the news of the world for them to consider. Thought is now flashed swiftly from continent to continent, opening and enlarging the consciousness of mankind far beyond each personal circle or country, levelling prejudices and unifying the world's thought—for good or evil. The thought-force of the daily paper is indeed another of the mental giants of to-day, and one who as yet has hardly realised his latent powers.

It is not within the scope or purpose of this article to touch on religious matters. We can only glance for an instant at the noticeable and determined search that this age is making to find for itself salvation from all ills, whether of mind or body, far apart from the established methods that have long been considered orthodox. Every sort of attempt

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to discover new forces, or hitherto unapplied forces in mind is being made. Everywhere man is reaching out and trying to find and apply the laws of an Infinite Intelligence that he feels, however dimly as yet, to be the underlying Reality of all things.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS: THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE

By Lancelot Lawton

During the past few weeks the conviction must have been growing upon the minds of all calm and reasonable men that were one-half of the sensational reports appearing with such unfailing regularity in the columns of the daily Press to possess the merit of truth, then the balance of power in Europe is completely upset, and, with dramatic suddenness, involving abrupt disregard for already contracted obligations, the diplomatic forces of nations are once more dividing themselves into rival camps as a preliminary to the long-expected conflagration which is to sweep the world to its four quarters. But as M. Pichon, then in office, and vigorously defending the *Triple Entente* against the blundering mischief-making of an irresponsible Press, recently observed, "diplomacy is not conducted in the public streets." Nevertheless, diplomacy does not always find it possible to conduct its business behind closed doors and drawn shutters, while in certain instances publicity, whether in candid revelation or cautious disclosure, becomes the very breath of wise diplomacy. When, however, due allowance has been made for these considerations, it must be confessed that the prevailing note of pessimism finds no justification in actual circumstance. A series of remarkable events of deep international concern has happened within a very short space of time, and consequently ample material has been provided upon which to build the unstable structure of speculation. The death of King Edward, whose noble work in the cause of peace had led him to be regarded everywhere not only as the first gentleman but also as the first diplomatist in Europe, and the pre-occupation of the nation in home affairs, undoubtedly spread a feeling abroad that the foreign policy of Great Britain had become seriously weakened. But it was not until the historic meeting of the Emperors at Potsdam that the least suspicion arose as to any change in the grouping of the Powers. All indications on the surface seemed to point to the fact that a definite understanding, which in spirit if not in letter was opposed to the aims and objects of the *Triple Entente*, had been concluded, and one well-known publicist, Dr. Dillon, boldly announced its sudden decease.

In France, as well as in this country, considerable criticism has been levelled at the conduct of foreign affairs, and, as a matter of fact, dissatisfaction with the Government on this score, arising largely from ignorance, has been contributory in bringing about the Cabinet crisis. And no sooner has the funeral oration of the *Triple Entente* been delivered than news comes that the Triple Alliance is in danger. Italy, who has never been an enthusiastic partner in the compact, finds cause for alarm in the warlike preparations of her "friend and ally" Austria; while the Kaiser's regard for the Vatican's susceptibilities has increased the difficulties of the situation. Yet another disquieting symptom of international concern is to be found in the proposals of the Dutch Government for the fortification of the Scheldt, proposals which, if carried out, will in the opinion of experts put an end to Holland's neutrality. If we are to accept all the ready-made deductions in the Press without careful discrimination, then it must be conceded that since the death of King Edward the balance of power in Europe has undergone a series of startling changes such as find few parallels in history. Thus, we are told that the *Triple Entente* is dead and the Triple Alliance dismembered; that the League of the Three Emperors has been virtually established; that Russia has deliberately torn up her Treaty of Alliance with France and wantonly ignored her obligations of friendship towards ourselves, and that all that remains to us amid the charred ruins of King Edward's magnificent peace-edifice is a lukewarm *entente* with France.

Were this story true it would indeed constitute a gloomy record of the collapse of British policy and British prestige. But a logical consideration of all the circumstances, in so far as we are permitted to peep behind the screen of diplomacy, will prove to us that no such disaster has happened, and that all sensational statements which have spread the contrary belief are merely founded upon irresponsible speculation. It is certainly not the *Triple Entente* that has suffered in consequence of recent developments. I have just returned from St. Petersburg, and I think I can say with confidence that the national sentiment of Russia was never more favourable towards Great Britain and France than it is to-day, and that it is the wish of the statesmen who are in power that this national sentiment shall continue to find expression in firm and unwavering adherence to the *Triple Entente*. It is urged by many critics that this *entente* has always been more or less shadowy; that it involves no clearly defined plan of action; that, stipulating no binding obligations, it ensures no tangible benefits, and that it has faded away because no longer does it possess any perceptible *raison d'être*. Publicists who indulge in these pessimistic reflections overlook the very positive results which have already been attained. For instance, all outstanding questions between Great Britain and Russia have been amicably settled, and it was due largely to the mediation of Great Britain that an early *rapprochement* between Russia and Japan became possible. Furthermore, it is known that France and Russia have definite arrangements of a military nature which would become operative in certain eventualities, that Great Britain has been admitted to their confidence in this matter, and that, moreover, what practically amounts to a military convention is in existence between Great Britain and Japan. These precautions imply no hostility to any other Power or group of Powers; they are merely the business-like outcome of the *Triple Entente* and its corollary, the Far Eastern *Entente*.

Time alone will show that so far from the Potsdam understanding having dealt a death-blow to the *Triple Entente*, it has revealed at once the vitality and the useful elasticity of that important compact; for it is not for one moment to be supposed that when Russia, France, and England agreed on broad lines to merge their destinies, any one of them consented, or was asked to consent, to the limitation of her individual activities to the point of self-effacement. Russia's activity on this occasion evinces a marked and far-seeing consideration of British interests where, but a decade past, she was universally suspected of harbouring covetous designs. Perhaps the surest guarantee of her continued loyalty to her partners—England and France—is to be found in the Tsar's passionate desire for peace. No longer surrounded by that powerful coterie of ambitious and militant empire-makers, of whom it is not an exaggeration to say that they were personally responsible for the sanguinary campaign in Manchuria of 1904-5, His Imperial Majesty realises that the prosperity and happiness of his countless subjects rest in the keeping of the peace of Europe. And who knows better than the Emperor of All the Russias that the peace of Europe depends upon that most exquisitely delicate of international adjustments—the balance of power?

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IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

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We are really the most sublimely self-centred people in the world. We remain quite happy as long as our own immediate interests are not jeopardised. Last week we saw New York sharply shaken by a decision that was not only unexpected, but also disquieting; Paris was equally disturbed by a dangerous gamble in Maltzoffs, and a consequent liquidation. Yet because rubber rose to 7s. a pound we remain serene, optimistic, and genuinely bullish. The City does not altogether like this renaissance of rubber. It wants general business. It is a little jealous of Mincing Lane. It does not forget that when the last wave of excitement in the rubber market subsided it left many stranded upon the mud. Yet it looks as though all the savings that have accumulated during the past few months of trade prosperity would be invested in rubber. Even Home Rails are more or less neglected. Some of the new issues have gone well. The Mogyana was over subscribed; indeed, it deserved the honour. Roneo went well; it was sound and was also well advertised. St. Ivel scraped through. Alpha did not find favour. The Panama timber was a hopeless fiasco. This abortive issue should teach the timber people a lesson. Speyer Brothers carried through their St. Paul and Kansas City Railway Loan, and are ready with a tube issue which the good report of the Underground Electrics may cause to be over-subscribed. Sir William MacKenzie is interested in a Canadian company which we shall see out almost at once.

Money has been just a shade hard, but must gradually become cheaper until such time as the Bank of England decides to reduce its rate to 3 per cent. Yet those scribes who are sworn to support dear money look gloomy. This does not prevent the bill-brokers from bidding $2\frac{3}{8}$ for long-dated bills. The effort to keep up rates has failed.

Consols grow harder, and the public will soon realise that the price is too low. When the Bank Rate falls, as fall it must, we shall see a sharp rise in all gilt-edged stocks. The supply of fine Trustee Stocks is gradually becoming smaller each year, and the amount now available is not enough to go round.

Foreigners are so much under the control of Paris that no one expects any move. Russians are steady. I can say no more. Tintos are much too high as an investment, but if the Supreme Court decides in favour of Tinto we shall see a big move in all copper shares, and Tintos will rise. They are, of course, the great gambling counter on the Paris Bourse. The astounding rise in Maltzoffs has upset Paris operators, all of whom sold short and all have been caught. They now ask that the shares shall be denied the usual settlements. To an Englishman this seems very absurd, but the rules and regulations of the Paris Bourse are truly marvellous. Fancy our Stock Exchange banning an industrial share because the dealings in it were enormous, and all one-sided!

Home Rails.—After the exciting days of last week this market has become almost dull. If the railway companies would agree to issue stock to bearer they would find that it would increase speculation and improve the price. This is a most important matter for all companies. They issue stock to shareholders or to stockbrokers at a shade under the market-price of the day, and every ten-point rise means a considerable sum to a railway company. The modern tendency is in favour of bearer stock. The whole world has long since decided in its favour. England alone prefers the antique and cumbersome registration with its tedious transfer. If English Railways issued bearer stock they would get an international market. The French have enormous sums of money to invest. They would buy Home Rails freely if they could buy "bearer" securities. At the moment the market looks weak, but if the reaction goes further all the best stocks should be bought. North Easterns are cheap. Brums and Great Westerns are cheap. Lancashire and Yorkshire are very cheap. We shall wonder in a year's time why we let the chance slip by. The rise has not yet begun.

Yankee Rails.—The Inter-State Commerce Commission completely upset the plans of the bankers, and strong as Morgans and Kuhn Loeb may be, they will find the new conditions of the market somewhat difficult. The actual position of many of the railroads will be seriously affected. For example, New York Central has spent many hundreds of thousands of dollars fighting for higher rates. It hoped that the decision would add at least $3,500,000 to its income. It has to find $1,500,000 to meet its additional fixed charges. Last year it got a slice of melon from the Lake Shore. Its operating income has only increased two per cent. during the last seven months, and the company needs $4,000,000 increase on the year if it is to maintain its dividend, pay its increased charges, and carry forward as much as a year ago. At the moment this does not appear likely. Other lines will be equally hurt by the decision. But perhaps there is something in Brandei's contention, that all the big lines can save if they choose. We shall see. In the meantime the market, though well supported by the big houses, all of whom have huge finance schemes on hand, looks dull, and it is hardly the moment to buy. Now that the Kuhn Loeb people have bought out Gould, the Missouri Pacific should be watched. But I am told that the bankers consider the price too high, and that they do not expect to get the line into proper shape for another two years.

Rubbers are the fashion again. The public came in suddenly at the end of last week, and this week there has been good buying from the Continent. Mincing Lane has hung on to its shares, and the Stock Exchange not possessing any supply, the result has been a very sharp rise. Anglo-Malay are talked much higher purely upon market manipulation. The sales have been good, as indeed every one expected. We now read tales of wealth that must accrue to all the companies through the increase in price. But I distrust calculations in the rubber market. I remember the last boom and the fanciful figures upon which men hoisted their favourite shares. Yet no one should be misled in rubber, for the companies themselves do not mislead us; indeed all the Malay companies are absolutely honest. Their directors and managers are over-cautious, and all that is official is reliable. They may well cry "Save us from our friends!" The price of raw rubber is rigged, but not by the Lane. It is manipulated from Para and Manaos. How long the Brazilians will be able to hold the price depends upon the strength of their finance. A rise of 2s. per lb. means, of course, increased dividends for all the plantations; but we must wait and see how long the price remains at its present figure. Those who follow the market should not add more than 1s. per lb. to the profits for the current year, but even this is worth considering. Again I say: Only the best! Do not touch any outside shows. Leave African rubber severely alone. No South American company is worth discussion; many of the Ceylon companies are dangerous; Java should be scanned with caution—interplanting has here interfered very much with the growth of the rubber. The Sumatra companies appear to me over-

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valued. We are evidently in for a good rise, and at the moment there is no stronger market in the House.

OIL.—The event of the week has been the official announcement that Sir Marcus Samuel does not consider himself justified in floating the Gemsah Oil-fields. I have been over these fields and I agree with Sir Marcus. Twenty years ago I discussed the oil-field with Sir Elwyn Palmer, who had the foolish opinion that the reason he could not find oil was that the Standard Oil Company prevented him. This sounded very pretty, but was only nonsense. The reason he could not find a payable field at Jebel Zeit was that there was none to be found. Nevertheless, he spent twenty-five thousand pounds, and died a firm believer in the future of Egyptian oil. That there is oil all down the Red Sea everybody knows. But that is no reason why it should be profitable to work. I have again and again warned people not to gamble in Egyptian oil. We may eventually be able to say definitely that there is a payable oil-field, but up to the present it is all too vague, and, in my opinion, little better than a Stock Exchange gamble. Black Sea Oil-fields are to be put up, and there is wild talk as to the price. They seem a reasonable gamble.

RHODESIANS AND KAFFIRS.—I lump these two markets together for the plain reason that neither of them is to-day of sufficient importance to require a separate paragraph. The best Kaffirs now show 7 per cent. after allowing for amortisation, and some people consider that this is an attractive level. Personally, I would prefer to wait; but I am compelled to report that many good judges consider the market has bottomed, Rhodesians are out of favour, and the options on Chartered tend to keep the market down.

MISCELLANEOUS.—I again repeat my advice of last week to buy Whiteley's Preference and Ordinary, for the meeting is certain to have a good effect on the market. Harrods will make a success of their new issue, and no one deserves a success more, for this company is managed with meticulous care and remarkable judgment. Maple's meeting was a great success, and here again I must congratulate the Board upon its management.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

HARROD'S STORES

The twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, February 28, on the company's premises, Brompton-road, S.W. Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart., chairman, said: Having regard to the important resolutions which later on will be submitted to you, I do not proposed to dissect the accounts in the usual lengthy manner. They are presented to you on the lines with which old shareholders are familiar, and they contain all the information to enable everybody interested in the company fully to understand the various items under the heading of working expenses, provision for depreciation, sinking funds in respect of leaseholds, fixtures, etc., reserves, and, finally, the distribution of the profit. I am very specially desirous of drawing attention to the pension funds. That for managers and buyers now stands at £8,776, which has been jointly built up by the members of that fund and by the company. To refer briefly to the figures, No. 1 account shows an increase of gross profits of £67,469, but a diminution of £3,502 from rents received and receivable. The difference is accounted for by the fact that we converted certain flats into business premises, and from them, of course, we no longer receive fixed rentals. The working expenses, consequent upon the largely increased business, show an increase of £31,765 for the year. If you will turn to the report, you will find that the profit balance to dispose of is £225,274, or £15,181 more than last year. (Applause.) The method of distribution is set forth, and before I submit the resolution to you I shall be pleased to answer any question on the report and balance-sheet which any shareholder may wish to put. Having disposed of any other formal business, we shall proceed to deal with the special resolutions. If there is any other matter arising out of the report and balance-sheet which any shareholder wishes to be enlightened upon I shall be pleased to answer his questions. I now formally move: "That the report and balance-sheet be received and adopted."

Mr. Edgar Cohen, seconding the resolution, said how extraordinary was the development and increase of this wonderful business of Harrod's Stores. Personally, he had never expressed any great surprise. He had known the Stores ever since the inception of the company.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

The appointment to the board of Mr. H. K. Newton, M.P., was confirmed, and the retiring directors, Mr. Edgar Cohen and Mr. William Mendel, were re-appointed, and the auditors, Messrs. Hays, Akers, and Hays, were re-elected.

The Chairman: I have now to invite your attention to the steps we propose to take to secure the further expansion of this great enterprise. You will notice the concluding paragraph in the report, which states: "The trade of the company for the past year has increased to a greater extent than during any year of the company's existence. To meet the pressing necessities of the continual development of the business the company have acquired the leasehold interest in the premises 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, and 35, Hans-road, and in the public-house at the corner of Hans-road, known as 'The Friend at Hand,' of which latter they have also acquired the freehold, thus completing an island block of four frontages, measuring 1,651ft., the principal frontage facing the Brompton-road being 444ft. To provide for rebuilding this new acquisition—partly freehold and long leasehold—to redeem the balance—£95,900—of outstanding debentures, to furnish the necessary funds for increased stocks, to replace sums already expended on capital account, and to strengthen the company's financial position the directors recommend that the capital of the company be increased by the creation of 140,000 new ordinary shares, to rank *pari passu* with the present 360,000 ordinary shares." You will understand that it is not a figure of speech to say "the pressing necessities of the continual development of the business of the company," when I inform you that the actual increase in the company's business last year was £283,285, an increase utterly unparalleled even in the magnificent history of Harrod's. After protracted and difficult negotiations with leaseholders and freeholders of the adjoining premises in Hans-road we have succeeded in acquiring the whole of the property, enabling us to complete the island site now in the possession of the company. The importance of this acquisition cannot be exaggerated. As soon as the buildings are completed, on which we are already employed, Harrod's will unquestionably form the most complete self-contained, spacious, and elegant premises for carrying on its widely-spread and ever-growing trade that any one of us here has any knowledge of. This is a theme, however, on which I need not dilate; the evidences are before you on every side of ever-growing increase and prosperity. A tour of inspection will well repay any shareholder who is not familiar with our business. He will see great extensions of many departments. For example, during the past year we have very largely extended the furs department, which we anticipate will become of the utmost importance. This has been brought about by our managing director—Mr. Richard Burbidge—having, with the unanimous consent and approval of the Directors, accepted the invitation to join the Board of the Hudson's Bay Company, between whom and Harrod's the most cordial relations exist—relations which, in the future, will undoubtedly be of considerable and lasting benefit to both companies. You, as shareholders, are associated with a business which is not dependent on the sale of articles which require incessant advertising, and the demand for which may disappear as quickly as it came into existence, but you are partners in a business which caters for the daily wants of an ever-increasing number of customers, whose requirements are met, I think I may fairly say, to their entire approval. Indeed, we often receive from customers spontaneous and voluntary assurances of satisfaction and admiration of the way in which their orders are executed, as to price, quality, and delivery. Briefly, then, we are all fully justified in looking forward to the future in a very hopeful spirit, and in expressing the belief that this business must continue to grow far beyond the highly satisfactory position already attained. Since the last issue of capital, nearly three years ago, which brought in a sum of £258,500 into the coffers of the company, our net profits have increased from £172,837 to £225,274—an increase of £52,437 a year in net profits; but during this time considerable sums have been expended out of our current resources on the acquisition of leasehold and freehold properties and on buildings, plant, and fixtures, although, of course, a large portion of this expenditure has not yet become productive. It has therefore become neces-

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sary to place our finances in an absolutely impregnable position, and to secure this the directors recommend the proposed creation of new ordinary shares. The proceeds of the contemplated issue would cause a saving to be effected of £5,000 a year in interest on the debentures which would be redeemed, and there would be a further considerable saving in bankers' interest. He concluded by moving the resolutions.

Mr. Burbidge, the managing director, in seconding the resolution, expressed every confidence in the future of the company.

The resolutions were carried unanimously.

CORRESPONDENCE

HARRISON AINSWORTH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—All weight must naturally be attached to the words of Mr. Isidore G. Ascher as a contributor to the two magazines which Ainsworth owned and edited. His kind words concerning the review of Mr. S. M. Ellis's truly admirable work, "William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends," are also on that account the more appreciated.

One of the two points Mr. Ascher makes is: "The inference which you have drawn that, because Ainsworth's romances are only read to-day by young people, therefore they are not in vogue and unpopular, to my mind is not quite correct." But the inference is entirely Mr. Ascher's own. The review speaks of Ainsworth's "romances, which had, it is true, a great temporary, almost accidental vogue, and have since permanently sunk to the level of books which can hardly be greatly enjoyed by any but boys and youths." This is very different from saying they are not in vogue and unpopular. There was no intention whatever, on the reviewer's part, to make so absurd an assertion as that the romances in question are unpopular. I do not believe the popularity of some of the earlier ones has ever flagged much; and, indeed, I have written in this sense elsewhere when dealing with boys' books.

The word "vogue," perhaps, misled Mr. Ascher. By it was meant popularity among grown-ups, persons of education and literary taste. "Vogue," I submit, is hardly the word that would properly apply to books for juveniles; but it would properly apply to "works of permanent literary value," between which and Ainsworth's output a distinction was made.

Like Mr. Ascher, I have been interested in the comparative popularity of the older story-tellers. Investigations in several London Public Libraries have led me to the conclusion—so far as it can be drawn from the number of copies available—that Ainsworth, whilst much less popular than Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Charles Reade, has considerably more readers than, for instance, Trollope. But the difference in the readers!

When Mr. Ascher states that "the Manchester Public Library contains no less than 457 copies of his [Ainsworth's] works, which to-day find numerous readers," he might have added the reason had he wished—because he must know. Ainsworth was born at Manchester; his father and family were well-known there; in several of his novels he made Manchester the centre of interest; he was very fond of his native town and expressed his fondness in various ways. *Ergo*, the Mancastrians are fond of him—to the tune of 457 copies. The fact, however, remains that, out of his innumerable tales, only from twenty to thirty-five on an average find places in the London Public Libraries, and there are seldom more than one to three copies of each of these, compared with the four to eight of his contemporaries' books.

Incidentally Mr. Ascher makes the suggestive remarks: "There is always a vitality in books that fascinate the youthful intellect. What appeals to the young is generally universal. The young mind longs to see its own vigour and freshness mirrored in romance." No doubt. But is it not noteworthy how astonishingly few of such books survive even a few years? And how can that be called universal which appeals only to the young? Is it not the absence of the need for using one's brain in its perusal that is one of the chief distinctions between a story that is truly universal and permanent and what is mere meat for babes? The qualities of juvenile fiction are few and monotonous. There is a speedy limit to one's pleasure in reading of simple bodily vigour and action, especially when there is but little literary charm.

In his second point—"There is positively no foundation in your remark that Ainsworth in his latter years was ostracised"—Mr. Ascher seems again to be drawing his own inference. It is not mine. The review speaks of Ainsworth's "ostracism from the republic of letters"—which is, by a long way, not the same thing as ostracism unqualified; mentions that he was "long dead to the world;" that one day he woke up "to find himself out of fashion, gradually dropped by former friends;" that "he manfully accepted his banishment from further literary success." Mr. Ascher has out of all this, rather wilfully, if I may venture to say so, construed an assertion on my part that Ainsworth was socially ostracised; whereas what was obviously meant was ostracism from the republic of literature considered as an art. He fell out of the front rank, was quietly ignored after a time, as all persons of no future inevitably tend to be.

Certainly Ainsworth had little or no art-sense. He had no power of self-criticism, and, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling on a different plane, produced, and, worse still published, good, bad, and indifferent stuff pell-mell, without the least restraint. Alas! that Ainsworth's imaginative progeny was so numerous!

One must needs admire the portentous industry which enabled him to continue writing "almost to the end of his life," as Mr. Ascher observes he did; but it is not possible to admire at all most of the writing he poured out in his later period, even though "his last novels fetched prices which many a budding novelist of to-day would be proud to receive." What Ainsworth would receive for them, if he happened to be a budding novelist of to-day, is a far more pertinent question.

Anyhow, Mr. S. M. Ellis is to be heartily congratulated on his brave attempt to construct an ideal writer out of a first-rate character and a second-rate talent.

THE REVIEWER.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am afraid that Miss E. Money Coutts did not quite understand my article on W. Lyon Blaese's "The Emancipation of Englishwomen." The fault is to be sought, doubtless, in my own obscurity, so, perhaps, it will be as well if I restate my argument in the briefest and clearest terms possible. The case as formulated by me was this: popular politics degrade all who meddle with them; therefore it would be a pity to degrade women by bringing them into the political cesspool, more especially as we owe reverence to womankind as the source and inspiration of all art.

Miss Money Coutts says that if politics be a degrading business, it is high time that politics should be elevated through the influence of those who have inscribed "beneath every masterpiece of the world the words *femina fecit*."

So if there is a hole in the pigstye, we are to cram a Raphael into the crack, because the Raphael is a source of inspiration to all men?

The argument is an odd one; especially when we consider that the Raphael would not stop the crack well and would be ruined in the process.

A cathedral may be a source of beauty and of inspiration to many; but that is no reason why we should smash it to bits and throw the *débris* into a peculiarly offensive morass with a view of smothering the stench. The stones that once bore the great mark of beauty would be swallowed up and the smell would remain.

I don't think that women have any genius whatever for romance, though they are the cause of romance in others; but even if they had genius in romance, in poetry, in painting, in sculpture, and in music, this would be no argument for giving them votes and the balance of political power. There is, I think, no reason to suppose that England would fare better than now if it were ruled by a committee chosen from the Authors' Society, the Royal Academies of Art and Music, and the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Miss Money Coutts says:—

> You cannot have it both ways. Either the collective force of women's influence makes for good in this world, or else they "poison, corrupt and destroy." Mr. Machen seems at one moment to fear this and at the next to affirm the exact contrary.

Here Miss Money Coutts has misquoted, or rather, distorted my remark, which ran:—

> It seems a pity to poison and corrupt and destroy the source of all beauty and every art with the driest, dreariest

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of all the delusions with which the wretched race of men has been afflicted, &c.

This is quite a different matter. I expressed no fear of women's poisoning, I expressed a fear of their being poisoned.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE FAR-EASTERN SITUATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your last week's issue Mr. Lancelot Lawton succeeded in painting about as black a picture of British enterprise in the Manchurian El Dorado as human pessimism could conceive. If we are to accept as final his version of the situation, then all that remains to be cultivated by the statesmen, the financiers, and the pioneers of industry in this country is a philosophic resignation to the inevitable abandonment of one of the most profitable fields for exploitation to be found in the whole world. We are told that the Chin-chan-Aigun Railway scheme is "dead and buried," and the obvious inference must be, to all who appreciate the true significance of the project in its relation to the whole question of the open-door policy, that all future developments of the same or a similar character are doomed to be stifled at birth. This in itself is a startling and a sweeping assumption. But more is to follow. Mr. Lawton admits us, so it would seem, to diplomatic secrets of undoubted gravity when he explains the manner in which negotiations have been carried on in the past between Japanese and British interests. From all the circumstances it would appear that behind the scenes there has been a remarkable conflict between the various parties who have sought a share in the development of Manchuria. I myself am not altogether unacquainted with certain important phases of the question, and I think that it is due to all who are interested in the future of China that Mr. Lawton, ignoring diplomatic subtleties, should present a plain statement of what is really happening in Manchuria.—Yours, &c.,

"FURLOUGH."

"WHO" OR "WHOM"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I might leave your two correspondents to fight their battle, but must point out to the second of them that quotation of a sentence in which "whom" is correct does not justify another in which it is incorrect.

"To whomsoever Antwerp might belong, it would be of value," is perfectly correct; but "Antwerp would be of value to whomever may be its sovereign" is most certainly incorrect. There is the same difference as between "whom I expected to go" and "whom I expected would go"; the first is right, the second wrong. I see no *ellipsis* in either sentence. Ellipsis occurs when words are omitted but understood, as when I say, "the horse I rode was a good one," *which* being mentally supplied.

There is an ellipsis when Browning's Pope says:—

> I can believe this dread machinery
> Of sin and sorrow, would confound me else,
> Devised . . . etc.

The full meaning is: "I can believe that this dread machinery of sin and sorrow—which otherwise would confound me—was devised for a particular purpose." But there is no similar ellipsis in either of the sentences about Antwerp. "Whomsoever" is merely another way of saying "him to whom," and "whoever" (not "whomever") of saying "him who." "Whomever may be" is like saying "him whom may be."

A well-known line in the "Ingoldsby Legends" runs:—

> Regardless of grammar, they all cried "*that's him.*"

Are we now to understand that the exclamation was grammatically correct as well as colloquially admissible because "that's him" is elliptical for "that is he of whom I spoke"?

In case any one thinks this criticism pedantic, let me observe that the pedantry is on the other side. In conversation we use "who" even when "whom" would be strictly required. When "whom" is printed it is in supposed allegiance to grammar. But when "Maradick at Forty" (p. 68) gives us "He doesn't seem to mind very much whom it is," or "The Silent Isle" (p. 206) has "whom I gather is a graceful writer," propriety is doubly outraged, since the sentences are at once pedantic and incorrect. I had imagined such slips due to printers; if authors are responsible, so much the worse for them.

Authors are, I fear, responsible for many solecisms that appear in contemporary books. One of the worst of these is "between you and I." Similarly the author of "First and Last Things" (Book IV., § 4) can write, "For he who has faith, death has no terror." And even Mr. Clodd could write, in the first number of *T.P.'s Magazine*, "There came an invitation to Allen and I." Is ignorance of elementary rules considered desirable nowadays? I expect next to be assured that there is nothing ungrammatical in the sentence with which I, again, apologetically subscribe this letter.

"THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS."

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent's protest, though natural, may give a false impression as to fact. The hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was written by Heber in England some years before he went to India. In the posthumously published collection of his hymns "Ceylon's isle" was altered to "Java's isle," doubtless because he had discovered how the former name should be pronounced. For some reason, however, this collection has not found favour; most hymn-books still read "Ceylon's isle," compelling us to accentuate the first instead of the second syllable of the name.

T. S. O.

CARLYLE AND MR. FRANK HARRIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not think it necessary to suppose that by work Carlyle meant a political appointment or place. I used to take Sunday afternoon walks with Carlyle, but I kept no memo of anything he said. I never remember his speaking of Parliament with anything but contempt, and certainly not that he desired place. I never regarded Carlyle as a philosopher, and I do not think him one now. His memory was splendid even then. I always thought him a Velazquez for a gallery of biographical figures, not a thinker on anything.

C. A. WARD.

Walthamstow.

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No. 2027 [Registered as a Newspaper.] MARCH 11, 1911 PRICE THREEPENCE

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THE BIRTH

What time the pale moon slowly gathered light
And beamed with loveliness through bower and lane;
And countless stars in her resplendent train
Bedecked the trailing robes of odorous night;
When creeping vines sent forth their tendrils slight
To twine the stiffened trunk with leafy chain,
And Springtime northward pushed his flowery reign
Where happy nestlings spread their wings for flight,
Then Love was born, and with his dimpled hand
Reared his sweet empire in the human heart.
No tramp of armies sounded in the land,
No courts of justice gleamed with studied art,
But near his throne, a ministering sister-band,
Stood Peace and Sympathy and Joy apart.

W. F. P.

Cleveland, Ohio.

GOVERNMENT BY OVERSTRAIN

THE now constantly occurring physical failure of statesmen and politicians furnishes cause for thought. The interests of the State are entitled to primary consideration. We have had a long and close intimacy with political life, and we have observed phases varying with the methods of the times.

To go back still further, we easily gather from history that the triumphs of the Pitts were brought about in an atmosphere alien to that in which Ministers are now expected to conserve the vital interests of the Empire. Chatham could not have undergone the soul-destroying babble of Hyde Park orators pitchforked into the forum of the nation. In the quietude of his retreat at Hampstead he pondered on the needs of the nation, and was enabled to prescribe the measures essential to its salvation. At the last, when storm and stress could no longer be avoided, he expired in the gilded chamber expounding the policy which, if it had prevailed, would have consolidated an English-speaking Empire which would have dominated the world. Pitt, the son, brought about his wonderful European combinations which culminated in the overthrow of Napoleon, in an atmosphere of comparative tranquillity. Palmerston was in no sense a political cheap-jack, although towards the latter part of his career the tendency of politics had notably deteriorated. Disraeli, although burdened with long and mostly futile attendances in the House of Commons, had nothing of the demagogue about him, and his appearances on public platforms were few. Gladstone, less wise than Bright, was continually talking, with the result that what he said, and frequently what he did, was of very little value. In his first campaign in Midlothian he poured forth language which the *Times* could not report in less than forty-seven columns. We read the effusions to the lasting detriment of our eyesight and equanimity. If Mr. Balfour's half-sheet had been large enough it would have contained all the points which were of any value. If the *copia verborum* is to be the criterion of statesmanship, we are rather disposed to despair of the Republic.

Public utility and personal fitness are, we contend—perhaps it is a truism—interdependent. How is personal fitness to be preserved in an atmosphere of constant storm and ceaseless activity? *Non tendit semper arcum Apollo.* The nerves are laid waste, the brain snaps. The truth at last emerges. National interests and all that they involve have been entrusted to the safe-keeping of a broken man.

The exhibitions of petulance, the absence of restraint in language, the violent, foolish, and untutored excursions in legislation are, we find, not referable to malignity, but to overtaxed and failing powers. The care of an Empire, the administration of vast dependencies are entrusted to men who are on the verge of collapse. Is this a sane system? Is it not paltering with the heritage of generations to come? We see no possible answers but a negative answer to the first question, and an affirmative to the second. If the conclusion be conceded, should not remedial measures follow? We think so, and yet we have lately observed Mr. Belloc and Mr. Cecil Chesterton recommending changes which would intensify a hundredfold the evils to which we have pointed. We contend that more detachment, more leisure, less nerve-strain are essential for those whose responsibilities are national; that we should realise that we must cease to give to party what was meant for mankind.

Recall the decadence of the late Lord Salisbury, after a few years of the attempt to combine the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Lords. Remember the collapse of Mr. Chamberlain, who, after incurring the responsibility of and mainly controlling a great war, worn with service in the House of Commons, undertook to convert the country to the fiscal system which he advocated. We cannot forget—it is too recent and too tragic—the fate of Lord Crewe.

To measure accurately the disasters and devastation of the House of Commons system alone we ought to compile a list of those of the rank-and-file who have gone under beneath the wrack of the most inane system of self-advertisement which has ever obtained. All-night sittings, constant autumn sessions, frequent General Elections—tension all. Where is to be found the individual possessing a digestive system, a nervous system, and vital energy equal to the strain?

We hold strongly that a remedy must be found in order that the service of the State may be efficiently performed. The English nation is fond of specious shams, but it cannot afford to accept the risks of being governed by men whose physical powers are strained to breaking-point.

CECIL COWPER.

THE ECONOMICS OF PREFERENCE

I.

STATES, even when international commerce is on a small scale, have always tended towards a certain economic policy. In the great majority of cases they have not only tended to that policy, but they have fully adopted it. The policy in question may be defined as follows: Freedom of exchange within the boundaries of the State coupled with a system of tolls levied on its frontiers.

We first note the phenomenon as a matter of history. Upon what kind of reasoning or economic instinct it is based

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we will discuss in a moment, but as a fact or happening the phenomenon is there.

A city, when cities regarded themselves as autonomous, and attempted the highest degree of independence, permitted complete freedom of exchange within its walls, but levied a toll upon aliens desiring to enter its market. When a number of cities and countrysides merged into one great State centrally governed, the central government looked with jealousy upon these local tolls and ultimately caused them to disappear. It did not do so because universal freedom of exchange with all mankind was conceived of as the best economic principle, but because the conception of certain interests as alien or foreign had ceased to apply to cities within the boundary of the State, and had come to be applied only to producers and merchants foreign to the State and external to its boundaries.

The only example our race affords of a universal State—the Roman Empire—permitted what was in practicc free exchange everywhere throughout the civilised world; but then Rome would not admit that any part of the civilised world was free from the political control of its central Government. In periods of history when an exactly opposite condition of society prevailed, and when small territories were jealous of their independence, the areas over which complete freedom of exchange prevailed were proportionally restricted. As, during the last three centuries, the great modern States developed, exactly the same phenomenon reappeared. The United States are an excellent example. Here is polity created by a particular instrument and at a particular date. It is a federal polity in which the largest liberty was left by its original instrument to the various units of the commonwealth. And yet no toll might be levied by any one of these units against any one of the others, and the only tariff permitted by the Constitution was a tariff levied upon the international frontiers which surrounded and contained the whole federal body. Such a tariff was permitted, existed, and, as we know, has recently rapidly developed.

In the French Monarchy, a polity of very slow growth and not created by any one instrument at any one time, the tariffs of province against province lingered long; but as the nation became one such internal tariffs were more and more suspected, and at last, when complete unity was achieved at the end of the eighteenth century, they were swept away. The consistent political plan which produced the modern German Empire worked on the same lines, and, what is interesting, economic unity in this case actually preceded political unity.

It is, then, a fixed historical law that freedom of exchange within one realm is sought after, desired, and sooner or later achieved. It is a further fixed historical law that complete freedom of exchange over the frontiers of a realm has never been thought normal, and has, perhaps, never been attempted.

Here it is well to point out that the tariff levied at the frontier of the realm may have many and varied objects. It may be levied merely as a convenient form of indirect taxation; it may be levied to affect adversely the economic life of a political rival; it may be levied to foster internal industry; or it may be levied with a moral object, such as the prevention of the consumption by the inhabitants of some foreign substance, which consumption the State regards as an evil to be checked and reduced. The tariff may be based upon one or upon all of these principles: the point is that it always exists.

The Dutch, the Belgians and the English to-day (to quote three great commercial communities each largely dependent upon international commerce, and each very wealthy through its agency) have each adopted low tariffs, and in the case of one of them, the English, a special economic theory has been acted upon for a lifetime, by which no tariff may be raised for any purpose of fostering internal industry (though a tariff for revenue, and even to some extent framed with political objects, has been permitted).

Other countries, especially since the vast development of modern international commerce, have erected tariffs at the frontier with the special object of developing internal production, and of these the French and American republics and the German Empire are the most conspicuous and the most successful examples.

But whatever contrast we discover between the types of tariff erected at the frontiers of a State, the rule prevails to-day, as it has prevailed throughout history, that commercial exchange between the citizens of a State dwelling within its boundaries tends to be and usually is free, while foreign exchanges conducted with aliens over the frontiers of the State tends to be and always is in some way controlled, canalised and mechanically interfered with.

Now, having noted that historical phenomenon, let us see upon what economic reason it was based.

Men do not universally act in a certain fashion without some reason. The reason may not have been thought out, it may have been largely instinctive, but it must have been there; and when we seek for it we shall usually be able, if we examine closely enough, to analyse and to define it. It is not impossible to analyse and to define the reason that States have always had for erecting economic barriers on their frontiers and destroying them within.

Let us consider two owners (private individuals or corporations) possessed each of an article which has come to him either by his power of production or in any other fashion, and let the circumstances of the two owners be such that it will be of mutual advantage to them if they exchange each a portion of his goods against a portion of the other's.

A has iron ore, let us say, plenty of it; but no coal, or very little. B has coal, plenty of it; but no iron ore, or very little. Both A and B are acquainted with the use of iron, and the art by which men smelt iron, consuming for this purpose coal. One way or another, whichever of the two, A or B, goes in for smelting the iron, or even if both of them do there is a reason why they should exchange their goods; exhanging their goods will make each of them richer. If A had no coal and B no iron ore at all, and they did not exchange, the use of iron would be impossible to both. If A had a little coal and B a little iron ore, each could with great difficulty on a small scale, and therefore in insufficient amount and at a higher cost, provide himself with iron. But if there is no artificial restriction between A and B, and if each is acquainted with the other's economic advantage, full and free exchange will take place, and the maximum amount of iron producible by A and B and consumable by them will be smelted and converted to human puposes.

Now consider C, a third party. C has plenty of coal, and his coal is nearer the surface or nearer the sea, or nearer some other good means of communication, or for any other reason can be obtained by A more easily than can the coal of B. Or again, A is so much nearer C, or the communications between them are so much better, that C, if it is he who is going to smelt the iron, can give better terms in coal to A than B can. The advent of this third party, C, is obviously a bad business for B. C will command the market. The advantages that C commands compel poor B to put his coal at a lower price than he would otherwise have to do. If he wants A to take any of it he can only ask in exchange of A's iron ore as much as C is asking. If A, B, and C all belong to one political community, the attitude of the Government must be

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something like this: "I am very sorry for B, but it is my business to keep order and equity between all the citizens of my State, and by allowing free exchange between A, B, and C, by forbidding B, for instance, to attack C or to shut down his collieries by force, I shall permit the creation of the maximum amount of wealth in the shape of iron of which the community is capable. B may be a little poorer in future through the advent of C into the scheme, but A, B, and C, all taken together, will have more iron, the State as a whole will be richer, and that is the only thing I have to concern myself about."

In general, the attitude of Government is this: "Free exchange *within* any given area tends to increase to a maximum the wealth produced and enjoyable within that area. I, the Government, am responsible for the well-being of a particular area, and within that area I insist upon free exchange, that the well-being of the whole may tend to its maximum and may not be restricted."

It would be a very pleasant thing, for instance, for the port of Havre if its town council had the power to pass a law that the port of Cherbourg should in future be forbidden to import goods. But the French Government cannot allow such partiality. It is not there to make Havre richer at the expense of Cherbourg, but to keep equity between the two, which are both subject to it, and to see that the maximum amount of commerce reaches all its ports in general. The East Coast route to Scotland would find it convenient no doubt were its directors permitted in their by-laws to forbid competition on the part of the West Coast route; but the English Government does not exist for the purpose of benefiting either railway. It exists for the purpose of keeping equity and order between the two, which are both subject to it, and for seeing that the greatest amount of facile communication and all that goes with facile communication shall exist within the area which it controls.

So much for the case when C is a fellow-subject of B and of A. But now suppose C, with his special advantage in coal over B, to be an alien; then, obviously, a totally new problem arises, and it is a misapprehension of the elements of that problem which has confused not only orthodox Free Traders, but their opponents as well, in numberless controversies.

Note first that if C is an alien the Government cannot give the reply we have just seen above: it cannot say, "I am here to hold the balance equal between A, B, and C, and my business is to see to it not that one of the three shall have an advantage, but that all three considered together shall have between them the maximum amount of wealth." If C is an alien the Government can make no such reply; it is not the Government of the human race, it is the Government of the country of A and B. The interests of C are at the best indifferent to it, and at the worst hostile.

Let us suppose under the circumstances that B, complaining to his Government of the loss of wealth which he suffers from the competition of C, that Government makes up its mind to tax C's coal so that it comes into the country handicapped, and B is able in future to make his old terms with A. B can then go to A and say: "As long as C's coal came in free it had such advantages over mine that for every ton of coal I sent you I could only claim two measures of iron ore in place of the three which I used to be able to get before from you. But now that C is carrying a handicap the old terms are restored, and you will have to give me three measures of ore in future for my one ton of coal."

A sees that the market is as B says, and it makes him grumble. He goes to the Government and says: "Look here! By your action in keeping out the coal of C you have made me poorer, and at the same time you have hurt poor C, with whom I used to do trade." To this the Government must answer, if it does its duty:

"I care nothing about C. I am sorry that my consideration for the whole community, controlling as it does my care for any one section of it, has affected you adversely; but I find that the advantage B receives under the new arrangement is superior to the disadvantage which you suffer. The total wealth producible between you is greater than it was in the days when I allowed the foreigner, C, to send in his coal without interference, and it is the total wealth that I have to look after, not the particular wealth of one of my subjects. Therefore, my dear A, though my policy compels me to make you a poorer man, as it compels me to make B a richer man, I do not do that with the object of controlling your respective fortunes, but only in order that your combined fortune, that is the total wealth of the State, may be greater than it was before. As for C, I am quite indifferent to his fate. I am not here to foster the interest of the human race, but of my subjects."

When the case is so put one might imagine that the orthodox Free Trade economist had no case against it; but he has a case, and a strong one. His case is strong not only in theory, but in practice, for many a State has grown rapidly in wealth by admitting a freedom of exchange with the foreigner almost as untrammelled as between its own subjects.

The error of the old Free Trade school was not a general one—that existing theories and their application were not necessarily wrong; its error lay in the affirmation it made that its theory and the application of it were universal, and this we shall proceed to show in the next article.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN: THE PAINTER-WRITER

By Frank Harris

How rare are the masters in two arts! One hears much talk of the sonnets of Michelangelo, but as soon as one reads the wooden verses one realises that he was anything but a singer. Of course he was a master in sculpture as in painting; but sculpture and painting are sister-arts almost as closely allied as prose and poetry. Da Vinci, too, took the whole field of human knowledge for his domain, but his masterpieces are all paintings, and his writings are little more than teaching of the art he had made his own. The same criticism applies to the "Discourses" of Reynolds, the letters of Poussin, and the review-articles of Delacroix; they are all interesting; now and then even they reveal the personality of the writer; but they are too directly instructive to belong to literature.

Taken strictly, we have only Rossetti in England and Fromentin in France who show that it is possible for a man to do first-rate work both in letters and in painting. Of these two Rossetti was far the more richly-endowed nature, the more gifted genius; but just because he reached greatness in both arts very easily he is not so interesting as Fromentin to the student. Fromentin is more self-conscious; his achievement more wilful; he deliberately defines

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both arts and outlines their respective spheres; and while as a painter he never reminds you of the man of letters, as a writer he never uses the brush instead of the pen. I cannot help thinking that Rossetti was by nature rather a painter than a writer. There is vision in him rather than thought; the souls fleet past "The Blessed Damozel" like "thin flames." While Fromentin is rather a writer than a painter, his finest essence is of the mind, and not of the eye.

Before speaking of his work let me tell something of his life. His father, who was a doctor at La Rochelle, had lived in Paris and gone about a great deal with painters. Throughout his life he took more interest in the brush than in the lancet. But he had no idea of encouraging his son to become an artist, in spite of the youth's manifest liking for both poetry and painting. He sent young Eugène first to the College of La Rochelle, and then to Paris to study law. Eugène passed his examinations easily enough, but in 1844 (having at length won the reluctant consent of his father) he threw up the law finally, and entered the studio of Rémond, a landscape-painter of the academic type.

In 1852, when thirty-two years of age, he married, and spent a year or so in Algeria. In 1856 he published "Un Été dans le Sahara," and in 1858 "Une Année dans le Sahel" appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes..'

Both these books troubled the higher literary circles of Paris for something more than the usual nine days. They did not belong to the school of realistic description which had been founded by Balzac and was destined to hold the field for the next half-century. They were looked upon indeed as a sort of protest against the realistic method. Balzac, like Gautier, and like Zola and Flaubert afterwards, got his effects partly by analysis and partly by using new words. First of all he detailed the features one after the other of the man or scene he wished to picture, and then strove to render the effect by some striking and uncommon word. But the eye does not act in this way; the eye sees the whole first, an expression or an effect, and afterwards notices the particular features which combine to give the effect. In his Preface to the "Sahara" Fromentin puts the new faith clearly:—

> The writing up of my travel notes (he says) a long time after the experiences, did me good service. First of all the lapse of time forced me to seek for truth rather than exactness, and a likeness instead of a copy. . . .

"Exactitude," he affirms, "is almost a negligible quality in such a work of art. Sincerity is the first requisite and then a little imagination, provided always that memory has had time to play the artist by selecting the chief incidents, and putting them in highest relief while neglecting insignificant details."

As one might expect from such a careful yet bold critic, Fromentin's two books of travel and description are masterpieces of their kind. No one has caught and rendered in words the characteristic beauty of the desert, the charm of its vast spaces of sky and plain, as perfectly as he has done. These books of his stand alone even in French descriptive writing.

About the same time Fromentin came to his own as a painter. He always regretted his want of early instruction in this art. "His craftsmanship," he used to say, "was not equal to his conceptions;" but, as he was in love with the ideal and an indefatigable workman, his complaint appears rather to be founded in the nature of things. In point of fact his earliest successes were won as a painter; in 1847 he showed his first picture in the Salon; in 1849 an Algerian scene gained him a medal; in 1853 his talent is already in full flower. In the course of the next twenty years he produced a dozen pictures which have a place in French art. Among his best things are the "Chasse au Héron" of 1865, which was bought by the Duc D'Aumale, and his famous "Tribu en Marche dans le Tell." In the Universal Exposition of 1867 he was acclaimed as one of the masters, and several of his canvasses were bought for the Luxembourg. But his field in painting, as in letters, was limited to Algeria. In vain he travelled in Italy and Egypt, and brought back scenes from Venice and views of the Nile: he stands as the painter of Algeria and the great desert. We find the same method and the same unique charm in his pictures, whether in colours or in words. The immensity of the desert, in which man is but an incident, filled Fromentin with emotion, and this genuine thrill he is able to communicate to us.

There is no seeking after rhetorical effect in his work, no trace of mannerism or trick; in both arts he has the sincerity, the vision, the emotion of a master.

Again and again in Fromentin's life, as in his work, we are struck with proof upon proof of high intelligence. Not only does he understand the respective spheres of the two arts of painting and writing, but he knows his own powers as well, and his own limitations. He gives us two volumes of descriptive writing and not a word more; he gives a dozen masterly pictures, and hardly a poor or mistaken canvas. Now in the full midday of his powers, at the apogee of his singular and discreet renown, he enters a new field and dares a strange adventure. In 1862 the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published his novel "Dominique." It was written at Fontainebleau in six weeks, he tells us; but the period of gestation had been long, and the ease or difficulty of the birth is relatively unimportant. There is no trace of haste in the conception or in the writing—on the contrary, indeed. Yet "Dominique" fell flat—hardly a hint of praise anywhere.

A contemporary assures us that Fromentin used to tell how they discussed in the *Revue* whether they should go on with the publication to the end or cut it short and thus acknowledge defeat. And when published in book form "Dominique" had no better fortune. No one in the Press had a word to say in its favour, except Scherer. It had the honour of being condemned root and branch in an article by Sainte-Beuve. Was it, then, worthless or a masterpiece? Sainte-Beuve, we know, had an unhappy trick of marking his own limitations by sneering at his betters. Was "Dominique" then above his head, or had Fromentin, in spite of his high intelligence and his almost uncanny power of seeing himself from the outside, taken at length a wrong turning and misused his own talent? I should like, of course, to proclaim a masterpiece. It hurts me even to hesitate for a moment or to appear to side with the Sainte-Beuves and the journalists against a creative spirit like Fromentin, to whom I owe many hours of exquisite and unalloyed delight. And, thank goodness, I am not compelled to in this instance. If "Dominique" is not a masterpiece, it certainly is not a failure, much less "an inept mistake." There are a couple of secondary characters in it which remain in the memory; the love-interest in it is unique and personal; there are descriptions of singular charm; but—I break off because I should have to spend much ink in order to describe "Dominique" as it deserves and classify it properly. One thing, however, must be said for it: it is of capital importance to any one who wishes to understand Fromentin or measure his talent; for he has painted himself in it to the life, giving us his temperament in "Dominique" and his character in Augustin. But the two halves don't make a whole: the writer has told us at once too much and too little.

I must give just one passage from his description of

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Dominique, in which I feel certain Fromentin has painted himself. He notes:—

> A resolute concentration of mind, and intense and prolonged observation of himself and his mental growth; the instinct to rise higher and higher careless of cost and to win self-governance while keeping the memory of every successive transformation of spirit; the passion of love and its expression in poetry and artistic aspiration, and, finally, the calm which settled down on this stormy spirit, too ambitious, perhaps, and of a certainty too devoted to impossible ideals.

"Dominique," as I have said, is Fromentin's confession, and because he is a fixed star in the firmament of French letters, it will yet be appreciated far beyond its intrinsic merit as a work of art; though to me it almost proves that had he given himself wholly to this art, Fromentin might have written a great novel.

I now come to his masterpiece. In 1874 Fromentin made a long stay in Belgium and Holland, and in '75 he published a book of criticism on the Dutch and Flemish masters under the title "Les Maîtres d'autrefois." I need say little about this book; it is the best criticism of painting and painters in any language—unique and singular; above discussion or praise; to be accepted by all with gratitude. I must just take one brick to show the wonder of the building:—

> The aim of Dutch painting (he says) is to imitate reality and *to make you love the imitation*, by putting before you vividly simple and sincere sensations. . . . The first condition of this style is to be natural, familiar, individual; it is the result of a union of moral qualities, simplicity, patience, perfect honesty. For the first time, what one calls *the domestic virtues* are revealed in the practice of an art.

Did any one ever see the truth more distinctly or find for it a more vivid and perfect expression? This work of Fromentin is one of the half-dozen books which I always carry about with me and read and re-read with ever new delight. If I were called upon to mark any limitation in it, I should be inclined to say that his admiration of the great craftsman Franz Hals is excessive in comparison with his measured praise of Rembrandt. Yet, all deductions made, this is one of the few modern books which deserve the praise Thucydides gave to his own history—"a possession for ever."

FLOWER PAINTINGS

Messrs. Baillie and Gardiner are now holding their sixth annual Exhibition of Flower Paintings at their gallery in Bruton Street. The majority of the studies are in water-colour, and the fact that these are very much more successful than the oil-pictures exhibited tends to show once again that—apart from the varying merits of individual artists—water-colour can best express the delicate beauty of flowers. There is some rich colouring in Miss Katherine Turner's pictures, and a good deal of charm in Miss Margaret Waterfield's accomplished sketches of garden-borders, &c. Mr. Francis James's swift, clear treatment must, however, be judged the most successful, if only because it adheres most closely to its medium.

In the adjoining room at this gallery Mr. Frederick Carter exhibits a series of humorous drawings and etchings—"The Italian Comedy." There is some clever and original drawing as well as some fine, delicate work in these illustrations.

REVIEWS

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

New Evidences in Psychical Research. By J. Arthur Hill. (Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

If one happens to be subject to that limitation which is known as Catholic Christianity there is always one great obstacle in dealing with that modern version of necromancy which is known as Spiritualism or Spiritism. The obstacle is simply this: that necromancy in any form is forbidden by the Church. The "reason why" of this prohibition is not clear, nor, so far as the writer is aware, has it ever been authoritatively declared. Obeying the commandment, one is not tied to this reason or to that; one is not bound to agree with Father Benson's explanation—that the spirits of the *séance* are in fact demons seeking whom they may devour. Neither is one bound to another theory—that the spirits are really the spirits of the departed, but only of those wicked and lost persons who endeavour, by possessing themselves of a physical body, to gratify in the world of the undying the lusts of their mortality. We are not tied to any theory whatever, but as Christians we are formally commanded not to evoke the spirits of the departed.

By the way, it may be said that up to the period of the foundation of the S.P.R. the prohibition seemed most amply justified by results. Spiritualism in America and England spelt evil in various modes, beginning with folly and ending with the utter degradation of the human personality. Mrs. Browning believed that Horne's phenomena were genuine, Mr. Browning thought the man an impudent cheat; but both Mr. and Mrs. Browning were agreed that, personally, he was a fellow of the worst character. Spiritualism, in short, stood for deliquescence, moral, intellectual and spiritual. It was rottenness, and, as has been said, the command of the Church was thoroughly justified.

But it must be acknowledged that from the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research the whole subject has assumed a different aspect. The new generation has approached the whole question of occult phenomena from a new standpoint. The old Spiritualists were the preachers of a sort of fanatical religion. The S.P.R. men and their friends tried, at all events, to be purely scientific, to investigate a certain group of facts with the method of Darwin and Huxley. And one cannot in fairness say that the followers of the new model have as a body exhibited any signs of decadence. How far they are justified in their research is a matter for the moral theologians. Having noted the point, we may pass on to the consideration of Mr. Hill's "New Evidences."

In brief analysis the book consists of an account of certain telepathic phenomena, of a number of "sittings with a clairvoyant," of hallucinations, automatic writing, and "cross-correspondences." It is written throughout in an entirely admirable spirit:—

> Public opinion [says Mr. Hill] is slowly but surely becoming educated; is gradually realising that it is unwise to come to conclusions in a hurry; that in this very complex world there is no telling what may happen, and that therefore it is unsafe to reject a statement as being necessarily untrue just because, to our prejudiced minds, it seems absurd. It is a question of evidence; let us defer decision until sufficient evidence has been accumulated. Like Plutarch, let us sit on the fence.

Nothing could be better than this. It is equally removed from the illogical drivel of the older spiritualists, who detected deceased aunts by the dozen in the medium's bag of

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conjuring apparatus, and found in the desolate blether and imbecility of so-called "inspirational" discourses the genuine and authentic voice from the seventh heaven. And, on the other hand, it is equally removed from the more deplorable attitude of the pseudo-scientists. More deplorable, because the Spiritualist, as a rule, was an ignorant person with all his intellectual furniture in a state of hopeless mal-equipment and disarray. His mind, such as it was, had in most cases been thoroughly debauched by some form of popular Protestantism, a solvent which from any high standpoint is sufficient to turn a granite rock into blanc-mange. The scientist, on the other hand, was at least educated in the technical sense of the word, if not in the real sense, and though Coventry Patmore declared that physical science, pursued as most pursue it, was as blinding to the eyes of the soul as a course of the most determined profligacy, it is yet extraordinary that any well-educated person should declare that "to talk to us of mind, feeling, and will continuing their functions in the absence of physical organs and visible organisms, is to use language which, to us at least, is pure nonsense." This extraordinary dictum is cited by Mr. Hill from a work by Mr. Frederic Harrison, oddly entitled "Philosophy of Common Sense."

The author of "New Evidences in Psychical Research" sits on the fence then, and surveys the field before him. In the first place, he will have nothing—or next to nothing—to say to "the physical phenomena of Spiritualism"—raps, movement of objects without contact, touches by "spirit-hands," materialisations, "apports," and the like. He is too philosophic to declare that these things can't happen, but, as he says, "the possibilities of conjuring" are great, and the cleverest layman is unwise to measure his capacity for detecting against the medium's capacity for deceiving. But Mr. Hill is inclined to lay considerable stress on a series of sittings with a "clairvoyant" medium named Watson; he is, on the whole, ready to believe that the series of communications which he relates do establish the fact that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living.

It would be impossible to analyse these Watson *séances* here; space would not allow of it. So, without arguing the question, the writer must be content to say that, bringing an open mind to the narrative, he is by no means satisfied with the author's tentative conclusion. Avoiding detail, and speaking on general grounds, it appears that in no single instance was there a communication received through Watson which transcended the knowledge, conscious or sub-conscious, of those present. In another chapter Mr. Hill, speaking of an instance of telepathic automatic writing, confesses that "this kind of thing makes it very difficult to exclude a mind-reading hypothesis in cases of alleged spirit messages even of an evidential character." Exactly; and on the great and sound principle of *neu deus intersit* it seems wiser to regard the Watson communications as an interesting series of mind-tappings. The fact is that telepathy—mind-tapping—which may be regarded as proven, is at once a great and most important discovery, and a formidable obstacle in psychical research. How are we to be scientifically convinced that any communication whatever is not a case of mind-tapping? If the experiment be made in thought it will be seen that it is difficult to conceive a message that would utterly exclude the agency of the living. And in the crucial and test case described in the chapters on cross-correspondences the experiment was an utter failure.

"Mrs. Verrall's script insisted that a passage from the 'Symposium' was enclosed in a sealed envelope which had been left with Sir Oliver Lodge by Mr. Myers." The envelope was opened; it contained nothing of the kind. On the whole, then, in spite of many interesting and curious bits of evidence, there is nothing in the Watson chapters which amounts to proof of communication from the dead to the living. But there is a singular tale under the heading "Hallucinations," which really comes very near to proof, though, oddly enough, Mr. Hill considers that "its evidential strength is not very great." Here (with necessary omissions) is the story:—

> A few years ago . . . Miss Smith was staying with her sister in the house of Mrs. Jones, in a tiny Northern village. One evening a messenger brought the information that Miss Smith's brother Tom, whose business was in a town a few miles away, had been hurt; but in his occupation slight accidents are common, and the girls were not alarmed. They retired for the night soon after nine o'clock. Just as the sister was getting into bed, and before Miss Smith had finished undressing, both of them heard a succession of sounds as of heavy blows struck on the wall. The part of the wall on which they occurred was an out-wall . . . and the outside of that part could be seen by looking out of the open window; further, the month being June, there was light enough not only to see, but also to recognise any human being or living thing big enough to cause the sounds. The sisters looked out . . . but nothing was discovered . . . the knocking continued until three o'clock in the morning, causing great terror. (The fright and the general tension brought on in Miss Smith's case an attack of brain-fever, though she is one of the calmest and most unemotional women I have ever known.) Early in the morning a messenger brought the news that Tom Smith had died at 8.45 the previous night—about twenty or twenty-five minutes before the noises began. A curious feature of the sounds was that they were not audible in the other rooms, though in this one room they seemed loud enough to be heard all over the house.

There is one point that we would have liked more clearly stated: did Mrs. Jones (who was called in by the two girls) hear the noise, or did she not? This apart, the story strikes one as most important. The objection that Miss Smith had heard earlier in the evening that her brother was hurt, and that, in spite of the commonness of slight accidents in his business, there may well have been a lurking anxiety in her mind predisposing to auto-hallucination, would have been formidable if the form of Tom Smith had appeared to Miss Smith, or if she had heard his voice calling her. But, using all caution, it is not credible that vague anxiety should translate itself into the wholly incongruous form of heavy knocks upon a wall; this objection, therefore, falls to the ground.

We have to note, then, that these sounds were heard about twenty minutes before the man died, and that they continued for more than six hours after his death. Then, again, the impression they made, taken in conjunction with the fatal news of the next morning, was so strong that one of the sisters was frightened into a brain-fever. It would seem, on the face of it, that a stranger proof of post-mortem existence and activity could hardly be demanded. The knocking sounds, though making a sensible impression, were not produced by sensible means. If they were not in some way or another the work of the dead personality called Tom Smith, whose work were they?

LADY HOLLAND IN SPAIN

The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland. Edited by the EARL OF ILCHESTER. (Longmans, Green and Co. 15s. net.)

THE impressions of private travellers, as they pass from city to city of a strange land, are often of more value—and occasionally of more interest—than the impressions gained by those who view affairs from high official positions.

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Ambassadors and diplomats are apt to be somewhat isolated; their pinnacle of observation gives them an extensive field of vision, but they rarely rub shoulders, as it were, with the crowd, or take stock of a country's peculiar and intimate characteristics. Lord and Lady Holland, wandering through Spain in the troublous years immediately preceding the Peninsular War, were travelling for their own pleasure entirely, and the first half of this volume gives many fascinating glimpses of the Spain of the early nineteenth century. Lady Holland kept an intermittent account of journeys, events, and people, and her comments often betray her as the possessor of a keenly observant and humorous mind. Of the Marquis of Blondel, for instance, she remarks on November 25th, 1802:—

> The old veteran has taken a young wife who is reckoned a strange, whimsical lady, wearing *ostensibly* the breeches she of course wears metaphorically, as such merit and ought to be the fate of those who enter into disproportionate marriages.
>
> Dec. 1st.—Went to Barcelona. Evening, returned the visit to my singular neighbour; found her noisy, positive, vulgar, and not pretty, but with enough of youth and beauty (tho' the portion of each is slender, as she is the mother of an officer of 25) to captivate her *mari octogénaire*.

The objection of the Spaniards to foreign costume gave Lady Holland considerable inconvenience until she assumed as nearly as possible the national dress. She experienced what she "could never have believed otherwise—the extreme derision and scorn with which a woman is treated who does not conform to the Spanish mode of dressing. . . . Walking the streets was out of the question, not only from the danger of being exposed to meet a carriage in the streets, but from the certainty of being insulted owing to the dress." This was at Barcelona; at Valencia she wrote, on December 29th of the same year: "The intolerance of the Spaniards for those who do not conform to their costume makes it not only unpleasant but positively unsafe for a woman to appear without the *basquiña* and *mantilla*, a dress thoroughly inconvenient for the strong light of this glorious sun, the eyes being exposed to all its power."

Minor worries, rather than actual dangers, seem to have been the lot of the travellers—"wretched gipsy *posadas* and robbers in the shape of smugglers," who practically forced their victims to buy articles and contraband commodities at exorbitant prices. On April 5th, 1803, we find the entry: "Dined at Venta del Rey, a spacious and princely fabric; 600 horses, mules, &c., can be accommodated in the stables. The rooms are good, but there, as in all Spanish inns, when asked what they have to eat, the answer is, 'What yourselves have brought.'" Approaching Granada, "in the midst of a deep slough the coach broke in several parts; the whole road most abominably rugged." At the close of a quite poetical description of the view from her window in this far-famed city Lady Holland drops into prose in startling fashion:—

> Our house is situated at the extremity of the town, on the banks of ye Darro. Opposite to my window I see the fortress and palace of the Alhambra, which is placed upon a steep hill, the sides of which are covered with delightful trees, now putting forth their luxuriant foliage. The moon shone very bright, and just after the *Angelus*, being near the cathedral, I could not resist going into it. The feeble rays from the lamps burning before the altars made the building appear magnificent. Got the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella well cleared of the cobwebs, that I might distinguish their features.

The artistic and the practical temperaments evidently were mingled in the case of Lady Holland—a notion which is supported by the extraordinary story Lord Ilchester gives in his Preface of the clever deception by which she persuaded Sir George Webster of the death of her daughter Harriet.

Of the theatrical art of Spain Lady Holland held a poor opinion, justified apparently by the specimens of it which she witnessed. At Valencia she says that "the theatre is, to a degree, a resource, as it is frequented by the most fashionable ladies, but I can scarcely add that it is much of an amusement:"—

> The prompter sits as in France—in the centre of the lamps—but it is not an exaggeration to say that he speaks *louder* than the performers. The actors are so indifferent to their art that they hardly endeavour to learn their part; therefore in addition to the prompter in front, one on each side of the scene stands with a book and a candle, by which means the performers never act to each other, always towards the prompter.

At Carthagena the subject of a play was English, and the chief character was a "Lord Roast-beef"! Some compensation for these enormities was probably afforded by an opportunity of seeing "Macbeth" in Spanish at Madrid, on November 23rd, 1803—although even then Lady Macbeth was represented with a son of six years old, "introduced for no other purpose than that of enabling her to run upon the stage with bloody hands, fresh from murdering him in his bed"! So can the art of one country be distorted for the pleasure of another.

The bull-fights, of which Lady Holland witnessed several, occasioned her utter disgust, yet she talks of Ximenes, the famous matador, and his "noble calling," in a way which rather puzzles the reader. Apart from the customs of the country, she met many famous people, among them Pellicer, the King's librarian and editor of "Don Quixote," and Mouravieff, who translated "The School for Scandal" into French. William Pinkney, American Minister to Madrid, who talked of the dispute between Spain and the United States "as he would of a difference between two of his neighbours," became quite a friend. He was quite as "cute" as a modern Yankee, for, when his tailor sued him for a debt, he argued: "The King of Spain owes the United States a considerable sum of money. I do the business of my Government here; it is therefore but fair that Soler, as the King's cashier, should pay this bill, and I will account with Madison when I get across the Atlantic."

We must leave any detailed discussion of the second portion of the book, which deals almost entirely with the early period of the Peninsular War; students of the European history of those exciting times will find it extremely interesting and valuable as a sidelight on the great struggle. Before concluding, however, we may quote a short paragraph from the diary, dated December 21st, 1803, which shows Lady Holland as a by no means negligible literary critic:—

> 21st.—Mouravieff, Lambert, and Falck dined. Received in the morning a small box, brought by Mr. Hunter from Lisbon, containing "Cowper's Life," by Hayley, and "Lady M. Wortley Montagu's Letters," published by permission from the family papers in Lord Bute's possession. The whole novelty are a couple of volumes of her correspondence with her husband and daughter. There is in the first (whilst lovers) on her part a mixture of cold reasoning and forward importunity that renders his hesitation far from surprising, but the vanity of possessing such a wit probably decided him. I devour it with the same eagerness one feels about a new and interesting novel, with this difference, that the novel excites curiosity merely for the story, whereas Lady Mary's wit and sarcasm form its excellence, and novelty makes one pause to admire its justness. Her picture, or rather view of human life, is not flattering but faithful.

The Earl of Ilchester, as editor, has aided his readers considerably by judicious arrangement, modification of the

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original spelling and punctuation, and by rendering uniform the Spanish names. A map of Spain and Portugal enables the student to keep track of the various journeys easily, the route being lined in red and blue inks, and a full-length portrait of Lady Holland in fancy dress as a "Virgin of the Sun," by Romney, reproduced by permission of Lord Iveagh, forms a striking frontispiece.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Across the Roof of the World: a Record of Sport and Travel through Kashmir, Gilgit, Hunza, The Pamirs, Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia, and Siberia. By LIEUT. P. T. ETHERTON, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 16s. net.)

THE compressed account of his travels, in 1909, from British India to the Siberian Railway near Tomsk, given by Lieut. Etherton before a select audience at the Royal United Service Institution in November, has been quickly followed by this interesting volume, recording his experiences in complete detail. Lieut. Etherton's object was to travel through Hunza and the Pamirs, across Chinese Turkestan, to the Siberian Railway, and, incidentally, to enjoy sport in the Mian Shan and Altai ranges—happy hunting-grounds that of late years have become accessible to sportsmen.

Starting from his regimental cantonment in Gurwhal on March 15th, Lieut. Etherton, accompanied by his faithful orderly, Giyan Singh, travelled by the ordinary tourist and sportsman's route through Kashmir to Gilgit, where his last preparations were made for crossing the Indian frontier. To thcse who have never seen the Himalayas it may give some idea of the gigantic barrier that cuts off India from Central Asia to learn that in order to reach this jumping-off point occupied nearly a month's hard travelling. Leaving Gilgit, the traveller's route lay through Hunza, a *terra incognita* twenty-five years ago, but now brought within the circle of British Indian influence. The dark and precipitous gorges north and south of Hunza are well illustrated by the author's photographs, and explain how it was that for centuries Hunza has been a robber fastness bidding defiance to the outside world. The place of the old barbarous robber Mirs of Hunza is now occupied by an obliging and helpful Hindustani-speaking Mir, who gave all necessary assistance.

Nearly a month was spent on the Taghoumbash Pamir in pursuit of the great wild sheep, named after Marco Polo. Game was scarce and the weather abominable, so our traveller set his face for the plains of Chinese Turkestan. He now found himself committed to an extraordinarily difficult route, almost unknown, and at what is probably the worst season of the year to traverse such a country. Crossing the Illi-su Pass, 16,950ft., he soon discovered that what looks easy on the map is no guide in practical travelling at great elevations. Every day as the sun gathered power the melted snow came down and transformed the streams into impassable torrents. "No creature, animal or otherwise, could have lived in that boiling torrent, roaring and rushing through the gloomy canyons, and striking terror into the hearts of my Kirghiz, whose dismay was intense when I expressed an intention to try it." The Rashum Valley, as the head of the Yarkund River valley is called, is hard to get into, and harder still to get out of. Lieut. Etherton was therefore obliged to take to the mountains again, and cross two difficult passes before he at last reached the plain country. The Lotchkor Pass cost the author sixteen hours' hard walking with the loss of a baggage-yak, while his camp did not arrive till the following morning. A sudden storm might have cost the whole party their lives.

In Yarkund and Kashghar he was hospitably received and entertained by the Chinese officials; one feast given in his honour by the Amban of Yarkund being apparently more formidable than the Lotchkor Pass. The entertainment commenced at one o'clock in the day, with two courses; but the serious business did not begin till two hours later, when a perfect orgy of eating and drinking set in, and lasted for over three hours. After working through twenty-five courses it is not wonderful that the guest lost count of the dishes, especially as the liquid refreshment was strictly limited to Chinese brandy served hot. "Some strange tricks were played . . . one of them being to hand round a lighted match stuck in the end of a matchbox, and the unfortunate guest in whose hand it goes out has to quaff more brandy, the result in some cases being highly exciting." No doubt. From Kashghar the Lieutenant made his way through Ahsu and Kuchar to the grassy plains of the Yulduz valley. The great heat and the distance still to be traversed doubtless prevented him from trying for a tiger in the reedy swamps of the great plain he passed through after leaving Maralbashi. In 1873 some of Sir Douglas Forsyth's party enjoyed royal sport here, hawking gazelles, wolves, and foxes with the golden eagle. By the middle of August our traveller reached his shooting-ground in the Mian Shan ranges, and the next ten weeks were spent in hunting.

It is a characteristic of mountain sport that, although it lacks the profusion and variety of game animals to be found in the plains say of Africa, it is generally of the highest quality; and this may be said to hold good of the Mian Shan country in an exceptional degree. Our sportsman found ibex in numbers that sound almost incredible to those who have only hunted them in the Himalayas, and the account of the large heads he obtained would make the most experienced shikari's mouth water. The first three pair of ibex horns shot by Lieut. Etherton measured $51\frac{1}{2}$, $53\frac{3}{8}$, and $48\frac{3}{5}$ inches respectively, and a pair measuring 55 inches was procured later. Many a good Kashmir sportsman toils for several seasons without getting a pair equal to the smallest of these. The ibex-ground in the Mian Shan is apparently much easier to work over than that in the Himalayas, and the sportsman has the inestimable advantage of being able to pitch a permanent camp quite close to the stalking-ground. Here also is the home of the great Asiatic wapiti, one of the handsomest of the red-deer tribe, and Lieut. Etherton secured many grand heads. No finer mountain sporting-ground can be imagined than the Mian Shan country, with its wapiti, ibex, roedeer, wild boar, and bears, together with the wild sheep that are called *Ovis Karelini*. With the exception of an adventure with two bears that promised for one moment to have a tragic termination, the stalking and forest work presented no striking incidents. The opinion is suggested that, owing to the high price given by the Chinese for stags' horns in velvet, for medicinal uses, the herds of the wapiti are likely to be seriously diminished in future. It is open to question whether the numbers of any polygamous animal can be diminished so long as only males are killed. The extermination of game is more generally due to increase of local population and the use of improved firearms by native pot-hunters, who spare neither age nor sex, even in the breeding season.

From the Mian Shan Lieut. Etherton pursued his way north to Kulja, with the intention of reaching the Altai range. But winter was coming on, and the suffering of the whole party from the intense cold and the bitter winds that swept the Mongolian plains showed the hopelessness of the attempt. Passing Lake Ebi Nor a herd of wild horses was sighted, at too great a distance to do more than verify their existence.

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Named after the Russian explorer Prejevalsky, who was the first to publish an account of them, they are now supposed to be the produce of domestic animals run wild. Abandoning all further attempts at shooting, the travellers made for the Russian frontier, realising when it was almost too late that "the journey had now reached a stage where it was no longer a matter of keeping warm, but a question of keeping alive." Owing to the intense cold and the terrible winds, the sufferings of the whole party at this stage became as great as anything experienced by Arctic explorers, and nothing but Lieut. Etherton's resolution in driving the party on in search of shelter prevented them from succumbing to cold and misery. It is evident that when they at last struggled in to the Russian outpost at Zaisau on January 8th, suffering from cruel frostbites, the limit of human endurance had been nearly reached. At Zaisau, a month's nursing and unstinted hospitality on the part of his Russian hosts restored Lieut. Etherton and his orderly sufficiently to allow of their continuing the journey. There still lay before them 800 miles before the railway could be reached; but under the excellent posting arrangements established everywhere in the Czar's dominions this part of the journey was performed in comparative comfort, and the long trek of 4,000 miles brought to an end at Novo Nicholaefsk. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs, and has a map.

So much has been written about the countries traversed since Shaw, Hayward, Ney Elias, Prejevalsky Rheintal, Semenof, and others wrote of them some thirty years ago that there is nothing new to be related by a casual traveller; but it is impossible not to be struck with the absolute security enjoyed by Lieut. Etherton during his whole journey among a nomad population, to whom his money and weapons must have presented great attractions. Kunjutis, Kirghiz, Kalmucks, Chinese Kazzaks, Mongols, and Sarts greeted him at all times with a hearty goodwill and ready assistance that smoothed away all difficulties. The mere withholding of baggage-animals and guides would have made his journey impossible; but not a single day's delay was caused on this account. The opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway is destined to make as great changes in these little-known countries as has been wrought by the Canadian Pacific Railway in North America. The extension of branch lines will in time give ready access to the Altai and Mian Shan mountains; but many years, it is to be hoped, must still elapse before the game that is now plentiful becomes too scarce to tempt the adventurous sportsman, and before the unsophisticated Tartar learns to view the stranger with suspicion, instead of yielding him cheery assistance as as present.

THE SONGS OF OUR ANCESTORS

English Melodies from the Thirteenth to the Eighteenth Century. One Hundred Songs, Edited, with an Introduction and Historical Notes, by VINCENT JACKSON. With Decorations by HERBERT COLE. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

"MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast," and "the sound along the marching street of drum and fife" will, till the crack of doom, ever inspire patriots to perform deeds of derring-do for the land that gave them birth; but we must not forget that music is also "the food of love," though perhaps not so substantial as bread and cheese and kisses in a cottage with three acres and a cow. In this collection of English Melodies, representative of five hundred years of our national minstrelsy, Mr. Vincent Jackson has gathered together some of the best of those virile words and inspiriting tunes which are the backbone of our nation. Where would our history be if it were not for the bards of days of yore and their successors? "Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away;" and, so far as he is concerned, the famous Julius has been but a pawn in the game of recording history. True, he tells us how, when he first stepped on these shores, he found us, in his estimation, a race of savages with, more or less, "nothings on" and our bodies stained with "the juice of a plant called woad." But the aborigines of these islands could already boast of a history, familiar to the Phœnicians, which dated from long before Cæsar's time, and which was kept alive before and after by our bards.

These ancient legends savour very much, no doubt, of the mythical, so, instead of going back to the days of the Druids (and he might have found it very difficult to do so), Mr. Jackson, ignoring also the song of Taillefer at Senlac and the later Anglo-Norman minstrelsy, makes a start with the well-known rondel in praise of the cuckoo—"Sumer is icumen in," written a century before Chaucer, which offers an almost unique example of the English tongue slowly emerging to definite poetical utterance. It is interesting to note how many of the old songs and melodies given in this volume are still popular to-day, and will in all probability continue to be so as long as the language lasts. Take, for instance, the evergreen and ever welcome "Sally in our Alley," which was written close upon two hundred years ago. Some of the airs are taken from the famous and priceless "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book" (*circa* 1550-1620), notably, "Fortune my Foe," one of the most notorious hanging tunes, for, though beautiful and quite innocent in itself, it had the unique if unenviable reputation of being sung at public executions. As Rowley says in his "Noble Soldier:"—

> The King, shall I be bitter 'gainst the King?
> I shall have scurvy ballads made of me,
> Sung to the Hanging tune.

And again in the "Penitent Traitor:"—

> Sung to that preaching tune, "Fortune my Foe."

Mr. Jackson's selection is a fairly representative one. He gives us songs of love, songs of war, domestic, political, and patriotic songs, which are all representative of the five centuries of our national life which his compilation covers. We are disappointed, however, that he does not give us a single example of Shirley's verse. Surely the Restoration dramatist's noblest lyric—"the fine song which old Bowman used to sing to King Charles"—entitled "Death's Final Conquest," should have found a place in this volume. It was set to music by Edward Coleman, and is said to have been a favourite of the Merry Monarch. He was, perhaps, thinking of it when he apologised for being so long a-dying. We will quote the first verse, but there are two others equally as good:—

> The glories of our blood and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things;
> There is no armour against fate,
> Death lays his icy hand on kings:
> Sceptre and crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

One of Shirley's best songs, written at the time of the restoration of Charles II., begins:—

> Ye virgins that did late despair
> To keep your wealth from cruel men,
> Tie up in silk your careless hair,
> Soft peace is come again.

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Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot
A modest flame that will not kill;
The drum was angry, but the lute
Shall whisper what you will.

It does not, however, figure in this compilation; and we also miss the anonymous "When this Old Cap was New," a black-letter copy of which is to be found among the "Roxburgh Songs and Ballads." Ritson says it was "sung to an olden tune, entitled 'I'll nere be drunk again.'"

Nevertheless, Mr. Jackson has presented us with a very welcome volume, which will bring joy to the hearts of all lovers of old English melodies. Not the least interesting part is his scholarly historical introduction, and the value of the book is further enhanced by many opportune and elucidatory notes. A word of praise must also be bestowed on the appropriate decorations by Mr. Herbert Cole.

SOME TUTORIAL SERIES

English History. Illustrated. From the Earliest Times to 1066. By Sara Melhuish. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d.)

Roman Britain. By Edward Conybeare. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.)

The Story of England. Parts I. and II. By W. S. Robinson. (Rivingtons. 2s. each.)

Junior British History Notes. By William Edwards. (Rivingtons. 2s. net.)

Black's Literary Readers. Book V. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.)

Great Britain and Ireland. By J. B. Reynolds. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.)

The British Isles. Geographical Diagrams and Land Forms. By H. J. Snape. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.)

A Class-book of Chemistry. By G. C. Donington. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

Elementary Algebra Exercises. Book II. By A. E. Layng. (Blackie and Son. 2s.)

It would appear that the publishers who were most anxious to cater for the entertainment of the children at Christmas have now set themselves the task of providing for the intellectual advancement of the young people. Hence we have before us ten small volumes dealing with several of the subjects included in the curriculum of the majority of schools.

We cannot say that we are altogether in favour of the history-book by Sara Melhuish, which is intended, we are told, to supplement and not supersede a good text-book. It consists mostly of extracts from books such as Asser's "Life of Alfred," the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and Bede's "Ecclesiastical History." The archaic English of these volumes has, of course, in the majority of cases been revised and brought up to date, but, on the whole, we think we prefer a book which, although probably compiled from these sources, is presented to the student in the ordinary narrative form, especially when it is necessary, as in the present instance, to append a footnote often as long as or longer than the passage itself in explanation of what is contained in the extract.

In "Roman Britain" we have a new edition of Mr. Conybeare's book, which was previously published in 1903. To include in so small a volume such a mass of material as is available for a subject of this kind is no easy matter. Each division is dealt with in a way calculated to convey the actual facts as far as they are known in a readable and pleasant sketch of the growth and decay of Roman influence in Britain, and Mr. Conybeare is to be congratulated upon the concise and clear manner in which he has accomplished his task.

"The Story of England," although not intended for the absolute beginner, is written with a view to interest the youth of junior forms in the account of the fortunes of their country. Mr. Robinson has successfully grasped the difficulty of sustaining a child's attention while it is assimilating the necessary facts relating to the subject in hand, and has endeavoured, as he himself puts it, to make history a really living story. Great stress is laid upon the social life of the times, and the results upon the mass of the people of the various changes of rulers and alterations or modifications of laws. We understand that Parts III. and IV. are in preparation, which will bring the series up to and including the year 1910.

Another very useful little book issued by Messrs. Rivington is Part IV. of "Junior British History Notes," which deals with the period 1783-1901. These books must prove of great value to students and teachers, and are most handy to refer to when reading a more detailed account of any particular period. We think it is a pity, however, that sufficient care is not taken to see that they are issued without any subsequent errata being necessary. We have not read the whole of the present text-book, but we notice that for Parts I., II., and III. six errata have been made, as well as a correction in "Notes on British History" by the same author. The mistakes are simple and silly, and evidently have occurred through carelessness and not from lack of knowledge.

Book V. of "Black's Literary Readers" contains various exercises in prose and verse, several of which are extracts from such authors as Sir Walter Scott, Charles Reade, Longfellow, Matthew Arnold, and Charles Dickens, while a good many have been specially written for Messrs. Black's series of books. We do not think that the selection is the best that could have been made; in fact, we are inclined to the opinion that a book containing a story by a good author is far more interesting to and instructive for a child than any amount of selected pieces. But if done in the extract form surely it would have been better to have the "Spellings and Meanings" at the head of the chapter to which they refer instead of all together at the end.

"Great Britain and Ireland" and "The British Isles," both of which are issued by Messrs. A. and C. Black, contain several identical illustrations, but here the difference ceases, as the former book is intended as an elementary study of regional geography, while the latter deals with more advanced theories. Both books are well compiled and the information is set out in a pleasing and attractive form.

Only two books now remain to claim our attention—namely, "A Class-book of Chemistry" and "Elementary Algebra Exercises." In his book on chemistry Mr. G. C. Donington has combined a practical course of instruction with a theoretical and descriptive text which is a somewhat original method of arrangement, and one which must prove to be of great utility to students entering upon Matriculation and other examinations. The illustrations are numerous and clear, many of them having been drawn especially for the present book. Mr. Layng's "Text-book of Elementary Algebra" consists of no less that 500 exercises to which the answers are also given. Those who were familiar with Book I. will find that Book II. in no way falls short of the earlier work.

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ORIENTAL QUOTATIONS

A Dictionary of Oriental Quotations. (Arabic and Persian.) By CLAUD FIELD, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 7s. 6d.)

WE have here another, apparently the twelfth, volume of the useful Reference Series in course of publication by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., which ought to be found complete in every public library and many private houses. The volumes are avowedly dictionaries, principally of quotations, but also of famous sayings, historical allusions, Indian biography, &c., which may be required at any moment. It might be objected that there is no demand for a dictionary of Arabic and Persian sayings. The reply is that the sayings, often proverbial, indicate and reflect the literature and character of a nation. England is always concerned with Oriental races, including Arabs and Persians : the study of their character is essential to success in dealing with them. They are slow in action compared with those of the West, but they are mentally active, and their contemplation is profound ; it would be difficult to surpass Oriental nations either in the fervour of their faiths or in the depths of their philosophies.

The sayings of this collection are the expressions of Oriental beliefs and practical philosophies. They cannot all be called proverbs, for their length in many cases deprives them of the epigrammatical crispness of a proverb. They read sometimes as commonplace truisms; it is impossible that they should all be illuminated with originality ; the original sayings of the world have long since been exhausted. Any one who has some knowledge of Persian and Arabic cannot help seeing that the force of Oriental languages has lost in the translation, both from the prose and the poetry, just as Virgil and Horace lose in the process. Who can translate adequately *Sunt lachrymæ rerum?* or *Splendide mendax?* So, too, the Oriental saying, dependent for its force on the collocation of words, or an alliteration, or a pun, loses its flavour in the English version. To any one writing a book about the East who wants a sententious motto for each chapter this book will be simply invaluable. He will find it teems with good things sorted to his hand, for the Index is full and well arranged. The list of eighty-seven authors consulted shows that the selection has been widely made, and among the translators appear the names of many of the best Oriental scholars, past and present.

We must be content with only a few specimens taken at random. Professor Margoliouth has the following from the Arabic :—

> Little use is wealth to a man when his throat rattles and the breath leaves his chest.
>
> God protect us from attending concerts and music.
>
> We only put on airs before strangers, not before relations, and before new friends, not before those of old standing.

While Sir Charles Lyall is responsible for :—

> If a man be old and a fool, his folly is past all cure,
> But a young man may yet grow wise and cast off his foolishness.

The Persian sayings are lighter, as might be expected :—

> Though many a rose in this garden is born,
> No mortal who culls one escapes from the thorn.
>
> Oft have they laid the vigorous 'neath the clay,
> While the sore wounded have revived at last.
>
> What the Unseen sends us cannot have defect.
>
> Am I united with my friend in heart,
> What matters if our place be wide apart?
>
> Prize not at all life that has passed without love.
> Love is the water of life : receive it in thy heart and soul.

And we might go on selecting and presenting extracts *ad infinitum*. This reference book should attract the notice of others besides scholars.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Les Maîtres de l'Art : Donatello. By PROFESSOR E. BERTAUX. (Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.)

PROFESSOR BERTAUX has presented us with an interesting and valuable study of the art of the famous Florentine sculptor who was one of the precursors of Michael Angelo. Very few examples of Donatello's work can be found in England, and they are relatively unimportant, and only two English writers, Lord Balcarres and Mr. Hope Rea, have devoted books to the realist master of the fifteenth century. The Germans, however, rediscovered Donatello forty years ago, and since then the output of their works concerning him has never ceased, as will be seen by the exhaustive bibliography which is included in the volume we are noticing. Italy, moreover, now rightly holds Donatello in far greater honour than formerly, and he well deserved a place in the admirable series of Les Maîtres de l'Art which Messrs. Plon are issuing, under the patronage of the French Ministry of Education and Fine Arts.

There is a particular reason, a sentimental one it is true, why Donatello should appeal to Englishmen. He was one of the very first sculptors to glorify our national patron—St. George. Those who have seen the famous statue, now in the Bargello Museum at Florence, will recognise in it a right worshipful presentment of a most Christian knight, a figure of ideal manly beauty which, in more than one respect, recalls the art of Greece. So famous was that statue in olden days that when the girls of Tuscany wished to commend the looks of some particularly handsome young man, they would remark, "He resembles Donatello's St. George." But the sculptor's art was a many-sided one, and there could be no more striking contrast to his St. George than those wonderfully realistic types of human ugliness, his "Popolano" and his "Zuccone," or his carving of the repentant Magdalen, whom he pourtrayed in her old age, withered and almost mummified. Admirable, too, though in another sense, is Donatello's equestrian statue of the Condottiere Gattamelata at Padua, which in its quiet, stately vigour seems to be far more true to life than the famous but theatrical Colleone of Venice.

Professor Bertaux's work is deserving of great praise. He follows Donatello's career step by step, examining in turn all his principal productions. A list of them showing where they are to be seen (they are, of course, mostly in Italy) is given in an Appendix, and there are four-and-twenty plates depicting the more famous examples of Donatello's art.

Catalonia and the Balearic Isles. An Historical and Descriptive Account. By ALBERT F. CALVERT. With 250 Plates. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. ALBERT CALVERT is certainly the leading and the most prolific of the popular authorities on Spain of to-day, and so accustomed are we to him that the lapse of six months without the appearance of a new book from his pen on some Spanish subject would inevitably lead to inquiry and concern. He is at present engaged in editing "The Spanish Series," the latest of which bears the above title. When one states that of the 363 pages to which the book extends 256 are occupied by photographs the nature of the present volume will be obvious. Both to the author and to the reader the graphic is apparently of far more importance than the literary art. The volume is apparently intended for the reader who has little time to read and perhaps less

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inclination, but who nevertheless wishes to know something of the subject with which the author treats.

In fact it is a readable introduction to Catalonia and the Balearic Isles suitable for the superficial tourist who is anxious to be able, when he returns to England, to tell his friends something of what he has seen or ought to have seen, but who, however, thinks that he has no time to waste in acquiring the information on which he wishes to pose as an authority. It might be termed an elementary guide-book of an eminently readable character. The difference between the Catalans and the other inhabitants of the Peninsula is obvious to the most cursory observer, and it has been compared to the difference between the Welsh and the English or the Bretons and the French, and attributed to a similar cause. Mr. Calvert, however, points out that this view is quite incorrect. Racially the Catalans are Spaniards just as are their neighbours. The difference between them and the inhabitants of the other provinces of the kingdom is due to historical and geographical causes. It is to be regretted that in his historical account of the Balearic Isles Mr. Calvert makes no mention of the English occupation. That would have enhanced materially the interest of the book to English readers. An index also would have increased its value.

Letters and Sketches from Northern Nigeria. By Martin S. Kisch, Assistant-Resident. With an Introduction by Sir Percy Girouard. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

Death, no matter when it comes, is always a form of tragedy; but when it comes in time of youth, at the opening of a career full of promise, it is also pathetic. Those into whose hands the present volume falls, even though the name Martin Kisch had hitherto been unknown, cannot fail to be saddened on behalf of the bright young life so suddenly and prematurely cut off, whose monument this volume forms. Martin Kisch was born in 1884. He arrived in Northern Nigeria, in order to take his share in the government of that region, towards the end of 1908. Before the close of the following February he was dead. The Empire demands her toll of her servants in distant climes, but to most it is given to attempt something, and perhaps to achieve it. To Martin Kisch not even this satisfaction was granted. Nevertheless, during the few months which he spent in West Africa he secured the admiration, the affection, and the respect of all with whom he was brought into contact, and to those whom his loss affects closely the words of the Governor of the Protectorate, Sir Percy Girouard, which appear as a Preface to the volume, must indeed give some consolation, although a sad one:—

> My personal acquaintance with him and his work was brief, but of sufficient duration to predict a brilliant future had he been spared. His early mastery of languages, his unfailing good humour and *camaraderie*, and his high mental gifts would have placed him anywhere in the Nigerian Service. . . . The young officer's name can be placed upon the roll of men given up by British mothers, wives, and loved ones to the service of their country.

The book is made up of the letters—natural, unpremeditated, full of freshness and charm, and permeated with a keen sense of humour—which young Kisch sent home from the day on which he left Liverpool. Mere personal domestic letters, their contents are slight, and go more to picture the character of the writer than of the country and the people to whom he had been sent. Nevertheless, there is much to be found in these letters which should prove useful to those who will follow in his footsteps. Through them all shines the zest which youth alone can give. The volume is plentifully illustrated by means of both photographs and pen-and-ink sketches, for the author was an artist as well as an administrator. Its value is increased by an Appendix, giving an account of the history of the region and a bibliography of the literature dealing with it. In addition, there are maps of Northern Nigeria and also of North Africa.

An Introduction to the History of the Assyrian Church, or the Church of the Sassanid Persian Empire. 100-640 A.D. By W. A. Wigram, M.A., D.D. (S.P.C.K. 5s.)

The subject of the Nestorian Christians has not been overwritten, and a work on this topic by Dr. Wigram, who writes from intimate knowledge, is therefore welcome. The author does not touch upon the interesting subject of the origin of the Nestorians. He devotes his attention to their history as a religious sect, declining the use of the term Nestorians and substituting for it Assyrian Church in preference to Easterns, Persians, Syrians, Chaldæans, or any other alternative. The difficulties under which the book was written can be understood when we are reminded that, apart from the necessarily limited library within his own home, Dr. Wigram had sometimes to wait almost three months before he could obtain a copy of some book which he wished to consult. Despite these drawbacks, the author has achieved his purpose and has provided an introduction to the history of the Church in which he is so deeply interested.

The Nestorians, who still retain their ancestral faith unalloyed, live for the most part intermingled among the Mahomedan Kurds, to whom they bear a considerable resemblance, not only physical, but also intellectual. To a still less extent there are to be found among them men and women of the same characteristics who profess a form of the Jewish faith, and these latter, indistinguishable in every other respect from the Nestorian Christians, are, it is contended by some, descendants of the Lost Tribes who remained steadfast to the God of their ancestors. Dr. Wigram, who knows intimately the people of whom he writes, has had almost an unique opportunity of describing the customs peculiar to them, and it is to be regretted, therefore, that in the interests of archæology, anthropology, and folklore, he did not make greater use of it.

FICTION

Lost Endeavour. By John Masefield. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

Mr. Masefield is one of the few writers of the present day whom one may term on its higher plane an artist, on its lower plane a self-respecting craftsman. It is possible to disagree profoundly at times with the work he turns out, even as it is possible to complain not only of his conception of his art, but of the manner of its achievement; but it is quite impossible to neglect or disparage him. That is to say, if his work does not come to us carrying the reason of its being, its mien and manner at least declare it to have had some urgent cause of being in the mind of its author.

That is much—in truth, it is all; and in a day largely given up to the mere making of books it is the mark of an author that demands reading where so much may be safely neglected. Therefore this present book of his will, we fear not much enhance his reputation. It bears all the signs of having been scotched in the making to serve the purpose of the series for which it was intended. Not that Mr Masefield can deny himself, or the spirit that impels him.

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His mood will out, but it displays itself in one or two ill ways. Either the worthier element of the book is hushed to a subservient portion, a far echo of itself, or it usurps the action. All the tales of the earth are built on the same lines. It is the manner of their handling that marks the difference between worthiness and unworthiness. In the present instance Mr. Masefield has sketched his tale to fit the scope of his volume, and we often feel that it is demanding of him a larger treatment. He himself feels it, and therefore now and then indulges himself with things that do not belong to his story.

It is, frankly, a tale of adventure. Charles Harding is at school near Deptford towards the latter end of the seventeenth century. Being sent one day by Dr. Carter, who keeps this "Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen," into Deptford to procure his weekly portion of snuff, Harding, with Teodoro Mora, the foreign master at the Academy, is waylaid and captured for export as a slave. He is sold to a tobacco-farmer in Virginia, where Teodoro Mora, or "Little Theo" as he was anciently nicknamed at the Deptford Academy, is transported further south. It is to "Little Theo" that the main adventure comes. For his master soon dies, and, escaping thence, strange wanderings befall him—strange not only in themselves, but in the province in which he finds taut craft and obedient crews, till he can readily be forgiven the thought that a fatherly destiny had him in charge for the accomplishment of great ends.

Let us not spoil Mr. Masefield's story by telling it over in detail. Suffice it to say that Mora became initiated into the ancient mysteries and ritual of the Indians of the South. He is hailed by them as the Saviour of old prophecy, who is to bind them into a nation, and cast out the white men who have invaded their lands. So high a mission, with all that it means of power and glory, naturally inflames his imagination, for he knows it possible of realisation. To this end he is tutored and disciplined by their priests, and for a final consummation is taken by them to their holy island, where a special caste of priests resides, in attendance on their central temple, their Hierapolis of worship. None other may land but he, for the very earth is sacred. They leave him at the shore.

Having arrived, he has difficulty in finding the temple, for the vegetation is rank and the forest inextricable. When at last he finds it, however, death and desolation greet him on all hands. A plague has swept over the island, and all the priests are dead. Moreover, he is many miles from the shore, and thus he seems likely to learn the lot of a castaway. Indeed, this might very likely have been so but for the visit of a crew of pirates that discover him fever-stricken on the shore. He is taken by them, and, being competent to navigate, is made sailing master and led on a smuggling expedition to far Virginia. His plans and papers he guards zealously from his quondam comrades, and he will not let them extract from him what took him to the island.

Meanwhile Charles Harding has been serving his time as a slave. Being sent on one occasion on a distant errand for his master, what strange thing should befall him but that he should be captured by a band of smugglers, and that this band of smugglers should have as its chief no less a person than "Little Theo"! No sooner does this happen than two momentous events occur. First, "Little Theo" learns that his captain has ransacked his papers, and has fled to discover what of worth the island held for him. Second, their band is attacked by Indians. Thereafter it becomes a chase for the island.

The tale is well told; and yet the excellence of the form has its drawbacks. Charles Harding is in conduct of the first portion, telling all within his knowledge till his meeting with "Little Theo" and the fight with the Indians. "Little Theo" takes up the relation, saying what makes the captain's theft of his plans so important, and what urgent cause drives him to pursuit. Then Charles Harding continues the tale, telling of the pursuit to the conclusion. Thus the sequence of narration is deftly secured. But the conclusion! After so urgent a flagellation of the fancy, after so many difficulties encountered and furiously overcome, it is a little disconcerting to discover the temple on the island blown up by the errant captain and his comrades (dire iconoclasts!), and to see our heroes turn to the very mundane business of iron-ore merchants. Yet so it is! The endeavour is indeed lost; but more is lost than the endeavour. A good book has been lost; it has turned to barrenness in Mr. Masefield's hands. For it is not a short story tritely and fitly told; it is a tale of portentous scope crippled in the making. But there are passages that bear witness to the hand that achieved them. Such is Charles Harding's account of the fight with the Red Indians, a veritable masterpiece of strange and potent excitement. Such, too, is "Little Theo's" beautiful account of the island, and his discoveries there. But such passages are only proof that the hand that penned the book is worthier of better things than it offers us now.

The Lass with the Delicate Air. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. (John Lane. 6s.)

There is a faint air of newness about a heroine who makes a short-lived literary reputation on the strength of a plagiarism from an Elizabethan poet, but one wonders where the lady found her purloined lyric; we should have thought that the treasures of the British Museum had been ransacked o'er and o'er in that direction, and that any attempt to steal them would have been rewarded by instant discovery. In real life Benny would have been found out long before her husband lighted on her papers spread out invitingly on her desk in the reading-room. Naturally the discovery upset him greatly, and as he was rather a neurotic sort of person altogether, given to drugs and so on, we were not surprised when an over-dose of laudanum eventually carried him off. Benny then offered herself to an English author resident in Paris, but he would have none of her. So she took shelter with a rascally old Muscovite princess, and under her delicate guidance found a suitable destiny by marrying a wealthy American, an unusual and subtle type, for whose invention Mr. Goring-Thomas deserves great credit. These events take place in the second half of the book, the first being occupied with John Fitzgerald's discovery of the heroine in a Chelsea lodging-house, his wooing and his marriage. Mrs. Hicks, the drama-loving keeper of the lodging-house, is a bit of a character, as also is her husband, a temperance lecturer of intemperate habits. One or two other inmates of the place have a gentle eccentricity. But we have met them all many times before. Mr. Goring-Thomas is a capable workman who is at present engaged in worshipping false gods, but we think he will one day discover that art of writing which is chiefly an art of not writing the cheap and outworn.

THE THEATRE

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

The first performance of the Messrs. Melville's revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda" provided us with two sensations quite extraneous to the play itself. We found ourselves in the Lyceum Theatre for the first time since it left the hands of Sir Henry Irving. To drive up to it and to see its old

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familiar portico brought back many youthful recollections of what then appeared to be great and wonderful productions, which, in the light of more experienced eyes, remain infinitely more beautiful scenically and inconceivably more admirable histrionically than those of the theatres which attempt to carry on the work of Sir Henry Irving in regard at least to the representation of Shakespearean plays. Our first sensation came in the vestibule. Where was the old, dark, dignified, somewhat mysterious vestibule of the theatre once dominated by the greatest showman of all time? Alas, gone like its old master. We found it popularised, to use the cheapest and most gaudy of all words. Flaring electric lights and gold paint were everywhere. It was with reluctant feet that we adventured further. We dreaded to see the popularisation of the auditorium. Our expectations were more than realised. We recognised nothing of the old theatre. It seemed to us to be twice as large; it had the air of a great variety house. Its cheerfulness was that of the man who smacks one violently on the back; its audience was as different from the old-time Lyceum audience as is Russell-square of yesterday from Russell-square of to-day. Popularity stared down from the vast gallery, the enormous circle, the golden boxes, and gazed over the few lines of stalls from the gigantic pit. The very orchestra was popular, and the thought that came into our mind as we eyed the popular drop-curtain was whether the drawing-room drama-play which we had seen at the St. James's Theatre in our adolescence would be popular enough for this popular house and popular audience.

It was the play itself which provided us with our second sensation. We dimly remember having left the St. James's Theatre after seeing "The Prisoner of Zenda" for the first time, with a suggestion of moisture on our smooth, boyish face. We remember to have followed the adventures of Rudolph Rassendyl with excitement and with a great stirring of the latent romance which lay hidden in our composition. We had fallen profoundly in love with the beautiful Flavia, and had a sneaking regard for the handsome Antoinette de Mauban. We could easily have killed the vile Rupert of Hentzau, and have lain in wait behind cover for Black Michael—duly supported. Ah, for the days when we were twenty-one! What can have happened to us since then? If the truth must be told, we confess that we watched the prologue with astonishment. We found it bald, flashy, unconvincing, melodramatic, and somewhat incoherent. We listened to the bombast and stereotyped language with amazement; surely, we thought, the play, like the theatre, has been popularised. Surely, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Aubrey Smith, and the rest did not say and do these things at the St. James's Theatre. Yes, they did. We repeated this word surely to ourselves throughout the remaining acts of the play. Time had indeed not passed less callously over this romantic comedy than over ourselves. What we once found actual seemed now to be impossible. What was once romantic was now absurd. The play had aged. Or was it that in the hands of popular players who mouthed and shouted, glared and stamped, the *vraisemblance* of the play filtered out?

Mr. Henry Ainley, and the popular company engaged to support him, cannot, of course, be compared with the St. James's Theatre Company which included Mr. George Alexander, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Aubrey Smith, Miss Evelyn Millard, and Miss Lily Hanbury; nor, of course, can the huge Lyceum Theatre be compared with the comparatively small St. James's. A tune played by an efficient stringed orchestra sounds very different on the brass instruments of Sousa's band; and a song sung by Madame Clara Butt is not the same thing when it is ground out by a barrel-organ. Mr. Ainley and company barrel-organised "The Prisoner of Zenda." We found Mr. Ainley as Rudolph Rassendyl, the adventurous Englishman, rather like a Swiss valet hurrying to answer the bell. His dapper blue-serge suit and green Monte Carlo hat were very Swiss and very much like those of the efficient valet who does not dress from his master's wardrobe. As the pretended king, we found him still Swiss and still permeated with the desire to answer bells. As the real king, pale and dishevelled, grovelling at the feet of his captors and clinging to the Rue-de-la-Paix skirts of Mademoiselle de Mauban, he was still Swiss under the influence of bock. He had his moments. There were times when he was utterly un-Swiss, and peculiarly like an English actor who had been brought up behind the footlights of an old Surrey theatre. He even had his moments when he showed the effects of the theatre on the right side of the water which lies with a convenient nearness to the Carlton Hotel. He was, however, cheered to the echo, and he emerged from what we may suppose was an ordeal with great popularity, and without turning a hair.

Colonel Sapt seemed to us to have been degraded to the non-commissioned ranks. In the hands of his present interpreter he appeared to be a rather pushing sergeant. The English landscape painter—who was both English and a landscape painter when played by Mr. Allan Aynesworth—became a cockney black-and-white artist at the Lyceum; and the Rupert of Hentzau, made so cynical and analytically immoral by Mr. H. B. Irving in his comparative youth, was a quite impossible creature. We did not fall in love with the Flavia of Miss Rosalie Toller, although she was quite charming and girlish; nor would we have jeopardised our reputation for the present Antoinette de Mauban. The whole production, however, was received with rapture by a crowded house, so all is well. We are no longer young. In that sad confession lies our lack of appreciation.

"BABY MINE" AT THE CRITERION

This is an American writer's idea of what a French play ought to be. It is, as a matter of fact, what a great many French plays have been and will be; but although the idea is French, the treatment is American. That is to say, the comic situations are mechanical, and the characters are strident. Nevertheless it contains decidedly comic moments, the characters are drawn from life—American life—and its fun is distinctly laughter-compelling. To those who are more pained than amused when the comic man, with a moveable stomach, hits in quick succession the other three members of his glee-quartett on the head with a heavy club, "Baby Mine" is not to be recommended. Nor would those who can find nothing to laugh at in the almost miraculous gymnastic contortions of the Broadway nigger who goes on dancing until he appears to be on the verge of death to the air of a ragtime repeated *ad nauseam*, find anything laughable in the reiteration of babies in the latest American importation. "Baby Mine" is, however, it appears, a success at the Criterion Theatre, and the rafters of that little underground house ring nightly with Homeric laughter, which goes to prove that there is a large public in London for any play which contains a cunning mixture of obvious humour and farcical bustle. The regeneration of the London stage depends, it would seem, mainly upon beds. Already we have seen how successful the bed has been in "Inconstant George." In this Mr. Charles Hawtrey is tucked up very realistically, to be visited by one young woman in a somewhat diaphanous evening frock, and another in a skimpy shrimping skirt minus stockings. In "Baby Mine" the bed contains a pretty little person not in the

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Peter Pan pyjamas or those whose fashion was set by Mr. Cyril Maude and continued by Miss Marie Löhr, but in the ordinary nightdress, as advertised and beautifully represented on the shiny paper of all ladies' journals. There is a comparatively limited public for wit, fine construction, a well-considered story, or a play in which the mirror is held up either to all that is pleasant or pathetic in nature. The occasional play which contains these ingredients is welcomed with almost tearful enthusiasm by the critics, but if it is not advertised with modern profusion, if it has not among its cast a well-known member of the aristocracy, an actor who has earned a high reputation as an aeronaut, or a much-boomed and beautiful actress, whose acting is of secondary moment, it fades away in its childhood and passes into oblivion. If there is added to a bedroom scene a new-born baby, success is doubly assured. The American author of "Baby Mine," who had discovered the great commercial value of these ingredients, pursued the invariable methods of the American nation and did not stop at one baby, but plumped for three. The effect is Rooseveltian. The success is not great, but, to use the Niagarian term, colossal. "Baby Mine" is referred to as a "cinch"—a "lead-pipe cinch." It is a "sitter." It has "made good."

The English stage certainly owes much to Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, to the French authors of "Inconstant George," and the American author of "Baby Mine." The future of the English stage looks more rosy. It is obvious that our popular dramatic authors have at last rendered the censor a harmless institution, and it is in all probability due to Mr. George Alexander that the London County Council sends its Pecksniffs no longer to the theatre to play the part of Peeping Tom. We are evidently broadening and becoming more Latin in our instincts. The English stage bids fair to take its place, in all the pride of health, shoulder to shoulder with that of France. It is true that we have already seen Malvolio in night attire. In his last production of "Twelfth Night" Sir Herbert Tree gave us an admirably comic "turn" in this costume. He is immensely ingenious in discovering the reasons for the introduction of apparent errors in chronology and little erroneous details which may add to the pleasure of his supporters.

To return to "Baby Mine" after this optimistic exaltation, we did not think that the play was very happily cast. It seemed to us that Mr. Weedon Grossmith would have evoked greater laughter had he cast himself for one of the babies. We think that he might have made himself up very well as that baby in "The Bab Ballads" who was born smoking a Henry Clay. Perhaps, however, we ask too much even of Mr. Weedon Grossmith. As it is, his peculiar methods find ample scope. He gives us his well-known mirthless smile, with all its old effect, and he introduces into the most farcical moments of this play that note of tragedy without which no comic piece can arouse laughter. Miss Iris Hoey wears her night-clothes charmingly, and Mr. Calthrop brings out very well the paternal instinct. But he lacks the restfulness and naturalness which his part demands. These little things, however, do not matter. There is the bed, and that is everything.

"A DOLL'S HOUSE" AT THE COURT THEATRE

The time is long past when a play of Ibsen excited the world of literature and set the dramatic critics wondering what to say; but, despite the levelling and tranquillising process of the years, the stern Northern tragedies still retain their hold upon a certain section of the public. Pleasure, in the sense of amusement, may be lacking. No music; humour of the grimmest kind, and that infrequent; situations which strain the nerves and wring the heart; yet, somehow, one feels that the opportunity for seeing such a play as "A Doll's House" must not be missed. Partly because of the relentless dissection of character, partly because of the chance of extraordinary acting, intellectual curiosity is aroused as soon as a work of Ibsen is placed on the London stage.

An additional motive influences us on this occasion in the presence of the Princess Bariatinsky as Nora Helmer, and we may say at once that those who missed seeing her rendering of the difficult part at the Royalty Theatre last month should make pilgrimage to the Court Theatre on some evening during the next ten days. That a Russian lady should expound Ibsen in English is something of a phenomenon; that she should do it so well is surprising. Her fire, her passion, the wonderfully rapid and convincing changes of her expression, her quick, lithe movements, make a sensation to which we are hardly accustomed in this country, and her accent seems to add an exotic charm to the unhappy story which is being unfolded. In her exhausting dance it was difficult to believe that she was merely acting—she seemed strung up to a hysterical pitch of emotion; her quiet arraignment of her husband in the closing scene was in the true spirit of tragedy.

Mr. Ben Webster as Torvald Helmer, egotist, and Mr. Halliwell Hobbes as Dr. Rank expressed their characters judiciously, but Mr. Rothbury Evans rather overacted his part of Nils Krogstad. He hissed and glowered too violently, and employed the vocal methods, the emphasis, the inflections of melodrama. His work would have gained tremendously in power had he continued to speak as he began—calmly, sneeringly, incisively. Upon his quiet, chilling entrance his deep tones and deadly, restrained manner, as of one who has his prey within springing distance, created quite a thrill. Miss Rosalind Ivan gave a good interpretation of Mrs. Linden, Nora Helmer's friend, although at times a little more energy would have added strength to the effect she wished to produce. It is all, however, serious and finely-conceived work, and the "Doll's House" should be seen by all who value a change from the light fare which draws the crowd to the ordinary theatre catering merely for the amusement of its patrons.

HARMONY AND PROPORTION IN ART

It is not generally realised how facile it is to produce contrast, or to create conspicuous objects, and how difficult to attain to harmony and proportion. Contrast and discord are the resorts of the charlatan and the uncultured, harmony and proportion the real ends of all art. The former strike the eye of the public by reason of their vividness; it is only the eye of the artist that can distinguish the subtleties of the latter.

The public always has been and always will be incapable of a true understanding of harmony and proportion. To take his place as a useful member of civilised society, a man is brought up in a rigid bent of thought, and in maturer life the exigencies of his business will not permit him to give flight to his fancy; his interests all tend in one direction. Seeing as he does only his own side of life, he is incapable of forming a really proportionate conception of existence. One portion only of his imaginative faculties is developed, and he fails to grasp the less conspicuous subtleties of beauty. Exploring as he does only one narrow tributary of the great

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stream of life, all its other varied channels remain unknown to him, and when the rumour of their existence comes to him on the wings of the Press, through his ignorance they appear a something utterly opposed to all that he has known. For this reason his sense of contrast, and not his sense of proportion, is developed.

This love of violent contrast and of the abnormal is shown by the strange popularity of glaring music-halls, gaudy public processions, and inharmonious uniforms. The tourist waxes enthusiastic over brilliant sunsets, which contrast the crimson of a dying day with the palour of the Alpine snows, and hastens back to his hotel insensible to the sober harmony of the afterglow. The Londoner, growing sentimental at the memory of glaring southern landscapes, ignores the beauties of a mist above the Thames. In their conversation also the generality of mankind lack all sense of proportion, the paucity of their interests leading them to wander with wearying persistence over the narrow circle of their lives.

The Early Victorian Age affords an illustration of our thesis. The industrial revolution of the eighteenth century directed most of the vital forces of our country towards the accumulation of wealth. This rush for the acquisition of gold and material goods engendered a love of the ornate, the massive, the ostentatious, while the grace of simplicity was lost sight of. All sense of harmony and proportion was lost sight of in this monomania for the material; hence the massive mahogany furniture, the dreary four-poster beds, and all the gold and purple of that lamentable period.

The comedian, the punster, or the man with a broad sense of humour, produces his effect by the facility of finding contrasts; but the wit by his sense of proportion. He mixes his words with such beautiful *finesse* as to bring to light hidden relations which exist between the objects of his conversation. The pure steel of the satirist is tempered with exquisite proportion; those who indulge in personal abuse are like men who wield a cudgel, hideous in its misshapen deformity.

The well-dressed woman is one who has sufficient sense of harmony and proportion to design pleasing clothes. For this reason a really well-dressed woman is generally unnoticed by the crowd who gaze in admiration on the vivid colours and distorted shapes of merely ostentatious garments, never for one moment realising that it takes genius to produce harmony, while discord is within the reach of all. This lack of a sense of proportion leads fat women, bound tightly in their skirts like sheaves of over-ripe corn, to pant wearily with curtailed steps about the thoroughfares of our great cities, vainly imitating the graceful glide of their more ethereal sisters.

Those whose position in society has enabled them to indulge their fantasy, develop, if intelligent, by reason of the variety of their impressions conceived, a certain sense of the real harmony of life. Hence their general charm of manner and dress. The cosmopolitan is generally a delightful person socially, because out of his peregrinations among the culture of many lands and Continents, the varied scenery which has passed before his eyes, and the multifarious types of humanity which have come within his mental vision, he has developed a sense of the proportion of life. He touches in his speech all the varied beauties of the universe. He may be called the artist of conversation.

In a further stage of mental development there are men who have so fine a sense of proportion that they can draw; others who understand the harmonies of colour; others who embrace the two faculties and can both paint and draw, and thus produce pleasing pictures. But the true master-artist is he who can drift upon the golden sea of his fancy towards the lands of his imagination. He passes from sentiment to sentiment, from emotion to emotion, plucking wondrous flowers of good and evil in his path; when his genius has penetrated the mysteries and beauties of life and Nature he combines them, through his sense of perfect harmony and proportion, in a masterpiece—a masterpiece probably unnoticed by the multitude of his contemporaries, but which is passed with loving care from generation to generation among the few who understand, until the strange persistence of their admiration attracts the notice of the many. Then is it hung with pomp and ostentation upon the walls of a gallery, or reproduced in a cheap edition, and thousands, led by fashion, tire themselves in futile contemplation of its subtle charms. Few ever find refreshment for the soul in the hidden purity of its composition.

A picture by Titian, Rembrandt, Turner, or Reynolds—to mention only four examples—is so in harmony and proportion with the every sentiment and mood of those who are artistic that it soon becomes an integral part of their intellectual existence. A Fragmard or a Boucher soon sickens by its disproportionate insistence on the sensual and the luxurious; a Greuse by its unceasing pourtrayal of the *volupté* of incipient womanhood; the sentimental dogs and romantic cattle of Landseer by the wide disparity between the artist's admirable *technique* and the poverty of his intellectual vision.

Art is art, and can be turned to no other uses. If the artist's creation aims at establishing the truth of sane doctrine or moral law, then sense of proportion is lost in the pursuit of his object. He ceases to co-ordinate the varied traits and phases of life and Nature. So-called didactic or moral poetry is never art. Shakespeare was a poet who had the sense of artistic proportion so exquisitely developed that his works can never fail to entrance those capable of appreciation. His characters do not embody one characteristic to the exclusion of all others, but are delightful and living pictures of the many sentiments which animate each human being. Corneille, on the other hand, had not the same sense of proportion. He was able to understand with astonishing force and clearness the leading passions which animate mankind, but could not mix them in the right proportions and make of the whole living men. In "Le Cid" he paints the sentiment of honour, in "Horace" patriotism, in "Cinna" clemency, and in "Nicomède" the strength of a soul to resist misfortune, in "Polyeucte" the sacrifice to a Divine ideal. Racine, on the other hand, has created human characters such as Bérénice, Athalie, Iphigénie, which will live for ever. Shakespeare and Racine were great physicologists; and what is a physicologist but one who can penetrate the veil which hides the motives of our actions, and whose sense of proportion enables him to mix the thousand traits and motives which he has observed in exactly the right proportions, and of the whole to create a living character?

It may be objected that the works of primitive artists, although lacking proportion in their drawing or carving, are nevertheless pleasing as works of art. But this is because the work of the primitive artist is so entirely in proportion to his mental development. The attempts of certain contemporary sculptors to return to the primitive are generally ridiculous, as they at once show the utter disproportion between the artist's intellectual development and the resulting work.

Such art then is the resort of the vulgar. The great masters of all times are those whose sense of harmony and proportion is all-embracing, and thus in their works co-ordinate all the varied ends of art.

S. A.-B.

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SIR RICHARD SOLOMON ON THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

When an expert like Sir Richard Solomon lectures on his own subject, he ensures, as he deserves, respectful hearing. As High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, he is fully qualified to explain its resources and problems. His paper, read recently before the Society of Arts, was illuminating on both branches. A general knowledge prevails that the capabilities of the Union are very great; Sir Richard Solomon is able to give the facts and vast figures about the mineral resources, the gold reefs, the reliability of the deposits, the output, the diamond-mines, or pipes, coal, copper, iron, the railways, harbours, and public works, salaries and wages, the imports and exports—all showing the rapid development of the country and the trade resulting. It is not so well known, however, that an era of great agricultural prosperity has commenced; to this he could also testify. Scientific farming, the most modern methods of cultivation, pests and the diseases of animals, are being fully appreciated; the Government aims, by grants and supervision, at developing the agricultural features of the country. Wool, for instance, is exported to the value of four millions a year; cattle and horse breeding, ostrich-farming, fruit-growing, the cultivation of maize and cereals, have all increased enormously, in spite of the drawbacks of droughts and diseases; tobacco, cotton, sugarcane, viticulture, are all coming on, and occupy large numbers of labourers.

Important as the facts are regarding the material statistics, greater human interest attaches to political and personal questions. The Union of the four self-governing Colonies has only existed since the South African Act of 1909 formulated the constitution, and various matters, left unsettled, require determination—such as the Parliamentary franchise, whether every adult male European is to have the vote, whether coloured persons are to be voters, whether uniformity in native policy is to prevail. The organisation of an efficient and permanent Civil Service, independent of political parties, also needs settlement. Where variety has obtained hitherto in the four Colonies in legislation, customs, tariffs, &c., provision has to be made for uniformity. British manufactured goods are allowed a customs rebate of over half a million sterling a year. This question of preferential treatment is likely to be much discussed.

The wisdom of the proposed union of these Colonies was at one time hotly debated, and it was commonly thought that England was wantonly abandoning the advantages gained in the war by admitting the Dutch to equality of rights. The event is rapidly justifying the policy adopted. Sir Richard Solomon considers there is no longer room nor justification for racial antagonism. Some racial feeling remains, but it is disappearing, and will cure itself; and the cure will be effected the sooner by talking and writing about it less. The native question is the problem which overshadows all others. The European population within the Union numbers less than a million and a quarter; the coloured inhabitants exceed 4,000,000, of whom three and a half millions are aboriginal natives in different stages of civilisation. The coloured 4,000,000 are regarded with sympathetic interest, and the 150,000 Asiatics raise very difficult and delicate questions. Education is advancing among the coloured children, though barbarism prevails among the aborigines. The dual language renders the subject of elementary education specially difficult. The chief problem for decision is the relations to be established, socially, politically, and industrially, between the different coloured races comprised within the Union and the Europeans. Sir Richard urges that a sound native policy must be slowly and naturally developed, and that the only course is to adhere to the good, sound principles of justice, freedom, and toleration. These are good enough sentiments, but their efficiency depends upon their practical application. As the various races live together, the basis is native labour, but they compete in all skilled occupations. The problem presents itself in such matters as the framing of railway regulations, Parliamentary and municipal legislation, education, and the daily administrative work of Government; in fact, in all the relations of their common citizenship. Sir Richard declares that no one who has not lived in South Africa can appreciate the difficulties of the native problem; but surely similar questions must have arisen in India, and the experience acquired there in treating coloured peoples would be useful in South Africa. Time and gentle handling are the main factors in such matters.

The question of Defence is much more pressing. South Africans recognise their responsibility for contributing to the strength of the Imperial Navy. But local forces for the preservation of internal order, when the British troops are removed, will have to be organised; the existing militia, volunteers, and police are insufficient; a system of National Defence, involving universal service in some form of universal training, has been foreshadowed, and requires elaboration. With so able an exponent of the Union's affairs as Sir Richard Solomon available, they ought to receive full attention in England.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

II.—Little Paris

When children are pulled through picture-galleries by enthusiastic adults they have a pleasant way of turning their backs on the pictures and looking with an absorbed interest at the other students of art in their neighbourhood. It is possible that the children are right; indeed a not very thorough study of the question leaves me convinced that the people one meets in picture-galleries are more interesting than any pictures. But that is beside my point, which is that it is not the fault of the individual if he is impressed by the wrong things. Thus at Brussels there are some very good pictures and some very good architecture. A Belgian friend assured me that there are three things that Englishmen always go to see—the Palais de Justice, the Wiertz pictures, and a certain little Rabelasian fountain that would, my friend said, have been pulled down years ago if it did not please the tourists to find the Belgians "shocking." To my eyes the Palais de Justice lacks dignity, and Wiertz was an artist with a touch of that madness that is not akin to genius; but I doubt whether my principal impression of Brussels is at all more dignified than that of the average tourist. Brussels, having wide streets and being moreover hilly, is a windy city, and if I had to make an allegorical drawing of the city and its inhabitants I think I should draw a picture of a cynic running after his hat. Everybody one meets here who is at all intelligent is proportionately cynical; but their splendid phrases of disillusionment are always spoilt by the malevolent genius of the place, which sends them running after their hats like children after butterflies. It is only indoors that they can bring their witty condemnation of life to a joyous conclusion.

This Belgian cynicism seems to me to cut far deeper than the delicate phrases with which many Frenchmen express a scepticism that they do not feel. It seems as if they had been endowed with a gift of destructive introspection that is fortunately rare among nations: "Geographically and

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racially, Belgium does not exist; we are a mixture of two races, speaking the language of a third. Brussels is a suburb of Paris, a kind of ambitious music-hall. We have a King by grace of England and France and Germany. He is like the Wiertz Collection—good to amuse the tourists. All our principal artists and men of letters live in Paris, for we are content to do everything a little less well than they do it there. At one time we hoped something from the Socialists, for they had some clever men at their head. But these men, who had once been rich, had only turned to Socialism in order to become rich again, and now that they have succeeded, the Socialists are as stupid as any one else. The inhabitants of Brussels are all monkeys—when they are not mimicking Paris they are copying some other place; but more Englishmen come here every year, so that we have a future. Meanwhile we are pulling down all the old houses to make room for them. They are very nice, and they spend a great deal of money, but the place will be too dear for us to live in it soon. Of course they call us names because we provide them with the kinds of amusement that they expect to find in wicked foreign countries; but we know that they always do that and don't really mean any harm." That is the sort of thing that I have heard twenty times during the last few days, and it is not less suggestive because the cynics take an obvious delight in coining their cynicisms.

In reality this kind of good-humoured bitterness is no new thing in Belgium. The attitude of the Belgians towards the late King Leopold was a case in point. The King disliked his subjects intensely because they were unambitious, and thwarted his very genuine desire to increase the importance of his kingdom. In revenge they laughed at him to their heart's content. I was in Brussels some years ago when a very scurrilous pamphlet was published attacking the King's too notorious private life. The pamphlet was bound in red, and for a week the whole city blushed joyously. The pamphlets were sold openly from one end of the place to the other; everybody bought them, and everybody laughed. Now the Belgians laugh no more at the late King Leopold, because they think that in his death he has robbed them of the millions they paid, very unwillingly be it said, for the Congo. Money is the one thing this very thrifty nation takes seriously. In some subtle way it is an additional offence that the King should have entrusted the defence of his will to a Socialist advocate. On the other hand, the new King is rather popular, and has, it is said, a smile for every one; but at heart the country is lazily democratic.

As for the people who do not think, I should say they were quite as happy in Belgium as anywhere else. They eat well and drink well, and Brussels at all events is materially prosperous. One sees very few men and women whose poverty is below the level of self-respect. One sees no drunken people at all, though the facilities for drinking are extraordinary and beer is very cheap. Yet for all their economic welfare I do not detect that growth of intelligence that English Socialists would have us believe is the necessary consequence of cleanliness and good food. The London street-arab, with his dirt and his empty stomach, is far more alert than the relatively prosperous *gamin* of Brussels. In the poorer-class *cafés* the men drink beer with heavy tranquillity, or play solemn games of cards; there is very little talk. They have, it seems to me, very little to talk about, so far have they narrowed their interests down to the immediate satisfaction of their senses. To eat well and drink well and smoke well, to have a good wife, *une femme pot-au-feu*, as some one defined it to me, and, above all, to have a stocking full of money for the bad days satisfies them wholly. They have no pride in their country or even in their city. Their local patriotism confines itself to grumbling at little details in the management of the trams or railways that interfere with their after-dinner comfort. At best they achieve an unenlightened materialism, at worst an unenlightened individualism.

This, of course, is a general impression rather than a reasoned study. But it is at least more generous than that formed by many intellectual Belgians. It is as pleasant as it is unexpected to hear those who have visited England praising the general popular intelligence at the expense of that of their own country. The best Belgians, they say, are Frenchmen, and this is true enough if we can conceive a France without illusions and without patriotism. Brussels is contented, and even proud, to call itself Little Paris; it intends to be a great deal more like Paris before it has done, modern Paris, the Paris of *café-chantants*, and music-halls, and other week-end delights being understood. I shall have something to say concerning this aspect of Brussels in my next article. Meanwhile I would qualify my impression with the observation that intellectual Brussels does not extend its cynicism to matters of art. On such matters it is charmingly enthusiastic and agreeably catholic. It reads Kipling and Wells, Frank Harris and Chesterton, and discusses them with real interest and intelligence. The city is flooded with English books, and it is pleasant to reflect that they are not only read by English visitors.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

INDIA: CONCLUSION

VIII.—SINCE THE MUTINY

PROGRESS. A SURVEY

THE history of India since the Mutiny of 1857 differs from that of the country before it by the absence of war from the entire peninsula. The great convulsion cleared the air; calm succeeded the storm. British supremacy was then confirmed; the *Pax Britannica* was introduced and has been maintained; its preservation is ample justification for the presence of an alien Power. Should that Power ever commit the folly, the crime, of withdrawing, the country would immediately become the scene of internal disorder, very possibly the goal of external invasion. The numerous peoples who inhabit the land are bound by no ties of nationality, religion, or language: the component races differ from one another in every respect, in circumstances, character, and civilisation, and it is hardly conceivable that their religious and racial differences will ever be accommodated sufficiently to admit of their amalgamation. The tranquillity that has been secured, and the justice administered everywhere, have conduced to great progress being effected, material, political, and administrative; but no one dreams that anything like finality has been attained. The Governor-General must take for his motto the line applied to Cæsar by the Roman poet: *nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum.*

The Governor-General is here deliberately mentioned by his designation. The Viceroy is only an alternative appellation, signifying that the individual represents the Sovereign of Great Britain, which has been true only since the assumption of the Government of India by the Crown in 1858. It is on the Governor-General in Council that the responsibility rests, and to him the honour of successful government and the blame for failures belong. The character of the administration depends on the personality of the Head. He has immense power of initiative, and can veto anything of which he does not approve. He can overrule the Councillors, though they may record their dissents. But he is not omnipotent. He has a master in the Secretary of State in

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England, who, exercising his powers under Parliamentary statutes, is the final authority. Since the construction of telegraphic communication between England and India, such independence as the Government in India enjoyed in former times has been greatly reduced. Where previous rulers would not have brooked minute interference from England, the Parliamentary system, as now enforced—though the supremacy of Parliament always existed—requires practical compliance, or resignation as the only alternative. Lord Morley has shown how, in keeping one eye on Parliament, he has only been carrying out the existing law. The result has been the diminution of the prestige and position of the Governor-General. But there remains enough to leave him the possessor of very considerable power as the head of the Government in India. Still, there are various matters, such as famine, plague, frontier outbreaks, financial and economic changes, of which he cannot prevent the occurrence, though he can mitigate their consequences.

To British rule India has presented itself as a great national property to be developed. If it was originally exploited by commercial adventurers and a trading company for their own advantage, the later policy has now been adopted that it is be governed for the benefit of its peoples. The interests of the masses have therefore been regarded by keeping the land-revenue assessment light, by the reduction of the salt-tax, by keeping taxation low, by introducing irrigation where possible (it now secures crops worth forty to fifty millions sterling a year), and by scientific assistance rendered to agriculture. The opening-up of communications, by the construction of railways, roads, and canals, by telegraphs and postal facilities, has added enormously to the comfort of the people, has increased trade and commerce manifold, has given an outlet for surplus produce, and permitted the introduction of food in times of famine. Since the completion of the Suez Canal in 1869, and the improvement of the Indian ports, the trade and commerce of India, taking advantage of the developments just mentioned, have advanced by leaps and bounds, and have not nearly reached their limits. Factories, mills, and workshops have increased the out-turn of produce and the national prosperity. The condition of all classes has greatly improved, and they are better able than before to resist famine and pestilence. The rise of prices has benefited producers and exporters, but not the consumers. Briefly, the material interests of the country have been fostered wherever possible, and no opportunity of advancing them is neglected. A vigorous policy of public works is essential.

In no aspect has India changed more in the last fifty years than in the acquisition of political power by Indians, mainly the result of English education, adopted in 1835, the Education policy since 1854, and the institution of Universities in 1857. Almost all the subordinate appointments, and a considerable proportion of the higher posts, in the Government services are held by Indians; they occupy many of the highest judicial positions, and of executive appointments almost the highest. The Legislative Councils are composed so largely of Indians that they have ample scope for the expression of opinions and for influencing the policy of the Government. Constitutional reforms have provided for the expansion of the Legislative Councils, for the better representation of Mahomedans and other classes, and for giving greater opportunities to Indians to share in the management of their own affairs. Local Self-Government was introduced nearly thirty years ago, but, being unsuited to the country, has failed to flourish as was hoped. The liberty of the Press has led to such licence that some check has been required, but there is ample freedom remaining for the diffusion of political sentiments. An Indian National Congress has unceasingly applied political pressure upon the Government.

The administration has become much more elaborate. The business to be transacted has more than doubled. Many more departments and offices have been created to deal with the new needs and interests that have arisen. In all branches the utmost care is taken to make the administration conformable to principles of humanity and civilisation; the path of progress has been consistently pursued, though not always at the same pace; and mistakes have sometimes been made, and admitted. The maintenance of the high British standard of efficiency has occasionally been disregarded in order to admit Indians to a larger share in the administration. But no relaxation of British rule in its highest qualities of justice, strength, and liberty has been permitted, or is likely to be allowed. The military forces are and must be disciplined in sufficient numbers to provide for internal peace and to repel a foreign foe; the relative proportions of British and Indian troops, and the distribution of arms, are arranged so as to minimise the possibility of another military revolt; the Native States have been invited to send their quotas to the Imperial Service Corps. Of recent years the police forces have been reorganised at considerable expense, and measures have been taken to compete with the machinations of the criminal classes. It must be admitted that unrest has shown itself in parts of the country, and that anarchical methods have been practised in outbreaks of violence, outrage, and murder. The policy of combined repression and conciliation has been invented to meet the requirements of the situation, and there are indications that the policy has already had a good effect.

The question is often raised, Where is all this tending; how is it to end? The extremists among the political agitators will not be satisfied with reforms. They aim at Nationality and the termination of British rule; but their idea that British troops should still be retained to keep the peace and protect India from invasion shows the extravagant nature of the proposal. The evacuation of India by the British would be the signal, we must repeat, for disorder within and attack from without. So long as England retains her sea-power India is safe from aggression by sea, and her land-frontiers have been made strong enough to resist any attack until reinforcements can arrive from Europe. Diplomacy has been applied to give greater solidity to the frontiers, and the Native States are now favourably disposed to the British Râj. India's real danger consists in (1) the possibility of no reinforcements being available if England happens to be engaged in a European war, and (2) advantage being taken of such an occasion by agitators and anarchists to rouse the whole country to rebellion. Vigilance and foresight, sympathy and firmness are required in the Government. Sedition must be suppressed whenever it appears. Co-operation is sometimes looked for from the Indians, but they have yet to learn the meaning of the term. The concessions already made to their successful agitation for political power will assuredly lead to further demands. The Indians aim at power for the sake of the material benefits to be gained thereby. Their object hitherto has been not to advance British rule, but to thwart it. The transfer of political power to their hands will both make India more difficult to govern and retard the rate of progress. The conservatism of the East must act as a drag. The Europeanisation of India will be retarded, while her material resources increase. Antagonism between European and Indian policies must arise, and it is rapidly becoming apparent—in the demand, for instance, for protection for India in trade and commerce. Where the policies clash one must give way, and a continuation of discontent may be the result. As education advances—and education must be extended—the higher classes may become more difficult to influence as to the true interests of India.

No one can foretell the end; there is no need to try to

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anticipate it. The rate of progress, which has been more rapid in India since the Mutiny than during any previous period of the same length, cannot always be maintained. It is sufficient for the time to consolidate British rule in spirit and in strength, while giving the Indians such a considerable share in the Government as will enlist their interest and loyalty. Lord Curzon spoke of "the elementary fact that the rule of India is still, and must for as long as we can foresee remain, in British hands." In other words, it has been said that "we may safely assume as the basis of our policy that the supreme Government of India must remain British, and that it will continue to be of the absolute type, tempered by consultative Councils of a representative character, and by a steadily increasing measure of purely local autonomy." The acceleration of communications between England and India should make for peace, but, as Lord Minto has recently said, India must be governed in detail in India. Principles may be enunciated from England, but constant interference will only lead to danger and disaster. We must, again, with Lord Curzon, "remember that India is still the great touchstone of British character and achievement, and with a high heart and sober self-reliance go forward, and persevere to the end."

MUSIC

If, in these days of Competitions, literary and otherwise, Messrs. Bechstein were to offer a prize to the *habitués* of their Concert Hall for the most probable programme of a violinist, pianist, or vocalist "on his promotion," a vast number of papers would be submitted, and almost all the examinees would qualify for the reward. One programme telleth another, and one young artist certifieth another. We know by instinct born of experience what we shall hear, and how gladly do we welcome any exceptions to the established order of things.

When we read that a Miss Helen Sealy, greatly daring, proposed to play a Concerto of Bach, and cause it to be properly accompanied by its strings instead of by the intrusive piano, so that we might know how the composer meant it to sound, nay, more wonderful still, that she had engaged seven of London's most capital players, and intended to lead them in Schubert's Octett, we could hardly credit the announcement. Rhoda-like emotions overpowered us. It was as if Peter had knocked at the gate. What ambition, what spirit, what enterprise on the part of Miss Sealy! It could not be expected that she would give us Bach with the art of a Kreisler, or lead Schubert like Mme. Neruda at a "Monday Pop"; but the proverb about gift-horses is a wise one, and could any thanks be too warm to any one who would let us hear that Octett? We think not, and beg Miss Sealy to accept the expression of our sincerest gratitude.

Now, gratitude, of course, is an expectation of favours to come, and we will not deny that we have a boon to ask of the young violinist. Will she, in future programmes, strive to make them more perfect by the omission of music which is quite unworthy to sound beside that of the masterpieces? Her prelude to the Bach and the Schubert was Grieg's G minor Sonata, a work in which sugar is the ingredient of strongest flavour, and her epilogue was composed of pieces which cried aloud to be spared the humiliation of being made to tinkle while the notes of Schubert were yet in our ears. Schubert's is music "such as should be played before lovely ladies when they walk abroad," and these pieces might have suited the promenade on the pier of Brighton *endimanchées*. How would not our faces fall if, when invited to a banquet of wine, we found that our first cup was to be of fizzing lemonade and our last of cowslip-wine negus? Would these potions make us love the donor of the feast and enhance the bouquet of the rare Hermitage (such as that vintage drawn from the cellars of Gaunt House with which Becky warmed the cockles of Pitt Crawley's heart) or deepen the delight of Windsor Castle Sillery?

In truth it was a pity that Miss Sealy had not drawn up her scheme with more regard to Mr. Crummles' great doctrine of the "unities." We note that at her remaining concerts, Brahms' Horn Trio is placed cheek-by-jowl with—with Wieniawski's "Légende"! She will very likely reply to our comments with Voltaire's "You may have preferences but no exclusions;" but even if she does, we will still beg her to exclude from her programmes music which does not harmonise with the grand and noble compositions which form her principal contributions to our enjoyment. Miss Sealy's playing was marked by much intelligence, and that she has qualities which should make her a good artist in chamber-music there can be little doubt. Mr. Hamilton Harty's share in Grieg's Sonata made one ask why that admirable musician does not allow us to hear him as a solo-pianist. We cannot but think that he would be a great deal more agreeable and satisfying to hear than many prominent performers on the piano.

Another violinist who has given a concert is Miss Margery Bentwich, and though she did not resist the temptation to conclude with the best-known display of Wieniawski's fireworks, her programme was otherwise "in character," and she had constructed it with no little skill, since although she placed together not less than eight specimens of eighteenth-century composers, these were so varied in style that no effect of monotony was felt. She led off with the revised version of Brahms' B major Trio, one of his most beautiful things, and this was very well played, though Mr. Epstein, the pianist, was correct and solid rather than poetic. Miss Thelma Bentwich, a sister of the concert-giver, surprised and delighted us by the excellence of her violoncello-playing. We understand that this young lady is a scholar at the Royal College of Music. She should make a notable addition to the ranks of fine violoncellists, and so should her sister to those of the violinists, for she has a fine warm tone, first-rate technique, and a particularly smooth and pleasant style. Her Concerto by Nardini was delightfully played, and in a group of Kreisler's arrangements she made one think that she must have been Kreisler's pupil.

The Klingler Quartett from Berlin played again at the most recent concert of the Classical Society, and gave a really beautiful performance of Schubert's G major Quartett, which has been a good deal heard this season. Of Schubert, as of Bach and Mozart, the words which Berlioz once said of himself are strictly true: "I did not search for ideas, I let them come." And he who would play Schubert must play with an air of impromptu, as if the music was just then flowing for the first time from his fingers. This is what the Klingler Quartett was successful in doing. They were animated, tender, lyrical, exuberant, not as if they were trying to be so, but because they could not help it, and the technique of their performance was as perfect as its spirit. We liked Mr. Klingler and Mr. Rywkind for not being afraid, in these modern, impatient days of playing one of the once popular violin duets of Spohr. No one would say that this is great music, but it is very melodious and elegant, and quite remarkable as a specimen of pure violin-writing. It is the fashion now to sneer at Spohr, to call his music effeminate, &c. He is to be put away, with Mendelssohn, by the uncritical spirits of the times, as something too weak and even unwholesome to be put up with. He was once too popular, and we heard too much of him, and so there has

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come a reaction. But the best of Spohr's music will always be worthy of an occasional hearing.

Miss Kimpton, the energetic organiser of the Orchestral Concerts for Young People, will soon have to migrate from Steinway Hall to a more spacious room, so large is the audience she has come to attract. Her choice of Brahms' Academic Overture, two movements of a Concerto by Mozart, German's "Gipsy Suite," and some of Schumann's songs (charmingly sung by Miss von Glehn), was suitable enough; but we cannot think Dr. Ernest Walker's playing of Mozart likely to recommend that composer to the love of budding pianists. The charm of Mozart is probably too subtle for the comprehension of the schoolroom, and it would appear that it is also too subtle for some, at least, of the young people's instructors. Dr. Buck, of Harrow School, was to have lectured on "What is Meant by Form," as well as on "Tones of the Instrument" (with which subject an earlier lecturer had already dealt); but he did not tell us much about form.

Kreisler played Elgar's Violin Concerto once more at Queen's Hall on Saturday. The combination of composer and interpreter is still sufficient to fill every seat in that large building. His playing of the difficult music is not less marvellous than it was; but neither he nor Sir Henry Wood's orchestra is able to convince us that in the first two movements we have really great music. The Finale may almost be great; at any rate, it is exceedingly picturesque and effective and novel. We know the work well by this time; but we cannot accept the vaunted "nobility" of the Allegro, brilliantly as its themes are dressed up, unless it is as we accept the nobility of Louis XIV. in his robes of State, and Thackeray's twin portraits of that monarch are recalled as we listen to, or play, the swelling periods of the movement. Nor can we believe that the "divine simplicity" of the Andante originated in a cottage among pure unsophisticated folk. It is very pretty, no doubt, this Andante; we wish it were uglier, and had more "grit" in it.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

M. Paul Reboux, who combines the functions of literary critic of the *Journal* and President of "l'Association des Critiques littéraires et Bibliographes," is also a distinguished novelist. He has already given us "La Maison de Danses," "Le Phare," "Josette," &c., and, in collaboration with Charles Muller, those curious volumes entitled "A la manière de . . . ," which contain exceedingly clever imitative compositions of the leading writers. In his latest work, "La Petite Papacoda," he guides us through the populous quarters of Naples, and reveals to us the peculiar morals of Neapolitan curio-dealers.

Don Gennaro Visotti is a middle-aged antiquary, who sells curiosities he declares to be authentic: he easily persuades his clients of the veracity of his statements. In reality the objects they buy are only cleverly imitated duplicates, the work of an ingenious, but poor, young artist, Lorenzo Silvestri, who contributes willingly to the systematic swindling in order to earn the few lire he sadly needs. Gennaro lives among his real and false antiquities, his sole companion being Orsola, his sister-in-law, a withered bigot, who spends her leisure hours in orisons, which do not seem, however, to mollify in any way her acrimonious character. One day he catches sight at a friend's house of a young girl mending some lace, a remarkable beauty, and Gennaro finds his heart beating faster as he looks at her. He contrives, by an artifice, to have "la Petite Papacoda" come to his house in order to repair some lace. The more he sees her the more deeply he becomes enamoured of her. At first Luisella Papacoda does not notice his infatuation. She is the daughter of a fried-fish dealer of the Via Lavinaio—a picturesque but filthy street, where all the inhabitants seem to live on the sidewalks, and pursue their multifarious professions in the open air. She is happy to find in Gennaro a kind, elderly friend. But Orsola becomes infuriated when she discovers Gennaro's growing tenderness for Luisella—for Orsola has ever nourished the secret hope that she might eventually replace her poor, dead sister in Gennaro's affections. She succeeds in driving away Luisella under a false accusation, and the scene which depicts this episode is extremely vivid.

Gennaro soon discovers, however, that, far from having stolen anything, Luisella has one night defended the shop at the risk of her life against some burglars, including her sister Teresella and this sympathetic young person's lover. In his contrition Gennaro rushes off to the Via Lavinaio, where Luisella receives him with open arms, and he becomes the intimate friend of the whole edifying Papacoda family. With the profits he has realised from the sale of a statue discovered in the neighbourhood of Pompeii he sets up a flower-shop for Luisella. Until then he has only been a kind friend to her; but the inevitable soon follows, and from that moment all his sorrow begins. Luisella certainly cares for him, but he might be her father in age. So when one day a fine young man, with an irresistible moustache (the same Lorenzo Silvestri already mentioned) passes by the flower-shop, and notices Luisella, she is conquered by his soft words and flashing eyes, and soon responds. When Gennaro learns the truth he enters into a truly Neapolitan fury. He goes at once to the country inn where the lovers are to meet, but seeing them together, so young, so handsome, so deeply enamoured, his rage abates. He realises bitterly that he has passed the age of playing the part of a lover, and that it would be cruel to separate them. He turns and goes slowly away, solitary and old, lamenting over his lost youth.

The members of the Papacoda family are well depicted, with their joviality, and more than accommodating morality, which is both amusing and disconcerting. Gennaro's character is cleverly drawn: artist, yet withal utterly unscrupulous, passionate, yet kind at heart, he is, despite his numerous defects and absurdities, sympathetic. And from his personality emanates a subtle melancholy which finds its dolorous expression in the fine passages consecrated by the author to the mercilessness of Time and Age. Especially to be remarked are the pages dealing with the falsification of antiques. M. Paul Reboux certainly excels in depicting the manner in which the most ordinary *bibelots* are given the appearance of authentic ones. Indeed, "La Petite Papacoda," besides being a most agreeable recreation, will prove of real value to those travellers who are apt to allow themselves to be deceived by the eloquence of dishonest antiquity-dealers.

"En Allemagne: La Bavière et la Saxe," by M. Jules Huret, is the sequence of the author's preceding studies on Germany. It is a very serious volume, containing the results of personal inquiry made by M. Huret, and contains information of the most heterogeneous kind. There is even, perhaps, a too great profusion of ideas and statements. The reader is at first slightly bewildered. It also appears to us that M. Huret has insisted rather too much on the beer-and-sausage side of the German character. Are there not a great many other questions which might have proved more entertaining? "La Bavière et la Saxe" contains, nevertheless, some extremely amusing observations on the mixture of idealism and materialism to be found in most German souls. Among the chapters to be especially noted is the one dealing with the "Simplicissimus" of Munich, narrating

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the struggle this celebrated satirical periodical had to go through before attaining its present colossal success.

The book contains a very detailed study of "particularism" in Germany. M. Huret declares that he "does not believe in a permanent secession between the different states composing the German Empire," nor in the "actual existence of a particularism." He esteems that each year the national sentiment of solidarity augments, and that it is the interest of the different states to remain united, as their prosperity came with the Empire. "They are Imperialists by reason," he observes. Nevertheless, he recognises that there exist social animosities and religious dissensions, which continue, despite even the interest which unites the different parts of the Empire. M. Huret has also gathered many amusing anecdotes on German thought and character, some of which relate to the person of the Kaiser. No doubt it must have been these "Notes et Croquis," in particular, which caused the censor to prohibit the sale of M. Huret's work on German territory. They are really not very malicious, and the prohibition to sell his book seems to be the best proof that a great many of M. Huret's observations are correct—perhaps even too correct, in fact, for German *amour-propre*. English people will surely read this volume with real attention; those who have travelled in Germany will be particularly interested to compare their impressions with those of the celebrated French writer and essayist.

Mme. Jehan d'Ivray's last work, "Au Cœur du Harem," transports us to the Egypt of twenty-five years ago. We penetrate into the most intimate life of the Egyptians of that epoch, and a great many of the innermost thoughts of the Egyptian woman's rather primitive soul are revealed to us. Mme. Jehan d'Ivray has written in the form of an autobiography; she retraces, in the first person, the impressions of a young Frenchwoman, married to an Egyptian, when first brought into contact with her new family and surroundings. The contrast of thought and morality existing between the European girl and the women of her Egyptian uncle's harem is extremely well observed. Numbers of strange customs are recorded, all seeming to prove the infinite advantages the Egyptians—and especially the women—must have derived since the era of English influence. Ceremonies strangely incomprehensible to European thought are also described, such as the wedding festivities and the rites relative to funerals. From Mme. Jehan d'Ivray's account the palaces of the pachas and the princes of a quarter of a century ago must have been the centres of innumerable base intrigues, and the refuges of a considerable feminine population, whose highest aim in life was to win the master's favour in the hope of being elevated to the dignity of princess if they had the good luck of presenting their lord with an heir.

Some of the most interesting pages of "Au Cœur du Harem," which is written in an agreeable style, though occasionally marred by phrases a trifle too familiar, are consecrated to curious anecdotes of the reigns of the ancient pachas. In the sombre dramas which occurred in the silent crumbling palaces the women appear to have taken a no less active part than the men. These stories of the past give to Mme. Jehan d'Ivray's work a real historical value. Without doubt this book will prove specially entertaining to all who take an interest in the thought and customs of exotic life.

MARC LOGÉ.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE spring-tide of books is still in the height of its flow. February has seen many interesting and valuable additions to literature; but March bids fair to outdo it numerically and intrinsically. Under the heading of Letters and Poetry there are shortly to appear "Greek Love Songs and Epigrams," a charming book by Mr. J. A. Pott, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul; "Japanese Poetry" is a volume published by Mr. John Murray, which, profusely illustrated by Japanese artists, gives the key to the understanding of the Oriental mind in poetry; the author is Mr. Basil Hall. Mr. Havelock Ellis, through the well-known firm of Messrs. Constable, is at last bringing out "The World of Dreams," a work upon which he has been engaged for a considerable time. He treats the subject from a very personal point of view, and quotes only those incidents which have happened to personal friends or to himself. Messrs. Constable also announce a volume entitled "Nietzsche and Art," by Mr. A. M. Ludovici. From Messrs. Blackwood is shortly to come "A History of English Criticism," written by Professor George Saintsbury; while "Lectures on John Ruskin," by Mr. A. C. Benson, are announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. The inevitable whisker-man, Mr. Frank Richardson, is responsible for a volume of verse entitled, aptly enough, "Shavings;" this is to come out under the auspices of Mr. Nash. "The Ashes of God" is the title of a book by Mr. F. W. Bain, published by Messrs. Methuen.

The list of fiction is distinctly promising. Mr. R. W. Service, the Kipling of Canada, has turned his attentions momentarily to prose. If his book "The Trail of '98" is as strong as his two previous books of verse, it should indeed prove worth looking out for. It is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, who is also bringing out Mr. Marion Crawford's "Uncanny Tales;" "A Reconstructed Marriage," by Miss Amelia E. Barr; "Leslie's Lovers," by Mrs. Anne Warner; and the "Hand of Diane," by Mr. Percy J. Hartley. Messrs. Arrowsmith announce Mr. A. Quiller-Couch's "Brother Copes." Lucas Malet has written a new novel. Its title is "Adrian Savage," and Messrs. Hutchinson are bringing it out. From Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. is to come Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Brazenhead and other Epic Sections." Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have on their list Mr. Justus M. Forman's "The Unknown Lady;" "Mother and Son," by Mrs. L. T. Meade; "The Big Fire," by Mr. Ambrose Pratt; "Rogue in Ambush," by Headon Hill; and a book by Mr. Tom Gallon, entitled "Dead Man's Love." Mr. St. John Adcock's new novel, "A Man with a Past," is being published by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. This enterprising firm is also bringing out Matilde Serao's "The Desire of Life;" "Two Girls and a Mannikin," by Mr. Wilkinson Sherren; and "A Woman's Honour," by Mr. Christopher Wilson. Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's name, as the author of "Perpetua," is in the list of Messrs. Alston Rivers, which list includes "The Reign of the Saints," by Mr. John Trevena. The writer of stirring travel-novels, Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, has written "The Land of Promises," and it will be published by Mr. T. Werner Laurie. Messrs. Methuen have secured the following works: Mr. Robert Hichens' "The Dweller on the Threshold;" Mrs. Maude Annesley's "Shadow Shapes;" Archibald Marshall's "The Eldest Son;" and Mr. Martin Swayne's "Richard in the Pantry." Marcelle Tinayre's "The Shadow of Love" is being published by Mr. John Lane. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's list includes "Love in Pernicketty Town," by Mr. S. R. Crockett; "The Woman in It," by Mr. Charles Garvice; "The Falling Star," by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim; and "Poor Emma," by Miss Evelyn Tempest. Mr. Martin Secker, whose books are so artistically finished, is bringing out, among others, "The Hoof-Marks of the Faun," by Mr. Arthur Ransome. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. have for early publication a new novel by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who has broken fresh ground. The psychological study of such a man as was the hero of Mr. Hamilton's "The Infinite Capacity" finds no place in this new novel, whose title is "The Princess of New York." It concerns

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the misadventures of an American girl in London who falls into the hands of a band of aristocratic sharpers, from whom she is only saved by the intervention of an Oxford man.

Of interesting travel books there may be picked out especially from a copious list Dr. Jean Charcot's "The Voyage of the 'Why Not' in the Antarctic," which is being brought out by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; "The Danube with Pen and Pencil," by Mr. Granville Baker (who is *not* the translator of "Schwitzler" at the Palace), published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.; "Letters from Finland," by Mrs. Rosalind Travers, through Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.; "Belgium of the Belgians," by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. Amongst General Literature may be included Mr. Keble Chatterton's "The Story of the British Navy" (Messrs. Mills and Boon); "The Suffragette," a history, by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst (Messrs. Gay and Hancock); a study of social life in South London by Mr. Alexander Paterson, entitled "Across the Bridges" (Mr. Edward Arnold); "German Influence on British Cavalry," by Erskine Childers (Messrs. A. and C. Black); "The Evolution of Sea-Power," by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson (Messrs. Longman and Co.).

MAGAZINES

THE appearance of a new magazine is in itself a sufficient recommendation to primary attention; that such a magazine should be called the *Irish Review* makes the recommendation imperious. The lover of Art in the British Isles is learning—if indeed he has not learnt—to look appreciatively to Ireland for a certain earnest progression that is not manifested elsewhere. It is very manifest in Dramatic Art—in fact, much of the impact of progress in Dramatic Art has come from Dublin, and in connection with that there has arisen a literature which has produced J. M. Synge and Mr. W. B. Yeats. In the pictorial field Dublin has not yet drawn attention to itself, but it will do so during the next few years. Therefore we picked up the *Irish Review* with more than ordinary interest, and were disappointed. Not that there is not good matter in it. Mr. Orpen's frontispiece, "The Fairy Ring," is both distinctive and characteristic. Also Mr. George Moore's story is good; and Miss Mary Maguire's article on Synge, if not as complete as we should like it, is yet excellent. The poetry, perhaps, is the most disappointing, being neither pure nor unaffected. But there are deeper-seated faults. For example, it is very slight—so slight, indeed, that there is not room in it for much matter. The price (the modest sixpenny-piece) is largely responsible for this, of course; but even so, this is only to put the charge of slightness on a different ground. For twice that sum could very easily have been paid, and the magazine thereby more than doubled in size and importance. Moreover, we notice certain signs in it of what may be called "the rapier-touch" that lead one to diagnose internecine cleavage, which, however lamentably characteristic of the Hibernian, is nevertheless unfortunate from the standpoint of united literature. Such a review is needed so greatly that it should be authoritative and weighty.

Among the ordinary magazines the *Fortnightly* is an interesting number. Mr. H. F. B. Lynch takes priority in place and importance with a timely article on "The Baghdad Railway." In the first earnest flush of a *rapprochement* with Germany it would be obviously easy to concede unwise advantages in the matter of the railway through the Mesopotamian plain. For the right understanding of the problem a clear statement of its difficulties is necessary, and this Mr. Lynch does admirably. He shows that, whereas the main line of the railway is to proceed through the Mesopotamian plain to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, a branch line will diverge at Killis to link up with the Aleppo-Damascus Railway, turning away at Damascus south-westerly towards Egypt. In this way a vast scheme is projected, the inevitable result of which would be to give Asia Minor, and therefore the German predominant influence in Asia Minor, a strong strategic hold on Egypt and the Suez Canal, on one hand, and the Persian Gulf on the other, and thus in its turn give it the key to India and the East. That Germany is not indifferent to this he shows by apt quotation. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has a well-informed and yet wholly uncritical article on "Christina Rossetti." One of the best contributions is that by Mr. Filson Young on "The Musician as Composer." It is one of the most genuine contributions to original musical thinking that we remember having seen for some time. It is not criticism, strictly conceived as such; it is, as we have put it, musical thinking. Mr. Young opens out the inner methods of musical composition, and traces the lines of descent in the various composers with extraordinary illumination and interest.

The "Declaration of London" leaves its influence through all the Magazines, and it is as well to treat of the several articles together. It is significant that the voices are in favour of it, Rear-Admiral Montague being the only dissentient. Mr. Frederick Harrison has the most popular of the articles in the *English Review*. He points out (as was necessary) that however the arguments are to proceed, the main matter to be remembered now is not whether our advantages are as great in the Declaration as they might be, but whether they are or are not greater than in the *status quo*. He instances one or two points in which the Declaration concedes advantages that are not only relative, being more distinct, but also positive, being of the nature of substantial gains. In the *Nineteenth Century* two voices are heard: Mr. Wilson Potter's in favour and Admiral Montague's against. Mr. Potter's article is in some sort an analysis, whereas Admiral Montague's is a short and undetailed protest. The most detailed of them all, however, is an article in the *Fortnightly*, entitled "A Defence of the Declaration of London," and signed "Excubitor." This is additionally valuable as it traces the historical growth of the late Convention. The most necessary of all articles yet remains to be done, to wit, an examination of the root of all the present matter: Nelson's brilliant blockade of France, together with an analysis of the Declaration of Paris, 1856, and the present Declaration. Only thus can Mr. Gibson Bowles' spirited objection be met, for it is true that he does not desire the *status quo*, but the *status quo ante* 1856. His is a vigorous appeal for the Nelson splendour.

Other articles in the *Fortnightly* are "The Théâtre Français in the Fifties," by Francis Gribble, and a sketch of the life and work of Björnstjerne Björnson by Robert Mackray. In the *Nineteenth Century* is an interesting article by Bernhard and Ellen Wishaw on "The Copts in Spain," tracing the substrata of Copts dating from the invasion of Andalusia, by Musa Ibn Norier. Professor Jastrow in "The Will to Believe in the Supernatural" deals with a perplexed question in rather a safe way by postulating special senses for the perception of the supernatural; and in rather an obvious way, too, perhaps. An admirable and excellent paper, the scope of which is well stated by its title, is that by M. André Beaunier on "Charles Baudelaire et l'Esthétique de la Décadence."

The poems in the *English Review* are always interesting, even if they are not often distinctive. Mr. Robert Bridges breaks a long silence with a poem curiously unlike much of the rest of his work. In "The Ballad of Iskander" he endeavours to catch, but does not succeed in catching, the mystical wonder of "The Ancient Mariner;" nor does his

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scheme of rhyming (quatrains rhymed in couplets) aid in producing the true ballad colour. "The Dead Dryad," by Wilfrid Thorley, is good as a far echo of Swinburne. Among the prose articles "Diplomatist" deals with the very perplexed question, "What is the Dual Alliance?" a question that has excited attention since the Potsdam meeting of last November. "On Fairies" is the tempting title of a curious essay by Mr. Maurice Hewlet. The matter of fairy-vision and fairy-intimacy in certain parts of the West of Ireland is one thing; to read it in Saxon, misbelieving England, is quite another. This adds greater zest to the article, not the least charm of which is its wise acceptance of the fact, and an exposition of it in the light of that acceptance. The much-debated Mr. Neil Lyons has a short story in this number, for which we prognosticate considerable misunderstanding and raised eyebrows. As a dramatic setting of imbecility of formidable processes of law with those that have not yet had an opportunity of learning what weighty things are life and death, it would be hard to rival. Brief as it is, it is remorseless and terrible. It is perhaps too much of a cameo, seeing how great its subject is. Yoshio Markino continues, and concludes, his "My Idealed John Bullesses," while Mr. Richard Whiteing has a characteristic story in the same review.

Rarely do we find an excellent short story, and, when found, it is worthy of a note. Such a story will be found in *Harper's*, entitled "Man and Dog." It is by Mr. Laurence Housman.

THE FIVE FREE LIBRARIES

"I HAVE the good fortune," said Wilkinson, "to live within easy reach of five Free Libraries. Or, rather, it is not good fortune. For, being of a studious turn of mind, I deliberately chose that central spot in order that I might in my sufficient leisure before bedtime take full advantage of all five. There was nothing else there to attract me. The district was like a desert with five oases, or a broad field planted with five noble trees. For me, however, the five libraries were enough. I thought fondly, even in the great, great labour of moving, of the fine times that were before me. How I would wander from one to the other in the cool evenings! What an intimate knowledge I should gain of their five characters! How I should be able to balance one against two, three against four, and, having exhausted these in vain, triumphantly discover the very book at last in five! What an expert knowledge I should now gain of every shelf in each—being almost on nodding terms with every volume! It might really have been a fairy-story. I could have imagined myself to be the Wizard with Five Fair Daughters—the King with Five Rich Jewels. I felt myself to be the equal of all men, however fortunate. I had met with opportunity at last. I determined to waste not a moment of my precious time. I planned therefore, after deep thought, a comprehensive scheme of study—down to the last half-hour. It gave me a deep pleasure even to read it over. 'On the evening of my ninety-second birthday,' said I joyfully, 'I shall be able to lean back suddenly in my chair and cry out, 'I am Master of all Knowledge.'

"At the beginning things went famously. I began to exult at the rapidity of my progress from the very first day. I had seven weeks of absolute triumph. And then came the pitiful crash.

"I discovered one evening that I had exhausted Library Number One upon my special subject. I had mastered the twenty volumes it contained, and must seek deeper knowledge somewhere else. I ask you to believe that I was not troubled by this necessity. Without misgiving, I went gaily, even carelessly, to Number Two. And then did the tragic truth suddenly strike me stupid! For Number Two was an exact duplicate of Number One. The books in Numbers Three and Four were almost precisely similar. In Number Five I could find nothing but an echo.

"Oh! my revered friend the shelf-room that was occupied by Marie Corelli! Oh! the elementary books already read and multiplied five times! Oh! the unattainable fat guinea quartos! . . . Out of my despair came an idea. I sat down on the top of Hampstead Heath, and I evolved a scheme, and saw a vision.

"How easily might these libraries be co-ordinated, worked together! It is, of course, impossible to concentrate in every parish the whole wisdom and knowledge of all ages. But suppose an annual conference, and an amiable partition? Spheres of influence, my boy, and all that? So that we could count on finding in every free library the general classics and such indispensable works as all must have; and after that, in some quiet room, or corner of a room, a specialist collection of books on one subject or even one branch of a subject. In every parish there would then be available a complete and easily accessible collection of literature on some special subject—feeding the desire for disciplined knowledge, giving it direction and an impulse. And around each of these collections there would slowly gather a little group of students. Think of the potent possibilities in the influence of that little circle! The subject they studied might eventually become almost a part of the life of the borough. Imagine the debates in the Council over the purchase of some rare and costly work. We should find the Marylebone pundits electing a man Mayor because of his deep knowledge of the Early Heretics. The eldest student of the graphic and plastic arts might come to be revered throughout all Putney.

"Then should Paddington's large knowledge of political principle breed disputes in the public-houses; and all Chelsea men be learned in Church matters. Around Westminster would grow up a school of history. The Brixton theories might come to astound the world. Fulham should be the famous home of all philosophers.

"A man's library-ticket would in those times become a sort of literary passport. I imagine the hungry student wandering rapturously over London, sure of a cordial welcome, franked by the local librarian's pasteboard. We can see in the dim future the whole staff of the Hackney Library lined up on the pavement to cheer the advent of yet another scholar. A locality would derive honour from the number of the students working within its confines; and steps would be taken to maintain or increase this number by the enthusiasts of the districts. We may yet live to see a sort of literary press-gang visiting the schools with a view to the early capture of possible mathematicians, and the man who has proved his worth at Sanskrit will surely be struggled for and almost torn to pieces.

"In these days," concluded Wilkinson, "we might become learned at little cost by mere expenditure of effort. Meanwhile we live in London and read the monthly magazines five times!"

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE NEW ERA IN RUSSIA

By LANCELOT LAWTON

THE jubilee celebrations just held in St. Petersburg in connection with the emancipation of the serfs have been the occasion of a striking demonstration of peasant loyalty towards the Throne of the Tsars which is not without its special significance at the present moment. The friends of Russia see in this, and in other equally remarkable signs of the times, material evidence that internal strife on any

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serious scale is now finally at an end, and, without laying themselves open to the charge of excessive optimism, have come to the conclusion that the Empire has entered upon a new era of genuine and abiding progress. Since the liberation of the serfs by Alexander II., fifty years ago, Russia has undergone many weary tribulations. On the whole, however, it can truthfully be said that Nicholas II. has continued, in the same wise spirit of toleration and with equal success, the noble work inaugurated by his illustrious predecessor. Practically all traces of the black period of war and revolution have now disappeared. Recently the Emperor has several times emerged from the isolation of Tsarskoe Selo, and in the open thoroughfares of the capital has been joyously acclaimed by his people. Throughout the length and breadth of the land peaceful development is everywhere manifest, and at no stage in history were the State finances so flourishing as they are at the present moment.

Events have proved that the hour brought forth the man. In spite of all evil prophecies to the contrary, M. Stolypin has shown himself capable of handling a situation as complex and difficult as the imagination can conceive. It has fallen to the lot of few statesmen to guide the destinies of a nation through times more troubled than those which existed in Russia when the present Premier assumed office. An almost senile autocracy still clutched, although in a death grip, the reins of Government; while a new-born democracy, its lungs filling with the fresh air of freedom so long denied its parents, cried aloud with infantile vigour and irresponsibility for the right to rule in all things. M. Stolypin has succeeded, so far, in steering a middle course. His tenure of office has been marked by steady reform, which has spread contentment throughout the Empire by the sure process of creating prosperity, and which, moreover, has had the effect of raising the credit and thus restoring the prestige of Russia in all quarters of the world. Gathered round the Premier are a number of brilliant statesmen of whom it is no exaggeration to say that their constructive work in the grand scheme of State reorganisation is destined to allot them a place of honour in history. And prominent among these stands M. Kokovtsoff, whose financial genius has proved one of the determining factors in the establishment of a new era of national prosperity.

In 1905-6 Dr. Rudolph Martin, the German economist, labouring, so he said, under a sense of great responsibility, published certain sensational books in which he boldly predicted the imminent State bankruptcy of Russia. Needless to say, these books created some stir thoughout Europe, and Dr. Martin, boasting that his statements had the effect of lowering Russian credit in all directions, even went so far as to attribute to their influence the refusal of Germany to participate in any more loans to Russia. At the time M. Kokovtsoff somewhat contemptuously termed Dr. Martin's elaborate series of deductions "twaddle," but the German publicist vigorously protested the accuracy of his assertions:—

> We are often told (he wrote) that the future of Russia is wrapped in darkness, that no one can foretell how it will develop during the next few years. This view is incorrect. The first year of the Russian Revolution, which came to an end on October 27th, 1906, has made it plain that the Russian Empire is slowly but surely approaching a reign of terror, a State bankruptcy and dissolution. . . . A recovery from its political, social, economical, and financial injuries is impossible, since there is not even the serious desire for reform. . . . The position of the peasants is growing worse instead of better. . . . The debts of the State are growing, and its credit is beginning to suffer.

In certain circumstances prophecy becomes an entertaining and a perfectly harmless pastime, but when it is employed with the avowed object of impairing the credit of a great State and scaring investors in Government-guaranteed securities, then it may reasonably be submitted to critical examination in the light of subsequent events, so that, if the results afford justification, the credit, in turn, of its author may, too, be "impaired" and his readers "scared" of his writings. A critical examination of this kind in the present instance compels the conclusion that Dr. Martin, in spite of his position as a Government Councillor at the Imperial Statistical Office in Berlin—a position which suggests some qualification for the task he undertook—has so woefully mishandled figures that he has entirely perverted the lessons to be learnt from those figures. Far from bordering on bankruptcy and strife, Russia is to-day, as I have already said, both prosperous and tranquil. At the close of the war with Japan there was an actual deficit in the resources of the country to the extent of fifteen or sixteen millions sterling. Early in the *post-bellum* period, however, a balance on the right side came into existence, and this, increasing largely as a result of the widespread prosperity which has followed the bounteous harvests of the last two years, now stands at nearly £33,000,000. As four-fifths of her population gain a livelihood from agriculture, it is upon this branch of industry that the stability of Russia is founded.

The accumulation of an enormous reserve in State funds creates an insurance against calamitous results in the event of the failure or partial failure of crops. Moreover, it provides ample means for the extraordinary expenditure required for the restoration of armaments, and for the development of railways on a gigantic scale, development which includes, among other huge undertakings, the doubling of the great Siberian system and the building of the Amur line, which is to establish communication through all-Russian territory from Moscow to Vladivostock. And, finally, the generous balance in hand dispenses with the need for further loans to meet the demands of the annual Budget. I have given merely a single, though perhaps the most striking, illustration of the present-day affluence of the Russian Empire, but it is permissible to say that in no department of State finance or in no sphere of activity that bears relation to the country's welfare are any save the most gratifying signs of real progress to be observed. Thus we find the National Debt is diminishing, the State revenue and the volume of trade increasing; bank transactions are growing and deposits accumulating; the capital of joint-stock companies has expanded enormously, and the price of shares and securities gone up by leaps and bounds until to-day Russia offers some of the soundest and most tempting investments to be found in any part of the world; and, finally, the State is devoting large sums of money to extending educational facilities and promoting productive undertakings, the transference of land from communal to private ownership is being conducted with conspicuous success, and the peasants are responding to encouragement in the direction of adopting improved methods and machinery in agriculture, all of which, by multiplying the annual yield, must ultimately enhance the prosperity of the country.

The gold reserve at the State Bank has reached the enormous sum of £147,000,000, and during the whole of the last corn season the discount rate of this institution was, for the first time, lower than that ruling in Germany. What has Dr. Martin to say to facts such as these—Dr. Martin, who in 1906 so confidently predicted the collapse of the Russian gold-standard and the cessation of payment of all dividends to foreign bondholders? "When, presently," cried Dr. Martin, in his panic, "Russian State securities have fallen some 30 or 40 per cent., there will be intense dissatisfaction in all German capitalist circles. . . . The crisis will spread to trade and industries." As a matter of

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undisputed fact, whereas the price of English Consols and the German Loan has shown a distinct tendency to decline since 1906—the year, it will be recalled, when Dr. Martin framed his frantic indictment—Russian State securities have risen steadily, until now they indicate a credit which compares favourably with that enjoyed by any other country. All the civilised world will rejoice ungrudgingly in that Russia, whose heavy burden of national debt was increased one-third by the ravages of war and revolution, has regained her financial buoyancy, and returned to the fulness of her powers as a great State. Thus are the critics confounded—the critics who, ignoring the fund of brilliant statesmanship at her disposal, her wonderful capacity for recuperation due to the possession of illimitable resources, and the qualities of patience and courage inherent in her people, sought in the hour of her tribulation to add to her embarrassment by departing from the canons of fair criticism to indulge in damaging speculation founded upon malignant distortion.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

Business is dull. The tone is good, but no one wants to speculate, and the investor does not seem inclined to come into the market at the moment. The new companies are not going well, and promoters are nervous. The public has had variety. It has been given a wide choice—a pulp and paper mills with certified profits; a speculative debenture is a contradiction in terms, but it catches some people; an oil venture in California, with contracts ready made for all the oil, contracts at a higher price than that now ruling, which contracts will have therefore to be enforced at the point of the law. I do not believe in contracts upon which one side makes a heavy loss; they often end in trouble. Messrs. Dunn, Fischer and Company offered some second mortgages on the Rio Trams, but who ever panted for a second mortgage? The British and Continental Tea Plantations and another smaller enterprise in tea also came before us. The City does not understand tea, and very properly leaves it to those who do. The average human being thinks tea shares fully valued to-day, and dislikes the puffs that punctuate the City articles of our evening press. Messrs. Barings, in conjunction with the Banque de Paris et de Pays-Bas and its ally, the Société Générale, have offered 4 per cent. bonds in the Central Pacific—a sound security. I hear Salisbury Jones has a rubber company on the stocks, the Tirucalli. It intends to extract rubber from a species of Euphorbia—the latex yields 10 per cent. rubber and 50 per cent. resin. So why I call it a rubber company I don't know. It reminds me of a visit I once paid to New Zealand. I spent a day crawling through the levels of the Woodstock Gold Mine. Then I asked to see the assay map. "But it's a silver mine," I remarked. "Oh, yes," replied the then manager, "but if we had called it a silver mine no one would have bought the shares."

Money is cheap, and we shall get another fall in the Bank Rate. This will help the gilt-edged market, and, despite the sneers of the City, Consols will gradually regain their old values. Lord St. Aldwyn has lent his powerful aid to those who agitate for a £5 bearer bond with coupons attached. Once we can get Consols distributed throughout the country and locked away in money-boxes the price is bound to rise to 90, and may even see par. The procedure would be simple; it would aid thrift and improve the credit of the nation. It is no new thing. It has been tried on the Continent and found successful.

Foreigners are dull on the whole. But the extremely cute are picking up all the Central American Government bonds. They are a little previous, but it is well known that the United States does not intend to allow these Central American republics a free hand very much longer. She will gradually acquire a financial and political control, for she is determined to be master of the whole of northern South America. I hear bad reports of the Argentine. The drought has been serious, and the farmers have sustained losses. The country is not in a position to stand two or three bad crops in succession, for it does not save, and all its wealth is in land. It has borrowed heavily on the Continent. A good harvest next year would set everybody upon their legs again, but a bad harvest would be dangerous. Therefore wise people should get out of Argentines. They will have plenty of chances of buying back if all goes well in South America.

Home Rails are still the best market in the House, but a bull account is being built up, and we might get one or two reactions during the next few months. Nevertheless, the main tendency will be upwards. Investors must bear in mind that all first-class securities will rise during the present year and that the fashion in stocks has changed. A year ago we all desired to place our money abroad. Now we prefer Great Britain. The trade returns show large increases, and the imports of cotton should draw the attention of investors to Lancashire and Yorkshire, which still remain under par, and are therefore undervalued. Speculators buy the cheap stocks because the contangoes are less heavy, but such stocks do not appear to me worth attention at the moment, for the bull account is large. A gambler who can wait two years might purchase Great Central deferred and double his money. Great Easterns are also certain to rise. As a sound investment, Great Western and North Eastern are the best stocks, for I cannot follow those who think Midland deferred worth 90.

Yankees, although supported by the great banking houses, have not yet got over their shock. Elliot has been secured for the Missouri Pacific, and Kuhn Loeb will take this railway in hand; the speculators jumped in, and may have to jump out again, for big bankers do not like to be forestalled. However, we may rely upon all the great houses remaining optimistic, for they have many large loans to place, and their operations require a steady market. There is no bull account here, and very little in New York.

Rubber.—The jobbers are idle. The public has evidently satisfied its appetite and considers the present level of values unattractive. They bravely decline to purchase the fancy stocks which some writers call cheap. None can deny their cheapness, the only point is their quality. I am not aware of any Malay plantations, well planted, well managed, and upon good soil, which have been neglected during the recent rise. If rubber holds, and at the moment it looks a little weak, then all the shares will be cheap. But a strong market in raw rubber depends upon the Bank of Brazil and its clients, the Aviadoring houses of Para and Manaos. This combination is probably at the moment engaged in fighting dealers like G. A. Witt, Heilbut Symons, and Alden and Company, whose whole interest lies in keeping down the price of Fine Hard Cured Para. Both sides are wealthy and bold. I am inclined to back the dealers. Technically the market in the Stock Exchange is hard.

Oil.—Notwithstanding the apathy of the public, oil shares remain very steady. The good Maikop companies, and there are not many, want money. They will get it. The bad ones also want money, but only an oil boom will save them. I see little chances of any boom. Oil as an industry, given a good field and plenty of capital, is sound; but the majority of the oil propositions now dealt in on the Stock Exchange are doubtful gambles, and cannot under any circumstances be called sound industrial propositions. The sanguine George Macdonald having failed to interest the British public in his Ferghana Oilfields has put the shares on the Coulisse in Paris. But the French are unlucky in oil. The Paris Rothschilds are deeply interested in Russian oil, Austrian oil, and Dutch oil. This has lured the Frenchman into the oil market, and he is likely to lose his money. Spies look a rising market.

Kaffirs.—The jobbers are so detestably pessimistic that

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one might almost suppose them short of shares. In which case we might see a rise. But the public is not inclined to speculate in Kaffirs, and it does not find even the bait of 7 per cent. attractive. It can get this, and allow 4 per cent. for amortization. But it remains cold.

RHODESIANS.—Giants crushed 10,533 tons for just under 20s. a ton profit. But no one buys mining shares. The account was not heavy, but many holders have taken their shares off the market and pawned them. This has not helped us, for pawned shares are, if anything, more dangerous than those openly carried.

THE JUNGLE.—One does not often speak of Jungle shares. They have been dead these many months. Yet the week began with a smart spurt in this neglected market. I imagined a few jobbers had sold short and had become stale bears. Edmund Davis may have given them a twist. Assuredly the public did not buy. The move was entirely professional.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The main incident in this market has been the news that the electric light companies intend to amalgamate. They will require the consent of Parliament, but no one anticipates any difficulty. I again repeat that all the shares in this market are much too low.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK.

I congratulate Mr. H. H. Hambling upon his promotion. Not so many years ago he was managing a branch in the wilds of Kilburn, then he became manager of a new branch in St. Paul's Churchyard. He did not remain longer than was necessary to make the branch a success, but was promptly moved up to Head Office. Now he becomes manager. The careers of Sir Edward Holden and Mr. H. H. Hambling are a proof that great business capacity is still recognised in banking circles and quickly meets with its reward.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"CARLYLE AND MR. FRANK HARRIS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—In your issue of the 25th of February your critic has attempted to justify his sneer at my paper on "Carlyle," in the *English Review*. His words were: "Mr. Frank Harris has an interesting article on 'Talks with Carlyle,' some of which is a little difficult to reconcile with internal probability." He now explains that the outrage on "internal probability" is to be found in my statement that Carlyle should have "grumbled at not receiving employment under the man (Disraeli) he detested." This criticism shows, in my opinion, an astonishing ignorance of Carlyle, and an even more astonishing ignorance of English political life. Let me deal first with its relation to Carlyle.

In my article Carlyle was manifestly thinking of the mission confided to Froude. Froude, it will be remembered, was sent to South Africa to give judgment on the dispute about the diamond-fields at Kimberley. The British Government had annexed the diamond-fields; the Orange Free State protested. Froude was sent out as a sort of Imperial Commissioner to determine the rights and wrongs of the case. He gave judgment in favour of the Orange Free State and against us. Evidently THE ACADEMY critic imagines that allegiance to a party chief is involved in the acceptance of such a mission? I believe, on the other hand, that Froude was selected chiefly because he was held to be above that party bias so dear to your critic. Froude went out to South Africa rather in the spirit of Browning:—

> Here and here did England help me; how can I help England—say,
> Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray
> While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

I can only explain your critic's astonishing denseness by assuming that he is rather a student of literature than a student of politics. He talks of "Sartor Resartus" and "The French Revolution;" he probably knows them better than Carlyle's political writings, or he would have recalled Carlyle's praise of a certain Governor of Jamaica, and realised the fact that men like Carlyle and his especial "hero" Columbus care little who gives them the task so long as they get the chance of doing "God's work."

Your critic's view of English political life, too, is lower than the reality. Does he believe that all English Governors of colonies or islands only accept employment under people they like and admire? Such a doctrine would be news to our great Pro-Consuls, news to Lord Cromer, news to every great ruler from Grey to Hercules Robinson. We have not yet in England embraced the American idea, that a man only accepts office under his political friends. Sir Alfred Milner, I believe, was supposed to be a Liberal when he was given power in South Africa by a Conservative Government. Though Lord Grey was sent to Canada as Governor-General by the Conservatives, he was not displaced when the Liberals came into office. Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury's son-in-law, was appointed to the highest post in South Africa by the Conservatives, but he continued in place under the Liberals.

Kissing of course goes by favour in England as elsewhere, and a Liberal Premier usually appoints Liberals to high office as a Conservative usually appoints Conservatives; but no one in England would dream of criticising a Carlyle for accepting office offered by a Conservative Government, and the best men of the time would hold that any Government had honoured itself in honouring such a man. Our party bias goes deep in England—all too deep; but it does not yet go to the root, as your critic appears to think.—Yours truly,

FRANK HARRIS.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Machen does not seem to me to see far, even as a controversialist. He complains that I took his argument that politics would poison woman as implying that woman would herself become a poisoning agent. My reply is that if women were to be poisoned, corrupted, and destroyed by entering into politics, how could they avoid spreading this corroding contagion?

Mr. Machen forgets, although he probably believes, as I do, that men and women are not negative forces in this world, but that the influence of each life is for ever emanating from it, either for good or evil. I maintain that politics can be, and must be, raised from the sham and selfish scramble which Mr. Machen describes to the high level of a real science of government, carried on by principle instead of faction, and based on unselfish ideals.

The "ideal" of to-day has a way of becoming the reality of to-morrow, and if men have lost heart about this sorry delusion of politics, I myself, in common with very many other women, have confidence, hope and faith in the thought that our influence will ultimately bring about a better state of things.

E. MONEY COUTTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Machen says:—"Popular politics degrade all who meddle with them; therefore it would be a pity to degrade women by bringing them into the political cesspool, more especially as we owe reverence to womankind as the source and inspiration of all art."

I confess I do not understand such an argument. What is meant by "popular politics"? Politics I understand to be the name given to a communal method of seeking a common weal. If it is a cesspool I should like to know who has made it a cesspool.

I am reminded by such an argument of the man who declines to take an interest in local affairs because he believes Councillor So-and-So to be a thief, and of another who holds that religion is another name for roguery because a priest his grandmother knew was unfrocked for immorality. Because the world contains a great admixture of evil, does Mr. Machen say, with Hamlet, "We will have no more marriages"?

No, Sir, we as individual members of the State have a responsibility which cannot be thus easily brushed aside. If "popular politics" be a cesspool, then our children's children will cry upon us that we did not lay down wholesome drainage.

Women have a responsibility in this matter which is being recognised at last. They will not shirk it because men say "It is hard work, and we have made our hands very dirty over it."

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Why, if it is such a "degraded business" as this, surely common sincerity will make us abhor the society of its practitioners!

It may be pleasant to be so oblivious to "The United States of Gehenna" (Mr. Machen will remember—I do, with gratitude) that for us they do not exist, but it is wiser and more pleasant to believe that the States contain a body of honest and active citizens who are determined that the word "politician" shall not for ever remain an epithet of contempt.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

MAX PLOWMAN.

Lochnagar, Bycullah Park, Enfield, March 3rd, 1911.

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Though it is a small matter, please let me explain that it was Bishop Heber's *correction* of "Ceylon" to "Java," not the posthumous *collection* of his hymns, which I meant to say had failed to find favour. I am responsible for the mistake, whether mine or the printer's, since if I had written "alteration" instead of "correction" it could not have happened.

T. S. O.

"WHO" OR "WHOM"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The most flagrant and common instance of the misuse of "whom"—indeed, it seems almost universal—is in the phrase "than whom," this being quite as unjustifiable as "than him" or "than her," which no educated person would say. Even Milton is guilty of this solecism—which must therefore be of old standing—in the lines

Satan, than whom
None higher sat, thus spake . . .

but that does not render it any the more correct.—Respectfully,

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

The Master Wit: A Story of Boccaccio. By May Wynne. Greening and Co. 6s.
The Patrician. By John Galsworthy. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
Tales of the Uneasy. By Violet Hunt. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
A Reconstructed Marriage. By Amelia E. Barr. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
The Vision of Balmaine. By G. B. Burgin. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.
Trevor Lordship. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. Macmillan and Co. 6s.
The Unknown Lady. By Justus M. Forman. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.
Cantacute Towers. By Cecil Adair. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
The Lonely Road. By A. E. Jacomb. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
John Merridew. By Frederick Arthur. Longmans, Green and Co. 6s.
Isabel. By Dorothy V. Horace Smith. Mills and Boon. 6s.
Jane Oglander. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
An Odd Situation. By Henry Grey Graham. John Ouseley. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

The Champions of the Crown. By Lucy Sealy. Illustrated. Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

VERSE

The Odes of John Keats. Edited by A. R. Weekes, M.A. W. B. Clive. 1s. 6d.
Poems. By Marjory Mines. Frontispiece. A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.
Faith. By Charles Robert Smith. A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Manual of Library Bookbinding, Practical and Historical. By H. L. Coutts and G. A. Stephen. Illustrated. Libraco, Ltd.
Notes on Wiltshire Names. By J. C. Longstaff. Vol. I. Place-Names. Wm. Dotesio, Bradford-on-Avon. 3s. 6d. net,
Mysticism: a Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. By Evelyn Underhill. Methuen and Co. 15s. net,
The Temple of Life: an Outline of the True Mission of Art. By Ernest Newlandsmith. Longmans, Green and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
The German Menace, and How to Meet It. By an Englishman (F. E.). Constable and Co. 6d. net.
The Starlit Mire. By James Bertram and F. Russell. Illustrated by Austin Osman Spare. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.
The Coronation Regalia: an Excursion into a Curious Bypath of Literature. By W. H. Stacpoole, B.A., LL.D. Illustrated, Whitaker. 1s. net.
A Coronation Souvenir. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated. Skeffington and Son. 6d net.
How and Why King George will be Crowned. By Joseph Hammond, LL.B. Illustrated. Skeffington and Son. 1s. net.
Hymns for the Coronation of His Majesty King George V. Words by the Bishop of Durham, &c. Music by Sir Frederick Bridge, &c. Skeffington and Son. 1s. net.
Non-Governmental Society. By Edward Carpenter. A. C. Fifield. 3d. net.
State Socialism and Anarchism; How Far they Agree and Wherein they Differ. By Benj. R. Tucker. A. C. Fifield. 3d. net.
British Rights at Sea under the Declaration of London. By F. E. Bray. P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.

THEOLOGY

Religion of the Civilised World and Judaism. By H. J. Kisch. George Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.
The Two Saviours of the World: Joseph Typical of Jesus. By Timothy Shepherd. Illustrated. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

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The Book Monthly; Irish Review; Deutsche Rundschau; The Antiquary; Revue Bleue; Mercure de France; The Vineyard; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; The Author; The Bodleian; The School World; The Educational Times; The University Correspondent; The Literary Digest; The Quiver; The Journal of Education; The Periodical.

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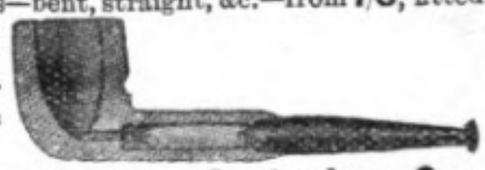
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

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An INDEX *to* VOLUME LXXIX. *(July-Dec., 1910) of* THE ACADEMY *will be forwarded post-free for ½d. to any address on application to the Publisher, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.*

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AFTER a period of comparative quiescence, the strikers in the mining district of South Wales, which was the scene of so many lamentable disturbances last year, have again broken into open defiance of law and order. Rioting has been rife during the last week; eighteen constables have been incapacitated, and the extreme course of placing the locality under martial law has been seriously discussed. In this connection the publication by the Home Office of Major-General Macready's report seems to us a most regrettable blunder. Immediately upon its appearance the rioting was renewed, and it was actually utilised as a justification for behaviour which should be impossible, and is almost incredible, in a civilised country. To loot a man's shop and make a bonfire of his books in the street savours more of the days of civil war or invasion. Bearing in mind the recent outcry against Mr. Runciman for permitting a circular to be issued from the Education Office without his personal inspection and sanction, we cannot help holding the opinion that the authorities of the Home Office are deserving of grave censure for allowing the premature publication of Major-General Macready's report on the strike question. It was a confidential document, and should have been held back until its appearance could in no way prejudice the position of affairs in the area affected by the strike. Tact—to say nothing of common sense—seems a quality strangely lacking in those at the head of our public departments, and we are not surprised when we hear earnest desires expressed, even from those whose political opinions differ from our own, for a return to the days of high statesmanship and judicious administration which now seem so far off.

With all due respect for whatever opinions two such distinguished actors as Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. George Alexander may think it fitting to express, we tremble at the idea of theatre stalls filled with a public "in tweeds and sailors' knots." Those who advocate the disregard of the custom of evening dress for the best parts of the house forget, perhaps, that a certain sense of comfort and well-being pervades the assembly of faultlessly-dressed men and women, a sense which greatly conduces to the enjoyment of the play, and which spreads subtly to invigorate the other parts of the house where a less rigorous attire prevails. But there are other considerations hardly less important. What, we may ask, would the population of the pit find as a theme of conversation were its members deprived of the solemn joy of criticising the dresses and *coiffures* so near, and yet so far, during the *entr'acte?* What would become of the genuine thrill of pleasure engendered by the spectacle, considered merely as a beautiful picture, of a crowd of English men and English women of the best type in evening dress, gay and contented? We do not say that the theatre-goer who by emergencies of time or distance is compelled to present himself in ordinary garb should be cast into the outer darkness, since such emergencies happen at times to us all; but we do say that as a custom evening dress should be maintained for certain parts of the theatre. One never knows what the gradual slackening of such a rule will lead to; it may be that some day we shall see the stalls full of people who have rushed up to town fresh from a bout of energetic gardening, with straws in their hair and sweet-peas on the brain, clad in costumes which will be varied and picturesque but somewhat unappealing to the sense of beauty. Then will come the pipe, and the lowering of prices, and through a haze of incense ascending from well-seasoned briars and a penetrating smell of surreptitiously sucked oranges the actors will behold the final triumph of the blouse, the sailor's knot, and the tweed as "the real, right thing" for evening wear.

The list of lectures to be delivered at the Royal Institution after Easter is exceptionally comprehensive and interesting. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley will discourse upon Cardinal Manning, the Decay of Idealism in France and of Tradition in England, and the Institute of France, in a series of three addresses. Professor F. W. Mott takes for his theme the Brain and the Hand; Dr. W. N. Shaw discusses Aviation from a scientific standpoint, and Mr. Thorne-Baker will expound the latest practical developments in Wireless Telegraphy. Those who have had the pleasure of listening to Professor Selwyn Image will be glad to see his name down for three lectures on Ruskin, William Morris, and Walter Pater; Mr. W. L. Courtney takes the classical side with two lectures entitled Types of Greek Women. Phases of Bird Life will be treated by Mr. W. P. Pycraft. Other distinguished names figure in the list, among whom Professors Flinders Petrie, Gilbert Murray, R. W. Wood (of the Johns Hopkins University), and William Stirling may be noted.

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A HEART'S CRADLE SONG

Grieve not, poor heart, that daffodils are dead
And summer grasses withered 'neath the sky,
Grieve not that every golden hour is fled,
That murmuring in the darkening tops of trees,
Where brown leaves die,
Borne on each plaintive breeze,
The song of Autumn, poignant with distress,
Makes a sad minstrelsy,
Bewailing Summer's loveliness
Too soon gone by.
Grieve not, poor heart.

Grieve not, poor heart, that love hath taken a sword
And severed each strong tie that bound us twain,
Grieve not, for seeing that the spoken word,
Once spoken, like the fateful chance gone by,
Comes not again,
Though hours of ecstasy
And vows of passion, born of Love's delight,
Are barren and in vain,
Though radiant day is turned to night
And joy to pain,
Grieve not, poor heart.

Grieve not, poor heart; the magic birth of Spring
Would come less welcome but for Winter's blight.
Grieve not, each hour of gladness Time must bring
Will be but lovelier, free from sorrow's stain,
When put to flight,
As sunshine scatters rain.
Joy conquers sorrow, and the grief of years
Fades like the night
When morn from out the East appears
Crownèd with light.
Grieve not, poor heart.

C. S.

THE SLOTH OF THE INCOME-TAX PAYER

In our issue of January 14th of the present year we called attention to the probability of a large surplus at the close of the financial year, and we asked, "Is that surplus to be devoted to the relief of those who have produced it?" We endeavoured to furnish a rallying cry whilst there was yet time, the import of which could not be overlooked by any Government. The Income-tax payer has remained absolutely cold; he glories in his abasement and hugs his chains. Peel and his progeny—Free Trade and Income-tax—are apparently the fetishes of those who are too lax or too craven to make their power felt. What the men of 1816 revolted against and secured the abolition of, the supermen of 1911 tranquilly accept and kiss hands for.

Maudlin sentimentality has so gripped the nation that notions of fair treatment and common honesty are immediately surrendered when some Socialistic nostrum is put forward to be financed by the methods of the footpad.

There is an estimated surplus of not less than £8,000,000. Not a suggestion is put forward that the Income-tax payer is to receive any relief. On the contrary, hare-brained schemes are shadowed forth on absolutely unsound actuarial bases to swallow up the surplus, and to impose in the future further burdens on the patient draught animal. "An ass endures his burden, but not more than his burden;" the super-ass will endure any addition to his load.

In January last we wrote:—

> The Income-tax payer has shown extraordinary laxness in not protesting against being regarded as a milch-cow to provide sustenance for the support of Radical-Socialistic legislation. A body which is now called on to provide one-quarter of the total revenue derived from taxation is strong enough, if rallied and efficiently organised, to command attention to its protest.

Is the Income-tax payer inclined to submit cravenly to the absorption of the surplus he has created in order to finance, for the moment, the Bill which the Government promises to aid and stereotype imposture and malingering?

A few years ago the Peers committed a terrible crime: they positively delayed the passage of the Budget! Fire and fury raged through the land. All the rich imagery of the East-end was expended in denunciation of the too-daring hereditary legislators. The only excuse they could urge for their action was that it was adopted in the interests of sound finance and honesty. We now hear that postponement of the Budget is really a matter of no importance, and as the Government have been ordered by their Socialist taskmasters to remodel their measure of insurance so that relief may be provided for everybody, the Budget may stand over. It really does not matter.

In our previous article we traced the history of the Income-tax from its first imposition by Pitt as a temporary measure to cope with the enormous expenditure incurred in the Napoleonic wars. We noticed the abolition of the tax in 1816 in consequence of popular resentment. We showed how Peel reimposed the tax in 1842 as a necessary concomitant of the blessed policy of Free Trade. We showed how Mr. Gladstone in 1874 promised the total abolition of the tax if he were returned to power; how Mr. Disraeli was victorious, and retained the tax on the basis of 2d. in the pound.

In these days, if a Socialist is reminded that the Income-tax—essentially a tax on enterprise, employment, and success—has never been defended on other grounds than as a war tax, a smile puckers his face. According as he has command of language, he explains that it is as a war tax that he desires to use it—to wage a Jehad against prosperity capital, industry, and all that is valuable, responsible, and reputable in the land. He is a man of definite views, and is sufficiently forceful to brush aside the halting temporisers who pose as Moderates. He knows that the Income-tax payer is a poor creature with scarcely sufficient virility to utter even a feeble protest, incapable of combination, a negligible quantity.

Such has been the truth in the past—What of the future? Will Income-tax payers organise and combine? Will they send members to Parliament, whose first care shall be to guard them against spoliation, to secure fair-play, and to balance the demands of extortion as an equivalent for votes?

Cecil Cowper.

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THE GOSPEL OF EXAGGERATION*

Poor old England, according to the tremendous arraignments of Mr. Bernard Shaw, is the most unfortunate country on the face of the earth. She is the home of a desperately immoral set of people, most of whom are either unhappily married or suffering from the "amatory infatuations of the adolescents"—which is Mr. Shaw's pleasant little way of referring to youthful love. They are people, too, who when they have time to struggle free from "the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive, and most transient of passions," are anything but nice in their behaviour or their code of ethics. The medical profession, for instance, in this pit of iniquity, "has an infamous character." "I do not know a single thoughtful and well-informed person," says Mr. Shaw, "who does not feel that the tragedy of illness at present is that it delivers you helplessly into the hands of a profession which you deeply mistrust." We are tempted to hazard the comment that Mr. Shaw does *not* know a single "thoughtful and well-informed person." The reason for this imputed mistrust of the doctor's craft is that "it not only advocates and practises the most revolting cruelties in the pursuit of knowledge, and justifies them on grounds which would equally justify practising the same cruelties on yourself or your children, or burning down London to test a patent fire-extinguisher, but, when it has shocked the public, tries to reassure it with lies of breath-bereaving brazenness." We are aghast with wonder that any sane, humane, or thoughtful individual can choose to live in such a disreputable country while there are peaks in Darien and Pacific islands left to which he might retire and save the remnants of his self-respect.

It will be seen from the above quotations that no outworn mantle of effete convention envelops the gesticulating form of Mr. Shaw; but neither is he garbed, we hasten to say, in the motley crowned with cap and bells which will soon become equally tame and conventional. It is the fashion with certain wise men to "gild the philosophic pill" too brilliantly, to play the acrobat with truth until the crowd is dazzled into applause, to stand a time-honoured, sober statement on its head, and bid us behold how exceedingly curious it looks upside-down; and some, if not most, of the critics have "placed" Mr. Shaw within this circus-ring of literature. To our thinking this is an estimate which can only be arrived at through hasty reading. Mr. Shaw is no clown; he can "wind up the watch of his wit" with the best of them when he wishes, or banter his opponents (who are generally his friends, happily enough) like a veritable Touchstone; but beneath his humour and his agility and his verbal felicities runs a very serious purpose, enforced by a logic that seems relentlessly cogent. If he is not quite the "reasonable, patient, consistent, apologetic, laborious person, with the temperament of a schoolmaster and the pursuits of a vestryman," which he professes to be in the dedicatory epistle of "Man and Superman," we can still quite appreciate the sentence which immediately follows: "No doubt that literary knack of mine which happens to amuse the British public distracts attention from my character; but the character is there none the less, solid as bricks." We should rather incline to pigeon-hole Mr. Shaw as the prophet of exaggeration, if he would consent to such an ignominious process as being pigeon-holed; and from these remarkable Prefaces to three of his plays plenty of evidence can be gathered for such a decision.

Let us take, in addition to the sentences already quoted, a glance at some other pages that may enforce our contention. Under the heading of "Routine," in the "Preface on Doctors," we find that "a respectable man . . . will flog his boy for telling a lie because it is customary to do so. He will also flog him for not telling a lie if the boy tells inconvenient or disrespectful truths, because it is customary to do so." Here we have a notable confusion between telling the truth and *not* telling a lie. The poor boy is not flogged by any respectable man for not telling a lie—he is flogged for being rude, not having yet reached the age when he will realise that there is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." It might be an irrefutable truth that the boy's grandmother was ugly; but if he told her so he would deserve his thrashing—not because he did not tell a lie, but because he was unquestionably rude. If we all told the truth, life would be one long free-fight. The worst of Mr. Shaw's exaggerations is that they often seem to prove how little he really knows, as when he says that "all children are annoying," or, on the same page, that "nine out of ten clergymen have no religious convictions; they are ordinary officials carrying on a routine of baptising, marrying, and churching, praying, reciting, and preaching"; or again, when he shakes the red flag in our faces by asserting as a "flat fact" that "English home-life to-day is neither honourable, virtuous, wholesome, sweet, clean, nor in any creditable way distinctively English."

The most striking instance of this exaggerative mood, perhaps, occurs on page 120, in the preface to "Getting Married." Mr. Shaw attended a "Conference of Married Men"—attended it as a young sociologist. The "Married Men" were representative, typical persons, who "enjoyed their smokes, their meals, their respectable clothes, their affectionate games with their children, their prospects of larger profits or higher salaries, their Saturday half-holidays and Sunday walks, and the rest of it." Yet, thanks to the distorting-lens through which Mr. Shaw habitually peers, it was to him a positively awful affair:—

> Peter the Great would have been shocked; Byron would have been horrified; Don Juan would have fled from the conference into a monastery. . . . What they called patriotism was a conviction that because they were born in Tooting or Camberwell, they were the natural superiors of Beethoven, of Rodin, of Ibsen, of Tolstoy, and all other benighted foreigners. . . . They had, as to adults, a theory that human nature is so poor that it is useless to try to make the world any better; whilst, as to children, they believed that if they were only sufficiently lectured and whipped, they could be brought to a state of moral perfection such as no fanatic has ever ascribed to his deity. Though they were not intentionally malicious, they practised the most appalling cruelties from mere thoughtlessness, thinking nothing of imprisoning men and women for periods up to twenty years for breaking into their houses; of treating their children as wild beasts to be tamed by a system of blows and imprisonment which they called education; and of keeping pianos in their houses, not for musical purposes, but to torment their daughters with a senseless stupidity that would have revolted an inquisitor.

Here we have distortion indeed—a frantic argument from exceptions, and a surprising cheapness and futility. For those men, gathered together for the purpose of discussing marriage, were ordinary, contented married people; as Mr. Shaw admits in the very next sentence, "in short, dear reader, they were very like you and me." "I could fill a hundred pages," he goes on to say, "with the tale of our imbecilities, and still leave much untold; but what I have set down here haphazard is enough to condemn the system that produced us." Not a bit of it, Mr. Shaw; but it is quite enough to convince us that you are a very clever fellow, and that we can read what you write with the utmost enter-

* *The Doctor's Dilemma, Getting Married*, and *The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet*. With Prefaces. By Bernard Shaw. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

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tainment, picking out here and there the pills of good sense which are covered with such a piquant coating.

Many other questions besides those we have alluded to are treated high-handedly in these stimulating and energetic prefaces, but we have no space to deal with more at the present moment. Enough has already been written about these plays and their inseparable explanatory epistles to fill volumes—which illustrates the great peculiarity (perhaps we should say the great distinction) of their author: he cannot be neglected or shelved. His style of writing—the exaggerated argument from exceptional premisses—has brought him fame; it remains for the wise and judicious reader to wear a strong pair of astigmatic spectacles which shall straighten up the crooked lines of Mr. Shaw's logic and set the whole picture thus flaunted before our eyes into a more pleasing and correct focus.

WILFRED L. RANDELL.

TALKS WITH PAUL VERLAINE

BY FRANK HARRIS

LIFE needs reporters, and creates them everywhere. Not a tree but keeps tale of the winters and summers it has passed, and in its knots and twists bears witness to the storms and strains it has endured.

Nature even, motionless and inarticulate Nature, is occupied with its own biography, and keeps its own record; buried forests write their story in coalfields; forgotten seas describe their vicissitudes, and show us the form and imprint of their inhabitants in chalk-cliffs and gravel-beds; the hardest granite and porphyry blocks testify to their fiery origin and describe the chief mishaps they have suffered. Even the blazing suns analyse themselves for the spectroscope, and invisible stars register their weight and orbit in the deflection of neighbouring planets. Perhaps there is not a thought in the mind which does not inscribe itself in the furthest star, and the palimpsest of the universe from the birth of time is repeated again in the being of the youngest child.

And if all creation, from the sun to the grain of sand, tells its story and records its fate, how much the more shall man sing his sorrow and his joy! For man is something more than a reporter; and that something more is the source and secret of his ineffable superiority: he is artist as well. He divines the hidden meaning in nature, the half-disclosed aim, and he does this by virtue of the fact that the eternal purpose works in him even more clearly than without him, and shows itself in his very growth. The artist is not content merely to report his sufferings and his pleasures, he makes epics of his adventures, dramas of his strugglings, lyrics of his love.

Some of us believe that this artist-function (because the latest in development) is the highest, that the statue of Hermes is more important than Greek life, that Tacitus and his History are more valuable than Rome, that all England and English worth found expression in Shakespeare, in fact that the dream of life itself is not so memorable as the telling. The workman and merchant, the lawyer and doctor, the man of science and lawgiver and priest all live and labour as material for the Singer. Nothing endures like the word: "it liveth and it conquereth for evermore."

It is not wonderful then that men should be curious about the poets and artists of their own time. They will take more and more interest in them, and not less, as they advance in wisdom. I need no excuse, therefore, for talking here of Verlaine, for he, too, was one of "the sacred band."

Paul Verlaine did not look like one's ideal of a poet: he is best to be seen in Rothenstein's pencil sketch; his likeness to Socrates was extraordinary. One could have sworn that the old Silenus-mask was come to life again in him. But Verlaine had not the figure of the great fighter: though of average height he was punily made and inclined to be podgy. With his careless, slovenly dress he would have passed unnoticed in any street-crowd, French or English. He seemed, indeed, to wish to avoid remark: there was something timid and shy, a shrinking even, in his manner, due to nervous apprehension rather than to reserve. But with friends Verlaine gave himself as freely and simply in talk as he did in his writings. I have never known any human being with such child-like, perfect frankness, such a transparent sincerity in thought and being. After a couple of hours spent with him I found myself wondering whether any one by mere frankness could be so charming. Of course it was the absence of malice in Verlaine, the absence of all spite and envy and hatred, the lovingkindness of the man which was so engaging, and a touch of gay ironic humour lent an ineffable fascination to his sincerity.

Everyone has read his early lyrics of love and passion: everyone knows the story of his early life, of his admiration for Rimbaud and the tragic outcome of it in the shooting at Brussels and that imprisonment which finally brought Verlaine to repentance and to the humility of religion, and thus completed the disharmony of his dual existence.

The first evening he dined with me he told me of an adventure which seems to me characteristic. After he came out of prison in Belgium he made his way to England. In London poverty forced him to offer himself as a teacher of French.

"I was engaged," he said, "almost immediately by a clergyman at Bournemouse at seventy pounds a year, *sans blanchissage*. 'No washing' was wonderful to me," he added, "because I used so little"—and he smiled.

"Ze train was arranged for me and everything, and I was met at ze station by a big man, a clergyman.

"'Are you Mr. Verlaine?' he asked.

"I said 'Yes,' and he shake me by the hand, and talk to me the most terrible French I have ever heard. His accent was more than an accent; it was a new language. One had to guess at his meaning. I could really understand him better when he talked English, though I only knew half a dozen words. He took me to his house, which was the school, and treated me splendidly. He showed me ze room that was to be mine, and asked me to dinner. His wife was charming to me, and they both told me they were sure I should succeed. I could only say, 'I will do my best.'

"After dinner ze clergyman told me he thought it better I should rest ze next day, and get to know ze place and school and everything. He was kind to me and thoughtful. There were coloured texts in my room, very beautiful texts, and time-tables—the time to post letters, time to get up, time to go to bed—and there was a Bible on my *table de nuit*; the clergyman was very English. I told him I was willing to begin at once, but he would not hear of it, so I rested the whole day. Next morning he came into my room to introduce me to the boys.

"'Your first class will be a drawing class,' he said.

"'Drawing!' I cried. 'I know nozzing of drawing.'

"'Every Frenchman,' he said, 'can draw.'

"'But I cannot draw,' I exclaimed in an agony, 'not at all; I have never held a pencil in my life. I came to teach French; I really know French.'

"'Yes,' he say to me, smiling and putting his hand on my shoulder, 'but you do not know much English yet, and until you do know a little more English I think I had better go on teaching French!'

"'Mon Dieu, mon Dieu,' I said to myself, but I could not find words to answer him. He took me into the class and

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put a wooden cone on the table and told the boys to draw it. I was to correct zere drawings.

"What I teach the boys I do not know. I taught myself more than I ever taught myself in my life. In a fever I studied light and shade for an hour. Of course I was a little better than the boys; but I was no more master of drawing than he was master of French. Oh, his French, it was horrible! He talked out ze verbs in a loud voice, and ze class had to repeat zem after him, and no Frenchman could have understood what he was saying. Such a language I never heard in my life. He was very English, but he was kind to me always. I had to go out long walks with the boys. Some of the older boys were interesting, and ze country about Bournemouse was beautiful. That English life was new to me. It was strange and it absorbed me: it healed me. It was like an oasis in the burning desert of my life. I got quite well in Bournemouse, but why was it—seventy pounds a year '*sans blanchissage?*" and he murmured to himself, shrugging his shoulders, "*sans blanchissage, et je m'en sers de si peu!*" Again and again—"Seventy pounds a year, *sans blanchissage*."

"I am glad you liked English life," I said to him, "and Bournemouth."

"It was healthy," he replied, "and ze clergyman he meant well with his texts and time-tables; and I learned a good deal of English, and read some Shakespeare. *Quel divine poète!* I could never understand how that clergyman and Shakespeare could be of the same race."

I was eager to find out how much Verlaine knew of Shakespeare; whether he had divined him at all. But when I pressed him he took refuge in generalities; and when I tried to get to my end by comparisons he would not be netted. He likened Shakespeare to Racine for beauty of phrase; and when I tried to say that there was no magic in Racine, no word or thought comparable to Shakespeare's best, he accepted what I said with smiling good humour. I rather think the acceptance was of politeness and not agreement.

I was in constant relations with Verlaine, both as editor and friend, for the last few years of his life. I published some poems of his in the *Fortnightly Review*, though I had a good deal of difficulty with my directors in getting adequate payment for poetry, and French poetry was anathema to them. When I sent Verlaine his cheque he always replied in a letter thanking me, and at the end of a month or so he would write me another letter saying he hoped I liked his poem, and would I send the money for it to the above address. Of course I wrote to him saying I had already sent the money and held his receipt for it. He wrote back agreeing with me and excusing himself, saying he was so hard up that he liked to think he had not been paid. Of course I did what others would have done, and sent him more than I owed. There was something of the wisdom of the serpent mingled with his childlike frankness.

In those latter days Verlaine was to be seen at his best in a restaurant on the *Boule Mich'*, where he often spent his evenings. He used to sit in a corner drinking and talking of poetry and literature with a little crowd of fervent admirers about him. Every student who came in made a point of passing his corner and of bowing to him in greeting with a *cher maitre*.

Verlaine accepted the homage with delight. It was to him a sort of apotheosis, the reward of much suffering. One night some one begged him to recite "Le pauvre Gaspard," a most characteristic poem, as characteristic perhaps of Verlaine as "The Last Word" is of Mathew Arnold. The poem is founded, I imagine, on a word of Alfred de Musset—"Suis-je né trop tôt ou trop tard?" But the question is brought to intenser significance by Verlaine. The last verse runs:—

Suis-je né trop tôt ou trop tard?
Qu'est-ce que je fais en ce monde!
Oh, vous tous, ma peine est profonde:
Priez pour le pauvre Gaspard.

He recited the verses perfectly, bringing out all the pathos of them, while marking the rhythm with a gesture of his left hand. A silence as of unshed tears followed, and in the silence he repeated the last verse again, but this time, in the last line, he substituted "*payez*" for "*priez*," smiling at us the while mischievously. Of course we were all too eager to pay for this poor Gaspard.

I have left myself practically no space to speak of Verlaine's achievement as a poet, but there is less need for that, as his work has been described in these columns quite recently.

It will be enough to say that there is no more beautiful poetry in French. Verlaine's name will be coupled with Villon's in the future as a writer of the best French lyrics. His religious poems deserve perhaps still higher place. He is the greatest Christian singer since Dante, and his passionate sincerity of feeling brought new effects into French poetry. There is a childlike directness and simplicity in his best verse which is very rare, and he uses repetition with extraordinary impressiveness:—

Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela,
Et que je suis plus pauvre que personne,
Vous connaissez tout cela, tout cela,
Mais ce que j'ai, mon Dieu, je vous le donne.

TOWN DRAMA

By a happy chance a very genuine pleasure has just fallen to our lot. Letchworth is not a town unknown in the modern annals of England. It has sought to set up a modern Athens of culture and liberty in our midst; and it must be confessed that it has hitherto shared the fate of all such laubable efforts, for it has become indissolubly associated in the mind with a collection of cranks and faddists. But it is vindicating its title to Athenian respect, for it is raising up a town drama to itself. A fact such as this, in a day when matters dramatical are causing infinite searchings of heart, to say nothing of stirrings of strife, in all forward and earnest minds, is in itself sufficient to attract attention. But when in addition to this we find such a drama created not only by the minds of the town, but occupied with the concerns of the town, then the whole situation becomes singularly arrestive.

In fact, this is the important matter. That in the four years of its existence the Letchworth Dramatic Society should have acted plays by Shaw, Galsworthy, and Yeats raises it to no higher level than that of innumerable amateur dramatic societies in England; but that it should create its own original work, and that this original work should be occupied with Letchworthian matters, is by way of being a rare distinction. It is even more than this: it holds out a clue to the most difficult problem that faces the drama of to-day. It prompts thinking of a curiously fascinating order.

The particular play that we saw on the evening of the 22nd was called on the programme a pantomime. In fact, it was miscalled so; for it was a satire of a very remarkable nature. Not being imbued with the local spirit, we could not always catch the local allusions; but we felt them. It was like reading a play of Aristophanes, when we can feel the blows going home, though we cannot wholly understand their nature. In fact, this allusion to Aristophanes is more than appropriate, for the thought of him was irresistible. It scarcely needed the kindly voice at our ear to point out the allusions or to elucidate the satire as it went forward. There was the local Imperialist and Anti-Socialist in the audience convulsed with laughter as he surveyed himself on the stage, got-up to the last point of physical

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resemblance, thumping his well-known points in his best of manners:—"I've knocked about the world a bit, and I've read some history. Oh, yes! I know a thing or two!"—and all his other favourite tags, there they were, faithfully reproduced to exaggeration. There, too, was the Socialist who voted Liberal; there was the dramatic zealot (to whose zest the Society was and is due) caricaturing the musical zealot; and he himself caricatured by another. There was the local estate agent, with his languid domination over the affairs of the township; and there, too, a name well known to the publishing world, caricaturing the Man from Hitchin—Hitchin being Letchworth's Philistia! It was acutely funny; but it was far more than this. It was so sane; it was so admirably healthy. It was as though, the whole time, one saw Meredith's sly faun shedding its silvery laughter over the township, illuminating and displaying all pomposities and frailties. If Letchworth be a town of cranks, they are at least very healthy cranks since they can afford to laugh at themselves. Such a thing in London would convulse London with libel suits, and suspend all the avenues of business; whereas in Letchworth the satirised positively assisted the various "make-ups."

It was drama of an extraordinary nature. Naturally the plot of the satire was not elaborate. (Neither, for that matter, was Aristophanes a lover of elaborate plot!) Yet it was well written; and if the lyrics by Mr. Purdom were but echoes of Gilbert, Mr. Lee's music was sufficiently individual to outweigh the likeness. The music for some of the songs and one of the dances was quite excellent; the acting had often a fine gusto. But the chief interest was much deeper than this. For we cannot but remember that the spacious days of Elizabethan drama were preceded and produced by the York, Chester, and Coventry cycles. And it is surely obvious that if we are to have any dramatic revival, as so many believe, and so many more hope, such a revival cannot by any chance come from the effete and sophisticated stage-pieces that one sees so much of in the West-end of London! Historic precedent itself supports the contention. For it was a local spirit that produced the Athenian drama; it was a local spirit that led to the Elizabethan drama; it was a local spirit that produced Synge and the Dublin school; and despite all set-backs, it was not till Wagner turned from the great cities to Bayreuth that he got on the way to success. As we left the local hall in which the play was presented, a pamphlet was handed to us entitled "A Proposal for a Town's Theatre at Letchworth Garden City, by C. B. Purdom." Mr. Purdom, it appears, is the originator of the movement. Such a proposal deserves to succeed as few modern dramatic proposals do.

So fascinating is this question that it raises a further matter. It helps toward unriddling the great difficulty of the *matter* of drama. For while drama is merely analytical it has little more interest for the healthy mind than have ponderous blue-books. Even Galsworthy's analysis of social problems never comes close home to us. Poor Falder becomes like an insignificant fly on an inscrutable wheel; and, whereas the play in which he appears should be purgative and healthy in its effect, in point of fact it leaves us obsessed with a terrible feeling of helplessness, if not with an actual distaste. But here is a kind of drama that cuts away unhealthiness with the rare knife of laughter. In Athens there was but pure tragedy and pure satire (their comedy being truly only satire); and both were purgative; one by the effect of terror, the other by laughter. Moreover, both *soar:* whereas modern drama is pedestrian. Thus Letchworth need only produce, naturally and fitly produce, tragedy, and then she will lead the way towards a development that will be profoundly interesting. It is difficult to say what the possibilities may or may not be. Certainly the potentialities are there. One remembers Bayreuth.

REVIEWS

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER

Sir William Butler's Autobiography. With Four Portraits in Photogravure and Two Maps. (Constable and Co. 16s. net.)

THE chief interest of this book is to be found naturally in the last three chapters. The South African war, from which not merely the Empire generally but particularly South Africa itself has emerged so satisfactorily, is still an oppressive and vivid memory. The story of Sir William Butler's long life, so busily and faithfully spent in the public service, which closed last June in its seventy-second year, is valuable to us to-day for what he has to say of South Africa during the years 1898 and 1899, when the war broke out. He was on the spot, he knew the country, he strongly sympathised with the Dutch whilst under orders from the English Government at home, and when the events of that short time were about to culminate in active hostilities, he offered his resignation to the Secretary of State for the Colonies; Mr. Chamberlain promptly accepted by cablegram, and came home. He left South Africa burning from the Cape to the Transvaal with a race-hatred equal to his own private feelings, and his career, in the active sense of the battlefield, was at an end.

He finishes his autobiography at this point, and his daughter adds, in an afterword, the account of his activities from that date to his peaceful end. He died full of honours as of years; G.C.B., and a Privy Councillor of Ireland. But, most important of all to him, a man of the highest personal honour, he lived to see himself fully vindicated by the historian as an ill-used military officer, whose rejected counsels might have saved thousands of lives, millions of treasure, and long months of acute national suffering. It is truly extraordinary how profound was the ignorance of the authorities at home as to the nature of the undertaking of a war in South Africa. We are not now concerned with the policy of the civil authorities which led up to the war, but with the military authorities who conducted it. The question of whether the war could have been averted will always divide the opinions of competent and well-informed men, but the question of whether it was properly conducted will never divide any opinions. The unanimous verdict is that it was a piece of the most dreadful and colossal blundering and bungling of which any country was ever guilty.

Sir William Butler had been in South Africa both in 1875 and 1879. He had just completed his Life of General Colley, and seen it ready for the publisher's hands, when in October, 1898, he, to use his own words—

> Received a cipher telegram at Dover from the War Office, asking if I would accept the command at the Cape rendered vacant by the sudden death of General Goodenough. . . . I accepted the offer, not without reluctance. There were many difficulties inherent to the military position by itself, but in the present case it would be complicated by the new man's having to assume at once upon his arrival the entire civil duties of Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa, as Sir Alfred Milner had already left Cape Town for England upon leave of absence.

Here was the tragedy. For the military office it is doubtful if a man more suited could have been found; for the civil, one less suited.

For Sir Wm. Butler was a passionate Nationalist, yet a man who had played no small part in building up an

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Empire whose administration from home he frequently disapproved; full of ideas of government that do not belong to present-day conditions; and, above all, of Irish emotions that are inimical to the bold, hard statecraft so needed in Empire-building. Of all the sad things of that sad time the fact that he should have been where he was at such an hour is perhaps the saddest.

His valour and genuine ability as a military commander were never in any doubt. As his daughter tells us, "In the midst of the initial disasters of October and November, 1899, he offered to go out 'in any capacity' to do what he could to help to retrieve the Empire's losses." The offer was not accepted, but in 1905 he paid an unofficial visit to South Africa, when one of the Boer Generals who had given us the greatest trouble during the war greeted him with the bluff compliment, "It was lucky for us, General, that you were not against us in the field." It is certain that he might have spared us many humiliations and defeats.

Sir William Butler could never see his military duties in a dry and technical light. When, in 1905, he was made President of the War Office Committee appointed to inquire into the "War Stores Scandals," he published a report which conveyed its disquieting revelations in picturesque phraseology and forceful language, lit by Irish humour, such as one does not by any means associate with official documents; for he had that thing called temperament in so great a degree that, his abilities notwithstanding, there were certain things he could not do. He could not settle down to the mere activities of military operations leaving all questions of the policy behind him as not for his consideration. Had he been able to do so he might have remained in South Africa as Commander-in-Chief, and by the exercise of his unique knowledge of the country and his long experience, won for himself a place on the permanent roll of the Empire's greatest soldiers. But no, he was temperament first and all the time. He believed that at the back of the British policy was the dictation of cosmopolitan financiers of the most unscrupulous order, and that it was his business to oppose that policy as far as lay in his power. For that reason he came home. It was an impossible position for him to be diverting his energies and his brains by concerning himself with the Imperial policy at the back of the whole business, when all he was required to do was to give his advice on the military position which it was foreseen must arise out of that policy. But let the dead bury their dead. There is little profit in pursuing the point further.

Of the book as a whole let us hasten to say that it is written in a charming and fascinating style. There have not been many soldiers in the British Army who have wielded so facile a pen to depict the scenes and views of such a busy, long, and travelled life. His was a noble nature, and, although the glory of his earthly crown was not perhaps so great as it might have been, after all we poor humans do not know it all. He was a valiant soldier, who scorned wrong, fought always for his conscience and the right; and who knows but that the highest service to mankind is rendered without the world's acknowledgment?

IN CLUBLAND

London Clubs: their History and Treasures. By RALPH NEVILL. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

MANY books have been written about clubs and club-life, and more may be written, but it will be difficult to beat Mr. Nevill's work in interest and fulness of anecdote. He gives plenty of facts without overloading them, and records many amusing incidents, some of which will be recognised as having appeared elsewhere. Club-life has changed, and further developments may be expected in the shape of the provision of additional luxuries, but more palatial buildings than those already in existence can hardly be required in any number. As the author says, the evolution of the modern club has been so simple that it can easily be traced. It had its origin in the tavern and coffee-house of an age long past. This particular appellation is said to have come into use when coffee-houses began to be popular; in the early part of the eighteenth century there were no fewer than two thousand of them in London. When special rooms were set aside at the coffee-houses for particular members the next stage to exclusive clubs was easily reached. But whereas the spirit of sociability and genial intercourse was formerly the object of the earlier clubs, the modern tendency is, as Mr. Nevill says, more towards comfort and efficient management than anything else. "In most large modern clubs quite a number of members are totally unknown to their fellows, and there is no reason why a member should speak to any one at all unless he wishes to do so. The majority of the modern clubs are in reality merely comfortable caravanserais—hotels receiving a certain number of selected visitors who recognise no social obligations within the club walls except such as regulate ordinary civilised behaviour." Many members, it is believed, regard their clubs as havens "where the women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" and possibly the members of ladies' clubs have something equally apposite to observe.

The names of some of the old places of meeting are famous in literature. The "Cheshire Cheese" still survives. Mr. Nevill tells the story how Ben Jonson, a frequent visitor, here disputed with Sylvester as to which of them could make the best couplet in the shortest time. The latter offered his: "I, Sylvester, kiss'd your sister;" to which the former retorted, "I, Ben Jonson, kiss'd your wife." "But that's not rhyme," said Sylvester." "No," said Jonson, "but it's true." Nearly every literary man had his favourite coffee-house, and the conversation varied according to the locality. The West-end coffee-houses were often disturbed by the eccentricities of the "dashing bucks who attempted either to dominate or to upset the domination of others." The Bold Bucks, the Hell-Fires, the Mohawks were a terror and pest of society. The "George and Vulture" was the first coffee-house where coffee was sold to the public in England: "In later times Charles Dickens immortalised the 'George and Vulture' by making it an abode of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller." Many taverns were the meeting-places of "mug-house clubs," where nothing was drunk but ale, and every gentleman had his separate mug, which he chalked on the table where he sat as it was brought in. Wills' Coffee-house, known as the "Wits'," was made their resort first by Dryden. The young beaux thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. Dean Swift framed the rules of the "Brothers' Club," and formed the "Scriblerus Club." At another place he was known as "the mad parson." One evening he went up to a country gentleman, and very abruptly asked him: "Pray, sir, do you know any good weather in the world?" The gentleman stared a little at Swift's singular manner and odd question, and said: "Yes, sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," replied Swift, "than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."

There have been many clubs with curious names, such as the "Lying Club," "for which untruthfulness was supposed

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to be an indispensable qualification," the "Odd Fellows," the "Humbugs," the "Society of Pilgrims," the "Blue Stocking Club," the "Golden Fleece Club," the members of which assumed fancy names, the "Everlasting," which "professed to go on for ever, its doors being kept open night and day throughout the year, whilst the members were divided into watches, like sailors at sea." There is much that is interesting of such famous clubs as the "Beefsteaks," "Old and Slow," "Arthur's," "Boodle's," "White's," "Brooks's," which were always full of the leading men of the day:—

> Dr. Johnson was probably the most staunch defender of clubs who ever lived; his reply to somebody who was rather inclined to decry such institutions is historic. A gentleman venturing one day to say to the learned Doctor that he sometimes wondered at his condescending to attend a club, the latter replied: "Sir, the great chair of a full and pleasant town club is, perhaps, the throne of human felicity."

The writer has collected a quantity of information about club management, in respect of elections to membership, committees, rules and regulations, and on such matters as smoking, blackballing, cooking, fines, cards, which will be of practical use to any one concerned with the charge of such institutions. Smoking was at one time a question which frequently created much excitement, but smokers have now generally had their desires satisfied, under certain liberal restrictions. At "White's" once a general meeting was held to deal with the question, when a number of old members who had not been in the club for years attended, having been whipped up to resist the innovation. "Where do all these old fossils come from?" was asked. "From Kensal Green," was the reply. "Their hearses, I understand, are waiting to take them back there." As regards the admission of ladies, the story is told that at a certain military club a member once brought his wife to dine, and defied the authorities by asking for the rules, in which he triumphantly pointed out that there was no stipulation as to sex.

Blackballing was at one time excessive at some clubs. "We must pill that man, it will do him good," some one would say. "We really cannot have that fellow, I saw him wearing a black tie in the evening," said another. A case is quoted of the "Athenæum" where as many as ninety-three black balls were once allotted to an unpopular candidate. "But the greatest instance of blackballing probably ever known took place some years ago at a ladies' club, where one candidate received three more black balls than the number of members present." There are many anecdotes of gambling and card-playing, and of the large sums of money which changed hands, especially at "Crockford's." One gentleman, who declared that, next to winning, losing was the greatest pleasure in the world, is supposed once to have lost £35,000. At "White's" Sir John Malcolm once lost £30,000. This last gentleman was the first chairman of the "Oriental," and a very popular figure in Society. A great talker, he was nicknamed "Bahawder Jaw," it was said, by Canning. There were ten Malcolm brothers, two of them Admirals. All ten seem to have possessed the same characteristic. When Lord Wellesley was assured by Sir John that he and three brothers had once met together in India, the Governor-General declared it to be "impossible, quite impossible." Malcolm repeated his statement. "I repeat it is impossible; if four Malcolms had come together, we should have heard the noise all over India." Such anecdotes could easily be multiplied: we have said enough, perhaps, to recommend this book, which we have found entertaining, instructive, and brightly written.

"TANT VAUT L'HOMME, TANT VAUT LA TERRE"

Land Problems and National Welfare. By CHRISTOPHER TURNOR. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. VISCOUNT MILNER. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN these hurrying times, when the social and economic problems are being rendered more complex and difficult of solution with the passage of every day, when sentiment is imported into science, when political passion thrusts truth and reason from the platform, it is indeed time that some clear voice was heard bidding deft hands to disentangle the knots in which centuries of prejudice still leave us enmeshed. Meantime, we should welcome the critic who has the moral courage to acknowledge the merits of his opponents and to censure the demerits and stumblings of those among his own political creed. Mr. Christopher Turnor, in the work before us, not only deserves, but commands, such a recognition. He shows himself to be an anxious and zealous searcher after truth. He has put together a mass of valuable facts, garnered for the most part from personal knowledge; but he does not pose as having solved any of the grave problems which confront us. He has not attempted to devise any distinct itinerary which would serve to switch the baffled landlord, tenant, or farm-labourer on to a less circuitous road. He shows himself, however, to be a good counsellor and guide in the many by-paths which antiquated prejudice and modern legislation have been constantly making more difficult. The main point is that the author shows himself to be sincere and just, and to have the interests of his fellow-workers at heart. And, reading him as one who desires progress, and as one who would welcome criticism aiming at truth, we deal with a few points which seem at present to stand in his way.

In the first place, in treating such a vital question as the Land Problem, here and abroad, and in comparing British and foreign methods of work, division of property, characteristics of race, and a score of other factors, it is palpably an error to assign a different form of political economy to different countries. The economic laws must remain the same, like the principles of Euclid; and to say that in France political economy differs from political economy in these islands is surely akin to saying that the law of gravitation does not hold good in the valley in the same measure as at the mountain's peak. If Mr. Turnor had said that the French in their methods in some cases work more in harmony with, or run counter to, the immutable economic laws than is found in certain other communities, we could endorse his statement. The French, and especially the peasantry, are a people who for generations have adapted themselves to a wholesale system of wrong-headed anti-economic legislation. Of this fact innumerable examples could be given. But the most noteworthy of all—and the one that more than any has served to safeguard them from absolute ruin—is represented in the Banquier system, a natural evolution arising from an instinctive spirit of self-protection against governmental financial tyrannies, the supply of inadequate and base coin, and an unconscious and unexplained sense of a great truth—namely, that it is impossible to solve the Land Question unless you solve the capital question. The consequence to these industrious and careful-living people is that they are in the enjoyment of the most natural and prosperity-producing credit and capital-supplying system existing to-day—a system, indeed, which explains the thrift which Mr. Turnor, like so many others, recognises as existing among them, but which is an effect rather than a cause of their success in *petite culture*. Mr. Turnor alludes to the better financing of farmers in the old days of the country bankers, and rightfully deplores their absorption into the huge Joint

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Stock Companies. It is a pity that he has not seen his way to elaborate this point, for the alienation of the natural channels connecting capital with land and labour—namely, capital and credit supplying banks—can be readily proved to be the cardinal cause of the astounding changes that have been wrought in agriculture and its contributory industries in England and Scotland—once the foremost farming countries in the world. This truth cannot be better illustrated than through a close study of that very Banquier system which has enabled rural France to stand out conspicuous as the highest example of successful small farming which can be mentioned.

Mr. Turnor is evidently aware of the importance of the supply of credit and capital to the workers in agriculture, for he speaks of the necessity of a special machinery for providing loans for the purchase of land, and more than once refers to Credit Banks as a means to that end to act as the tenant's working capital. It seems regrettable that one who, in this interesting volume, proves himself so close an observer should not have devoted a greater attention to this most vital of all the factors in the Land Problem—the financing of production. We suggest this because it is a subject that has been sorely neglected by most writers on agricultural questions and ignored by the majority of our politicians of both Parties. A study of this particular branch would soon convince Mr. Turnor that the State prohibition of such banks as would constitute an adequate supply of capital and credit to farmers is responsible for the condemnation of private ownership, the hundred-and-one patchwork or pseudo-economic enactments, and the sentimental, groundless attacks on unearned increment, the fallacious craze and clamour for land nationalisation at a time when, under the present deplorable absence of capital-supply, the position of the capitalist and of the private owner of land, however enviable from a superficial point of view, can be proved to confer, by a natural solidarity, a great and lasting benefit upon the wage-earners.

There are, of course, many other points that might be amplified. It will, however, suffice to remind those who have Land Reform truly at heart—and Mr. Turnor should be recognised as one of these—that there is no hope of saving the land until our legislators can be persuaded to grapple with first principles and to cease from legislating for every separate result of some great general cause. The enrichment of the State by pillage always has meant, and always will mean, a proportionate impoverishment of the people. History teems with examples. As to attempting to solve the land problem without at the same time solving the capital problem, again history comes to our aid.

"Tant vaut l'homme, tant vaut la terre," one of the most pregnant truths uttered by a great thinker and phraseologist, applies with full force here. If the people have not the sense to see nor the energy and courage to clamour for that economic and financial freedom to which they have a full right, and continue on the road of their present supine resignation to Governmental tamperings and prohibitions in the matter of a rational supply of capital and credit to land and labour, they must expect to have the land snatched from them and to suffer under the worst conceivable landlord—the State—with its army of relentless tax and rent-consuming bureaucrats, and to pass into a nation of slaves.

THE LAST STUART QUEEN

The Last Stuart Queen: Louise Countess of Albany: Her Life and Letters. By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN, F.S.A. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 16s. net.)

THE last Stuart Queen was Louise, Princess of Stolberg-Gedern, wife of the Young Pretender, and in choosing her as his heroine Mr. Vaughan has shown a true instinct for romance. For the life-story of the Countess of Albany, as she was known, is sufficient to supply plots for half-a-dozen novels of passable standard. The wife, and later the widow, of Prince Charles Edward during the course of her long life, she shone in many a circle, and was in close and intimate contact with more than one historical personage. Her biography ought, therefore, to appeal to an especially wide public. To those to whom the adventures and misfortunes of the Stuarts are still a living interest this account of the career of the wife of the Young Pretender, and incidentally of the Young Pretender himself and also of the Cardinal of York, should prove eager reading. Admirers of the Count Vittorio Alfieri will be grateful to Mr. Vaughan for the considerable light which he has thrown in his pages on the greater part of the life of that distinguished poet. Students of the social life, both on the Continent and in this country, during the era of the French Revolution will welcome Mr. Vaughan's work with eagerness: and even admirers of Napoleon I. will find in his pages an occasional glimpse of their demi-god. Above all, the far larger public who have no particular interests to serve in their reading, but are prepared to take up any book which gives promise of being interesting, no matter its subject, will find a volume of entrancing and unabated interest and pleasure in the biography which Mr. Vaughan has prepared for them.

With the Princess as heroine, although Mr. Vaughan gives no exaggerated account of her charms and virtues—most sedate and impartial is he in describing the Countess of Albany, and no one can with justice criticise him with having twisted history to the advantage of the lady of whom he writes—one can hardly expect an over-coloured account of the Prince to whom she was tied as prisoner for the best twelve years of her life. At the time of his marriage he had well passed his youth. Failure, disappointment, and weakness had all left their marks upon him, and those who had acclaimed him a generation earlier as the Bonnie Prince Charlie would have been sore disappointed if they had met him again in middle-age. Thus Prince Charles Edward is depicted in this book in no attractive colours. Alfieri, the supplanter in the affections of the Princess—if ever the husband possessed his wife's affections—also appears as a villain rather than as a hero:—

> We are therefore compelled to believe that for three years Alfieri was enjoying the hospitality of a home that he was setting himself to wreck in a most selfish, deceitful, and altogether detestable method, a fact which must carry a sense of contempt and indignation against this man who had set himself up to teach his countrymen the means of moral and political redemption, and yet was the actual and unabashed author of so cold-blooded an act of treachery.

With regard to the Countess's behaviour in this affair Mr. Vaughan is not so indignant. He seems to hesitate much concerning her guilt, at any rate during the earlier period of the intrigue, and he quotes Sir Horace Mann, the British Minister, in particular, in order to repel any charge which might be made against her. Certainly no excuse is necessary for her action when she did finally flee from her husband's roof, and her behaviour during the period which immediately succeeded that flight was in every respect beyond reproach. The Princess settled in Rome under the protection of her brother-in-law, the Cardinal of York:—

> Here then in the dismal old palace we leave Charles Edward Stuart on the verge of his sixtieth birthday, deprived of his wife, wounded in his honour and his personal pride, a prey to the demon of "the nasty bottle," despised by his very servants, and feeling acutely his ignoble position as the merest of political ciphers in the eyes of the Pope and the Sovereign of Tuscany.

To the kindness and goodness of the Cardinal of York the

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Countess owed very much in these subsequent years, and it is painful to see how ungratefully she requited them. The Cardinal long survived his power and prosperity, and died at last a weary old man, shorn of most of the comforts to which he had been accustomed. But to the end of his life he apparently never lost his affection or consideration for his sister-in-law, for he even remembered her in his last testament. She on her part, when she thought that there was nothing more to be gained from the relationship, did not trouble to refrain from slandering and abusing her former benefactor, and some of her letters on this account make unpleasant reading.

A curious episode in the career of the Countess of Albany was her visit to England and her presentation at the Court of the usurper, George III. This moral abdication on her part gave rise to considerable gossip and mild amusement in society, and the most entertaining comment on the whole of the proceedings is preserved in the letters of Horace Walpole, from which Mr. Vaughan quotes at length. To make the whole affair the more surprising, this courting of the Hanoverians must have been planned and pursued with the concurrence of Alfieri, "that professional hater of kings and queens," to whom the Princess was now permanently, although not legally, allied. So surprising is the whole affair that Mr. Vaughan suggests that there must have been some ulterior motive. He is almost certainly right, and the anxiety to obtain a British pension must have been the cause of the Princess's appearance, and illustrates, as it were, the Hanoverian victory. The Princess and her companion made a tour of the country at this time, and in a diary which she kept and subsequently published a not uninteresting account is given of social life in England a century and a quarter ago.

No pains have been spared to make the book attractive in every sense. The narrative, as the foregoing notice will show, is interesting and brightly written. The paper, print, and binding are all that can desired. To crown all, the volume is embellished by twelve beautiful illustrations, which combine to make it a joy as well as a pleasure.

THE NAGAS OF MANIPUR

The Naga Tribes of Manipur. By T. C. Hodson. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

Just twenty years ago the small protected State of Manipur, situated between Assam and Upper Burma, came into temporary and unfavourable prominence. It will be remembered that, after a period of anarchy in the State, the Government of India took steps to remove the cause of the disturbance and to restore order. But by gross mismanagement the arrangements failed; the Chief Commissioner and four officers were treacherously murdered. An expedition was sent to Manipur to reassert the political supremacy of the British Government, suitable punishments were inflicted, and the State was taken under British administration. It has since been restored to native rule. The area is under 8,500 square miles, the population under 300,000. The features of the Manipuris show them to be descended from the Indo-Chinese stock; their language resembles that of the Kuki tribes on the south. It is with the Naga tribes who inhabit this State that this book deals, not with the other Nagas, such as the Angamis, Kachas, Rengmas, Semas, and Lhotas, who have been included within Assam. These Nagas have their own history, which tells of their slow reclamation from barbarism, and of the murders of several political officers, Holcombe, Butler, and Damant, in past times.

Mr. Hodson was formerly Assistant Political Agent and Superintendent of Manipur, and is a Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and Member of the Folklore Society. His volume is a description of the ethnology of the hill-tribes within the limited area of the Manipur State, so that the reader must not expect a general treatise on all the hill-tribes of India. The material was collected ten years ago, and some of it has already been published. The accuracy of the information may provisionally be presumed, but civilian officers are not always sufficiently acquainted with the vernaculars to be able to elicit the facts from timid natives who misunderstand their object, and native subordinates cannot altogether be trusted, as they are wont to supply only the information which they believe will be acceptable. There is no finality in ethnological studies. But Mr. Hodson has had his manuscript checked by an expert, Lieut.-Colonel Shakespear, and if he has really studied all the authorities cited he has equipped himself with preparatory knowledge cognate to his contribution. He has divided his book into sections dealing with general characteristics: Domestic Life, Laws and Customs, Religion and Folk Tales.

The Naga tribes in Manipur are seven, of which the Tangkhuls, Mao and Marami Nagas, and Kabuis appear to be the largest. "The common feature in all the legends about their origin is the absence of any claim to be the original inhabitants of the country they now occupy." Mr. Hodson considers that they were settled at an early date in their present areas. His conclusion appears probably correct that all the legends are ætiological, invented to explain a state of affairs which was recognised as needing some sort of an explanation. Expansion and quarrels between neighbours may have caused tribal movements of which no record is available.

Like all semi-civilised peoples these Nagas—a term said to be derived from the Assamese Noga, applied to hill-tribes—have their own ideas about births, deaths, the future state, spirits, marriage (based upon exogamy), animal-life, omens, dreams, superstitions of all sorts. The tribes all bury, not burn, their dead, not always inside the village, or in the usual burying-place. The heads of enemies killed in a head-hunting raid are exposed in trees outside the villages. In the graves are placed various articles for the use and comfort of the deceased in the world hereafter: if a man dies, for instance, of tiger-bite, they put a bugle in his grave to scare away the tigers on the road to heaven. The something that leaves the body at death is often regarded as a winged insect of some kind, now a butterfly, now a bee. In order to allow the insect to escape a hole is made in the roof directly above the bed of the deceased. Their popular beliefs are many and various, too numerous to quote. On one occasion they decided that the strangest thing the British had brought within their ken was coined money: its uniformity was the special feature of interest.

The determining factor of the family, the clan, and the village is religious. Strange-shaped stones, which they worship, are often pointed out as places where a deity is wont to dwell. The creation of the world is ascribed to the deity who causes earthquakes. The Tangkhuls approach their deity, the eldest son of the creator, in trouble or sickness. The village headman is the *Khullakpa*, vested with considerable dignity and importance, with special *tabus* designed to maintain efficiency. He is also called the *gennabura*. This *genna* dominates their lives. It is "a temporary disturbance of the normal course of life." It means, simply, forbidden or prohibited, and is applied to the mass of prohibitions, permanent and temporary, periodic and occasional, which form a great part of the tribal law. "All the rites and festivals observed by social units in this area are characterised by a prohibition of the normal relations with other social units, so that the term has come to be applied to all occasions and festivals at and by which the social unit con-

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cerned consolidates and concentrates itself." These *gennas* thus affect all the various social units. Mr. Hodson's conclusion is that the life of these small communities may not unfairly be described as "nasty, dull and brutish." Their beliefs, practices, and customs show that their civilisation is still very backward. This could easily be proved, but this brief notice must come to a close. Mr. Hodson's book will be valued by all students of ethnology, folklore, and savage life, but the subject is too technical to attract the general reader. The map furnished is on too small a scale to be really useful; the illustrations are so good that more would have been welcome.

NEAPOLITAN ART

Geschichte der Malerei Neapels. By WILHELM ROLFS. (E. A. Seemann, Leipzig. 25m.)

IN this history of the art treasures of Naples Herr Rolfs breaks up ground which is by no means virgin soil, having been sown already with more than one lusty crop of critical weeds. No city in Italy, he assures us, has been so exploited by the forger and the literary charlatan. Bernardo de Domenici—"one of those innumerable mediocre painters (half-artist, half-dauber) who, in the eighteenth century, covered the walls of the countless restored churches of Naples with their bungling work"—is the chief offender, and seems to have shown in his roguery an ingenuity and zeal unparalleled:—

> Long and laborious was his task, and, for once, one may believe the forger when he says that he spent seventeen years on it. The "Vite dei Pittore, Scultori ed Architetti Napoletani" appeared in three great volumes in 1742-3, and with it begins the fraudulent art research which has lasted to the present day—so skilful is his method, so assured are his statements, so cunningly does the man contrive to hoodwink even the coolest investigator.

Not the least interesting part of Herr Rolfs' book is the decision with which the author lays bare the impostures of this Domenici and the wanderings in critical darkness of his dupes.

The difficulties which await the student of Neapolitan art are immense. Restoration has been destructively busy in the churches, and it is hard to read calmly of ancient frescoes stripped, as though they were cheap wallpaper, from the walls of sacred buildings and scattered on the ground among *débris* of stones and mortar. The civic rage for "improvement" seems to have swept many churches bodily away, the names of the patronal saints change, the information of local guides varies amiably according to the size of prospective tips—in short, Herr Rolfs wins our admiration for the enthusiastic persistence and the painstaking thoroughness with which he has worked his way to daylight through this forest of hindrances.

From first to last the outstanding point which forcibly strikes the student is the dependence of art in Naples on inspiration and energy drawn from outside the borders of the bayside city:—

> The soil of Naples, rich in fiery talent, but lacking that creative genius dependent on unbending will-power and persistent endeavour, which alone is able to produce an epoch-making work, fell into sterile decay when no more nourishment was poured into her from outside.

From Peter Kavallini, who brought to the gay, insouciant spirit of local painting something of the strenuous earnestness of Roman art, and directed from 1308 and onwards the labours of a host of satellite pupils who decorated the walls of the church of Donna Regina, to Solimena, the flattered darling among painters of the early eighteenth century, whose followers allowed the torch of art in Naples, so long kept alight by friendly alien hands, to go out in spluttering ineptitude, the masters of Naples were such men as Solario the Venetian, the Spaniard Ribera, and Salvator Rosa, of whom Naples can claim scarcely more than the fact that his cradle stood in the suburb of Arencalla; his art belongs entirely to Rome and Florence.

Herr Rolfs' style is clear and succinct when he criticises and investigates, tinged, when he describes a picture or wall decoration, with a warmth and colour which witness vividly to his connoisseurship. Accompanying the work are 137 plates and an excellent Index. The book bears a dedication to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha on the occasion of her recent marriage.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Siren Land. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s. net.)

WE are reminded by a perusal of this pleasant little book of an April day; now smiles, now tears: happily, the smiles preponderate. It would require a Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson to sum up its qualities in a single phrase, and, maybe, that phrase would not be completely complimentary to the author. Be that as it may; in spite of its prevailing tone of flippant dilettantism, it contains a goodly number of hidden gems of philosophic truth. The author is at his best when engaged in a subtle pourtrayal of the contrast between Hellenic Idealism and mediæval mysticism. Incidentally the Sirens are the very flimsiest of pretexts for the weaving of this pleasant web of facts and fancies concerning most things in Heaven and Earth, to say nothing of the nether regions. All this is, no doubt, quite what it should be, for, after all, what were the Sirens?—

> What not indeed? The Sirens, says one, are the charms of the Gulf of Naples. No, says another; they were chaste priestesses. They were neither chaste, nor priestesses, but exactly the reverse. They were sunbeams. They were perilous cliffs. They were a race of peaceful shepherds. They were symbols of persuasion. They were cannibals. They were planetary spirits. They were prophets. They were a species of Oriental owl. They were the harmonious faculties of the soul. They were penguins.
>
> Penguins! That is the final pronouncement of commentatorial erudition.

Personally, we do not think the wise Odysseus would have put himself to quite so much trouble for the sake of mere penguins. The Emperor Tiberius apparently once said, in connection with the trial of a man for insulting the divinity of the deceased Augustus, "deorum injurias deis curae"—the gods can look after their own wrongs. Very wise and very true, no doubt; but, all the same, we are glad to find Mr. Douglas assisting in the good cause of vindicating the outraged memory of that great man and Emperor, Tiberius himself.

Whatever may be his views of monarchs of a bygone age, the author takes no pains to conceal his contempt for modern sovereigns, "whose chief occupation—to judge by the newspapers at least—consists in 'swopping' uniforms, rushing about the Continent in special trains, and hanging ribbons and decorations round each other's necks." His admiration of Tiberius leads him to hatch the pithy apothegm, "Our rulers never retire from the cares of government: they never feel them."

And so from Tiberius and *zuppa di pesce*—from which, if

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that concoction be such as the author represents it to be, may heavenly powers defend us—we pass, by a natural transition to sister Serafina, who, we agree, certainly deserves to have a good time in an after-life if she is to be compensated for her self-inflicted sufferings in this. Your mediæval saint is not a pleasing picture. To the author's mind it calls up the fair image of the ancient Greeks, to whom "the human frame was a subtle instrument, to be kept lovingly in tune with the loud-voiced melodies of earth and sky and sea; these were their realities; as for a life beyond, let the gods see to it—a shadowy, half-hearted business at best."

If any one of our readers is of a pragmatical turn of mind, let him carefully avoid the footnote on page 192, which concerns pragmatism. After all, pragmatism is not the sole interest in life, and he must indeed be hard to please who cannot find something to his taste in "Siren Land."

The Temple of Life: An Outline of the True Mission of Art. By Ernest Newlandsmith. (Longmans, Green and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The idealist, when his ideals take the bit in their teeth and run away with him (if we may be permitted so earthly a metaphor), is apt to appear to the ordinary man as a prophet on the mountain-top, irradiated himself with some private sunlight of his own, grumbling at the fog and shadow below; in short, a most unpractical person. Despite the author's evident sincerity, the majority of readers will gather this or a similar impression from "The Temple of Life." To Mr. Newlandsmith all the arts have a Divine mission. "It is the duty of Science," he says, "to give men that true thought of which the culmination is Divine Wisdom; and it is the duty of Art to give men that true feeling of which the consummation is Divine Love." Again, he writes:—

> What we now need is not a society for the cultivation of this or that kind of Science or Art (we have any number of these), but a society or national movement that will aim at bringing Science and Art under the driving-power or yoke of true religion—*i.e.*, the love of God. . . .
>
> In considering the value of a work of art in its relation to the welfare of mankind, the critic we require is a man who judges things from the Divine standpoint, from the inner consciousness of God. Absurd as it may seem to some people, such a man will know what is meant by "a virtuous coat" or a "benevolent stone."

We confess that this does seem to us to go perilously near to absurdity. The author's point of view will be sufficiently clear from the above quotations. Where he seems to fail is in his disregard of the fact that the true artist cannot help himself—he *must* express himself in his chosen medium, whether it be music or painting, sculpture or literature. "It is terrible to witness artists," we are told, "who, being attacked with various 'moods,' strive to depict these moods on canvas, or on paper, or in sounds, quite callous as to whether the said moods are healthy or elevating." It is not quite so terrible an affair as Mr. Newlandsmith imagines; let him rest more comfortably. Though, as an extremist, we doubt if he will rest.

It would be ungracious to cavil at all the contents of this little volume, for in his more moderate moments the author pens many suggestive and illuminating sentences. He pleads for a return to simpler music, "calculated to awaken in men's hearts simple, clear and true emotions." He takes the view that the present complex state of the various arts is the prelude to a revival of earlier forms. There is much truth in this. Extremes bring reactions, inevitably; but the forced note sometimes spoils a pleasant page—as when we read that "Modern Art is not a healing Art. On the contrary, it is permeated with vanity and death."

The book concludes with a vision of London, a city renewed, beautified, where all things are done "to the glory of God." A beautiful vision; but alas! how infinitely far from realisation!

El Greco en Toledo, ó nuevas investigaciones acerca de la vida y obras de Dominico Theotocópuli. By F. de Borja de San Román y Fernández. (Librería General de Victoriano Suárez, Madrid.)

Dominico Theotocópuli, or "the Greek," as he was called, was born on the island of Crete. He was a follower of Tiziano, founded the school of Toledo, and died in that town in the year 1614.

The book under review is a study of the life and works of the painter, and is the result of the fresh investigations of the author, and the discovery by him of certain documents in the archives of Toledo. By the courtesy of the keeper of the records the author was enabled to examine these documents, and, after personally devoting months to the careful study of the legal writings and contending with the deficiencies of the ancient registers, he brings new material and fresh light to enable us to unravel the mysteries of the life and work of "the Greek."

Until comparatively recently little has been known of this painter, from whose works even Velásquez is said to have obtained inspiration, for the writers of his day, with the exception of the two poets Góngora and Paravicino, have left nothing on record regarding him. Paravicino has written of him, "Creta le dió la vida, y los pinceles Toledo." (Crete gave him life, and Toledo the pencil.)

Within the last century, however, interest has been shown in the works of Dominico Theotocópuli, and many books relating to Spanish art and architecture give some details, which are more or less reliable, with regard to the painter and his work. M. B. Cossio has recently written two volumes on "the Greek," and the present work contains an introduction by this writer.

The book is not intended to supplant any which have previously been written on the subject, but it may be considered as a valuable addition to these, for the facts collected are reliable and supply new data, whilst they correct certain errors and confirm many doubtful points. It is well and interestingly written, and contains copious notes and numerous references to the documents from which the information has been obtained. It deals minutely with the life, the family and descendants, and the works of "the Greek." We have, for instance, one chapter devoted entirely to the question as to where, in Toledo, the painter lived; and in another the author attempts to locate the exact spot in which his remains were placed. Several diagrams are given, and the signatures of the painter have been photographically reproduced, as also have two pages of the inventory of his goods which exists in the handwriting of his illegitimate son, Jorge Manuel Theotocópuli.

The documents, nearly one hundred in number, upon which the author bases his statements will be found in an appendix. Amongst these is a complete copy of the inventory mentioned above. The documents themselves are somewhat difficult to decipher, as they are faithfully reproduced in the Spanish of the seventeenth century.

Reminiscences and Letters of Joseph and Arnold Toynbee. Edited by Gertrude Toynbee. (H. J. Glaisher. 2s. 6d. net.)

The work of the Toynbee family and its relation to social welfare in London has been dealt with in other books; the

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present little volume is mainly a record of correspondence between Joseph Toynbee and his family and friends, with a second part devoted to letters of Arnold, his son. As such it is full of humanity and a pleasant, gentle interest. The father, in addition to the keen intellect which won him such distinction in his profession, possessed a childlike, kindly soul, not above recording the simplest pleasures—games in the fields with "a glorious set of true country lads and lasses," or "a walk, listening to the cuckoo and nightingale, through lanes and footpaths, then home to tea and books, &c." But he writes on January 7th, 1861, words which show how deeply ran the current of his thoughts:

> I only regret that I cannot get my philosophy to rule my heart as well as my brain, but when it does so life's trials will be over. It is of no use growling, but this human life is a dread struggle, and he who pretends that it can be made otherwise is either deceived or deceives. . . . My life seems to be oozing away in one continued attempt to reconcile the unreconcilable, and I accomplish nothing; yet doubtless it is well, and I bow in trust and hope.

There are some delightful letters noting simple incidents of travel in France and Belgium, Germany and Switzerland, and a charming little note to his father and mother expressing Joseph Toynbee's pleasure at being called in to see the Queen (Victoria) at Osborne, "on account of deafness and noises in the head," which he was able to cure in half an hour. Other letters from Ruskin, Michael Faraday, George Cruikshank, Dr. Jowett, and many well-known men are included, and add to the interest of the volume.

The second part contains the correspondence of Arnold Toynbee, who died just when he was beginning to do great things, at the age of thirty-one; and perhaps the best pages are those reproducing a letter from James Hinton, discussing various complex problems of life. The general appeal of the book may not be wide, but those who value the revelation of two fine characters, gentlemanly in the best sense of the word, will do well to spend a quiet hour in studying it.

"Pie-Powder," being Dust from the Law-Courts, Collected and Recollected on the Western Circuit. By A Circuit Tramp. (John Murray. 5s. net.)

One whose natural modesty forbade him to place his name upon the title-page has gathered together a charming collection of anecdotes and memories. That the learned and witty author is none other than Mr. Alderson Foote, K.C., is, we believe, an open secret. A good many of these specks of "dust from the law-courts" are, no doubt, familiar to some of us: they are none the less welcome. At the same time, we must confess to an uneasy feeling that a few, at least, of these anecdotes are masquerading in borrowed plumes. We very much hope that Lord Justice Bowen laid no claim to the authorship of that ancient similitude of the blind man in the dark room looking for the black hat which is not there. However, good stories do not spoil by a little honest plagiarism now and again. The author succeeds in shedding a pathetic sunset glow over the dying circuit system, which must not, however, be allowed to blind us to the expense and cumbersomeness, the waste of valuable judicial time, and the train of attendant evils which are characteristic of that system. However charming it may be for officials, and, with all due deference to the learned author, for popular silks, we are none the less inclined to believe that the litigant and the ratepayer—bless them both—are entitled to some small consideration in the matter. We learn that the Lord Chancellor's County Court Bill will again shortly be before the House. Whatever may be its fate, who knows but what the next decade may see each County Court elevated to the dignity of a species of miniature High Court, and the briefless junior holding briefs marked with figures as yet known only to his dreams: *sed haec hactenus?*

Is it too much to hope that other leaders of other circuits may be tempted by Mr. Foote's public-spirited efforts to impart to us a few more grains of the golden dust of the law-courts, collected and garnered with the same skill and wit as are displayed in these entertaining pages?

A Tour and a Romance. By Alice E. Robbins. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

The tour here alluded to is in Spain, and the romance, a simple one, is evolved in the course of the tour. Mr. Van Putten, a New York man of business who has daily spent sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in amassing dollars, suddenly discovers that his health has broken down. American fathers are accustomed to do what their children tell them, apart from business matters, and Miss Sadie Van Putten, who has just been attending a course of lectures on Spain, at once decides that the required rest-cure can be best achieved by a tour in that country. Sadie has also at the back of her mind an *obiter dictum* of the lecturer's: "You American women have been spoilt by the men. You have no ideals, but you have millions of theories. Joanna was nicknamed the Fool, but was she not wiser than the women of the twentieth century, who place culture and money and position before the great primal fact and necessity of life?"—the primal fact and necessity being marriage and home life. Directly she gets out of the atmosphere she has hitherto lived in Sadie finds this doctrine enforced again and again—by an elderly English admirer on board the steamer, by the little courier of nondescript nationality, and by a muddle-headed clergyman's wife she meets in Madrid—so that by the time she meets her destiny in the shape of a not very interesting Englishman she is in a receptive mood. The authoress has used the tour as a peg upon which to hang the romance, and has not made the mistake of attempting to produce an attractive guide-book. She writes pleasantly, and we shall be glad to hear of her again.

The Encyclopædia of Sport. Vol. II. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.)

In December last we had much pleasure in noticing Vol. I. of "The Encyclopædia of Sport." We now have before us the second book of this series, which deals with such recreations as golf, fencing, hunting, &c. There are also several very useful pages devoted to "First Aid," the "Transport of the Injured," and accidents likely to arise from the pursuit of the various sports mentioned. The illustrations are varied and numerous, and the present edition is in every way as good as the companion volume brought out at the latter part of last year.

FICTION

A STREET OF TO-DAY

The Street of To-Day. By John Masefield. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)

Even when most occupied with the things of sound and sense, Mr. Masefield has always been chiefly concerned with the things that matter. Therefore to express surprise that he whose name recalls tales of the bold buccaneer and

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the camp-fire should turn his attention to the acute problems of modern city life would be sadly to miss the heart of one of the sincerest artists of to-day. When occupied with tropical forests, his concern has not hitherto been their mere richness of hue, nor their tangled impenetrability. What has won him has been something rare and spiritual. "Little Theo's" wanderings in "Lost Endeavour" was a proof of this. It has ever been the inner essences that have called to him, transmuting wild adventure into something of spiritual interest. To find him, then, occupied, as he is in this book, with a modern problem is only to see him turn from one earnestness to another; from an earnestness remote from modern concerns to an earnestness embedded in modern concerns.

If the title of the book is cryptic, its sub-title gives us a clue. It runs into this legend:—"By the Streets of To-day Man goes to the House of To-morrow." Yet it is not till one has been caught in the concluding flow of the narrative that one discovers its meaning; and then it is not so much meaning that one sees as an illumination that perplexes and almost awes the mind. The tale is not concerned with The House of To-morrow; it is merely occupied with a vivid, and healthfully painful, depiction of the Street of To-day; yet the way of the street is hinted sufficiently for our minds to work upon its drift; and thus, while the artist cleanses his hand of the reformer's importunity, his achievement is surer and more permanent.

Mr. Masefield preserves his creative detachment. He whom for the lack of a fitter title one must call the hero, Lionel Heseltine, takes the story from the first page to the last, it being woven closely round him; and he is not altogether a lovable character. He wins to sympathy in the end; but he seldom wins to love; he never comes near us. The art of intensely lovable characters seems to have died upon the wind of yesterday. There is a hard mentality about him. We never discover if the misfortune of his marriage is laid by his author on his or his wife's shoulders, though the latter is implied; but the trouble is certainly chiefly his. Just returned from Africa, "doing sleeping sickness," he is caught into the whirl of women. In this opening chapter Mr. Masefield suggests a very wide canvas, the greater part of which he subsequently abandons. Most of the characters in it are never met again; and thus a considerable mental hesitancy is aroused in the mind of the reader which does not altogether aid the confined sharpness of the main narrative. Yet the two women who are mainly to control the destinies of Lionel Heseltine are pricked out sufficiently well for it to be more or less obvious what their lots are to be.

However, not only is Heseltine (coming from lonely camps) quickly impressionable to the company of women, to their beauty, to the excitability aroused by their dresses and perfumes, but he is also eaten with the reformer's zeal. Precisely what he is desirous of achieving is not always easy to discover, but there is no doubt that he is terribly in earnest about it. He is not only in earnest, but is hard and unsympathetic. He seems anxious to reform men, because he hates them rather than because he loves them. This is an important trait in his character, which means much to him later. "It's not a case of love," says he. "I see a dunghill in the street, and I believe that at the bottom of it there may be some building material. When I get to the building material I'll act like a builder. Till then I'll brandish any muckrake that's got good teeth." Though he glows to humanity later, he begins by being a good deal more concerned with reform as a mental activity for an alert brain than as a helping hand put out in love to a warm, common humanity, and in this he is like a good many other reformers whose faces we know in the street of to-day.

Mrs. Drummond, however, has suffered. Her husband is a drunken, decadent author, writing at pleasure to a publisher's bidding. And whereas he bears the ruin of brilliance to a drunkard's grave, she wears a suffering that has burned to strength and splendour in her soul. She seeks to arrest Heseltine to the quality of beauty that reform should wear; but he is impatient with her, irritable even. She might perhaps have had more influence with him had it not been for Rhoda Derrick, the woman on the other side. Rhoda is young, beautiful, and brilliant, in contradistinction to Mrs. Drummond, who is on the far side of maturity. And Lionel Heseltine is sharply susceptible after his nine months in Africa. Therefore Mrs. Drummond's power is decadent, and Rhoda's influence is crescive.

Thus Mrs. Drummond drops out of the tale for a while, and the word of caution she meditates saying when she sees Heseltine becoming absorbed with crude weapons never gets said. Instead of going down to Coln St. Michael to hear her reproof he goes down to Pudsey to woo Rhoda. We cannot be sorry, for the tale of love that gets told at Pudsey will perhaps take its rank with the great things of our literature, with Richard Feverel and Lucy, and with Sandra at Wilming Weir. It not only bears re-reading: it compels re-reading, for it is beautiful exceedingly. It is not the beauty that is given generously with both hands, such as Meredith gave. That is not Mr. Masefield's way. It is finely wrought, carefully balanced; it is chiselled and burnished. But it is something that the mind treasures; and when it is read in the light of the ensuing marriage, the beauty takes a terror to it, like a child's delight by a precipice.

It is not in the social reform which Heseltine undertakes that we are interested; not in the scientific impatience with the primal things of life; not in "Snip-Snap" with its undesirably American method of advertising and hustle; not perhaps even in the entirely more worthy Boys' Brigade. It is the terrible catastrophe of Lionel's marriage with Rhoda that absorbs. In this Mr. Masefield achieves heights that he has never before reached. It is in this whole episode, with its preceding courtship, that the book reaches a greatness that we cannot recall the equal of in contemporary literature. Mr. Masefield is analytical without appearing so. He searches deeply into things. But, let it be said fearlessly, it is not Rhoda who is at fault. Empty she may be, superficially brilliant and thoughtless. But her husband had not made life an art, and therefore could not rise to the rare beauty of loving. He was very active in doing: he did not see that being should precede, even if it seemed entirely to postpone, doing. Like a number of men in the street of to-day, he feared richness of emotion, calling it sentimentality, and therefore became iniquitous. On his very wedding day he was mentally hard and irritable. Therefore he created in her a revulsion, whereas he might have woken rich music out of her had he thought it worth while to do so. And if he did not think it worth while, it is strange to know why he married her. In all this one sees the street of to-day very markedly. And the catastrophe, too, is not uncommon, though there is not often the Mrs. Drummond near at hand to bind up and salve the wound.

It is Mr. Masefield's greatest work this. The construction is somewhat at fault at times, not only in the disproportionateness of the opening, but in the doubtful and temporary introduction of John Dent for no other purpose than to give the sense of time. Its indebtedness in suggestion, derivation, and manner of dialogue to George Meredith is also marked. But it is a book that we shall not easily forget, having read it; it is exalting and purging to the mind; and these are not things that one can say of much that passes for literature in the street of to-day.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

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PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM RESURGENT

The Falling Star. By PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.).

IN describing Phillips Oppenheim as he appears in "The Falling Star" as "resurgent," we use the term comparatively. The novel is undoubtedly an advance as compared with "The Missing Delora." There are no press-gang peers, and consequently it was not necessary to create a head waiter for them to take their meals with as his guest, and with whom to cultivate generally terms of close intimacy. The fault of "The Falling Star" is mainly that it is too long, with the result that conversations which are in no way remarkable for literary grace or verisimilitude, having regard to the persons who engage in them, are repeated almost *ad nauseam*. The plot is a slight one. A gentleman who is described on page 1 as "obviously a person of breeding and culture" comes upon a poor boy sitting against a rock on his property and dreaming dreams. On page 3 it becomes apparent that the man of "obvious breeding and culture" must indeed be so, because he thus describes himself to the ragged youth whose dreams he has disturbed. "You do not know, my young friend, that I am Henry Prestgate Rochester, Esquire, if you please, High Sheriff of this county, magistrate, and Member of Parliament." How this person of "breeding and culture" describes himself in "Who's Who" is appalling to think of. Mr. Rochester next proceeds to boast of his wealth, and, describing the act he is going to perform as a whim and himself as "more than half a madman," proceeds to tell the boy that if he comes to his house, "Beauleys," on the next day he will give him a sum of money sufficient to keep him for several years. Mr. Rochester, with all his eccentricity, has yet a strain of caution, and he adds: "I do not specify the amount at this moment."

The boy calls, as invited, and Rochester places in his hands the sum of £500, coupled with this advice: "Don't be content with anything less than success." In case of failure, Rochester prescribes for the boy the pleasantest form of suicide, and bids him remember that the men who have failed and who live on are "creatures of the gutter." *Hinc illae lachrymae.*

The youth Saton disappears for a time to enjoy his unexpected fortune. We next find him, in a tattered condition, looking at the muddy waters of the Thames at Westminster. He has failed, and he remembers Rochester's advice: "If you fail, strip off your clothes, and swim out to sea on a sunny day; swim out until your strength fails, and you must sink." We do not think that Saton at any period of his career had sufficient courage to act upon that advice. After a cursory glance at the Thames, he turns his back and walks away. He then remembers that he stopped some runaway horses in Paris, and earned the gratitude of a most repulsive old hag, called the Comtesse de Vestignes. The Comtesse gave him an address in London where he might go if ever he should come to want. Saton calls upon Madame Helgar, the Comtesse's confidant, and from this point we are introduced into an atmosphere of occultism. This is somewhat exasperating, as we have only just done with Mr. Hichens and soul-transference. Mr. Oppenheim's occultism, however, consists of palmistry, crystal-gazing, and the usual charlatanry. We will not waste time in tracing the descent of Saton into his Avernus. Suffice it to say that he is almost bad enough to justify the spelling of his name in a slightly different manner. Eventually he comes under the influence of a disgusting old professor named Naudheim, a person with the manners of a Carlyle and the clothes of a ragpicker. The characters in the book are mostly negatory. Rochester is a peculiarly unsatisfactory person. Instead of breaking every bone in Saton's body, as he ought to have done in the early stages of the book, he is continually lecturing Saton, addressing him as "my young friend," and threatening him with all forms of dire violence if he ever does certain things again. Saton continues to do them regularly, and incurs nothing worse than another lecture addressed to "my young friend."

There are several silly women, all of whom fall victims to the evil eye of Saton. Saton, in addition to his other accomplishments, is a confirmed blackmailer, and succeeds in extorting £500 from Rochester's wife for the return of a compromising letter which one of his satellites has purloined from the lady. Henry Rochester has always been, and is still, passionately attached to a lady who is meant to be a model of all feminine attributes and virtues, Pauline Marrabel. She is, however, a perfectly futile person. Saton does what he likes with her, and eventually she gives up her life's love to attach herself to the notorious scoundrel and blackmailer who is the hero of the story.

We should like to deal with the book at somewhat greater length, but we have not space to do so. We will simply add that Mr. Oppenheim's novel, without having the slightest pretension to be classed as a work of art, is very readable. It would be far more so, if it had been condensed and one-third of its verbiage eliminated.

CECIL COWPER.

TWO HISTORICAL NOVELS

The Bourgeois Queen of Paris. By JANET M. CLARK. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

The Were-Wolf. By W. B. BEATTIE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

"FICTION is not always the worst place in which to look for history" is one of the *obiter dicta* of the versatile Lord Rosebery, uttered when he was *not* "sitting on the fence." The two novels under review go far in support of that statement. Sir Walter Scott made incidents of both Scottish and English history familiar to us all, and the elder Dumas did the same for France, and others have, more or less successfully, followed in their footsteps. Miss (or should we say Mrs. ?) Janet M. Clark deals in

THE BOURGEOIS QUEEN OF PARIS

with a phase of French history which was intimately interwoven with our own. The scene of the story is laid in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, just prior to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when Protestantism was firmly established in this country but had little more than a *pied à terre* in the fair land of France. The real heroine is, to our mind, Constantia, a love-child of the famous Benvenuto Cellini (according to the authoress), though we freely admit that the Bourgeois Queen, a certain Anita Nitouche, runs her very close, and is almost, if not exactly, an "equal first." The hero is Sir Eric Courtenay, who has been sent on a secret mission to the French Protestants. The story shows how much more politics than faith had to do with religion in those days. The Bourgeois Queen is allied with the Catholics, and has won over Paris to their cause, not from any religious scruples, but because she, though she reigns supreme over the Parisians, who adore her, has lost her heart to De Coucy, one of the adherents of the Guises, the leaders of the "Ligue." Constantia is under her protection, and Anita, at De Coucy's behest, prevails upon the unsophisticated girl to dilly-dally with Sir Eric, and worm his

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important secret from him. The story is decidedly interesting, and is full of adventure both in the realms of love and high politics, and hairbreadth 'scapes. Many historical personages are introduced to the reader—Guise, Condé, the King of Navarre, Admiral Coligny, and others with whom we are all more or less familiar. Another character, of more humble origin, is Courtenay's attendant, the faithful William, whose remarkable aptitude in acquiring a knowledge of French in the vernacular during the few weeks of his sojourn in Paris was, to say the least, phenomenal.

THE WERE-WOLF

introduces us to a later stage of French history, that of the "Fronde," when Cardinal Mazarin was for a while all-powerful and the "Grand Monarque" not yet in his teens. The story is powerfully though not faultlessly written, and will appeal particularly to those who appreciate the grim and the ruthless. The plot centres upon the infamous "droit du seigneur," and it must be remembered that at this period the French peasantry were in a similar feudal position to that of the Anglo-Saxons shortly after the Norman Conquest and throughout the Plantagenet dynasty, some centuries before. The brutality engendered on both sides by the grinding down of the "peuple" by the "seigneur" is vividly depicted, and the reader of these pages will gain some knowledge of the real causes of the Terror of '93 and the horrors of the Great Revolution. The notorious beauty Ninon de l'Enclos passes across the scene, and we have many glimpses of the famous Cyrano de Bergerac, the inveterate duellist with the big nose, of Anne of Austria, and of the leaders of the "Fronde," particularly De Retz and La Grande Mademoiselle.

The Lonely Road. By A. E. JACOMB. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

IF we once admit that so boorish an individual as Gerald Blake, the uncouth hero of this story, could at any period of his life appeal so strongly to the fastidious, cynical, sharp-witted Helen Andrews as to induce her to marry him, the rest of the tragedy follows as a matter of course. Gerald is clumsy, mentally and physically, and a woman such as Helen Andrews will overlook anything rather than clumsiness in a man. However, the two unfortunate people marry, and, as is nowadays the fashion in fiction, the wedding-bells ring up the curtain. Admirably does Miss Jacomb convey the latent antagonism between the temperaments of husband and wife, and the chapters which lead up to the final desperate outbreak, when Helen, half-throttled by Gerald in a drunken fury of resentment against her bitter remarks, leaves the home, empty, to him, are very well shaped for their effect.

Into the tale come other characters for whom life also moves on creaking wheels. The love-story of Kitty, Gerald's sister, infatuated as she is with a selfish *dilettante*, although it ends happily, is sad reading. The same lack of the lighter mood which we had to note in "The Faith of his Fathers" is here again noticeable; and we may quote one paragraph as evidence that the punctuation might have been improved by a little care. Kitty is playing a Spanish dance:—

> She played it well, another time she would have been satisfied, to-day she felt there was something wanting, and yet she knew she had never played it better, and Helen and Helen's guests applauded at once and warmly.

It is only fair to say that there are few such slipshod passages in the book. Once admit the possibility of the marriage, as we observed, and the "Lonely Road" of Helen and Gerald opens naturally to our view; but it is a hard admission.

The Rectory Governess. By FERGUS HUME. (C. H. White. 6s.)

WITH a plot altogether out of the common and a passably surprising *dénouement*, Mr. Fergus Hume's latest sensational novel shows that he has lost none of his cunning. His *dramatis personæ* are drawn to the life, and his vivid description of a couple of appalling murders will send a thrill through the most callous reader. It is a relief to feel that the victims were not altogether undeserving of their fate. The story is a combination of robbery, treasure-hunting, love, and hate, and the central figure, the much-persecuted heroine, is sure to win the hearts of all who make her acquaintance. She is engaged as governess to the most delightful and precocious twins that ever romped through the pages of a novel. The hero is a young squire who believes in reincarnation and the law of Karma. He has a scoundrel of a cousin, a villain of the deepest dye, who is primarily responsible for the tragic occurrences with which the book deals. The Rev. Simon Dawlish, the father of the twins, is everything a learned professor in a novel should be. He is naturally absent-minded, but fortunately has a most sensible and kind-hearted housekeeper in his aunt-in-law, Miss Pamela, a lovable relic of the earlier Victorian days. The tracing of the lost treasure and the unravelling of the first murder are mainly due to the squire, who for the nonce turns amateur detective. This first murder is gruesome enough in all conscience, but it is by no means so ruthless as the second one. The latter is occasioned by a mad gardener setting an atrocious trap to kill a rival, and the cause of their rivalry falls a victim to it. The bane of the heroine's existence is her father, one of the most imperturbable rascals that has ever figured in fiction. The story is distinctly one of Mr. Fergus Hume's best, and certainly deserved a better setting than the publisher has given it. Paper, binding, and print leave much to be desired in a six-shilling novel. On some pages the print is execrable.

The Mulberries of Daphne. By KATE HORN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

IT could not be expected that the author of "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun" could tell us anything but an interesting, pure, and bright story of the fortunes of the persons who go to make up this happy little romance. It would not be fair to relate how Daphne, tiring of society and the frivolous ways of her mother, to say nothing of the unwelcome attentions of her millionaire *fiancé*, sought peace and refreshment in a quiet little corner far away in Surrey, where, of course, the man whom she had met once before for an all too short half-hour happens to be quartered with his regiment. Suffice it to say that the course of true love runs its proverbial way; but all ends smoothly at the last, much help as well as amusement being caused by Terence Sullivan, an Irish soldier who assists in the household where Daphne takes up her temporary abode.

The Kestrel. By REGINALD SALWEY. (Digby Long and Co. 6s.)

WE are here introduced to a scoundrel, a doctor by profession, and a fool of a woman, who hands over her fortune to the said doctor, who apparently finds it easy to hypnotise his patient. A country vicar and his spouse are thrown in to make a very improbable and not very interesting story. It seems exceptionally difficult to swallow one impossible position in an ordinary novel, although, if an author sets out with the intention of dealing with situations of the kind, and gives sufficient doses, the reader after straining at the first dose seems to find the others much easier to take and not so disagreeable.

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REFERENCE BOOKS

The Newspaper Press Directory for 1911. (E. Mitchell and Co. 2s.)

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1911. (Dean and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Public Schools Year-book, 1911. Edited by H. F. W. Deane and W. A. Evans. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Newspaper Press Directory

For over half a century the cheap and useful volume entitled "The Newspaper Press Directory" has been making its annual appearance. Although originally compiled to enable advertisers to ascertain the number and character of the papers available for advertisements, the scope of the Directory has been gradually extended until it now almost serves the purpose of a commercial geography. Special attention is given to the Colonial section and the progress of the Press on the other side of the Atlantic. By the issue of their guide, Messrs. Mitchell and Co. render good service not only to the editors of the 2,395 newspapers of the United Kingdom, but to all those who are in any way connected with or interested in the various publications of the world.

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench

Members of Parliament, peers, and lawyers seem always to be a favourite class of persons to be grouped, tabulated, and put into books. This, of course, is quite right and proper, and when the result is similar to that achieved by Messrs. Dean and Son in the 1911 edition of "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench," we have nothing but praise to bestow. Every portion of the book is well arranged: detailed biographies of M.P.'s and Judges are given, as well as the names of both successful and unsuccessful candidates at the last two General Elections. Messrs. Dean have also taken the trouble to enclose rather an amusing note in which they classify the names of the various Members of Parliament. For instance, under the heading of "Clothing" we are informed that gentlemen possessing the names of Brace, Coates, and Cotton represent their respective constituencies in the House of Commons. The book is printed on good paper, and has many advertisements.

The Public Schools Year-book

In 1910 the Head Masters' Conference adopted the above book as the official book of reference, and from the large mass of information contained in the present volume it would appear that the said Head Masters had done wisely, for there are no less than 775 pages of closely printed matter all dealing with subjects of interest to those in charge of the education of the youth of the country. Well-known public schools such as Eton and Harrow are dealt with at considerable length; while the chapters which give accounts of the professions have the very useful addition of possible openings for students who have passed through their various trainings. Lists are given of public school periodicals, Old Boys' clubs, and educational books of the year.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review. Lent Term, 1911. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Herbert W. Tompkins's "The Tragedy of Porson," in the present issue of this Review, is a really brilliant article from the pen of one who has made a special study of his subject. In a breezy *résumé* and criticism of the earlier Oxford Magazines, Mr. J. D. Symon shows how infinitely superior the old papers were to those of the present day, which, he says justly, sacrifice themselves "to the Moloch of the Up-to-date." The quotations from the *Student* and the *Undergraduate* add a dash of boldness and spice which is not to be found nowadays. An extremely interesting contribution on "The Mediæval Literature of the Serbs," by Mr. Malcolm Burr, is followed by a curious, but none the less readable, speculative philosophical article by Mr. Patterson Muir, entitled "The Thing in Itself," which denotes the futility and inanity of searchers for the bed-rock of truth. Mr. Alexander Ramsay's name appears over an all too optimistic discussion anent the Indian as an undergraduate. Mr. Alexander Ramsay, with bland condescension, lets Mr. Kipling down lightly for his indiscretion in boldly stating the impossibility of East and West meeting. He affirms that it is not merely not an impossibility, but an actuality—with what truth the man who knows either Oxford or Cambridge can gauge for himself. With a keenness which is altogether regrettable—since his theories are irreconcilable with practice—he urges the enlargement of the facilities for Indians to become undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge; and, totally forgetful of the actual instances of the falling away from education and civilisation of Indians, within our own memories, after they have returned to their country, he points out a few superficial advantages to back up his arguments. This, however, is no place for the more ample discussion necessitated by a perusal of Mr. Ramsay's perhaps intentionally controversial article. Lastly, there are book criticisms—not ordinary book criticisms, but satirical lashings of a description almost too bitter, which make most anxious reading.

THE THEATRE

"LADY PATRICIA" AT THE HAYMARKET

You find yourself up a tree in the literal sense of the expression—a tree in the garden of Mr. Michael and Lady Patricia Cosway at Normanborough; a very fine old tree, in what, you gather, is a very fine old garden. Your eye is caught at once by the ingenious arrangement of deck which has been made in the enormous branches of this old grandfather oak, a deck so large that it holds not only many comfortable chairs but a summer-house quite roomy enough for two stout people to hide in. Your eye is quickly taken away from the general beauty of the scene by the curious, half-pathetic, wailing monotone which rises from an elaborate seat filled with cushions. You realise with a gasp that the voice is that of a woman—a new and curious and different woman, who wears very peculiar clothes with a full knowledge of the effect they will cause, who wears a frock cut very low in broad daylight without looking ridiculous and who shimmers with golds and silvers in an almost Oriental manner. There is a pot of lilies at her elbow, and every now and then her long, naked arm stretches out and her Burne-Jones fingers fondle and caress these once symbolic blooms. In a sort of ecstasy of self-satisfaction Lady Patricia is reciting aloud a poem of Browning's. Her voice is peculiar and unique. You are not quite sure whether it makes you want to laugh or cry. It has in it a touch of *vibrato*, and always the last words of her sentences slant out of tune. You are not quite sure what is the matter with Lady Patricia. You are immensely interested, because she may be mad or merely foolish. She is in no sense of the word conventional. If she were not ambushed behind the old branches of an oak—if, let us suppose, she were seated in a garden on the banks of a river—she would certainly earn the ribaldry of the passers-by. Although alone, Lady Patricia

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ntones and gesticulates and sways and preens herself as though she were performing to an audience of Souls. She is quite undisturbed by the appearance of a servant, to whom she gives two lines of Browning and one direction as to cream and sugar. She is undisturbed also at the lumbering earnestness of the old gardener who has come to cut away those leaves which hide the last red passion of the sunset. To both these men Lady Patricia continues to quote and give instructions in blank verse. Suddenly the whole tree shakes with the rush of a new arrival, a red-headed, well-turned-out, quite conventional young man.

You notice to your amazement that the very sight of this boy causes Lady Patricia much emotion, that she thrills and wriggles, and in an utterly unashamed manner thrusts out her long, bare arms, whose fingers twitch to touch and stroke. Your eyes go to the boy, who is quite young enough to be this woman's son, and your thoughts turn quickly to Michael Cosway, the husband, the evidently wealthy and thoughtful husband It is not, however, until the earnest gardener is harried away that you receive the shock of your life. You see this boy rush into this woman's arms. You hear her sing "Kiss me" again and again. You watch her long fingers playing with his hair and philandering with his face. You hear her call him dearest and darling. You see that his enthusiastic slang is balm to her. She adores him for his youth, his short-haired enthusiasm. She finds him so "young and hungry and inarticulate."

The whole interview between these two leaves you limp with laughter, surprise, and a little horror. By this time you have discovered that the boy is just an ordinary conventional young ass whose vanity has swollen, balloon-like, at the so very noticeable attentions of the great lady, the married woman; that Lady Patricia, from having fallen into the hands of Souls and *poseurs*, people who talk Art and Literature, and spend their little lives in the worship of frieze, has developed into such a mass of affectation, insincerity and artificiality, and that she must not be taken seriously for a single moment. It has already become obvious that she is a woman with a quite wonderful gift of mimicry, who has seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Mélisande and Francesca and Silicette. She gives the most delicious imitations of this celebrated actress's tones and gestures, facial expressions, and strange, undefined movements. It is obvious to you that whatever she may have been in her youth, this woman is now an actress; that whether alone or with one other person she peoples the air with a crowd of great admirers, and she almost waits for the outbursts of applause which she is so sure are her due. In a word, you discover that Mr. Rudolf Besier has done a very clever thing: he has put Mrs. Patrick Campbell upon the stage, and he has been lucky enough to persuade Mrs. Patrick Campbell to play her. The result is magnificent. So long as Lady Patricia Cosway is singing and wailing and intoning, or smiling, undulating, and preening, you congratulate yourself upon being in a comfortable stall at the Haymarket Theatre. There are, however, moments when she is absent, changing her frock, when you are not quite so certain that you are an object for congratulation. Moments come of dulness, of repetition, of rather puerile joking, not without a touch of somewhat broad insinuation. But when you come to know that these moments are necessary, and that Lady Patricia's frocks are well worth seeing, you listen to the amiable fooling of a Dean Lesley and a very blunt and hearty Mrs. O'Farrel with indulgence.

There are other moments when Lady Patricia is away that are very far from dull. There is something painfully funny in the sight, for instance, of Michael Cosway, the husband, making sentimental love to "the flapper," as Lady Patricia's "Beel" calls Clare Lesley. Cosway is forty-five or so, and looks it. He worships Lady Patricia as one worships a beautiful piece of Crown Derby. He firmly believes that she loves him madly, and would die at his infidelity. As a matter of fact, she is altogether too much for him in his home, and he longs to dally with the live girl, full of slang and hot blood and fish-like elusiveness. He longs to feel that he is back again in the early 'twenties, and to forget that his joints creak a little, and that his hair is running very quickly away from his forehead. The pretty girl, charmingly but brutally abrupt and frank, who says precisely what she means at all the wrong moments, who climbs trees and gets her frock torn and asks the first handy person to pin her up, is brought to her first moment of seriousness by the sudden, horrified confession of Michael's love. Just as it was extremely funny and a little painful to see the beautiful woman throwing herself at the head of a boy, it is still more funny and still more painful, at any rate from a man's point of view, to see the almost elderly man chasing a girl.

This is Mr. Rudolf Besier's play. He sets out in the highest spirits and at the top of his form to show two people who detest the idea of growing old. He makes them clutch desperately and foolishly at a fleeing youth by endeavouring to awaken the passions of the really young. In order that this pathetic and terrible subject may not make sympathetic men and women shudder in their seats, Mr. Besier has wrapped it up in silver paper which glistens with brilliant touches of satire, exquisitely delicate suggestions of characterisation and wholly irresistible dialogue. The play and the setting of the play satisfy every sense. He has called his leading characters Cosway, and has unconsciously caught a good deal of the great miniature painter's art. The strong, broad brush of the ordinary dramatist is never in evidence in Lady Patricia. There is, in fact, nothing of oils or water-colours in the work. Mr. Besier's medium is the crayon, and his pictures are pastels—at least the pictures in "Lady Patricia," for, as we know, Mr. Besier has many mediums. He can write you a sordid drama or a poetical romance in blank verse. All his work has been admirable; but none of it has been so pleasing, so soothing, so light as the work in his latest play.

His study of Lady Patricia is quite masterly, worked out with great observation and humour and not a little daring. It would be libellous if it were not so funny. He is, perhaps, a little unnecessarily cruel in his drawing of Michael. The cult of the flapper is no new thing. It is very human for the almost elderly man to be fascinated by the little creature who is hardly yet a butterfly—a woman in the chrysalis stage, to whom nearly all ordinary things are mysteries. But the boy and girl are perfectly drawn. Here Mr. Besier is quite fair. He gives them no more than their share of vanity and all their share of attractiveness. They are both living creatures who come on to the stage from life, and leave it to go back to life. His study of the flapper type is quite the best of its kind. Her surprise at being told that she is loved by the man she calls "you dear, solemn old thing," and her final remark, when he stands gazing at her with a sort of frightened hunger, "Kiss me, and get it over quick," are desperately true.

The Dean is a charming person; so is Mrs. O'Farrel, the typical, common-sense, untheatrical woman, who is just as well able to give advice as to how to wash a bath as to treat whooping-cough—a cheery, capable woman. As to Baldwin, the gardener, there are no words in the English dictionary with which to describe his earnestness and drollery. One can only say that he might have lived in the brain of Mr. J. M. Barrie. Mr. C. V. France got every ounce out of the character without any obvious effort—a very ripe and admirable performance. Miss Athene Seyler was Clare Lesley from head to foot, and Mr. Charles Maude once more

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proves his extraordinary versatility as the ingenious Bill O'Farrel. Mr. Arthur Wontner as Michael Cosway surprised us. We have not liked him very much hitherto. In this play, however, he acts with great restraint and the right touch of solemnity. It goes without saying that Miss Rosina Filippi is good. So there remains Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It is inconceivable to imagine Lady Patricia in the hands of any other actress. Lady Patricia Cosway *is* Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. Patrick Campbell knows it, is highly amused by it, has the humour to be filled with admiration at the excellence and truthfulness of the picture, which is in no sense of the word a caricature, and gives an exquisite and epoch-making imitation of herself. Mr. Rudolf Besier and Mrs. Patrick Campbell together will fill the Haymarket Theatre for many months to come, with the able assistance of the other members of the company and Mr. Herbert Trench himself, who has mounted the play with great taste. "Lady Patricia" is indeed the best thing to be seen, and will, we are sure, weather triumphantly the storm which is sinking nearly every other play in London and driving Mr. Charles Frohman out of two theatres until the autumn.

THE GREAT QUEST—II.*

By Arthur Machen

In thus indicating the scope of "Mysticism" I hope that I have, by the way, disabused the mind of my readers of a possible illusion—that I am going to "review" it. To do this adequately would mean the writing not of an article, but of a treatise, and even if I were competent for such a task, considerations of space would forbid. I must, therefore, point out that my office is not to review Miss Underhill's book, but to indicate it, pointing out by the way one or two matters which have struck me as especially interesting.

First, then, let me call attention to the extreme neatness with which the author demolishes that fantasy or nightmare which we speak of as the real world or the material universe. Any one, as she says, who thinks that the true world corresponds with the world as seen and cognised by us is in a state of mind compared with which the most dark and tortuous superstitions of the Neapolitan peasantry are high, intellectual illumination. In our "practical" moments we think that the grass is green and that bricks are hard solids; and for the convenience of ordinary talk and ordinary dealing in bricks this is well enough—just as it is highly convenient to say that the sun rises at 6 a.m., though the sun does nothing of the kind. But if we really believe interiorly that grass is green and that bricks are hard solids: well, it would be necessary to seek the wildest fictions of the "Arabian Nights" for a parallel. The real truth of the matter is demonstrated by Miss Underhill by the happy analogy of a telegraphic message. The soul, she says, is at the receiving end of a telegraphic wire:—

> The receiving instrument registers certain messages. She [the soul] does not know, and . . . never can know, the object, the reality at the other end of the wire, by which those messages are sent; neither can the messages truly disclose the nature of that object. . . . It is obvious that the structural peculiarities of the telegraphic instrument [the senses] will have exerted a modifying effect on the message. That which is conveyed as dash and dot, colour and shape, may have been received in a very different form Therefore this message, though it may in a partial sense be relevant to the supposed reality at the other end, can never be adequate to it.

Note also the entirely satisfactory and convincing reply to the common objection that some of the "symptoms" of mysticism are similar to certain "symptoms" of spiritualism, hysteria, and even intoxication—there are passages in De Qnincey's famous account of the states of the opium-eater which offer very strong and highly remarkable analogies to states of the mystic consciousness. "Idiots," says Miss Underhill, "are often voluble, but many orators are sane." This, too, is a valuable distinction between magic (or occult science) and mysticism: "Magic wants to get; mysticism wants to give." The book is full of these brief and pregnant sentences; defining and distinguishing whole worlds of thought by the clear and true magic of a simple and clean-cut phrase.

Here and there I venture to disagree with the author of "Mysticism." Thus, she alludes to the "congregational prayer for rain of orthodox Protestants" as an instance of the magical spirit intruding into the mystic or religious sphere. Well, in the first place, the phraseology is curious. I presume that by "orthodox Protestants" Miss Underhill means to refer us to the members of that body which is styled "Ecclesia Anglicana" in Magna Charta, and to the "weather petitions" of the Book of Common Prayer; the inference being that the Anglican Church is peculiar in Christendom in praying for rain and fine weather. But Miss Underhill must surely be familiar with the prayers in the Roman Missal "Ad petendam pluviam," "Ad postulandam serenitatem," "Ad repellendas tempestates," and "Pro peste animalium." She must also have read in "The Divine Liturgy of St. Chrysostom" the supplication: "For healthfulness of air, plenty of the fruits of the earth, and peaceful times;" and again in "The Divine Liturgy of St. Mark" the Synapte, containing the prayers:—

> Send down rains on the places that want and stand in need of them. Raise the waters of the river to their measure through Thy grace. Increase the fruits of the earth, to seed-time, and to harvest . . . this humble and poor and Christ-loving city, preserve it, O God, from evil days, from famine, plague, and incursion of the heathen.

It is, therefore, difficult to see any reason for attributing these "magical" petitions to Anglicanism, as distinguished from Orthodoxy or Roman Catholicism. Furthermore, and this is of greater importance, there is reason to believe that the author is wrong in classing these weather-prayers as magical. They are in reality all included in the petition, "Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie," and by the Authority from which this petition proceeds they are finally justified. And again, every petition of a Christian man, of what nature soever, is eternally governed by the great words, "Fiat voluntas tua." The magician says, "My will be done," the Christian says, "Thy Will be done," and between these two supplications yawns the great gulf, the "magnum chaos," that parts hell from heaven. True it is that the mystic will not pray for fine weather for himself, but for a good reason. For he indeed in this world has changed his life; as it was reported of King Arthur he is come to Avalon, the isle beyond the glassy floods:—

> The island valley of Avilion;
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard-lawns,
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

When a man has reached the Isle of the Saints that is across the water-floods he needs not to say with "orthodox Protestants," or Greeks, or Romans, "aeris serenitatem nobis tribue supplicantibus," since the sky above him is serene for evermore.

Finally, it must be remembered that the mystic life is a great paradox, which is of lesser paradoxes all compact. In

* *Mysticism: a Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness.* By Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen and Co. 15s. net.)

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noticing Mr. Jameson's admirable book, called "Art's Enigma," in these columns, I pointed out, I think, following Mr. Jameson, that what is called "reason" by the average man in his average moments is in reality a conglomeration of absurdities and misapprehensions and misapplied principles, and before one begins to think even of mysticism it is necessary to clear the mind of this doleful mass of cant that doth so easily overcloud it. The mathematicians give us two rules about parallel straight lines—the first is that they never meet, but the higher counsel is that they meet in infinity. And if such a paradox as this be allowed in the most definite and demonstrable of all the sciences, which is, in a lower sense, the *scientia scientiarum*, we may well be prepared to meet with sayings as strange and yet stranger in the Science and Art of Life Everlasting, dealing not with lines and surfaces, and numbers but with the approach of the human spirit to its eternal home,

And so there are, indeed, strange reports of those great adventurers, the mystics. They say, for example, that knowledge, which they never sought as an end, is poured upon them, not through reading of treatises or by torture of the brain, but by the exercise of a morality which (to us) seems heroical. And, again, they say that to them A is at once equal to X and not-X; which, indeed, is a great marvel in England, but common matter enough in Avalon, as is faithfully reported. Thus, for example, these knights-errant love their fellows with a far deeper and more burning love than that which holds amongst us; and yet—like those who ate of a certain herb in Homer—the death of those they love brings to them no anguish of grief. To them the beauty of a rose appears with a glory of which we in England have no thought or vision, since in this isle blossom no such roses, but only "in insula Avallonia;" and yet in the desert these men find as much delight and joy and pleasure as if they were lying in the midst of roses.

But there is no need to speak more of these strange paradoxes and wonders, since they are all very well set down by that great mystic and Knight Errant of Holy Church, St. Paul, who wrote "sorrowful yet alway rejoicing," "dying and behold we live" and the rest.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

IV.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRANQUILLITY

When my holiday is over—though, as a correspondent has very kindly pointed out to me, the holidays of a poet should have no end—I think I should like to settle down to the serious business of life in a canal-boat. It will be remembered that Stevenson expresses a similar desire at the end of the "Inland Voyage," and Stevenson had a pretty taste in life. He was wise enough to bracket the onion with the nectarine as Nature's noblest confections, and many people must have echoed his longing for a yacht and a string quartette of his own. It would be a pleasant task to fit out a canal-boat for an aimless, delightful voyage. The bottles of old wine, the books of verse, a crew out of one of Mr. Jacobs's stories, a rack of muskets for make-believe—all these necessaries would have to be chosen with loving care. It would be well perhaps to take Southey's advice, and add a "kitten rising six months and a child rising three years," so that youth should not be forgotten. Chloe, with all deference to Fitzgerald, we should leave behind, lest she should take it into her little head to make a wilderness of our sufficient paradise. There is nothing, as the Water Rat remarks in the "Wind in the Willows," half so pleasant in life as messing about in boats, and if we made up our mind never to get anywhere, and never to accomplish anything, life in a canal-boat could not fail to be delightful.

I came to this conclusion a year ago at Rickmansworth, and the canal-boats of Belgium have strengthened my opinion. It will always be a matter of regret to me that when I once journeyed from Antwerp to Brussels by canal I slept all the way, and so failed to keep any log of the voyage. It is the shape of canal-boats that attracts me, and the pace at which they go. They are clearly built for comfort rather than for speed. Here in Brussels every canal-boat has a cheerful dog with a curly tail, a cage or two of birds, and a number of small children, whose ages can be estimated from the washing drying overhead. The stern of the boat, where the domesticities triumph, is painted bright green and yellow, and here a section of the family is always having tea or some equivalent meal, watched over by a woman of astonishing breadth, stolen out of one of Rubens' pictures. Of course there is a serious side to the business. I happened to stop near a depôt where these salty mariners get their drinking-water, and with a real thrill I watched two small boys row up in a boat with the ship's cask aboard. That was how the Elizabethans watered their ships, and I could not blame the boys for emphasising the importance of their mission. While I was looking on at this, an old gentleman in green carpet-slippers came up and told me something very interesting at great length. Unfortunately he spoke in Flemish, so that I only understood every third word, and had to content myself with smiling amiably in reply. This double-language question must be rather troublesome sometimes. It is strange to hear children addressing their parents in Flemish, and the parents answering in French. I am told that there are some Belgians who know neither language, but express themselves in a mixture of both, though fate has spared me their acquaintance.

English novelists who sigh over their diminishing royalties may at least be glad that they were not born in Belgium. I was talking the other evening to a novelist whose first novel won the prize given by the Belgian Government every year to the author of the best novel in French written by a Belgian. In spite of this he only sold a little over a hundred copies, and made a net loss of thirty pounds on his book. It seems that there are no real publishers in Brussels, and that while Belgian writers have to face the powerful competition of French authors, the French publishers will not look at a book by a Belgian unless he has forced his way into one of the literary cliques of Paris. It was a sad story, and to comfort him I told him of an English novelist who said to me that if he took more than six weeks to write a novel he made a loss on it. But the commercial side of literature is an unpleasing business that no longer concerns poets—they, at least, are free from any harassing doubts as to the pecuniary consequences of their work; and this is as it should be, for love is the only wage that can command the noblest labour. That it will not pay hotel bills is the fault of society and not of the publishers.

I learn from the calendar that I have been here three weeks, but they have passed like a peaceful summer afternoon. Yet tranquillity, though we woo it so ardently, is at best a negative boon, and, being English, I shall soon have to seek another country. Brussels, with its cobbles and its admirable but noisy service of trams, is not really a quiet city, but the wit of man has not yet invented anything so nerve-destroying as the motor-'buses of London. Yet it is clear that the true causes of tranquillity lie deeper than this. Probably few readers remember the poem, though it has won the approbation of Mr. Andrew Lang, in which that inconsiderable versifier, Thomas Haines Bailey, expressed a passionate wish to see new faces. There is a good deal of

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human nature in the thing, but it is a cry for peace and not for adventure, for new faces do not really astonish us so much as changes in the old. As a matter of fact, things seen for the first time hardly ever surprise us, and a man paying his first visit to Niagara may be more impressed, but certainly is not so astonished, as the Member of Parliament who finds a water-main burst in Westminster. When we leave our normal environment we expect the unexpected, and rob wonder of its fire. A dragon-fly in my suburban garden would thrill me more than forty aeroplanes at Nice.

It is idle to seek tranquillity in places or among people that have shared the especial hours of our joy or sorrow. We shall find old echoes ringing in the "porches" of our ears, we shall find old emotions moving wistfully in our hearts. For me London is scrawled over with a kind of emotional shorthand of past days and nights, that rouses a deep unrest in my heart and gives my mind no peace. There are streets that haunt me, and faces, even faces of people whom I do not know. That is why I find Brussels restful, where the houses do not know my histories, and the faces I see in the streets have no significance for me. If it were not for the string-bands in the cafés that will play old songs they ought to have forgotten long ago, Chloe by now would be dead and buried with the millions of Chloes that were before her, waiting for the millions of Chloes that shall follow after. As it is she lingers, dimly sweet, like an old tune that we heard Pan play on his pipes when we were boys.

Not very long ago in England a novel, professedly written by a woman who had suffered from temporary insanity, caused a certain amount of sensation. About the same time I bought a book called "Sordid Amok" in the Charing Cross Road for a shilling that seemed to me to be very much nearer the real thing. But now I have come across a book published in Brussels in 1874 that is the beginning and the end of the literature of madness. "Les Chants de Maldoror," by the Comte de Lautréamont, is the most astonishing book that I have ever read. It is an imaginative nightmare described with extraordinary literary power and sincerity. Perhaps I may be permitted to give some account of it in a future number of THE ACADEMY.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE PROCESSION

BY W. H. KOEBEL

THE edge of the broad belt of sub-tropical forest rises up from the stretch of coarse pastures as sheer and as clearly defined as a dark green cliff from a light green sea. If you would carry the metaphor further, the material lies most conveniently at hand, for the wall of verdure is splashed with what might well have been flung up from the green swell beneath—a spray of flowers. But here all fancies of the kind must end; for white is only one of the more insignificant of the colours with which nature has painted these blossoms. Of all tints, from flaring red to yellow and deep purple, they fleck the leaves at every point with a delightful generosity, whether set about the bases of the trees or clinging to the branches in mid-air.

In one place only is there a break in the close wall of foliage and flower. There, a dark patch of deeper shadow marks the entrance cleaved by a tunnel-like path. Emerging from this into the full sunlight of the open *campo* is the track. Fighting hard to maintain its narrow thread of bareness intact in the face of the encroaching grass tussocks, it has crawled out from its leafy shelter like a woodland snake, to rise and dip in harmony with the undulating ground.

Some few hundred yards from the forest the slender path passes in the neighbourhood of a pool, a few acres of water that shimmer in a hollow of the land. Set in the earth on one side of this are the worn stumps of a timber sufficiently hard to resist the onslaughts of a couple of centuries. The resistance has been merely partial, it is true, since the wood, chastened now and subdued to match the colour of the red earth, is all that remains of the once great beams of a bridge that stretched from one side to the other of the small lake. As a relic of the Jesuit dominion of old, it has numerous fellows in this north-eastern corner of Argentina. Some are slightly better preserved, others scarcely perceptible at all, but all have reached that final stage which hovers between ruin and total annihilation, for here, in Misiones, the ruins of stone and wood still brood heavily, despite the material prosperity that has come upon the province.

Without the boundaries of the forest the low green hills are all but innocent of trees, save where the streams in the valleys wind their way beneath their well-defined curtains of branches and leaves. Far away in the distance is a solitary homestead, a speck of white that pricks out palely from against the background of another forest patch. A few cows are grazing here and there; many butterflies are flitting to and fro, and a bevy of tall herons remain in motionless meditation by the edge of the pond. Of humanity there has been no sign whatever: but an absence of the kind is a phase which seldom endures long, even in this remote province of Misiones.

The manner of humanity's appearance, when it occurs, is strange enough. All at once the even shadow of the woodland tunnel is vaguely mottled by advancing forms. Then out into the blinding light come three riders—a man, a woman, and a boy. A dramatic appearance this, for it is no ordinary riding party that emerges so abruptly from the shadows. The man and the boy are as glorious as such poor finery as they possess can make them. Nevertheless they serve as the mere complements of the procession, comparatively dull and undistinguished in aspect. It is the form of the woman who rides between the pair that catches the eye. Her dress is composed of nothing beyond the ordinary loose garments of the local womenfolk; but its vivid colouring of yellow and red lends a flaunting majesty even to this crude garb. In her hand she holds a lofty, slender shaft that pricks upwards to the point where a broad blue and white flag floats from its extremity.

As the group advances slowly, the apparition might well cause the spectator to rub his eyes. Seen from a distance, there is undoubtedly something mediæval in the appearance of the small party disgorged by the forest in this lonely spot. The standard, fluttering gently to the breeze on its long lance, might well be waving above a band of knights-errant in gallant defiance of the villains, monsters, and wizards lurking in the glades.

The expedition might well be concerned with all this. The reality is not altogether without its romance—but of quite another kind. Notwithstanding the gallantry of the show, these folk are out for profit, not for deeds of daring or war, though death, as a matter of fact, is responsible for the excursion. Lying in a reed-hut somewhere in the neighbourhood is the dead body of a young child. Hence the tears of joy that were shed when the little creature breathed its last, and hence the present moment of gladness. For the dead child is one of the fortunate few. Translated ere the world could fleck its immaculate purity, no half-way houses to heaven have lain in the path of this blessed infant. It is an *angelito* already—a little angel—and this at the cost of but a few months of mortal life!

It is necessary that this direct passage from earth to glory should be celebrated fittingly by those left behind.

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At such times spiritual exaltation must be displayed in material form, and into earthly rejoicings enters the inevitable question of ways and means. Nothing less than a *fiesta* can mark the occasion, and a *fiesta* entails dancing, meat, and drink—and money. Otherwise the rejoicings around the body of the *angelito* laid out in state may prove of too modest an order to suit the celestial nature of the event. Hence the procession, the gaudy clothes, and the brilliant flag beneath which the riders advance.

Just now the group is bound for the solitary hut that appears as a white speck in the distance. Arrived there, the riders will tell the glad news, give out the invitation to the revels, and will await the contribution that is certain not to fail them. Whether it take the form of a chicken, a duck, or a few centavos, the offering can be counted on as surely as the presence of the guests at the feast. Then the riders will make their way to the next humble homestead, and will continue to scour the countryside until the list of their acquaintances is exhausted and the corresponding offerings gathered in.

The three are passing away in the distance now. Heralds of the *angelito*, the brave show is worthy even of the new inhabitant of the skies. This they know, and are proportionately proud. As they wend their way by a lapacho tree that stands in solitude upon the open *Campo*, the vividness of the procession attains to its climax. Past the great spread of branches, smothered to the full in the soft pink of their blossoms, goes the yellow and red of the woman who bears the blue and white flag. The ensign of the *angelito* is in the hands of the mother of the dead. It is possible that her whole heart may be given to the upholding of the gaudy thing. On the other hand, it may be with the little body in the reed hut. But, if so, she would never tell.

ASPECTS OF TRAGEDY—III.

SHAKESPEARE drew men and women of flesh and blood; for the most part of beautiful flesh and of hot blood that pulsed to the passions of love and hatred, pity and revenge. He painted the glowing life of his time with a pen dipped in the eternal fires that burn upon Melpomene's high altar. Yet it should be noted that all his scenes are played out in an earlier age or in a foreign country. He never confessedly set his scenes and characters in Elizabethan England. Yet his people live, grow, and develop, not in old Rome, nor beside the passionate Adriatic, but beside the grey, untroubled Thames and in the lanes and fields of Warwickshire.

His drama of mingled incident and personality soars from height to height until in "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet" it rests upon a summit unapproached and hitherto unapproachable. Because of his reluctance to write confessedly of his own age and people we must place Shakespeare among the romantic dramatists. Only he who writes of to-day or the not remote yesterday can claim to be a realistic dramatist. Yet Shakespeare was never fettered by the unities, those baffling Aristotelian propositions which, wherever, they are followed, tend to the stultification of the living drama. They are as impossible of realisation as the definitions of Euclid, or as the ideal drama of the witty Frenchman, which should be all action and psychology, which should present the crisis in the fates of the characters; but of whom the audience should not find it necessary to know one word concerning their lives up to the moment of their appearing on the stage.

The other Elizabethan dramatists, both before and after Shakespeare, place too fond a reliance upon the power of sheer physical horror to lend awfulness to their tragedies. This is thoroughly remote from the spirit of Greek tragedy, which would not suffer horrors upon the stage, but only showed forth their effect upon the characters. Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," at the other extreme, is a veritable orgy of violent deaths. The mingled play of passions and their results, which in Shakespeare blends with such perfect art into a harmonious whole, is the true median way in which sober-apparelled tragedy walks with most fitting dignity.

After the short-lived period of Græco-Roman influence which produced "Gordobuc" and one or two other lifeless and uninteresting examples of drama, the lurid Italian tales and the violence of the Spanish drama may have reacted unfavourably upon our Elizabethan galaxy. It may reasonably he inferred that the half Spanish Court of Mary's reign had introduced Spanish letters to the notice of the English *littérateurs;* and however changed politically the Hispano-English relations may have become in Elizabeth's reign, a warlike international sentiment is rarely strong enough to interdict the artists, poets, and fine craftsmen of the opposing nations from fitting appreciation of one another's masterpieces. In the fellowship of art alone the dream-creed of universal brotherhood is realised.

In the "Mayor-Domo de la Duquesa de Amalfi" of Lope de Vega we have clearly the genesis of our own Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," and so with many others.

Shakespeare stands a demi-god, the epitome of drama at its highest; but next to him in his time we must place Marlowe. We should remember that Marlowe was bidden to join the company of the timeless dead at twenty-nine, when, in our day of old-young men and young-old women, most young poets have scarcely begun to realise their singing-voices. Indeed, one fact that must strike us as remarkable is the extreme youth of all these poets. The greater number of them died in their twenties and thirties; Shakespeare himself, a worn-out valetudinarian, at fifty-two. They grew early to blithe and vigorous manhood, took life's gifts with both hands; of them, as aforetime, it became a truism that the violent fire burns soonest out. Doubtless, it was well; who would not sooner send a beacon flame to heaven, a glorious tower of gold, soon quenched, than smoulder endlessly on, a slow, fitful blaze, half smothered in stenchy smoke?

When Marlowe died he had already given us real and powerful drama in the concluding scene of "Dr Faustus," and in "Edward II." had written a glowing, living history-play upon which "Richard II." was confessedly modelled. The inflated yet sonorous and truly poetic "Tamburlaine" travelled with him, if rumour may be credited, from Oxford, that foster-mother of impractical dreams: small wonder if we find it ponderous; yet how vividly it stands out from the contemporary work of Kyd, Greene, Lodge, or Peele. These last all wrote matchless lyrics, for which alone their dramas deserve to be read, had not the faithful and tireless anthologist already torn the most jewelled of them from their setting in interminable mazes of rhetoric.

Shakespeare had the great practical advantage over Marlowe and his fellows of being himself an actor; he was consequently well aware not only of what would act, but also of what conclusively would not; and he had access to the company's stock-cupboard when he would seek raw material for his plays.

That he himself did not unduly borrow from his contemporaries is evidenced by the love they bore him; pleasantly exemplified in the action of Hemming and Condall, his fellow-actors to the last, who, out of pure goodwill to his memory, brought out the first folio seven years after his death. It is again proved by the ungrudging tribute of Francis Meares in the "Wit's Treasury," and still more by the adulation of Ben Jonson.

Shakespeare may be said to have invented, as he is almost

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sole exemplar of, natural tragedy. Witness the admirable dying speech of Mercutio.

"Why the devil came you between us?" he gasps. "I was hurt under your arm." Which is a right and natural utterance for a man that has his quittance from a rapier's point. Compare with this the long and impossibly unhuman dying speeches of earlier playwrights and of Shakespeare himself in less perfect plays.

Shakespeare understood to perfection the use of contrast and of irony. What could be more nobly, tragically ironic than Romeo's—

> If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
> My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
> My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
> And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
> Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts?

A moment later the messenger arrives with tidings of Juliet's death. Then consider the superb effect of the interposition of the prosy speech of the doddering old porter who keeps the gate in "Macbeth," between two scenes of tragic intensity.

Schiller failed to realise the significance of this break. He did not see how it at once relieved and heightened the darkness past and the darkness to come.

After the death of its supreme master the Elizabethan drama produced few plays capable of holding a modern audience, or even very agreeable for "closet-reading." Farther and farther divorced from nature, unwarmed by glowing contact with life, resolutely stifled by the growing power of the Puritans, and weakened by its own excesses, the heroic drama languished and died. Many valiant attempts have been made to revive it, but not one that we can account entirely successful.

ETHEL TALBOT.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE dominant impression that one carries away from this exhibition is its extraordinary inequality. Good work and bad clash at every turn, and disturb the judgment. Some of the work exhibited ought to have had no place in any serious show of pictures, least of all in a society which is privileged to call itself "Royal." Perhaps ill-health is accountable for the fact that Sir Alfred East has not risen to the level of his powers in any of the work which he contributes, though the winner of his picture, "The Edge of the Farm," which is offered as the first prize of the Art Union, may count himself a fortunate man, for the second-rate work of the veteran is finer, after all, than the first-rate productions of smaller men. His "Cornish Valley," however, leaves little impression upon us. Mr. Rex Vicat Cole maintains the tradition of an honoured name in his "Evening Mists," and we have a pleasant memory of Mr. Carruthers Gould's "Exmoor, from Selworthy"—a wide-spreading landscape bathed in brilliant sunshine. Mr. G. S. Walters also succeeds well, to our mind, with his "Summer Evening on the Maas, Holland," which is full of restfulness and the pathos of evening-time. There is some capital swirling water, too, in Mr. Hely Smith's "Just below the Weir." There is more promise than achievement in Mr. Joseph Simpson's "A Lyric," which impresses while it tantalises with its sense of incompleteness. Mr. Laszlo's powerful and sympathetic portrait of Miss L. M. Faithfull is a capital piece of work, which places that artist on a high pinnacle among his contemporaries. In spite of its mannerism, we like, too, Mr. Hal Hurst's clever portrait of Lady Lockhart of Lee—a three-quarter length of a beautiful woman in evening dress, standing with parted lips and in expectant attitude, both most difficult to render, as Mr. Hurst has done, with any approach to life. And Mr. McLellan's clever and brilliant "Souvenir de Clouet" also demands a mention. Mr. Hayley Lever sends some characteristic views of St. Ives and elsewhere; his work is always of an individual sort, and he sees things through his own eyes, and not, so to speak, at second-hand. Mr. F. Foottet sends some striking works, especially "Evening," in which a Cumberland landscape under an evening light is treated with rare poetic feeling and simplicity; and the work of Mr. George C. Haité is well represented by "The Castle," "Cagnia, on the French Riviera," and the clever sketch which he calls "Moorish Shops."

Among the water-colours, Mr. Hawkesworth's river studies, of which there are several, are exceedingly good of their kind; Mr. Haslehurst's clever landscapes and studies of old buildings, which are steadily winning him an assured place among book illustrators in colour, are much and worthily in evidence; and Mr. Cecil King's "Rouen" and "Dreadnoughts" have a fine simplicity and grip of colour. Chief, perhaps, in this section, and one of the most striking pictures in the Exhibition, is Mr. Birkbeck's "The Red House," a bold and powerful work, masterful in colour and execution, which deserves a much more conspicuous place on the walls than it has received. And for sheer cleverness of *technique* we do not think that Mr. Owen Merton's "Second-hand Shop, Paris," could easily be excelled.

AN EXHIBITION OF LITHOGRAPHS

MR. R. GUTEKUNST is now exhibiting at 10, Grafton Street an interesting and representative collection of lithographs, and the exhibition affords an excellent opportunity of comparing the work of men whose aims and methods differed very widely. The work of Charles Shannon is certainly most successful in the smaller impressions which have most in common with Whistler, of whose exquisite lithographs six may be seen here, among them "The Winged Hat" and one of the famous Lyme Regis series. There are some of Professor Legros' delicate portraits, including that of Cardinal Manning and the "Tête d'une petite fille," and also a fine study—"Retour des Paysans." Finally, there are the lithographs of Fantin Latour, the most interesting of which is perhaps the small and unpretentious portrait of the artist at the age of seventeen.

A SONG OF THE MOTOR: A SERIES

II

FROM the Weald of Sussex to the Wolds of Yorkshire. This is the proposal to a Man at the Wheel who loves a good roadcraft for its unflagging energy, its implicit obedience to control, its dogged power and swift progress. The proposal is hailed *con amore* by the Man at the Wheel, for, though he had trodden where no other white man had before penetrated in Equatorial Africa, and lived in the land of the Mogul never had he seen the vast moors of Yorkshire, its beautiful dales, or the noble pile of its wonderful Minster. An underlying reason for the journey is to visit a relative who has forsaken the world for self-abnegation and the rigid rule of a community busied with the moral and mental training of those of her sex and religion, destined, perhaps, to become the mothers of future men and women in and of the world.

The means for going up almost the length of England by road for the sake of wayside incident, ever-changing scene,

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al fresco meals, and possible adventure, is a very finished specimen from "Vulcan's forge"—coincidentally conceived and brought into being from wonderful steels evolved by the union of science and genius in that very county of Yorks which is the magnet of attraction—a six-cylinder gear-boxless motor car of Sheffield-Simplex make. Of generous power, imparting the thrill that comes from controlling a "live" force pulsing with potentialities and delightful motion that gives an almost Magic Carpet sense of transport, the car proves a very aeroplane of the road. Curbed, however, by judicious "throttling" by means of a cunningly contrived sliding pedal-action, the maximum power has not often to be called into use, and then only for hills that might be likened to mythical dragons arising to bar the way to contest the strength and valour of a Knight-Errant in shining armour. On this run, pace as pace is not desired, and possession chastens desire. The journey is not be a record scramble, but rather a quiet ramble through the countryside, so that the car's rhythmic song born of its motion will seldom leave a minor key.

A route being more or less "pricked out" on various invaluable Bartholomew maps, the first place to potter through and examine with kindly eyes is Horsham, with its artistic lichened stone roofs, its bull-ring and stocks, its Carfax, Bishopric, and Normandy, and last but not least its Middle-street. Here in this alley-way of main road stands a farmer's spring-cart, with its tail to the car, in which a man sits immersed in the day's news. A gentle insinuating hint from the motor-horn that passage is politely required is met with excited abuse actually abetted by a blue-aproned butcher; so dignity gives way before impudence, and the car is backed to a roundabout turn. Wooded and parklike country leads to Guildford, where caution is required and duly observed up the steep past its Castle ruin. Then away over sandy heath and pine country into Windsor Forest of gnarled oaks, under the walls of the Royal Castle, on past Runnymede, where barons over-ruled their King, and finally into tortuous, high-banked danger-ways to St. Albans, site of the first Roman town in Britain, to "lie" for the night. Next morning, after inspection of the Abbey, foretaste of the great churches farther north, the journey is resumed, picnic lunch, favoured by sunshine, being enjoyed later on in a leafy wood and screened from passing gaze. Then onward again over a great sweep of gently rolling country, meeting few vehicles, and passing through mere hamlets of no interest beyond their human note, till at last shabby Peterborough is reached, and suddenly unfolds through an old archway the great sombre but beautiful *façade* of its Cathedral, where Catharine of Aragon lies, and where was interred for a time poor libelled Mary of Scots.

Leaving Peterborough in pensive mood from memories of the two unhappy queens, the purring car bears the sightseers through the Fen country. Though now devoid of scenic effect, it was once forest land from which our British Amazon Boadicea launched herself in indomitable frenzy against the Roman invaders who had ravished her daughters and put countless thousands of them to the sword, only to suffer two short years afterwards such defeat in return as caused her to take her own life in despair. Here among the Fens also gallant Hereward the Wake, who lives for ever enshrined in the hearts of Englishmen through Charles Kingsley's pen, successfully defied Norman William, only to be eventually treacherously slain almost in his sleep. The stern Ironsides of Cromwell, too, were Fen men. The Fens have been the breeding-place of fighters, not only in ancient times against wolfish Vikings and Roman cohorts, but also later and into present times against the invading sea, hungry to swallow the rich and fertile soil. On the car goes, leaving these heart-stirring scenes of the great past, for Lincoln, where the Man at the Wheel has one of the surprises of his life on finding that Lincoln clings round a very steep hill that tilts the car at an uncomfortable angle. The hill is crowned by the glorious Cathedral pile, of double cruciform shape, the stained windows of which are among the finest in the world, this decision being quickly arrived at by some of party recently from Rome, Naples, Florence, and Milan.

From Lincoln the route has to pass through Doncaster, where the "men in the street" know not the word "petrol," but guess its meaning, after some cogitation, as "that wot makes the motor go." For reasons, Sheffield has to be passed by, and thus the chance is lost of seeing the home and nursery of its Simplex car behaving so splendidly in the hands of the Man at the Wheel who, while expecting it, yet marvels at the sensitive steering, instant response to every demand, and subtle buoyancy. Partly of set purpose, and partly by fortuitous circumstance, the journey does not include any of the famous manufacturing towns, and so it is that comment arises among the party on the almost entire lack of evidence to be seen, over all these many miles, of England's mighty business that yearly swells her imports and exports to giddy figures. Once, in the distance, is seen a forest of tall chimney-stacks, sprouting apparently from the ploughed fields like some strange fungus-growths of giant proportions, but these are quickly lost below the horizon. While lunching amidst gorse in sight of luckless Selby, another road craft sweeps majestically into sight, and, by her lines, is instantly recognised as a twin sister. A kindly signal of inquiry from her if help is needed meets with "All's well," and she forges on. It is remarked how friendly people are in these parts, even carters proving anxious to give fullest passage. A smiling and homely country-side unfolds itself to the car's easy progress right up to York, where the party instantly gravitate to the mighty Minster and give rein to imaginative fancies conjured up by the superb lines and stupendous proportions of aisles and transept, chapels and nave, before leaving for a time all such transcendent works of man for the vaster creations of nature—the soul-expanding moors that indelibly impress on the mind's eye their colouring, their distances, and their grandeur.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE POWERS AND CHINA

By Lancelot Lawton

Russia has been compelled to present to China several strongly worded notes before securing an adequate measure of compliance with her demands. The last of these documents took the form of an ultimatum, to which was attached a three days' limit. As a consequence, a certain amount of anxiety was felt in London concerning the situation, and some business was transacted at Lloyds in insurance against war risks. When, however, six weeks ago I plainly stated that no fear of hostilities need be entertained, I was merely voicing the opinion of all those who can lay claim to any knowledge of the position of affairs in China to-day. In the conduct of foreign relations the Central Government is powerless to maintain a firm attitude, for the simple reason that at its back there is no military force such as could resist for a single day the attack of a European Power. As a means of escaping from the recurrent dilemmas in which this national weakness places her, China has no other alternative than to resort to irritating methods of subtle procrastination. Hence, as Russia recently discovered, the only known way of bringing a stubborn Wai-wu-pu to reason is that which finds abrupt expression in an ultimatum supported by a demonstration of

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force. In the case of negotiations between first-class Powers, stern measures such as these would certainly justify widespread alarm. But with China in her present condition there can be no question of resistance: the judicious exertion of pressure is sufficient to induce her to adopt an attitude of compliance. While this circumstance may suit the immediate purpose of certain countries having close relations with China, the general state of governmental impotence it discloses must sooner or later shape a crisis of international concern. Nor when the various conflicting elements which have produced this utter helplessness are examined critically do we find anything calculated to allay anxiety. On the contrary, the closer the analysis the stronger grows the belief that China resembles a volcano from the crater of which may be seen emerging the ominous signs of impending eruption.

Let us at the outset frankly recognise that China has not received consistent fair play at the hands of the Powers. In 1894-5 Japan elbowed her out of Korea and compelled her to cede Formosa. Then Russia entered into military occupation of the three Eastern Provinces, at the same time forcing her to conclude a secret "alliance" which provided for joint Russian and Chinese action in defence of "mutual interests!" To restore the balance of Western power in the Far East, Germany seized Kiaochau and Great Britain hoisted her flag in Wei-hai-wei. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance followed, and it was expressly stipulated that one of the objects of this Treaty was the maintenance of China's integrity. Other Powers, in a series of agreements and understandings, affirmed the same pious principle. In 1904 Japan blazoned forth that she was going to war for the purpose of expelling Russia from Manchuria and restoring the territory to the sovereignty of China. As soon as peace was concluded all the Powers without exception again solemnly signified their determination to uphold the integrity of China. And thereupon, with indecent haste, Japan and Russia fell to dividing between themselves all that was worth having in Manchuria. This brief summary of the relations of the Powers with China during the past fifteen years does not take into account the sordid haggling which has characterised the negotiations for railway and other concessions, or the primitive measures adopted from time to time to exact indemnities whenever foreign lives or interests have been involved.

While, from the Western point of view, the ways of the Chinese in diplomacy may seem peculiar, it is equally certain that, to Chinese eyes, the methods adopted by the nations of Europe in the conduct of their foreign relations must appear utterly incomprehensible. It would indeed be difficult, if not impossible, to cite a single treaty of any importance relating to the Far East which did not set forth in pompous phraseology that its object was the preservation of the integrity of China and the maintenance of the Open Door. Yet, in spite of this lofty unanimity of disinterested motive, the Chinese Empire has been shorn of vast territories. As far as Manchuria is concerned, it may with truth be said that although the sign "Open Door" is displayed boldly enough outside its borders, owing to the presence of the Japanese and Russians, there is literally no room within, not even for the nominal owners of the region—the Chinese themselves. When, therefore, we see startling announcements to the effect that the Chinese are developing a strongly anti-foreign tendency, we ought to ask ourselves whether there is any particular reason why they should do otherwise. If we were frankly to concede that they, too, have their point of view, we would find it possible to appreciate to some extent the extraordinary difficulties with which they are beset, and thus to form a just estimate of a situation that at no time has ceased to threaten complications of world-wide significance.

The progressive forces throughout the Empire seek to accomplish the downfall of the Manchu dynasty, at whose door they lay all the blame for foreign aggression. Responding to this agitation, the Central Government not infrequently refuses, as in the case of Russia, to comply with demands that are perfectly reasonable. In the end it has no other alternative than surrender, a course which involves "loss of face" and adds fuel to the fire of internal discontent. What China lacks at present is the constructive genius of a Bismarck. Time has proved that the sending of Yuan Shih-kai into retirement deprived her of the only leader capable of inspiring the Administration with sincerity of purpose and honesty of method. Moreover, he alone among the statesmen of China possessed the requisite influence to bring about cohesion in the ranks of the reform movement so as to employ it in building up, out of the existing chaos, the structure of a healthy Government. Undisciplined, this reform movement betrays a perversion of energy in revolutionary and anti-foreign agitation. Thus is the State exposed to perils from that very patriotism which should be its safeguard.

In the circumstances it is not difficult to realise that, by reason of their own weakness, the rulers of China are placed in a peculiar predicament. In dealings with the Powers, apart altogether from considerations of the justice, or otherwise, of their cause, they are constantly compelled to pay deference to popular sentiment. Hence, while all the time well knowing that they are not backed by military force, they make a brave show of asserting their rights until the eleventh hour is at hand and surrender becomes imperative. The friends of China fear, however, lest some day her dilatory tactics in diplomacy bring disaster, and that one or other of the Powers, driven to exasperation and perhaps predisposed to make capital out of the occasion, should invade her territories. Then there is a danger, ever present, that compliance with foreign demands, whether reasonable or not, may fan into flame the widespread discontent which, from a variety of causes, has made itself manifest under the rule of the Manchu dynasty. Rebellion in China on any serious scale would call for the intervention of the Powers—a contingency which, because of international jealousies, could hardly fail to be attended with grave risk of a general conflagration. Recognising, then, their obligations to the cause of peace, it is devoutly to be hoped that the nations of the West, while sacrificing nothing of dignity in their dealings with an enfeebled China, will pursue a policy based on the principle of *noblesse oblige*, and that only in the last extreme will they resort to stern measures such as those which Russia found it necessary to employ in the crisis now happily at an end.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Lord Roberts, undoubtedly the most hard-working patriot of the century, has managed to find time to write a strong reply to the questionable arguments set forth by Sir Ian Hamilton and others in "Compulsory Service." The book is looked forward to with interest by all who have the solution of the Army problem at heart. It is promised, under the title of "Fallacies and Ideas," by Mr. John Murray at the end of the present month. Mr. Cyril Rhodes, Honorary Secretary of the Albert Committee, equally concerned with Naval welfare, has obtained a translation of the text of the German Navy law. Any one sending a stamped-addressed wrapper to him at 30, Charing-cross, S.W., will receive a free copy by return. "King Edward VII. as Sportsman" promises to be a most valuable work not only from the fact that it concerns the life of our late King, but also because of the writers who have united to compile the volume. Lord Marcus Beresford has assisted the editor, Mr.

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A. E. T. Watson, with regard to the King's breeding and racing stud. Lord Ribblesdale, unfortunately prevented by his accident from writing the chapter concerning hunting, has handed over his notes to Mr. Watson. The yachting chapters are by Sir Seymour Fortescue, while the Marquess of Ripon and Lord Walsingham have written of the shooting at Sandringham. The book is to be published by Messrs. Longmans in May. The same firm also announce the autobiography of George Goschen, First Viscount Goschen, written by the Hon. Arthur Elliot, and which contains correspondence from Cobden, Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and others.

Mr. Arthur T. Dasent's work on "The Speakers of the House of Commons" will shortly appear through Mr. John Lane. It deals with the matter, however, in quite a different spirit to that in which Mr. Hilaire Belloc lately treated it in "The Party System." Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons concern themselves more with prose and poetry of classic fame than modern fiction. In their new French series will be numbered the poems of De Musset, Balzac's "Père Goriot," Châteaubriand's "Atala" and "René," and Voltaire's "Philosophy." Miss Monica Gardner's study of "Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland," Browning's "Ring and the Book," and "The Old Yellow Book," translated by Professor Charles Hodell, are also announced by this firm. Mr. M. J. Landa's work, "The Alien Problem and its Remedy," will be brought out early in April by Messrs. P. S. King. It is a close study of the Alien question treated from a new standpoint, and will undoubtedly prove of value. A rather curious book is the "Life and Letters of Sir John Hall, M.D., K.C.B.," principal Medical Officer of the Crimea, written by a Hindu, Mr. S. M. Mitra; it will be published by Messrs. Longmans. Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce a new collection of Essays and Stories by R. L. Stevenson, entitled "Lay Morals and other Papers." Messrs. Lynwood and Co. have a quite promising list of fiction, which includes "A Maid of the Malverns," by Mr. T. H. Porter, late of St. John's College, Cambridge, which concerns the times of Ben Jonson; Miss Slieve Foy's "An Unnatural Mother," a worldly story; "Love and the People," by Miss E. A. Stewart, a study of social reformers; "The Serpent,' a story of Buckinghamshire, by Miss Winifred May Scott; and, though this is more fact than fiction, "The Book of the English Oak," by Mr. Charles Hurst.

Messrs. Greening are bringing out a novel on the theme of "A Fool There Was," Mr. Herbert Sleath's production at the Queen's Theatre, the author being Mr. Porter Emerson Browne. They also announce Mr. William Caine's latest effort, "The Devil in Solution"—another skit of the "Boom" type; "The Man with the Red Beard," by David Whitelaw; "King Philip the Gay," a delicate satire upon "Zenda," by Mr. Reginald Turner; and Mr. Collins's "Four Millions a Year?" which is a question many of us think we should be able to answer without any hesitation. Little Tich, besides being an artist of the footlights, has turned his hand to the art of writing. The same firm will publish his humorous autobiography, replete with photographic illustrations. They are also issuing Miss May Wynne's latest romance, "The Master Wit," and a new "shilling shocker" by Mr. Guy Thorne, entitled "Divorce."

THE GREAT OIL OCTOPUS*

I HAVE often wondered whether there is not some curse upon oil, whether the gods do not resent man's handling of this strange product. Why else does oil arouse the vilest passions? Wherever we go we find the same thing. Baku is outside the influence of the Standard Oil, yet the history of that great field is the history of intrigue, dishonesty, ruin, and (of late years) battle and sudden death. There are not half a dozen successful concerns in Baku to-day. I doubt if there are three. In another Russian oilfield—Grosny—there are only two prosperous companies. In Mexico we have seen the most amusing oil war of modern times—an immense (so-called) oilfield, whose production until a few months ago was not sufficient to keep a couple of dozen railway engines running. In Burmah one company alone appears to have been able to subsist. It made large profits, but the rest have lived upon hope and fresh capital. The Dutch Indies stand out as a successful and profitable oilfield. California is prospering. Roumania and Galicia, after years of struggle and bitterness, are now moderately successful. But the failures everywhere are as the hairs of our head for number. The successes may be counted upon the fingers of our hands—Nobel, Spies, Stoop, Samuel, Deterding, Bergheim, Balfour Williamson, and Rockefeller. Nature abhors excess, and the oil trade suffers from excess. Your oil comes in volumes, swamps you clean out, catches you unprepared, and drowns you and your market. When you have made all your plans and can save your oil, you find the market against you and the price falls. You must pump or die. If you cap your wells others will pump alongside you and suck your oil away. If you all pump together no one makes money. The oil trade breeds hatred, jealousy, and greed. You are obsessed by the illusion that your oil is valuable. Your imagination is inflamed by legends of the Rockefeller wealth. All your worst instincts are aroused. You hate everybody, you suspect everybody. No business has produced more violent literature. If you desire a lesson in vituperation read the screeds printed about Standard Oil—Mr. Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth and Commonwealth," Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance," the excited outpourings of Miss Ida M. Tarbell, or "The Great Oil Octopus," which is a reprint of some articles that appeared in *Truth*.

This book sets forth in detail the hideous crimes of the Standard Oil Trust. It tells us how John D. Rockefeller taught in a Sunday-school, how he did worse than teach, how he actually trained his tender offspring in the same vicious indulgence. It appears from this book that Mr. Rockefeller is a Baptist—nay, worse, "a good Baptist." This must be pretty bad. But this oil-devouring Baptist has apparently gathered round him men worse than himself. Henry H. Rogers is called "considerate, kindly, generous, helpful," "a relentless, ravenous creation, as pitiless as a shark, knowing no law of God or Man"—all in one breath! The poor man is dead. But he has been succeeded by such awe-inspiring figures as John Dustin Archbold, who has been accused of attempting to blow up his rivals and has also incurred the displeasure of Mr. Randolph Hearst. A somewhat less active villain in the piece is Henry M. Flagler, who actually built hotels along the coast of Florida, and seems, somehow or another, to have induced rich Americans to live in them. Others are mentioned, and in most cases their religion is set forth. "Many of them were Scotch Presbyterians;" one was an Irish Catholic. He also died leaving millions of ill-gotten gains. Having duly set forth the list of names, and religions, our anonymous author proceeds to warm up the old old stories of the Standard Oil, beginning with its misdeeds in 1868, and ending with a suggestion that it is now causing the revolution in Mexico.

Here we have a very fine example of Oil the demon disturbing the simple paths of literature. There is no attempt made to set forth both sides of the question. There is not the slightest sign that the author has ever been on an oilfield;

* *The Great Oil Octopus.* By *Truth's* Investigator. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

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that he has studied the economy of oil transport, storage, and finance. He does not seem to realise that the Standard Oil was just as inevitable in America as Nobels were in Baku, or the Royal Dutch in the Indies. He does not understand that the cold, hard, silent Rockefeller was just as essential to the success of the effervescent oil industry as Parnell was to the wild Irishry of the 'eighties. Oil is ebullient, uncontrollable, excitable, explosive, dangerous. Rockefeller is cool, calm, saving, and sound. If he had not organised the oil industry another of the same temperament would have arisen. The oil-miner and well-sinker of the early days could never have made an organiser. He was the pioneer, with all the dash and courage of the pioneer, but not the business instinct. This Rockefeller supplied; the combine made for complete success. Our anonymous friend the author does not know that S. O. Burmah and Shell for some years lived peacefully and prosperously and that Shell itself declared war in the present crisis. He talks about the vast oilfields of Mexico, but does not know their production. He is quite unaware that in California Standard Oil lives at peace with its neighbours and competitors. A real history of the astounding Standard Oil Trust has yet to be written. Some one will write it one day when all the jealousies have died down, all the bitterness forgotten. It is the greatest business enterprise the world has ever seen. It understands the art of advertisement so well that after I had read this book I came to the conclusion that the writer must be one of those pressmen of whom he speaks so disparagingly, whose general gets £12,500 a year. There is so much clap-trap, so much bounce, and so many allusions to the marvellous genius of Standard Oil that I think "The Great Oil Octopus" must have been penned by one of the raw hands in either 26, Broadway or Queen Anne's-gate. If Mr. Usmar is responsible, I cannot congratulate him upon his choice of authors. He should at least have picked a man who knows the oil trade.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THIS has been a Rothschild week. Ever and again this great House wakes up and shows the world its power. Some of its Brazilian loans have been poorly received, but the present issue is almost like a glorified short-dated note. The yield is high and the price tempting. I am glad to see that the loan is earmarked. Those who said the money was wanted for rubber valorisation were very wrong indeed. Yet Brazil, being in funds, may divert some of the money to the Bank of Brazil and its rubber schemes. Wise, Speke and Company and Boultons, of Montenegro fame, have made an issue of 7 per cent. preference shares in a Canadian Chemical Company, whose name is too long to print. It may be left for those who have an intimate knowledge of Canadian chemicals. The Argentine vineyard promotion handled by Haes and Sons might also be disregarded. It was peculiar because the promoters were honest and admitted a loss. I hear that a market will be made, and I suggest that the shares, said to have been subscribed in the Argentine, will one day be offered here. I never knew any Argentine capitalist who took shares in one of his own companies.

There is more than enough MONEY to go round, and the Bank Rate will fall to 2½ per cent. Consols are still cheap. I notice some stupid person suggests that the bear selling of Consols should be made illegal. Under Leemans Bank Act you are not permitted to sell short of Bank Shares, and now it is asked that Consols should be included. Some people have remarkable ideas about that hated creature the bear. He is the most useful person in the economy of our City. It is the bear who stiffens a market. Many panics have been stayed by the repurchases of bears. There is nothing so strong as a bear market or so weak as one composed of bulls. Those who buy what they cannot pay for must lose money. Those who sell what they can't deliver must buy back sooner or later. The bear almost always makes money, the bull "goes broke."

FOREIGNERS are simply stupid, for Paris thinks that the Ehrhard failure has so weakened the Parquet that at least three more Agents de Change will fail. There is no Bourse in the world with such stupid regulations as those that govern the Paris Bourse. The French are filled with pride because the other members of the Parquet have paid up the losses of their fellow members, but if the net result is to ruin three other men I fail to see the advantage. Tintos must go better because the bull account carried by Ehrhard has been got rid of.

HOME RAILS seem stronger than ever. I confess that I expected a reaction, but the investor now sees that he will not long be allowed to secure gilt-edged stocks that pay 4 per cent. and over, and he wisely buys when he can. Great Northern A "have been the feature," as the commercial reporter phrases it; they made up 51½ and they have touched 54. The speculator likes a cheap stock like this; it costs less to carry. This same type of person has also paid his unwelcome attentions to Great Centrals; the preferred made up at 29 and rose to 34. Great Eastern is another favourite of the punter, and has also risen. I think this stock will see another ten points rise. I repeat each week my story, and when all the stocks are at the very top it is just possible that my advice will be taken.

YANKEES.—I am most doubtful about the American market. It is just steady, and no more. Short-dated bills pour in upon us and are rapidly absorbed. But we are not gambling. I think we are wise. Perhaps the Wall Street plungers will sell so short in view of the Supreme Court Decision that the bankers may give a few turns to the screw and squeeze the bears. But the decision cannot be given until April 3rd, and may even be delayed a week. In the meantime, no one can lose money by keeping away from Yankee Rails, though as I write the feeling in the City is good. But when London is good Wall Street always sells upon us. They are still bullish in Montreal and New York about Can Pacs, but the rise has been carried to an extreme point.

RUBBER.—The sales fell flat. Prices dwindled, and the jobbers in the House turned round and sold short of Linggis, Vels, and all the other stocks in which there is a free market. Mr. Wickham, the father of the plantation industry, and our greatest authority on fine, hard cured Para, has been telling a Ceylon reporter one or two hard facts about plantation rubber. Pretty as it looks in its nice amber sheets, this cruel man says it is not rubber, but only a good substitute. I have always held this, and I know that the big buyers won't look at plantation. Therefore the prices must fall below that of fine hard-cured Para as soon as the quantity sent home reaches the amount required to saturate the market. But this does not mean that there will be no market for plantation. It only means that the growers will be compelled to take lower prices, which they can well afford to do. Damansara report was good, and the company will give us 400,000lb. this year and pay 100 per cent. dividend, a little under 15 per cent. return at present prices. The shares are therefore cheap. The "outside shows" are becoming more demoralised each week. Get out if you can, and never buy anything except Malay properties. This is a golden rule.

OILS have had quite a little spurt. This was probably due to the nervousness of the bears. There is vague talk of a settlement of the dispute between Standard and Shell. These wars never last very long. Spies have risen and may go higher, for the company is doing well. Mexican Eagles

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are talked about, but I see no reason to buy this week. However, the whole oil market is cheerful. Do not be deluded into buying the Galician Oil Trust shares; let those who hold them keep them.

KAFFIRS.—The good feeling in the Kaffir market grows each day, and as most of the bulls have now been shaken out we may see the big houses come in and buy, to encourage the French, who have more shares than they like. The whole policy of the Rand magnates is of course to make one final grand boom, unload every share they possess, and then wish the Rand and its mines a very polite good day. But they cannot make the boom at the moment. Nevertheless it looks as though the hour were approaching.

RHODESIANS.—Here also the sick and weakly have been destroyed utterly and their shares have been annexed by lenders of money and such-like vultures who prey upon the dead and dying in the City. The Globe report was a good one. Robert Williams goes to Benguella in a few weeks, and thence to the Cape, to see how his Copper looks. The selling of Tanks has stopped for the moment. Jumbos look cheap at 10s.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Omnibus shares don't fall, notwithstanding their inflated price. The 'cute people are picking up Spiers and Pond at rubbish prices, and talk of Joe Lyons getting control. This he denies with energy. The Armament shares are all strong, and the Armstrong report is excellent. These stocks are the pick of the basket. Electric Lights are neglected, and offer the best chance of making money in the House. Cements still rise, and those who buy are both rich and confident.

EGYPT.—Salmony got up a little boom on his own last Saturday—a day always consecrated to small private demonstrations. I think that the fall in Egyptians has gone far enough, and the best shares are cheap. National Banks are good, Khedivial Mails are cheap, and if any speculative rise comes along Delta Lands must go up, not because they are intrinsically sound but because they are a good gambling counter.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

DR. ARNOT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In connection with Mr. Harris's question respecting Dr. Arnot in his article, "History and the Hearts of Kings," in the current ACADEMY, it may interest some of your readers to know that, as surgeon of the 20th Foot, Arnot was in attendance on Napoleon at St. Helena. He was a Dumfriesshire man, born in the neighbourhood of Ecclefechan, and on the gravestone that marks his place of sepulture, only a few yards separating it from that of the Carlyles, in the churchyard of the little village, it is recorded that "he was held in high esteem by the illustrious exile, whose last moments he soothed." This being so, it is a natural inference that Dr. Arnot "assisted with Dr. Antommarchi in handling the body of Napoleon."—Yours, &c.,

J. GRIGOR.

14, Crofton Road, Camberwell, March 21.

"WHEN WOMAN LOVES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In his unpleasant review of my new novel, "When Woman Loves," in your issue dated March 25th, your critic declares "in one portion the reader is left in doubt as to whether Mr. Hoskins was unpacking the chorus of a famous opera from his bag or singing the refrain while the bag was being unpacked."

Here is the sentence to which he refers:—"Upstairs she (his landlady, Mrs. Sloane) could hear Mr. Hoskins singing while he unpacked, 'The Soldiers' Chorus' from 'Faust.'"

Now if he were *not* "singing the refrain while the bag was being unpacked," Mrs. Sloane in another room must have been able to tell what books her master was unpacking upstairs—without seeing them—a remarkable feat of telepathy!

Apart from all this, the mistake would of course be utterly impossible to any one acquainted with the ordinary use of the comma in English prose.

That my book has left your critic "unentertained," that he considers the plot "poor," the characters "miserably-drawn," proves nothing except that we are out of sympathy with each other. All this is fair comment, but a false charge of careless, illiterate writing I feel may be replied to without laying oneself open to the charge of over-sensitiveness.

RATHMELL WILSON.

Rupert Street, W., March 24th.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—No accusation of illiteracy was made against Mr. Rathmell Wilson; I desired to point out that his ideas of sequence in composition are not those which are generally accepted, and that his sense of the possibilities of the English language might have been keener.

THE REVIEWER.

"THAN WHOM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In considering the case of the relative pronoun preceded by "than" (ACADEMY, March 11th), it seems strange that no reference has ever been made to other languages than English. In Latin, for example, when a comparison is instituted "than" is frequently followed by the ablative; thus—

Scimus solem majorem esse terrâ

or

Scimus solem majorem terrâ

are both grammatical, and Cicero writes

Amicitia, quâ nihil melius habemus,

the effect of the rule being to place the second member of the comparison in the ablative—a result that seems both just and logical, seeing that the second member is certainly subordinate to the first.

There can, I think, be little doubt that when Milton wrote

> Which when Beelzebub perceived—than whom,
> Satan except, none higher sat—with grave
> Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
> A pillar of state—("Paradise Lost," ii., 299-302)

the poet was influenced by the Latin idiom, as in other instances throughout that poem; and that, had he undertaken to translate the passage into Latin, he would have rendered "than whom" by *quô*.

Is it not more natural to hear people in ordinary conversation—that is, outside of purely literary and Parliamentary circles—say "better than me," "older than her," rather than "better than I," "older than she," inasmuch as the latter expressions are often apt to sound more or less affected, pedantic, and lacking in euphony? What, indeed, is the essential difference between the two colloquialisms—"He is considered a better musician than me" and "As a musician he is to be preferred to me"? The French have clearly divined the difference, for they call the first "me" a *complément direct*, and the second a *complément indirect*, if I am not mistaken.

This, however, is a question that is not likely to be settled solely by rules of grammar arbitrarily enforced; so that a wide dissimilarity will always exist between spoken and written English.

N. W. H.

New York, March 21.

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Elkanah Settle, His Life and Works. By F. C. Brown. Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.
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ALEX. HERON, Secretary.
The Merchants' Hall, Edinburgh,
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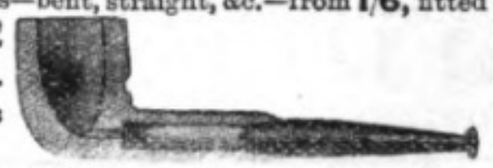
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

So much is said about the necessity for the Reform of the House of Lords that a matter which is of far more pressing importance—namely, the Reform of the House of Commons—is often completely lost sight of. Sir Guilford Molesworth has brought together cogent facts* which compel attention to a subject of such great importance. Repeating a criticism which lately appeared in these columns, the writer quotes Lecky thus:—"In England no one can be insensible to the change in the tone of the House of Commons within the memory of living men." Mr. Balfour has, we observe, chidden Lord Hugh Cecil for clearly setting forth facts which are well known to those who have been immersed in politics quite as long as Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour, however, is a leader who is quite open to be led, and a perusal of Sir Guilford Molesworth's little volume will be a useful initiatory step in his conversion. Herbert Spencer wrote in "The Coming Slavery:" "Representatives are unconscientious enough to vote for Bills which they believe to be wrong in principle because party needs and regard for the next election demand it." No wonder Mr. Asquith, with the wholly unnecessary and entirely reprehensible measure of payment of Members in view, went into rhapsodies over what he called Mr. Balfour's "finest vindication of the representative and independent character of the House of Commons that had ever been made"! Amenities between the front benches are graceful and very pretty fooling, but the nation, and especially the Constitutional party, must not be blinded by a minuet, however gracefully performed. "All independence is crushed out of the House of Commons. The comparatively harmless bribe of a pot of beer or half-a-crown to a voter has been replaced by gigantic class bribery," the next step in which—the coping-stone of subservience—is to be payment of Members in money as well as in kind. Lecky, Herbert Spencer amongst writers, Hilaire Belloc and Harold Cox amongst observant and practical politicians, point to the folly and danger of our system. Bastiat wrote:—"It would be impossible to introduce into society a greater change and a greater evil than this—the conversion of law into an instrument of plunder." Yet that is exactly what has been done, to a limited extent, under the present system. What can reasonable men expect to be the outcome when public interests and private rights are confided to practically a single chamber of mercenaries, dependent for the continuance of their salaries and other contingent advantages upon slavish subservience to their political chiefs? That these individuals are not representative of the people we have shown many times, and the article which we publish on Proportional Representation once more demonstrates that fact.

* "The Coming Question." The Reform of the House of Commons. By Sir Guilford Molesworth, K.C.I.E. (St. Stephen's Press. 2d.)

The lovers of true art, as expressed through the medium of the stage, are at the present moment exceptionally, if not superlatively, provided for in London. Not often do we find two plays by Ibsen at different theatres running consecutively, and that they are well supported by the cream of the playgoing public is evident to any one who is wise enough to witness these two original and, in some respects, extraordinary interpretations of the Norwegian master's work. Shakespeare is not neglected: we have "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry VIII.," with the prospect of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in the near future; for lighter fare, the immortal Gilbert and Sullivan operas are not far away, and various comedies which may not be high art, but are at any rate clever and artistic, serve those who desire mere recreation instead of food for thought. Such being the case, we are compelled to wonder that London has not its own Repertory Theatre in flourishing condition. Miss Horniman has made her Repertory Theatre in Manchester a success in every sense of the word, and has proved that it is not necessary to possess any enormous capital in order to present the best plays of the world. The Abbey Theatre, Dublin, thanks to her pluck and persistence, seems to be entering on a period of prosperity; Glasgow is noted for its theatrical enterprise, Liverpool has decided not to be eclipsed, and now Birmingham has started a "Drama Society" on similar lines. These are not mere experiments; they are efforts which are likely to be permanent, and are certainly educative. London enterprise seems too spasmodic; the experiment is made, with the finest possible assistance in staging and acting, is then dropped, and the curtain of oblivion falls. Is it that the very bigness of London operates disastrously against these memorable and brilliant efforts—that the popularity of competing plays and frivolous comedies spells the doom of the highest art? We in this city are not hopeless outsiders in matters theatrical, as a glance at the columns of our newspapers will prove; but the provinces are giving us a good lead, and for once it seems that London is badly behind in the race.

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PRIMA VERA

The Hand of God is on the harp of Spring;
  How else were there such music in the air?
Music that makes the silent furrows sing
  With joy, and wakes the slumbering seed they bear.

A golden veil burns like an aureole now
  About the world's grim forehead old and grey;
The lips of Spring salute her brooding brow,
  And April lifts the banner blue of May.

My soul, an anchorite on Heaven's wall,
  Looks from its charmed and chosen solitude;
Looking, I listen, hear the blackbird call,
  And know that violets wake, and God is good.

D. M. S.

WILLIAM COWPER AND THE "OLNEY HYMNS"*—I.

THE writing of a hymn might seem at first thought a simple and easy task, given the poet and the mood. Complications of rhyme and measure are not needed—they are faults, instead of added graces; the ornate, decorative word is to be shunned, else will untutored tongues trip ignominiously; in fact, to the trained or natural hymnologist the composition of a sacred poem to be sung ought to present no problem at all. Yet, considering the thousands of hymns extant in various collections, how few are real poetry; how few hymns of praise rise above demure adulation, uninspired and uninspiring, despite the sublimity and splendour of their theme! *Turris fortissima est nomen Jehovah*—surely, one thinks, such noble words might send the poet writing for an age. *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax* . . . the heart beats faster at the ringing syllables, but hardly a score of hymns linger in the memory which can in any way be termed worthy. Most poets seem to vacillate, when their Muse hovers over sacred things, between a self-abasement which is so abject as to appear ridiculous, and a mood of religious conceit which reminds us of the "good boy" and "bad boy" stories of our youthful days.

The cry for help and the cry of praise are the two great sources of the real hymn, taking the word "hymn" in its broader sense, and not only as a song of adoration; when they are uttered sincerely by the poet he can often move his readers to sympathy and enthusiasm; more than that, he can crown himself with unfading laurels. Years after he has passed away, his stanzas, wedded indissolubly to some simple melody, will ring in the memory of thousands. Many of those who sing and are comforted may not even know his name; yet is he enviably immortal who can thus enshrine his words for ever in the hearts of a people. The poet may be famous chiefly by one hymn; Newman, for instance, is a familiar name to hundreds who care nothing for his controversies and his stress of soul by means of his "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom;" Cowper, the poet of Olney, must be known to hundreds, again, who never heard of "The Task" or "The Progress of Error," by his poem "God moves in a mysterious way."

William Cowper was particularly fitted both by temperament and surroundings to write the hymns which we shall term supplicatory, and it is to this work we refer especially in this article. Through the clouds of doubt that enveloped him he sought the God whom he desired; his doubt became fear, his fear became anguish; "there is a wall of separation," he wrote, "between me and my God." To his "dear, warm-hearted Hayley" he expressed himself freely. "Ignorant of everything but my own instant and impending misery," he said, "I know neither what I do, when I write, nor can do otherwise than write, because I am bidden to do so. Perfect Despair, the most perfect that ever possessed any mind, has had possession of mine, you know how long, and, knowing this, will not need to be told who writes." Only when we remember this persistent and overwhelming mood of mental dismay which so deeply saddens the student of the poet's life can we see the inner meaning of such a hymn as that given on page 36 of the new "Olney" collection:—

My former hopes are dead,
  My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
  In trespasses and sins.

Ah, whither shall I fly?
  I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh
  And vengeance at the door.

It is one of the most depressing things that Cowper ever wrote; the spirit of doubt, with its chill breath, haunts every verse:—

I see, or think I see,
  A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
  To save me from despair.

Yet the author of these sorrowful words was once a member of the "Nonsense Club" at the Temple, and had once written, in a letter to "Dear Toby," dated from "Great Berkhampstead, I don't know when":—

> I am in such a hurry, I hardly know how to set one leg before t'other to get to the end of my letter, and God knows if I shall be able to do it to-night. Dancing all last night, in bed one-half of the day, and shooting all the other half, and am now going to—what?—to kill a boding screech owl perched upon a tree just by my window. Have at you, old Wise Acre. What an Irishman am I!

The despondent note of the hymn to which we have referred occurs in many others, but not to an extent so oppressive; often the despair of the opening stanzas is illumined by hopeful prayer and faith in the conclusion, as in the hymn entitled "Looking upwards in a storm":—

God of my life to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

These hymns may not be great poetry, but it is impossible not to be impressed with the difference between such cries from a wrestling, agonising, afflicted soul and the hymn written to order, as it were, for the sake of writing, uninspired, beautiful, and cold. It is the difference between a flow of lava and the cascade of a formal garden. At the same time, there are several hymns here which will live as

* *Olney Hymns.* By William Cowper. Edited by William Willis. (Published for the Cowper Society by Farncombe and Son.)

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truest poetry, apart from their theme—hymns admittedly written under the influence of a brighter mood. The well-known hymn "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," the one already mentioned, "God moves in a mysterious way," are poems with few blemishes; so also is the less familiar eulogy of Wisdom, of which we quote two stanzas:

When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with Him then;
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

Thus wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

Cowper's rhyming was at times somewhat lax. The verses above give one instance, and his genuineness and sincerity led him occasionally to compose quatrains, and to interpose them between highly devotional stanzas, which were quite unsuitable for the purposes of a hymn, to say nothing of being decidedly unpoetic. No congregation with a sense of humour could sing the following lines, for instance, with due solemnity:—

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepar'd a fish to save
And bear him to the shore.

. . . . .

What trifles tease me now!
They swarm like summer flies,
They cleave to ev'rything I do,
And swim before my eyes.

Such lapses, however, are infrequent, and do not occur in those better-known hymns which have endeared themselves to worshippers of various denominations.

In this edition of the "Olney Hymns" Judge Willis has reproduced exactly the text, spelling, and punctuation of the first book issued under that name in 1779—a collection which contained much work by John Newton. Various editors who have in times past handled the so-called "Olney Hymns" were anything but careful as to their selections, and either inserted hymns which Cowper never wrote, or omitted some which were really his, even Southey and Sir Roundell Palmer being among those who erred. "It is not too much to say," remarks the present editor in the preface, explaining several corrections, "that unless the reader possesses the volume published in 1779 he has not in his possession the exact number of hymns which Cowper wrote, nor the true and genuine text." The present attractively-arranged booklet may thus be taken as the authoritative result of considerable research on the part of Judge Willis, and should be regarded as the standard edition of the Olney Hymns.

In our next article we shall discuss briefly the poetry of William Cowper in its wider range, bearing in mind the words of Mr. Thomas Wright to the effect that for those who have read Cowper's letters the poet "seems like a next-door neighbour."

W. L. R.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

By Hilaire Belloc

There is an uneasy feeling, which is not confined to this country, that representative institutions have been for some time upon their trial, and that they are not coming very well out of that trial.

When one remembers the very great space of time over which these institutions have endured, one wonders why they should so lately have fallen into disrepute. The answer is that in modern times, or rather in quite recent times, they have taken on quite novel and hitherto untried forms. Representation is working to-day on lines which it has never tried before; it is in its present form an experiment, and so far the experiment has hardly met with an increasing success.

When representative institutions arose in the early Middle Ages their character was essentially local. Local customs, local necessities, local powers of payment—these were the subjects vital to delegates sent from separate localities, each of which had a strong and real autonomous life of its own. It is true that the great representative bodies in some crises took upon themselves national executive functions: but that was not their normal business nor was it even their normal business to legislate.

In some countries, notably in France, as modern civilisation advanced the old representative system was dropped; in others, notably in England, it was maintained; but it only kept its great place in the State through restriction. It was restricted to a particularly small body, and acted mainly through one class.

Rather more than one hundred years ago the American and the French Revolutions set forth representative institutions as a universal form of Democratic Government. This proposal of theirs proceeded directly from their definite political theory, which presupposed universal suffrage and universal rights (in legislation, at least) to be vested in the representatives created by that suffrage. In the United States, however, there were so many natural and artificial conditions present to modify the full effect of the new system that we cannot judge its success or failure by the American example. Local autonomy was almost absolute. The Executive (which has since grown so enormously in power) stood apart from the legislative machine, and the institution of the Supreme Court strictly confined the action of that machine.

The French experiment and theory is over one hundred years old, but its practice has been so interrupted that we cannot claim for it a clear trial of more that one generation. The same is true if we look closely into the facts of nearly all the modern Parliamentary systems. The German, such as it is (for it has the least power of any), is but a generation old. The last extension of the franchise in Great Britain falls within our own generation. The institution of Parliamentary Government throughout Italy answers to the same description.

In a word, civilised Europe to-day proceeds largely upon the theory, and, in some measure, upon the actual practice, of representation by a body composed of delegates who are voted for by the adult male population of the State. The results are not satisfactory; they are sometimes so patently foolish, and more often so grievously unpopular that everyone is seeking a remedy. Abroad the thing is self-evident. A sectarian and ill-considered minority governs France. The Italian Parliament stands for but a fraction of the electorate, and the electorate for less than a third of the people. In this country the continuity of political habit and of national

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institutions lends Parliament a greater dignity, but the general ill-ease is beginning to be felt here as well.

The recent proposals to transform the constitution of the country, proposals which must, whatever end they reach, lead to some great and abrupt change, have even made the question more acute here for the moment than it is abroad.

Among the remedies suggested for the Parliamentary disease is that known as Proportional Representation. He would be a rash man who should say that it would prove a full remedy, or even a partial one, but even to guess at its effect we must have some clear idea of what it is. Most people will tell you that the object and advantage of proportional representation is that it will give to the two parties in Parliament a strength proportional to their real strength in the country. We all know that with the present system of single-member constituencies, and the exceptional double-member constituencies created or surviving, this proportion is nearly always, and grievously, distorted. It would be easy to collect scores of legitimate complaints from the newspapers in the last ten years showing how this distortion has worked in practice; but it is evident, even in theory, that the chances are always in favour of such a distortion existing under the present scheme. It is even possible for a majority of votes to be cast upon one side and that side to have a minority in the representative assembly which those votes may create. The selection of a few chosen areas in this country, and particularly in London, are sufficient to prove this.

Proportional representation would obviously remedy this anomaly, but that is the least of the advantages claimed for it. The majority of Ministerialists sitting in Parliament would be smaller than it is now and would more nearly correspond to their real majority in the country. But a majority it would remain, and under the present mechanical arrangement of the House of Commons, though the numerical bulk of an Opposition tells, it is not a main factor in modifying legislation; the independence of a group, even the liveliness of criticism and attack count for more. A more important effect claimed for proportional representation would be the representation of a community in its diversity: in the diversity of its real aims and principal interests.

Consider some large electoral area, such as that of South Lancashire, and mark the diversity of interests and political aims with which you have to deal. You have the separate interests of the great Trades Unions; you have the religious interests; a Roman Catholic population of somewhat more than a fifth of the whole, and, as everybody knows, a very large and vigorous determination throughout the electorate to protect the schools of the Church of England. You have, again, the diverse interests of various districts according to their occupation. The complexity of such an electorate might be infinitely developed, but even the roughest system of proportional representation would show certain main cross divisions which are obliterated under the present scheme of voting.

You have for this district, counting such outliers as Birkenhead and Stockport, sixty members of Parliament. These sixty members sit and vote at Westminster to-day as Ministerialists or anti-Ministerialists only. That is the sole line of division. Amongst these sixty members there may by accident be one (as I was myself for five years) who is supposed to speak for the large Roman Catholic population; or there may be none (as I believe in this Parliament there is none). There may be another who is known to make a special point of the rights of the Church Schools; another two or three who, without daring to rebel against party discipline, are specially concerned with the rights or interests of the mining population, of the cotton operatives, &c. But if such members happen to reach Westminster it is a pure accident. There is no machinery by which each of these great cross-sections and particular minorities can certainly make its voice heard.

But suppose that even so rough a system of proportional representation as what the French call *Scrutin de Liste* were in use. Supposing that, as was the case in the city of Paris until the Boulanger crisis, the first of nearly two-score names in a long list of candidates should be declared elected, there at once the minorities would come into evidence. One man, let us say, is strongly in favour of the maintenance of the Voluntary Schools; he is a Free Trader, a Trades Unionist desiring to reverse the Osborne case, and in favour of a large Navy. Another man is a Free Trader, a Little Navy man; he desires the destruction of Voluntary Schools, he thinks the Trades Union organisation oppressive, and he desires the maintenance of the Osborne Judgment. To-day those two men will probably be found voting for the same Free Trade candidate. But with a list before each, and the right to set down a number of names, the one would make a very different choice of names from the other, and in the result you would presumably have amongst the many returned to Westminster from that one area certain groups whose chief business it was to represent there, not one of two opposing parties upon some set question, such as Tariff Reform, but a particular local interest and demand.

A further advantage claimed for this system is that in a by-election a great weight of opinion will be manifested. It would be a striking thing to have seen South Lancashire, for instance, as a whole, voting down the Licensing or the Education Bill (as it would most undoubtedly have voted each of those measures down) when voting as a whole to replace but one out of its many members. It would have had a very different effect from the striking but partial blow of a single-Member election. Indeed, it was the moral effect of this sort of referendum which caused the professional politicians in Paris to abolish the *Scrutin de Liste* so hurriedly during the Boulanger Crisis, in order to stifle and thwart the popular demand.

Finally, it is claimed with great justice that proportional representation would free candidates from the tyranny of the crank.

The crank, if his minority was large enough, could get represented under any system of Proportional Representation, but he could not terrorise individual candidates as he too often does to-day. You will have in an electorate of, say, 10,000, a pretty equal division and a narrow majority one way or the other between the two organised parties. One hundred voters who care more for some one little point of their own than for the general debate, hold the whole situation to-day in their hands. The result is that in most cases both candidates pledge themselves to support something to which they are indifferent or hostile, and to which they know the mass of their constituents to be indifferent or hostile, and you occasionally have the absurd result of fanatics claiming with perfect truth that "a majority" of the House of Commons is "pledged" to their fantastic proposals.

I have purposely chosen the crudest form of proportional representation for my example. It is evident that under its more refined forms more accurate and complex results could be obtained. But the real doubt with regard to it which must arise in the mind of the politician to-day is not as to whether it possesses the virtues claimed for it in theory—these are fairly obvious—but whether in practice it would not slip into a tame submission to the existing machinery. You might have sixty places for South Lancashire and 120 names on the list, but what guarantee would you have that the enormous power of the caucus would not drill these 120 into two opposing ranks of Government and Opposition, present "tickets" of sixty names each to the unfortunate

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electors, and leave them after the reform in the same ridiculous plight in which they find themselves to-day?

That is surely the chief argument against the value of the Reform, but I confess it seems to me a formidable one. In other words, I do not see what reform in the mere mechanism of elections can be of real value until the power of the machine in English politics is diminished.

SANCTUARIES*

Dr. Cox has written a book on the sanctuaries of mediæval England which will be the recognised authority on the subject. Mr. Mazzinghi published a short treatise on the same theme in 1887, and it is a matter for surprise that so fascinating a subject should have received, apart from these two writers, such scant attention. Dr. Cox's chief sources of information are the Assize and Coroners' Rolls, Patent and Close Rolls, and the Episcopal Registers. The author remarks in his preface that artists and novelists are fond of depicting, with brush or pen, a man reaching sanctuary with a sword in his hand. As Dr. Cox points out, the Church never allowed a sanctuary-seeker to approach with any kind of weapon.

Early examples of sanctuary-laws are to be found in the six Levitical cities of refuge established by the Mosaic Code. The same idea existed, with of course a different religious significance, among the asylums of the Greeks, the most famous being that of Diana of Ephesus. The Romans, too, recognised the sacredness of certain places and the efficacy pertaining to altars and statues of their emperors. No doubt Professor J. G. Frazer could give us a wealth of information in regard to the early conception of sanctuary in many countries. The idea of flight after wrongdoing and the search for a temporary refuge must have existed in some form or another long before the halcyon days of Greece and Rome.

Dr. Cox traces sanctuary rights in England from Athelstan, their development under Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor rulers, and their decay in the reign of Henry VIII. This interesting review of the subject reveals the fact that the Church gradually extended its aid to sanctuary seekers. Where at one time the altar alone furnished immunity, later on the churchyard and precincts, even stone crosses some distance from the sacred building, embraced the privilege of sanctuary. Dr. Cox lays special emphasis upon the difference between chartered sanctuaries and those places of worship where the privileges were limited.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century the custom of "abjuration of the realm" was introduced, a custom associated with the coroner's office. The sanctuary seeker might have the Church's protection for forty days. Upon his abjuration of the realm he was compelled to take his departure to a specified seaport, and to reach that seaport within a given time. He was permitted to travel, with cross in hand, only along the high roads, and, if fortune favoured him, he might embark on the first outgoing vessel available.

It is not to be wondered at that the Church's protection of sanctuary seekers should have frequently been in conflict with the State. In the chapter entitled "Historical Incidents" we read of the murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the forcible withdrawal of Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, from sanctuary, the burning of St. Mary le Bow to drive William FitzOsbert out of hiding, and the Westminster Abbey violation of 1378, when a fugitive knight was killed, during Mass, before the Prior's stall. In 1483 we read of the widowed Queen Elizabeth Woodville seeking sanctuary in Westminster for the second time with its dismal sequel—the murder of the boy Princes in the Tower. An ancient chronicler describes the parting of Elizabeth from one of her sons thus:—"And therewith all she said unto the Childe was, Farewell mine own sweet son, God send you good keeping: let me kisse you yet once, ere you goe; for God knoweth when wee shall kisse together againe."

The chapter devoted to St. Martin le Grand is of special interest. The author tells us that in 1548 this sacred edifice was levelled to the ground. He writes:—"The spot which had for ages resounded by day and night with the seraphic music, and had been distinguished by all the splendid pageantry of the Roman Church, was now occupied by a number of new buildings; on the site of the high altar a large wine tavern was erected." Stow adds a quaint and interesting note on the foreigners who rented these buildings. They "claimed the benefit of privileges granted to the canons . . which could hardly be wrested to artificers, buyers and sellers, otherwise than is mentioned in the 21st Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel." The sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand has passed away, and the majority of us remember the name in connection with our great postal system.

The sanctuary of Durham is intimately connected with St. Cuthbert. Here it is that we recognise that the efficacy of sanctuary depended not so much upon the saving grace of Christ but in the miraculous power of a saint's earthly remains. On one occasion the Feast of St. Cuthbert was being celebrated in the Forest of Arden. The parish priest fed all comers, and clothed the naked. While these hospitalities were in progress the company was attacked by a band of robbers. The bandits did not hesitate to violate the sanctuary, where many of the inhabitants had hastily withdrawn their live stock and other goods. The robbers, having obtained their ill-gotten booty, ate, drank, and made merry until they fell asleep. The priest, believing that St. Cuthbert, whose local church had been violated, would come to his aid, drew near the sleeping bandits with a few companions, and made all manner of strange noises, including "the loudest yells and the most piercing shrieks." These noises awakened the stolen animals, and, thanks to the power of St. Cuthbert, oxen charged the robbers and swine rushed furiously over the sleepers. The happy result was that the robbers departed, leaving behind them a vast store of arms, horses, money, and various articles of value.

Dr. Cox corrects an error in regard to what are popularly known as "sanctuary knockers." He points out that, with the possible exception of Durham, these metal grotesques were in no way connected with sanctuary rites. The fact that there was no plate on which to knock seems to support his theory that the iron ring was merely used as a means of closing the heavy door. Notwithstanding the chief evidence in support of this idea—namely, that the sanctuary-seeker was safe as soon as he reached the churchyard—we can well understand a mistake of this kind. Supposing that the principal aim of these grotesques was to close the doors upon which they were fixed, night fugitives must have struck them over and over again. An oak door when struck by an iron ring will make a considerable noise without the addition of a plate beneath it.

We have read this scholarly book, containing many fine illustrations, with much pleasure. It reflects the Christian spirit of mercy toward those who fall by the way. It reveals, in mediæval times, a beneficent protection against the hound of State that would have run to earth and killed many a fugitive but for the sheltering arms of Mother Church. In these later days we might learn much from those Mediæval times. Now Justice, not always just, sits on her throne alone, and the Church is impotent to save when the judge puts on his black cap.

**The Sanctuaries and Sanctuary-Seekers of Mediæval England.* By J. Charles Cox. (George Allen and Sons. 15s. net.)

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REVIEWS

CHESTERTON OR DICKENS?

Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

The happiness of the individual is never an unmixed blessing to the community at large; that *joie de vivre*, that perpetual high-spiritedness should be the elixir of life which the hermit, usually the living embodiment of all remorse and sorrow, should seek to discover. The excessive joyfulness of youth tends to be as great a danger to society as the extremes of pessimism. We cannot all eternally dwell on the mountain-tops; some of us often stray down the slippery sides of the great abyss. Looking up we see personified Youth still bathed in the sunshine on the summit, and the sight makes us wonder if everlasting sleep in one of the dark caverns of our path is worse than this inward torture. There is a lack of sympathy which appears to the lowly soul to be fiendish spite; the smile of happy self-satisfaction seems to be born of Mephistopheles; we are in torment. On the other hand, there is no healthy competition among the occupants of the mountain-top. Human nature will out; and so, having reached the summit by varied paths, the difference of views leads to such a state of chaos that the universe can only be righted by a volcanic eruption or some other Divine intervention.

But what would happen if one of these exuberant and effervescent climbers dwelt on an isolated peak alone in his greatness? His chief delight would be the worship of his own brilliance; he would admire his reflection in the occasional passing cloud, but he would always sigh for a seat on that cloud; sometimes he would look into the face of the sun and endeavour to outshine its brightness, never realising that the light of his eyes was only the reflected light of that great luminary. Then, turning his eyes downwards to shield them from the victorious glare, he would catch a glimpse of his fellow-creatures in the valley. His conscience, of atomic dimensions, would slowly inquire how "His Brilliancy" could possibly assist in educating and amusing these less fortunate denizens of the earth. Thus occasionally he would pour cold comfort down on the heads of these people, never hearing their cries to be spared from such a punishment—surely the vastness of his happiness can only be due to his deafness.

This is the image which forms itself in the mind as the result of reading through this latest volume of Mr. Chesterton. A daily paragraph on a calendar would perhaps be innocuous; the cumulative effect is terrible.

These "Appreciations and Criticisms" are the separate prefaces originally published to the works of Dickens in the "Everyman" Library. We expected a book on Dickens, but what have we? Mr. Chesterton remarks of the prefaces that "they were harmless, being diluted by, or rather drowned in, Dickens:" rather they are drowned in Chesterton. The high spirits of the author have led him into most extravagant excesses of verbal gymnastics; his brilliance is demoralising; common truths could not be more securely wrapped up by the most abstruse philosopher; the desire to be original, sometimes at the expense of misusing words, is everywhere apparent. We wonder if Mr. Chesterton was contrasting himself with Dickens when he wrote in the general introduction:—

> Dickens as an essayist always had his eye on an object before he had the faintest notion of a subject. All these works of his can best be considered as letters; they are notes of personal travel, scribbles in a diary about this or that that really happened. But Dickens was one of the few men who have the two talents that are the whole of literature—and have them both together. First, he could make a thing happen over again; and second, he could make it happen better. He can be called exaggerative; but mere exaggeration conveys nothing of his typical talent. Mere whirlwinds of words, mere melodramas of earth and heaven do not affect us as Dickens affects us, because they are exaggerations of nothing. If asked for an exaggeration of something, their inventors would be entirely dumb. They would not know how to exaggerate a broom-stick; for the life of them they cannot exaggerate a tenpenny nail. Dickens always began with the nail or the broom-stick. He always began with a fact even when he was most fanciful; and even when he drew the long bow he was careful to hit the white.

Every fact in Dickens' life, every character in the books—they all act as irritants upon Mr. Chesterton's brain, causing the production of characteristic excursions into the varied fields of Chestertonian mental, moral, and political science. Dickens becomes the prophet who opens our eyes to the state of things in which we exist. He is the novelist of to-day and Mr. Chesterton is the medium who converses with the master's spirit. The sadness of Dickens seems at times to result in the envelopment of the lonely figure on the mountain-top in a thick fog out of which come cries for help—not for Mr. Chesterton, but for us. His usual cheerful exuberance gives way to a vivacity of pessimism. Speaking of the conditions which exist to-day, "which Dickens would certainly have detested and denounced," Mr. Chesterton explains:

> At this moment it is vain to discuss whether Socialism will be a selling of men's liberty for bread. The men have already sold their liberty; only they have not yet got the bread. A most incessant and exacting interference with the poor is already in operation; they are already ruled like slaves, only they are not fed like slaves. The children are forcibly provided with a school; only they are not provided with a house. Officials give the most detailed domestic directions about the fireguard; only they do not give the fireguard. Officials bring round the most stringent directions about the milk; only they do not bring round the milk. The situation is, perhaps, the most humorous in the whole history of oppression. . . . If we insist on sending the *menu* in to them, they will naturally send the bill in to us This may possibly result (it is not my purpose here to prove that it will) in the drilling of the English people into hordes of humanely herded serfs.

We must remember that we are not dealing with a consecutive book, but with a series of disjointed essays written one by one as brief introductions to the separate volumes in a popular series, which probably explains the reason for this apparent blur as of distant patchwork, this roughness and unevenness as of an untuned orchestra. Perhaps it was intended to fill up the crevices in the structure of Mr. Chesterton's admirable "Life."

Considered as a criticism of Dickens' writings, this volume is extremely disappointing, but read as a series of essays by Mr. Chesterton, the contents are intensely entertaining. Mr. Chesterton is bold; he argues valiantly; we see the universe standing on its head (or heads), and we feel the better for the experience. We grow young again; we think of the days when we envied the clown at the circus; we have Mr. Chesterton providing us with wholesome and agreeable medicine. And it is always medicine; whether he is attacking modern Socialism, discussing the Jews, pointing out the weaknesses of the British democracy, or talking of a hundred other matters, Mr. Chesterton always makes us think. We get no living picture of Dickens; the personality compounded of the different characteristics discovered by Mr. Chesterton never existed. The title-page should have solely borne the inscription "By G. K. Chesterton," and, as lovers of Mr. Chesterton will admit, this is high praise.

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TERTULLIAN'S PARADOX

The New God and other Essays. By RALPH SHIRLEY. (Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

Abnormal Psychology. By ISADOR H. CORIAT, M.D. (Rider and Son. 5s. net.)

MR. RALPH SHIRLEY, the author of "The New God," has stimulated the cells of my memory in a very agreeable and unexpected manner. Reading the essay entitled "Julian the Apostate," I came upon the sentence: "*Credo quia absurdum* was Tertullian's famous but truly idiotic phrase." There seemed something familiar in the misquotation, as well as in the stern rebuke; and looking up the files of THE ACADEMY, I found that nearly three years ago I had been mildly disagreeing with Dr. Horton on this very matter. Dr. Horton had said: "I never could bring myself to any admiration of the schoolman's famous formula, *Credo quia impossibile*." Dr. Horton's error was a compound one, since he ascribed to an imaginary schoolman a maxim utterly incongruous with the spirit of the scholastic philosophy. So, as there seems a tendency in the human heart to misquote Tertullian's words and to misunderstand his meaning, perhaps I may be pardoned if I repeat, more or less, the remarks I made on the famous paradox—or oxymoron—three years ago.

In the first place, Tertullian's words are as follows: –

> Natus est dei filius; non pudet quia pudendum est; et mortuus est dei filius; prorsus credibile est quia ineptum est; et sepultus resurrexit; certum est quia impossibile.

Secondly, the sense of these phrases, which Dr. Horton cannot admire, and which to Mr. Shirley seem truly idiotic, is perhaps to be sought a little below the surface of the words. Mr. Shirley, who, it is evident from these essays, is not without the faculty of belief, will note that the Christian Father is expressing his belief in a transcendental religion—a religion which from the first claimed to be, as it were, an invasion of a lower region by a higher. The Christianity of Tertullian was neither a mere ethic nor a succession of scientific deductions, as when we deduce the existence of a benevolent Deity from the spots on the butterfly's wings; it was, above all, a system of transcendence. And so these "pudendums" and "ineptums" and "impossibiles" are, after all, nothing more than an assertion that the Christian faith is divinely credible, just because it surpasses mortal credibilities, because it contains dogmata which are not in the commonplace book of the mathematician, the chemist, and the man in the street. And if we knew, it might appear that a good dog loves his master and believes in him with all his dog's heart and soul for very much the same reasons as those which moved Tertullian to love of God and belief in God. To Bill the Bulldog the actions of his master must often seem wild and unaccountable; but the dog, wiser than some men, recognises the presence of a higher law, and of a supreme order in which doggy "impossibiles" become human certainties.

So much for Tertullian, whom, as I say, I have re-expounded merely because the misunderstanding of the passage cited seems, like laughter, to be the property of man. Going on to a consideration of some features of "The New God," I note the chapter headed "The Strange Case of Lurancy Vennum," and, by the way, I cannot help expressing my gratitude to the author for making the delightful and impressive combination of names "Lurancy Vennum" familiar to English readers. Fiction is responsible for the invention of many names odd, grotesque, monstrous even; but truth, for once justifying a somewhat dubious proverb, has here far outdistanced fiction's most brilliant and bizarre efforts. Again I am with Tertullian, as expressed in the popular misquotation of his words. "Lurancy Vennum": *credo quia impossibile* indeed; for nobody could have invented such a combination as this. As to Miss Vennum's story, or rather Mr. Shirley's interpretation of it, I am more sceptical. The case is this. Lurancy, known also as "the Wateeka Wonder," and more familiarly as "'Rancy," was born in Illinois, U.S.A., in the year 1864.

She was a healthy child up to the age of thirteen, when she was attacked by fits, trances, communions with spirits, and stomach-ache. She resisted all orthodox medical treatment, and some neighbours named Roff recommended a Doctor E. W. Stevens, of Janesville, Wis., who was supposed to understand such cases. The girl took to the new doctor and informed him that her name was Katrine Hogan, that she came from Germany, and that her age was sixty-three. After making these and other equally preposterous statements she became rigid; and Dr. Stevens by "magnetic action" and a knowledge of "the laws of spiritual science" was soon in full communication with the real Lurancy, who talked like an angel and said she was in heaven. In this condition the doctor persuaded her to get hold of some better "control" than that German with the Irish name, and she chose Mary Roff, the dead daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roff. To be brief: Lurancy awoke next morning sane and well, but with the personality of Mary Roff, deceased, and as Mary she remained for some months, showing unmistakably that she was in possession of Mary's consciousness and of Mary's earthly knowledge. This story Mr. Shirley takes, it would seem, as a case of obsession—"the occupation of a body not dead but temporarily tenantless, by a spirit at the time without a body." But it seems to me that if we consult the valuable "Abnormal Psychology" by Dr. Coriat, and remember certain facts of telepathy, we shall hardly need to go so far as this. Lurancy, more probably, was in that very singular and mysterious condition that is conveniently indicated by the word "hysterical," and her knowledge would not seem to have transcended the consciousness of Mr. and Mrs. Roff. She asked, it is said, for certain treasures of the dead Mary: well, the knowledge that these things existed was certainly in the mind of Mrs. Roff, since she produced them at once. Mr. Shirley might reconsider the evidence, remembering the old maxim about not bringing a god on the scene, unless that is the only way of solving your dramatic difficulties.

It is very satisfactory to note that the author of "The New God" is free from that curious superstition which may be called the idol of modernity. Using a brief analogy, this superstition is that if the moderns like methylated as a steady drink, then it is quite right that they should have methylated; since methylated is the spirit of the age. And so, if the spirit of the age says that there is no God and that London is simply swarming with two-sided triangles, the sooner we agree the better, unless we want to be called reactionaries. Mr. Shirley is admirably free from these amusing fallacies. As he says, very justly:—

> We have no original thoughts, no ideas to give us individuality. . . . It is not our forefathers who are dead, but we . . . we may well be described as *imagines, immo umbræ hominum* . . . we have nothing left that we can call our own, if it be not the smoke of our manufactories and the stupendous complexity of our social life.

The language is severe, but it is doubtful whether it is too severe. And, bearing this description in mind, it is a little

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odd to turn over a few pages and come across phrases about the "worn-out dogmas of the past," and the inexorable edicts of "science" against religion, and "the stern facts of to-day." It is certainly true that many moderns, those "dead" men, devoid of thought and true being whom the author has denounced, do not "see anything" in Christianity, and find in the works of St. Paul (oddly mentioned in this volume under the style of "that great organiser, Saul of Taurus") no personal feeling for the Christ, only "allusions to a *quasi*-legendary personality;" it is true that shapes and shadows of men have uttered every kind of folly about religion as about art. But it is strange indeed to find Mr. Shirley alluding to these absurdities as "the stern facts of to-day." The laws of grammar and arithmetic are not rendered null and void by the blunders of the booby class; and the fact that cheap photographs and novelettes appeal to the man in the street and the girl in the suburb above the masterpieces of painting and literature is not of the slightest consequence to any person with the remotest pretensions to intelligence. As for science, which is information—usually erroneous and always and necessarily imperfect—about surfaces, having any single word to say to the eternal voice of the spirit: I really cannot think that Mr. Shirley has brought himself to believe in so wild a dream.

Yet, I may be mistaken. I mentioned, I think, that the author of "The New God" was not devoid of the faculty of belief, and I find that he accepts as true the story that Cagliostro told of his own origin. And he who can credit that tale of Althotas and Arabia may, likely enough, believe in the final and supreme authority of science.

DREAMS AND PROFITS

The Persian Revolution. By EDWARD G. BROWNE, M.A., M.B., F.B.A. Illustrated. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)

Persia and Turkey in Revolt. By DAVID FRASER. Illustrated. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

IT is very strange to compare the spirit of these two books. The prefaces are indicative of their contents. Mr. Fraser tells us that he was correcting proofs, "heaps of trash that meant a book on the stocks," when "the telephone at my side rang with sudden sharpness," and a voice from Printing House Square asked him if he would go forthwith as special correspondent to Persia, where "things were moving." Professor Browne, on the other hand, tells us that unwillingly and regretfully he forsook "for a while the pleasant paths of Persian literature to enter into the arid deserts of international politics." Mr. Fraser's book is markedly that of an eager, astute newspaper correspondent, out for stirring copy. Professor Browne's is that of a man imbued and saturated with Persian lore and Persian culture, full of zeal for Persian liberty, and with something of an intensely noble fire for the liberty of small peoples. It is not for him a matter for argument, but a theme for intensity. "Suppose," says he, "I have a beautiful garden filled with flowers of innumerable kinds which I love and which fills me with gladness and pride, and suppose some utilitarian bids me dig up and cast away these beautiful flowers and plant the garden with potatoes or cabbages, or even with one kind of beautiful flower only, on the ground that I shall thereby make more money, or produce a more useful crop, I cannot argue with him, I can only oppose him with all my strength. And when people say (as, unhappily, many people in this country do say) that Persia is a backward country, which in the hands of its own people cannot be 'developed,' or only very slowly, and that the best thing that could happen is that some European Power, whether England or Russia, should step in and 'develop' it, whether its people like it or not, I feel as I do about the flower garden, that no material prosperity, no amount of railways, mines, gaols, gas, or drainage can compensate the world, spiritually and intellectually, for the loss of Persia." That at once strikes a note that compels one's attention, for we realise we have to face a man on fire, and that that fire is the rarest of all fires, being both moral and æsthetic.

Yet it must not be thought that because Professor Browne moves reluctantly out of academic air to engage in public affairs that he comes thereby unfitted for the strife. The man who thinks that makes a very profound mistake. Indeed, it is very delightful to see him with calm scorn correcting the illimitable errors of a very positive Press—that modern hierarchy thought infallible by all save those who know the manner of its working. One pronouncement he dubs fatuous; another pompous editorial earns the comment "the usual inane dissertation;" another is studded with deft *sics* in correction of its errors. Nor are these mere epithets, for Professor Browne, having set these follies aside, proceeds to give a coherent and orderly account of events, with added chapter and verse for all he says. Thus, while Mr. Fraser's book is enlivened with much incident, being chiefly the tale told by a sightseer who has sought to pick up the threads of the narrative, it is to Professor Browne that we must needs go for an orderly and complete account of a vital period of history. And though he calls his book "The Persian Revolution of 1905-1909," it is to a much earlier date that he goes so as to pick up the very beginnings of the sequent narrative.

Reading this book, it is with something more than whimsical fancy we recall the fact that Italian independence, too, dated very largely from a patriotic tobacco prohibition. For as it was in Milan so it appears to have been in Tihrán, except that in the former case it localised itself in cigars, whereas in the latter case it seems to have concerned itself with everything but cigars. How deeply the question of the Tobacco Concession of March 8th, 1890, sunk into and awakened the Persian national consciousness can best be realised when it is remembered that the whole Concession was brought to futility because a people whose lives, male and female, moved in a cloud of tobacco smoke decided, at a patriot's instigation, to abjure and renounce its favourite luxury till such time as the Concession should be revoked, so that at any rate its continuance should be valueless. This may be said to have awoken the national consciousness. It did this; but it did more. It directed the consciousness against a definite object, and thus gave it the opportunity of realising itself in a definite desire. For as the consciousness awoke it realised that its governor, the Shah, had sold something that caused the country considerable discomfort and loss for a very paltry personal gain. Moreover, his obstinate holding out against the national consciousness caused the nation to perceive that, however much it chose to be aware of itself, or unitedly desire a definite object, it was powerless against an absolute monarchy. Thus there arose the two great parties into whose hands the leadership of the Revolution has fallen: the "Nationalists" and the "Constitutionalists."

It is curious to note, as one reads Professor Browne's pages, the strange affinities that there exist in revolutions the wide world over. Despotism seems ever to be put to

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the same shifts so as successfully to combat a people's impulse to liberty. In our own revolution, when sundry mercenary violences on the part of Charles had awoken a fierce national resentment and impetus, and had thrown an absolute monarchy into defence of its ancient privileges, it was not the people the king thought of, but himself. Therefore he did the thing of all things that was necessary to prove his inadequacy as a national chieftain (the origin of kingly power): he sought to buttress himself by selling the land to foreign Powers; he called in strangers as military auxiliaries. He endeavoured to place himself at the head, not of his country, but of his country's foes! And this same method we find faithfully reproduced in Persia. England's astonishing weakness and vacillation, now trusting her ancient instinct of liberty, and giving warm sympathy to a struggling people, now becoming cynically aware of mercenary ends, and hesitatingly aiding the Shah, put her out of the field of active influence. Russia was at hand, however, and her diplomatic craft is not less notorious than her hatred of liberty. So it was to Russia the Shah turned. A splendid opportunity fell to England to do what would have been not only a moral and generous thing, but, as events have shown, no less a sagacious and wise thing. But her preoccupation with *la haute politique* was in this case, as in so many another case, neither high policy nor low policy, but a very unprofitable and blundering policy.

Despite historic precedents, it is very amazing to read of a Russian regiment of Cossacks, under the command of a Russian Colonel, dominating the Persian capital at the bidding of the country's king. Of the diplomacy that led to the establishment of this Russian predominance, with the continual set-backs it entailed to English desires, it is impossible to speak in any complete sense, saving only to say that Professor Browne's book deals with it in ample detail and with an unexampled fund of first-hand knowledge. Of the granting of the constitution under the dying Muzaffaru'd-Dín Shah, and of the implacable hatred with which his successor Muhammed 'Alí 'Mírzá met the new-established Assembly, statement must suffice in the room of comment. Professor Browne's mastery of intimate detail is nowhere better shown than in his account of the Shah's various *coups d'état*, and the events that led finally to hostilities, and the assertion of the fact that the issue was rather less an internecine struggle than the voice of the Persian people in resolute protest against Russian predominance.

It is at this point that Mr. Fraser's book steps in with the vivid account of the eye-witness. Mr. Fraser will himself not expect it to be much more than supplementary to Professor Browne's volume, which must for some time remain the authoritative history (and the more authoritative because sympathetic history) of another nation's stirring struggle for liberty. The latter takes its place in a very noble library, whereas Mr. Fraser attempts no more than a vivid if ephemeral narrative concerning the things he saw and heard. But they both are subdued by a higher worth. For Persia is the land of dreams, the land of Firdawsi, Sadi, Hafiz, and old Omar Khayyám; whereas the powers struggling for the control and exploitation of her are concerned with neither dreams nor beauty, but only have a shrewdly calculating eye on harsh profits. It is the drama of God and Mammon that is being enacted before us: God and Mammon, Dreams and Profits, Beauty and Gain. The very intrusion of a national voice is almost an impertinence here. The situation has a cosmic significance. It must needs call earnest attention, and both these books should be read by that rare few in this or any country that lay claim to, and are possessed by, the true spirit of culture.

CARMEN SYLVA'S EARLY REMINISCENCES

From Memory's Shrine. The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylva (H.M. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania). Translated from the German by Edith Hopkirk. Illustrated. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The critic, if he wishes to give an honest opinion of a book of this kind, must forget that Carmen Sylva is the Queen of Roumania. There is no need for him to go into the Throne-room, prostrate himself, and, with her majesty's latest volume in his hand, pour forth unstinted praise. The present volume is not without its faults. Carmen Sylva sometimes forgets that she is portraying the outlook of a child. Too often the Queen intrudes. Sometimes, as we have gathered round the shrine, through many delightful byways and never by a direct route, we are given a little grown-up moralising. These are defects in a book of this kind—inconsistencies that do not make for a well-balanced whole, and rob the reader of a charm he can only find here and there. Then, again, those who read this book will be struck by its extreme sadness, scarcely ever relieved by a lighter touch. There is always some one dying, or about to die, always some one ill, and the doctor and the undertaker seem to hover over almost every page. Of all the methods of literary expression in prose, autobiography undoubtedly makes the greatest claim upon the writer's skill. Charm can never be attained by blowing even softly on one's own trumpet. Why is Miss Matty in "Cranford" the most delightful of old ladies? Because Miss Matty has not a glimmering of an idea how quaint and charming she is. Now Carmen Sylva, though her style is for the most part wonderfully naïve, not infrequently hints at the early beginnings of her literary talent in no uncertain strain. After referring to the fact that she is a born poet, she writes:

> I am never absent-minded, but always able to concentrate my thoughts on the matter in hand, and taking into consideration my lively imagination, I think this may be looked upon as an educational triumph!

Not at all. A great poet's absent-mindedness is one of his fascinations—the one thing we can quietly laugh at after we have been appalled by the wonder of his genius. In spite of the fact that too much stress has been laid upon Carmen Sylva's precocity as a child, we must not forget her frank and refreshing remarks concerning mathematics, even simple sums in addition, which we are given to understand are as distasteful to her as Queen as they were when she was Princess Elizabeth.

We are introduced first of all to Clara Schumann, a brave, pathetic figure playing her husband's music at a time when the great composer was out of his mind. Ernst Moritz Arndt, Bernays, Fanny Lavator, Bunsen, Perthes, as well as two retainers, Masset and Lang, are vividly set before us. Carmen Sylva's shrine of memory is far from being exclusively devoted to recollections of royalties and the distinguished men and women she met as a child. She pays a splendid tribute to the devotion of certain dependents, and we like the charity that not only recognises, but loves the work of those in a humble position in life.

The fact that many of the titles of the chapters are a little misleading is rather an attraction than otherwise. We are given many pleasant surprises, and it so happens that several of the side-issues that are not honoured by capitals at the head of the chapter are often more interesting than the main theme itself. Not infrequently the main theme is subordinate to various minor happenings. Carmen Sylva

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is at her best when she is really describing the thoughts and doings of a child. Here is a pleasing passage :—

> How I loved that doll! It looked just like a little princess in a fairy-tale, or a fairy itself, sleeping there in the beautiful rose-coloured light. . . . Demonstrations of affection never being encouraged—in fact, being rather sternly repressed in our family—all my pent-up tenderness poured itself out on my dolls, and also on my little horse-hair pillow, which I used to hug and kiss in gratitude every night before going to sleep.

Carmen Sylva seems to fear that children nowadays have lost all belief in fairyland. She writes :—

> Poor little things! Can it really be that there is no fairy land for them, no enchanted isles in the distant ocean, no kingdoms to conquer, no heroic deeds to be performed, that their souls find complete satisfaction in the prosaic details of everyday life . . .?

Carmen Sylva need not grow alarmed. Children still clap for Tinker Bell to grow well again, still write letters to Peter Pan, and ask that delightful sprite to teach them to fly with the wings of a fairy!

Many readers will be interested in the chapter entitled "A Faith-Healer," dealing with the early days of what was then known as "animal magnetism" as applied to those who were in pain. But the moving of tables and other objects by the mere contact of fingers, and the restoring to health of Carmen Sylva's mother by Count Szápary's mesmeric power, are, after all, not so haunting or so wonderful as the concluding chapter descriptive of the little suffering Prince Otto, one of Carmen Sylva's brothers. This is indeed a powerful sketch of a child who suffered in a way we hope few children suffer. The agony of the little fellow is set before us without restraint. We endorse the remark made about him to the effect that he was too good for this world. He seemed to have within that tortured body of his the making of a saint. He appeals to us most, however, when he refrains from quoting Scripture, such as, "Thy will be done," and gives his sorrowing mother a birthday present, as well as a gift when she shall have passed through another year—when he had gone. No one can read these intimate, sorrowful pages, or hear the child cry his last word, "Help!" without silently rejoicing that he who suffered so much should have found peace at last. In these closing pages we must write of Carmen Sylva, having criticised and appreciated her work, as a Queen who has shown us her heart. It is not only a privilege to have been permitted to stand by her shrine of memory, but we feel that Roumania is a fortunate country to be ruled by one who has so much fine, deep feeling, such an understanding of the human heart in high places, as well as among those born in lowly circumstances.

WAS MONTAIGNE A PAMPHLETEER?

Montaigne Pamphlétaire : L'Énigme du "Contr'un." By Dr. Armaingaud. (Hachette and Co. 3f. 50c.)

We doubt if Montaigne is nowadays as widely read in this country as he used, and still deserves, to be, but admirers of the great French essayist will find a good deal to interest them in this curious book by Dr. Armaingaud. It represents his share in a long controversy which has taken place between him and several other scholars—MM. Paul Bonnefon, Fortunat Strowski, Dezeimeris, Pierre Villey, Henri Barckhausen, Barrère, and Edme Champion—respecting the authorship of the famous "Discours de la Servitude volontaire," nicknamed the "Contr'un," which, on the authority of Montaigne, has, until present times, always been ascribed to his friend, Etienne de la Boétie. Dr. Armaingaud, however, contends that the "Contr'un" was really the work of Montaigne himself, and sets forth his case with some degree of plausibility. Nevertheless he has convinced neither his fellow-controversialists nor ourselves. To put the case briefly, La Boétie died in 1563, and Dr. Armaingaud holds that the "Contr'un" must have been written at a later date, and that the tyrannical prince against whom it was directed was Henri III. of France. The prince in question is described in the pamphlet as a mere manikin, the most cowardly and effeminate of the nation, one unaccustomed not only to the powder of battle, but also to the sanded lists of the tournament, incompetent to command men, and even unfit to be a woman's husband. Now, La Boétie lived under three reigns, those of Henri II., François II., and Charles IX.; and there is a general agreement among the learned disputants on this question of the "Contr'un" that neither Henri II. nor Charles IX. was a prince answering the description of the one who is portrayed in the pamphlet.

None of them seems to have thought, however, of the short intervening reign of François II., to whom, in our opinion, the description in the pamphlet would well apply. We are therefore not disposed to deprive La Boétie of the authorship of this famous factum and assign it to Montaigne. We feel certainly that the latter was in error when he stated that La Boétie wrote the "Contr'un" in his youth, but we see no reason why it should not have been written between July, 1559, and December, 1560, when La Boétie was about thirty years of age. It is evident that the "Contr'un" was inspired by the great struggle between the Catholics and the Huguenots: and between the two dates we have just mentioned there occurred events which would have amply sufficed to induce an indignant man to write such a pamphlet. We refer Dr. Armaingaud to the execution of Councillor Anne Du Bourg and many other prominent Huguenots; we refer him also to the famous "Conjuration d'Amboise," and to all the acts of cruelty and tyranny which followed it. That conspiracy was largely, if not entirely, a Huguenot one, and its actual leader, La Renaudie, was a nobleman of Périgord—La Boétie's native region. Moreover, the prince is termed in the pamphlet a *hommeau*—a manikin. Well, François II. became King when he was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and he was not yet seventeen when he died. He was physically weak, scrofulous, a degenerate in every respect, and by no means a fit husband for the woman to whom, for State reasons, he had been married—that is, the young, beautiful, and ardent Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Further, François never witnessed a battle nor took part in a tournament, whilst, as for his courage, it is on record that his uncle, the Duke de Guise, described him as *le cœur le plus poltron qui fût jamais*.

It is known that the "Contr'un" was not published until 1577, when Henri III. was King of France, and some suppose that the manuscript was stolen from Montaigne, in whose keeping it had long remained, and who at one period had promised to publish it. Doubtless he was deterred from doing so by political considerations and a fear of the consequences. He was, at all events, a "professed" Catholic, and when the pamphlet did appear it was under Huguenot auspices. We think it quite possible that those who gave it to the world may have revised it here and there—brought it up to date, so to say—in order that the people who read it might regard it as an attack on the reigning monarch. But we are not disposed to believe that Montaigne himself was a party to anything of that kind. His letters to Marshal Matignon and others show his loyalty to Henri III. Doubtless he was also friendly to Henri de Navarre, but there is no evidence that he ever indulged in any treasonable practices. Dr. Armaingaud makes much of the fact that Henri de Navarre appointed Montaigne a

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gentleman of his chamber, as though in reward for some great service. We do not think, however, that the service in question was the writing of a pamphlet against Henri III. Besides, Montaigne's father had been a Gentleman of the Chamber to Antoine de Bourbon, the father of Henri de Navarre; and the Montaignes being important folk of Guienne, and the Kings of Navarre being hereditary Governors of that province of France, such appointments may be regarded as mere matters of course.

We could bring forward other points in opposition to Dr. Armaingaud's views, but have not space to do so. We will only add that, in our opinion, he and his fellow-disputants would do well to study in Henri Martin, or Sismondi, or Michelet, or Lavisse that brief reign of François II. which they all appear to have overlooked. We feel convinced that François is the prince alluded to in the pamphlet, and that the latter was really La Boétie's work, touched up here and there perhaps when, many years after his death, it was at last sent to a Huguenot printing-press.

THE WISDOM OF WONDER

I Wonder. Essays for the Young People. By the Writer of "Confessio Medici." (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

We have learned to look with pleasurable anticipation for the new volumes of sane, unpretentious, and yet thought-provoking philosophy which are put forward from time to time by the author of "Confessio Medici." Our only serious cause for complaint with the present volume lies in the title. This is *not* a book for young people. They might laugh at it, they might be bored by it; even if they liked it, they would almost certainly fail to understand it. We suspect that it is the author's modesty which leads him to address his philosophy ostensibly to the young. It enables him to take up the attitude of an open-minded mentor, pleasantly dogmatic in the whole-hearted fashion possible only when one is dealing with an audience presumably much younger and less wise than oneself. To all grandparents, fathers, and uncles—to all who have any intimate relations with young folk—the little volume is cordially recommended. We wish that it were incumbent upon all school-teachers to read the book at least three times, to get some of it by heart, and to be able to give an intelligible account of the whole.

The author sets a pathetic quotation from "Hard Times" upon his title-page; and it is plain that the commercialism, the worship of the fact that rules not only the scholastic world, but also the average private paternal mind, to-day, must irk this prophet of beauty and wonder as the coloured pictures presented with soap and treacle must irk the souls of such artists as Sargent and Augustus John. In an age of aeroplanes and cinematographed microbes, a day when children, taking everything for granted, would refuse to be surprised should one inform them that Pegasus himself, gold-shod, with great wings furled, waited their pleasure at the garden-end, this voice in the wilderness pleads passionately for the encouragement and stimulation of the sense of wonder. The baby finds its heritage, as Dr. Paget delightfully says, when first it discovers and ponders upon the wonder that fingers are not the same as toes; after this the wonder sense grows and grows; then, if never encouraged, but on the contrary, resolutely crushed both by precept and example, it begins to diminish, and, under ordinary circumstances, dies out for ever at about the age of seven. The author is very positive about the loss incurred. Aristotle, he says, calls Wonder the beginning of the love of Wisdom:—

> Once we have fallen into the bad habit of taking for granted what Nature grants us, and have ceased to be amazed, it may fairly be said that in the midst of life we are in death. For one might as well be dead as alive, to look with dull eyes at the world, not finding it wonderful.

He will not have us wonder if, or when, or where; or say, the wonder is—we are only to wonder at. This is very sound sense and excellent philosophy; which things are not always one. If people would stop wondering if—it would save an unthinkable amount of unnecessary worry.

A certain capacity and training are admitted as necessary factors of really capable wondering. You must learn to think and be unafraid to feel before you can exercise your wondering powers to real advantage:—

> Beware of thinking that you can think of the Infinite. Never apply this adjective to space. Finite and infinite are not words that should be used of measures, intervals, or contrasts between this and that point of the universe.
>
> Long before we get to the other, we are at the end of our powers of imagination: it takes a Fellow of the Royal Society to think of the interstellar ether.
>
> The Ego, the Self, is not measurable by any measure of space, nor of time either; and to ask, Where is Self? is like asking how far it is from twelve o'clock to London Bridge.

In the chapter entitled "The Wonder of Matter" the author sets out to prove that people never make anything. They only change something which they have into some other thing which was not there before. He illustrates the proposition by this delicious aphorism:—

> The sculptor does not make the statue; he takes a block of marble and destroys a lot of it, and the rest is the statue.

People who are accustomed to wondering should read this book, to ascertain whether they have wondered properly; and any one who has never wondered should certainly read it in order to cultivate a sensation at once new, delightful, and entirely inexpensive.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Death: Its Causes and Phenomena; with Special Reference to Immortality. By Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader. (Wm. Rider and Son. 8s. 6d. net.)

Somebody once remarked that Man consents to die because he cannot avoid it. The authors of this treatise are of opinion that such consent is in most cases prematurely given, and they set out therein to demonstrate that there is not the slightest need in the world to die. Death is merely a bad habit, and ought to be given up. Death being the cessation of the vital functions, all that one needs to do is to live upon fruit, join the ranks of what, we believe, are technically known as "gazers," or, to put it popularly, "metapsychicists," and avoid anything tending to the disruption of vitality. If this be done one need have no fear whatsoever of the untimely approach of senile decay or other unpleasant incident interfering with our bodily and spiritual enjoyment of the good things of this life. And yet, according to the authors, what a tempting prospect is opened up by that grim and, thanks to fruitarianism, obsolete old person erstwhile known as Death! For now, largely owing to the scientific researches of Messrs. Carrington and Meader, we know with considerable exactitude what life is, and what happens when it ceases.

Life is nothing more nor less than a species of vibration. Our watchword for the future must accordingly be "Vibrate." If once you cease to vibrate—in other words, once you get out of tune with the Cosmos—out you go into the nethermost darkness. Or, rather, you do just the reverse. You become a disembodied spirit, and spend the

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rest of your time at spiritualistic *séances*, than which there could obviously be no more delightful occupation. The authors reproduce photographs of a departing spirit (the plates are rather badly "fogged," but that, of course, is due to the spirit being a little impish, perhaps, in its excitement at being for the first time freed from the fetters of the body), and these photographs emphasise the view that the "soul" is of a gaseous consistency. We are told a good deal in these pages of its other attributes. Thus, according to carefully and conscientiously conducted weighing tests, its weight is approximately half an ounce. If you happen to be a pusillanimous person, of course you may not reach that figure. Disembodied spirits are very loquacious beings, and not noted for good manners; but perhaps they do not often get the opportunity of a friendly chat, so one must make allowances.

The authors are righteously indignant at the general apathy with which the topic of Death is regarded. After all Death is a most important part of one's life. We are gratified to note that it is not so unpleasant, *per se*, as being born. Most of us take no pains to conceal our displeasure upon that occasion. But the authors are firmly convinced that there is too much of the *laisser-aller* about humanity. "Rise like some guest who hath drunk well and deep, and now no longer can his eyelids keep from closing. Rise and hie thee home to rest, and enter calmly upon the unending sleep," is an adjuration as mischievous in practice as it is misconceived in principle. As Dr. Rabagliati well puts it, "The immediate cause of human natural death is nearly always such a choking up or blocking of the human house of life by excessive exercise of tropho-dynamic—*i.e*, poly-siteism, kako-siteism, and pollaki-siteism, and poly-potism, kako-potism, and pollaki-potism, that anthropino-bio-dynamic is compelled to leave the body, as it is no longer a fit house for life." Unfortunate anthropino-bio-dynamic! What a dreadful death! But we agree *in toto* with the learned doctor; we could not have expressed it more lucidly ourselves. We are pleased to note that Count Perovsky-Petrovo-Solovovo was also among the number of those who sent in an answer in the little competition organised by the authors upon the topic "What is Death?" On the other hand we are much shocked by the replies of two or three among those selected for the honour of being approached upon the subject. One "well-known physician," who is wisely left nameless, expresses himself as follows:—

> Dear Sir,— . . . I do not take the slightest interest in either the physiological or psychological aspects of the death question. Metchnikoff, however, has considerable to say on the subject. I have no theories as to the cause of natural death, nor, in fact, on any other subject.—Yours very truly, ——— ———

Perhaps the worthy doctor was too busy keeping people alive. All crystal-gazers, table-rappers, and other species of spiritualist should peruse this work.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Religious Indifferentism. (Published by the Author, Ivan Constantinovitch Boiatzis, Doctor of Philosophy. Price 40 kopecks.)

In this interesting little work, which has been printed and published by the author in some secret printing-office in Russia or on the Continent, is contained a concise exposition of the growth of the various great religions of the world, and an explanation why so many of their adherents in all countries are becoming indifferent to the creeds they are generally supposed to follow. It is also a strong appeal in favour of more toleration between men. The author is of the opinion that the majority of religions originated from man imagining himself to be dependent on the goodwill of unknown powers, whom he called gods, and, not being able to guide his own actions with certainty, he thought that his fate depended not on himself, but on these unknown arbiters of his destiny. In consequence of that belief many faiths gradually came into existence in various parts of the globe.

The author's plea for religious tolerance and a return to the simplicity and beauty of old classical life, with all its poetry and worship of the beautiful, is nothing new, but it is seldom that so much is expressed in such a little space as in this small pamphlet of some forty pages. The whole book is an appeal for tolerance in its very widest sense, which will make the citizens of the world not enemies, but brothers to one another. According to the author—

> Religious tolerance will do away with traditional prejudices and lift the curtain separating one people from another. It will also restore peace between the different nations, and unite all the children of the earth into one peaceful, quiet, and cultured family, since the elements of these so-called religions are only bogeys to frighten children or keep them in order. Lastly, when man has freed himself from prejudice, which darkens his understanding; when he learns to understand that morality is a thing which is common to the whole human race, and that, when it is combined with good works, is all-sufficient, without superfluous ceremonies, to bring man to "the island of the blest"—then will come that blessed time when the entire human race will be freed from the yoke of the priests.

These sentiments seem exceedingly beautiful; but if we get rid of the priests how are the people to be taught the elements of morality? The priests are there because they are a necessity, and woe to them and to humanity wherever and whenever they abuse their sacred office. There is much in this little pamphlet—which ought to be translated into English—worthy of serious thought; and some things which might very well have been omitted. But every living man and woman can join the author in his appeal for tolerance and more charity between mankind, even if we cannot endorse all his heterodox, and at times startling, religious opinions.

Études d'Histoire et d'Art. By E. Bertaux, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Lyon. (Hachette and Co. 3f. 50c.)

In the four studies comprised in this volume M. Bertaux has shown great skill and ingenuity in following up difficult clues. The interdependence of art and history is the central *motif*, but sometimes one of these two elements prevails, sometimes the other. In the admirable study entitled "Botticelli, Costumier," for instance, it is the æsthetic point of view that is most strongly insisted on. History is called in to justify art. In the other three essays the historical interest rather carries the day; art corroborates or elucidates history. Of these three perhaps the most interesting is that on the two St. Louis, the King of France, and his less-known kinsman, Bishop of Toulouse, and son of Charles II. of Anjou, King of Sicily. The frequent appearance of these two saints in the religious art of Italy, often in close association, and generally under Franciscan auspices, provides M. Bertaux with an interesting problem which the occasional confusion of the attributes of the two only serves to enhance. The essay which bears the name "Le Tombeau d'une Reine de France en Calabae" is also concerned partly with St. Louis the King, as the Queen in question was his daughter-in-law, Isabella, wife of Philip the Bold, and her death occurred during the return of the French from Tunis with the bones of the royal saint. The statue of Philip the Bold that appears on this monument is probably, according

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to M. Bertaux, the oldest authentic portrait of a king represented as living. The study on the Borgias in Spain throws curious sidelights on history, carrying us to the cradle of this illustrious and sinister race, and showing us that it has produced saints as well as monsters.

"Botticelli, Costumier," is perhaps the most interesting study of all. It might serve as an excellent corrective to those who have been irritated by the Botticelli cant of some years ago. M. Bertaux shows how this painter used simple and legitimate variations of the fashions of his day to give eternal grace to his female faces and figures. Two points in particular are insisted upon—the daring combination of coiffure and necklace, as illustrated in the Venus of the National Gallery, and the decorative use of wild flowers. In this latter procedure, which makes the magic of the "Primavera," Botticelli is shown to have displayed the most daring originality. At the close of this suggestive chapter, dealing entirely with matters of *technique*. M. Bertaux makes a somewhat humorous *volte-face*, denounces the historical study of *technique*, and pays homage to the inexplicable in the mind of the genius.

Origins and Meanings of Popular Phrases and Names. By Basil Hargrave. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

From a somewhat cursory examination of this book we think the author's object, as explained in the foreword, has been fulfilled. Mr. Hargrave admits at once that an exhaustive epitome of the origin and meaning of words and phrases which are in everyday use, with their explanation, must necessarily be encyclopædic, and he admits that he has found no new criterion for selection or omission except that of his own fancy. There are other works of the same character, but they do not appear to be quite so much up to date as the present volume. All such books are of great use in the library, where a writer, though perfectly well aware of the explanation of the terms which he desires to employ, is often for the moment puzzled in consequence of having too great a flow of thoughts or having too many subjects in hand which claim his attention. So far as we have been able to examine the little volume, we think that it is correct as regards derivation and lucid as regards explanation. We do not know that it is possible to say more of a *vade-mecum* of this kind in order to recommend it alike to those who are literary and those who would like to be.

Vergil—The Georgics. A Translation of Books I. and II. By F. P. Shipham, M.A. And *Books III. and IV.* By A. Irwin Nesbitt, M.A. (The University Tutorial Press. 2s. 6d.)

The renderings by the above-named authors seem to us to be good. Mæcenas, with rare intuition, saw that a work about farming, gardening, viticulture, apiculture, and the like from the pen of a literary man would appeal to the Romans, who, from the retired Consul or General downwards, were devoted to gardening. We venture humbly to follow in Mæcenas's train. We hold that subjects far less fascinating than those which relate to the cultivation of the soil and the animate and inanimate creations which draw their sustenance direct from it can be treated as literature, and can thus appeal to minds which would be repelled by the ordinary Farmer's, Gardener's, or Bee-keeper's Annual. In Book III. a passage is well rendered thus:—

> I clearly see how great a labour it is to cope in my verse with such a theme [the treatment of fleecy flocks and shaggy goats], and so give dignity to a lowly argument. But a pleasing ardour hurries me over untrodden peaks of Parnassus: it likes me to traverse crags where no track of former poets bends aside towards Castalia along an easy slope. Now, revered Pales, now must I sing in a lofty strain.

Onward from the Bucolics to the Georgics, Vergil treated homely affairs with the lofty touch and skill of the poet. The authors of the volume under review have well interpreted Vergil's spirit and literary grace.

The Origin of the Pentateuch. By Harold M. Wiener. (Elliot Stock. 1s. 6d. net.)

This is not the first essay of Mr. Wiener in the field of criticism, not of that text of the Bible, but of those critics who have at times handled the text so violently. Mr. Wiener's self-imposed task is to defend the Scriptures, or rather the Pentateuch, from the onslaughts of these critics, and he does not handicap himself by any unnecessary consideration for the feelings of his opponents in his counter-attack on them. A careful weighing of all the arguments which Mr. Wiener adduces in fairness of the authenticity of the Old Testament narrative would be out of place in our pages. It is proper to a journal of a more technical description. Nevertheless, one cannot forbear to praise the lucid manner in which Mr. Wiener sets forth his arguments, or the handy introduction which this little volume forms to the subject of the Higher Criticism.

FICTION

Perpetua. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

Perpetua had sat as a small child to Brian M'Cree, an artist. One day she came to his studio with her belongings in a paper parcel, and informed him that her mother was dead, and that she was pleased to adopt him as a father. Brian, being nothing if not unconventional, accepted this honour without demur. With the assistance of John Diamond, a barrister, and his very dear friend, he investigated the origins of the child, without, however, discovering more than the old story of a betrayal and desertion of her mother by her father. Meantime he had sent Perpetua to his friends the Daintrys, mother and daughter, to have a wardrobe purchased, and to be taught such things as well-bred ladies teach children. In the evening he found her imperially clothed in purple of her own choosing, and the conquest was complete. Presently Brian conceived the idea of going abroad with the child. This he did after first visiting his mother, a lady of a beautiful absent-mindedness and the unconscious maker of much laughter, in the passing sketch of whom Mr. Calthrop shows his fine skill to the full.

With the going abroad of Brian and Perpetua the most charming part of the story begins. After a delightful chapter of impressions of France and Italy, one day they meet a person who calls himself Alphonse Lamballe. He is the proprietor of a circus in monetary distress; he is also a most amusing gentleman, a compound of many stagey and usually "heavy" *rôles*, but always his cheery, loud-voiced, theatrical self, whom no reverse can daunt and no failure can dull. Those who remember Léon Berthelini in "Providence and the Guitar" will welcome him as a brother. With a quixotic impulse Brian comes to his aid, redeems his elephant Maria Theresa from pawn, and joins the circus troop with the object of

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painting scenes of its life. With the caravan he and Perpetua wander about France for some years, and become favourites with all the performers, not excepting Maria Theresa. Then Perpetua shows signs of growing up, and Brian is made by more than one person to see the necessity of sending her to school. This he at last arranges to do. On the morrow of Maria Theresa's death from eating paint, a most piteous event and perfectly told, Perpetua goes into a convent. When the door of the convent shuts upon her it also, unfortunately, shuts on the magic of the tale. At this point something went wrong with Mr. Calthrop, and he spoilt his book. What follows when Perpetua grows up we will not recount; we should be only too happy to forget it, and to remember her only as a child. There is a swindler, we think, and an ex-convict, and a dissipated young man, very rich, whom Perpetua marries; there are prayers and tears, and gnashings of teeth, and much sorrow for every one, especially for the reader; then there are lightning flashes and a murder, and a glimpse of a trial, and a happy ending of sorts.

These things, as we have said, are best forgotten. They do not belong to Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop at all; they are mere nightmares with which no writer has less to do. Still, this fall from grace will be forgotten easily; it is so commonplace. But Monsieur Lamballe and his wife, and Mrs. O'Cree, and Stella Daintry, and Brian, and Perpetua, during her childhood, and many bits of scenery and much charming talk will linger long in the memory.

Flamsted Quarries. By Mary E. Waller. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

"Flamsted Quarries" is a powerfully written book by the author of "The Wood Carver of Lympus." The city of New York and the granite quarries of Maine are the *locale* of the story, which is sentimental in its opening, but becomes more lifelike later on. We have sketches of Miss Aileen Armagh, the gossipy life of a small town, the carefully-nurtured hatred of a woman against another whom she knew was the only woman her husband really loved. Champney, the hero of the story, making a fatal mistake in his effort to get rich, pays the penalty. All these characters, with a lovable priest, Father Honoré, who has lived, loved, and suffered, make a more than usually interesting life-story.

We think the authoress is a little wrong in her idea of the punishment visited on a man who, using other people's money and losing it, replaces it all through a friend's aid, but still gets seven years' penal servitude, during the whole of which time he is apparently engaged in stone-breaking. This may be poetic licence, but, if true (and we hardly think it can be), a United States wrongdoer is punished much more severely than his English compatriot. The story makes quite interesting reading throughout.

Just to Get Married. By Cicely Hamilton. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

The construction of a play from a novel, although seldom encouraged by the success of the play, is yet in itself not unjustifiable. An effort must be made, in translating the story into terms of the stage, towards concentration and compression. If this be done, and the gist of the matter retained, an artistic triumph can be registered. But the reverse process, that of writing novels around plays—of late years occurring more frequently—possesses none of the stimuli of artistic difficulties to be overcome, and, we are afraid, has no *raison d'être* apart from commerce. The present novel embodies the play of the same name, which has been the most successful of Miss Gertrude Kingston's productions at the Little Theatre. We must thank Miss Cicely Hamilton for not clogging the action of a delightful story with unnecessary padding. The novel is, in fact, little more than a printed play, but with the stage directions unitalicised.

The story is another phase of the attitude that went towards the making of that freshly observed comedy "Diana of Dobson's." Holding the stage in each is Woman in Revolt, her back against the wall and her "hanky" in her hand; hysterical, rude, truth-telling at any cost, but quite alive. In this case it is a pretty woman of twenty-nine who is engaged upon a campaign which everyone considers "her last chance." The man is terribly shy and *difficile*. On the last evening of his stay at her uncle's country house her nerve breaks and she lashes out before the other women, speaking bitter self-scorn and brazenly ignoring all pleasant conventions. But that night, after all hope had left her, the man does summon up courage to propose. The night before the day arranged for the wedding she lashes out again, and, telling him she has never really cared for him, breaks off her engagement. Of course, she does really care, and all ends happily and neatly. If the man had not been so backward, if she had not grown so sick with hope deferred, there would probably have been no story; yet doubtless the exercising of her wits upon things fundamental did the girl nothing but good.

Miss Cicely Hamilton is to be congratulated upon the fine naturalness and nervous force of her conversation.

The Mistress of Shenstone. By Florence L. Barclay. (Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

Readers of "The Rosary," Mrs. Barclay's previous novel, will suffer considerable disappointment when they take up its successor, "The Mistress of Shenstone," for, although they will meet several of the characters to whom they became attached in the earlier work, they will find a regrettable decline in the authoress's skill. "The Rosary" was a novel that stood out far above the average of English fiction, and the fact compelled attention, thought, and admiration. The prevailing tone of the book was one of strength, and the reader rose from it refreshed and better fitted to cope with the troubles of everyday life. "The Mistress of Shenstone" has no such result. At the best it is merely an average novel, and certainly does not rise above the not very high level of 90 per cent. or more of current fiction. We miss the fire and glow of which we know Mrs. Barclay to be capable, and her characters and situations fail to take possession of us as did those in her earlier work. Perhaps if Mrs. Barclay had not written "The Rosary" our disappointment with the present story would have been less keen. The cause of this decline, if we may hazard a guess at it, may be due to haste—that is to say, Mrs. Barclay does not appear to have thought out a story before she commenced to write it.

Passers-By. By Anthony Partridge. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

What more can a reader want than an excellent story, cosmopolitan as to place and as to characters, with wicked, dissolute Frenchmen into the bargain? Here we have a dwarf, a girl, and a monkey (Chicot) wandering in search of a man on whom the story centres. Millions of francs are supposed to be hidden in a piano-organ. The head of the French detective police is engaged, an English peer is involved, there are murders *ad lib.*, and the interest is maintained right up to the end. We must make one remark as

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to the peer's wife. Seeing that he is evidently in great mental distress, she inquires what is the matter, and if her assistance is of any use. The peer says he loves her, as she knows, and no further questions must be asked, to which she assents, saying, "It would be *bourgeois* of me to inquire further." We have not as yet met this type of woman, but are glad to find it exists, although apparently confined to the peerage.

THE THEATRE

"A FOOL THERE WAS" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

It was Mr. Herbert Sleath who brought to England one of America's best and brightest efforts, entitled "The Woman in the Case." Undaunted, he has now given us the opportunity of seeing yet another American effort; and this, if we look at it with as much of the American point of view as we are able, is even better and brighter. Upon the untravelled Englishman Mr. Herbert Sleath is conferring an inestimable favour. He is giving him a rare insight into the character and intelligence of the American nation by bringing over to this country those of their plays which have been received with respect, admiration, and even awe. The Englishman's preconceived idea of the American, obtained mostly from illustrated advertisements of clothes and food stuffs, is that he is a big, strong, square-jawed, penetrating, reserved, inventive, hard man. He gathers that he wears a mass of padding on each shoulder and rather less padding in the tips of his boots. He thinks of him gazing magnetically at his victim, at whom he points a spatulate forefinger saying "It's your money I want." Mr. Herbert Sleath gives us an unique opportunity of correcting such notions. He proves to us that some Americans are very much like the farm hands and yokels in those of our English villages that are far away from towns; that they are only able to understand and appreciate the rudimentary; and that they have no sense of refinement, no eye for delicacy, no ear for wit. "A Fool There Was," by Porter Emerson Browne, which, according to the programme, is based on Rudyard Kipling's worst poem, "The Vampire," is, like "The Woman in the Case"—the sort of thing which we are given to understand was produced in England early in the eighteenth century—and which may still be seen for fourpence in the mining districts.

It is, however, worth while to treat "A Fool There Was" with some seriousness, simply because it does provide us with an admirable *clou* to the intellectuality of the well-educated American. This, honestly, is the story. There is a man, high up in the politics of New York, in the confidence of the President, who is about to leave his wife and child on an important diplomatic mission. We are shown this bull-necked person in his country home. We see his willowy wife, who is always on the verge of tears and laughter, and his lisping little daughter, who has of course an insatiable appetite for fairy-stories. We also see his friend, a young millionaire, who is endowed with an almost alarming faculty of platitudinous simile. Domestic love is indulged in with great force. Husband and wife do not merely kiss. They hug and pat one another and call one another the most affectionate and distressing pet names. Between these exhibitions of seaside demonstrativeness the friend, not to be silenced by tact or clear hint, talks and talks. He is a kind of "Mr. Dooley," without his point or accent. Suddenly all the lights go down with a flick, and some one rolls a cannon-ball over a sheet of tin-foil. It is quite unlike any of the summer storms we have in England, although it may be an exact representation of a storm in Larchmont, U.S.A. "See here—if I were a superstitious man," laughs the husband as he gets into his overcoat, "I might take this for an ill-omen." Curtain.

Three minutes later we are on the promenade deck of a liner at the Pier. There are many quick-moving officers, a crowd of passengers, one of whom you will notice wears the much-discussed harem skirt, the friend, still talking, and a man who staggers to and fro, determined to attract attention. The mother and her child are there too. Then comes aboard a woman who wears a comic hat and startling clothes, who snaps her heavily made-up eyes, smiles at nothing, and carries a large bunch of red roses. Ah, it is the Vampire. . . . Nonsense! Surely we are not going to be asked to believe that such a creature can fascinate and allure? Yes; for there is creepy music on the band, and the staggering man rushes forward, presents a "gun" at the woman's head, and growls inarticulate rage and love. Her eyes snap more quickly, her smile widens. "Kisssss meeeee," she commands, rather rudely adding, "my fool." But the staggering man, more than ever determined upon attracting attention, puts the "gun" to his own head, fires, and falls. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! from the comic lady, as she glides away in imitation of all the Salomes. Sensation among the passengers. "Dead," says the doctor. The greatly-annoyed captain orders the body away. Enter the honourable politician and the friend. The mother and the child are there too. Much kissing, while the friend talks. The comic face of the Vampire suddenly appears from a state cabin. The husband gazes, falters, trembles. "What *is* the matter, dadda?" "N—nothing, my d—darling. N—nothing. Good-bye. So long." . . . "All ashore! Who's goin' ashore?" . . . Much movement. Whistles blow. Siren shrieks. Stage-hands go into the wings. Silence. The Vampire is trucked into a deck-chair, nursing her red roses, more comic than ever beneath a bear's skin. She raises her snapping eyes. The husband catches them—gasps, trembles, fumbles for his hat, and is drawn forward, step by step. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Curtain. Tableau. Two hundred miles at sea. (Five bells.) The husband is gazing at the cabin of the Vampire. He has had no dinner. He is too deeply moved to chew gum. He has not smoked a single cigar. The mother and her child have gone. . . . "All's well and a fine night." . . . Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Curtain.

We are back in the husband's country house, Larchmont. Five weeks later. There are roses, roses everywhere, and there is a sister, a very sensible woman, with cut-and-dried views on divorce. There is also the friend, the mother, and her child. The husband is still away. Why? The sister guesses. She is a sensible woman. The friend knows. The sister further guesses that the friend knows. She is an almost uncomfortably sensible woman. She accuses the friend, and the friend puffs out his chest, plants his right foot firmly, draws himself to what is called his full height, and denies everything. He is a good man, although he must be an indescribable nuisance at his club. He then tells the child a fairy-story with all the hills and hollows of intonation which have hitherto been the characteristic of Sir Charles Wyndham. He loves the wife—ah! yes; even as we feared—he loves the wife, and therefore he will save the husband. Then the sister, who is an imitative woman, utters a platitude: "If only women were as loyal to women as men are loyal to men!" Curtain, which is lowered for three minutes to rise on the library of the husband's house in New York City. There are several books. The husband is in disgrace. The President has punished his so trusted friend by forcing his resignation. Why? Because all the world knows that the Vampire is living in scarlet shame, scattering scarlet rose-leaves under

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the husband's roof. New York, you see, is a highly moral city. It is now time for the woman to show us how she allures, how she has brought about the social and physical ruin of her new victim. She proceeds to do so—earnestly, whole-heartedly, unsparingly. The semblance of covering that she wears is extremely ugly. The only thing to which her incessant roses can be fastened is a belt. She gives a very fair imitation of skating. Then she indulges in an exhibition of the methods of deer-stalkers, or Boy-Scouts. Sometimes she growls life a wolf, sometimes she barks like a hyæna. Then having, at her persistent invitation, been severely kissed, she slithers away with a Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! The friend arrives, immaculately dressed. This is the opportunity of his life for the impassioned delivery of mixed metaphor, undiluted bombast, and New York journalese. There is a scene. The men are so moved that they shout "Hell!" frequently. It is a moment of great "heart-interest." The friend almost wins the husband away from his sinful and tiring life when the woman slides in. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! goes she, and the friend bangs the door.

Larchmont again. One year later. The friend and the sister talk each other down for a considerable time. The mother and her child are there, and so is the butler. All nice Americans have butlers, whether they have been to Europe or not. The sister advises divorce more sensibly than ever. The friend makes it quite clear to all that he loves the wife more madly, more passionately than ever, and then advises the wife not to divorce her husband, but to stick to him. "Schtick, my dear, schtick," he says, softly and repeatedly. Curtain. Rising again three minutes later we find the library in a horrid state of dust and broken bottles. The husband almost swims in brandy. His hair has not been cut for a year, but, being one of New York's best and brightest, he has shaved closely every day. The friend comes to rescue him. It is, however, useless. There are tears from both. The mother and the child are not there, but they come. Heart-interest rises to a great height. All is well. The husband is saved, but instead of taking him and getting his hair trimmed, the wife, the child, and the friend hurry away. Why? It is most unsympathetic. Ah, it is an order to permit the woman to give another exhibition of skating. She is exceedingly rude to her once lavish friend, and then, in a curious spirit of contradiction, she commands him to "kissss meeeeee." "No, no." "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha." "No, no . . . no." He staggers forward, step by step, suddenly and excusably enough, sees red rushes forward, and clutches the Vampire by the throat. Heart-interest enormous. No exercise and much brandy have reduced him to pulp. He is flung aside. He falls. "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! My fool, my fool!" The inexhaustible stock of rose-leaves is drawn upon. They are scattered on the huge, recumbent, heaving body. The Vampire bends to kiss, puts her hand on the heart, draws it away in horror, hisses the word "Dead," skates all over the room, turns and flies. "He-he-ho-ho-ho."

"THE MASTER BUILDER" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

"THE MASTER BUILDER" is certainly Ibsen's most characteristic work. It is, perhaps, except for the earlier and wholly indifferent splendour of "Peer Gynt," his greatest work; for the theme of "The Doll's House" is rapidly becoming post-dated and ancient, and "Ghosts" has something too much of the clinical to remain of permanent value. "Hedda Gabler" holds rivalry with "The Master Builder." But it is only rivalry; only a challenge that in itself admits the supreme value of the later plays. Indeed, it is strange to think that so cleanly analytical a play as "Hedda Gabler" should have preceded so mystical a play as "The Master Builder." It is as though a sharp mental cleavage had occurred in the dramatist's mind between the writing of the two plays—which is indeed a fact. The mood that started with "The Doll's House" came to its climax in "Hedda Gabler," whereas "The Master Builder" introduced a new mood that was to continue to the close of all his work in "When We Dead Awaken." It was a mystical mood. Ibsen seemed to be reaching after things that can most fitly be expressed by the movements of music. It is truer art because its meanings are less precise, its aim being more synthetic, more suggestive and loftier. There is something of hardness in Halvard Solness, the Master Builder himself, and inasmuch as it is displayed in the opening movement of the drama it is that portion of his character that springs most instantly to the mind. But it is the lesser portion of his interest in the play. So with Hilda Wangel. There is something of the eternal Dionysian about her. He is the metaphysical Viking turned sickly and morbid, afraid of the new generation, afraid of a mystical retribution, afraid of himself; whereas she is imperious, living in a wild, strange world of her mind that has but little relation to the world of responsibilities and earthly ties. He is mentally dizzy, and she is mentally ecstatic; while the play moves between them to spiritual suggestions and mystical mood, the under-play of symbolism combining to advance the spiritual motive.

All this breaks through the English translation. The stiffness and hardness of Mr. Archer's prose, its entire lack of music and colour, considerably injure the play. Those who cannot read the Norwegian original can but guess how rich the original medium must be, seeing that it defies such faults of translation; but when the identical faults of the translation are reduplicated in the acting, calamity befalls the play indeed. There is no need to speak of Mr. Norman McKinnell's acting. In a part that demands cold strength of reserve, refined power, and detailed analysis—all the cultured attributes of the drawing-room—there are few that could display clearer ability than he. But there is nothing metaphysical or mystical in him, nor has he anything of the untutored Viking—not to say the Viking turned morally sickly. In the opening scene, therefore, in which Solness repels Ragnar Brovnik, and holds his father, Knut Brovnik, at bay, despite his pitiful and earnest importunity, Mr. McKinnell is at his best. Yet, even here, he fails entirely to suggest the truth of Solness' relations with Kaia Fosli. For it must be remembered that Kaia speaks openly to Solness of her devotion to him, and this could hardly have been had there not passed from him to her something more than mere coldness and brusqueness. Moreover, Mrs. Solness suspects him, not less than her, of more than ordinary business exchanges. Nevertheless, Mr. McKinnell makes Solness quite cold and harsh with her. But it is rather when Mr. McKinnell comes to the fuller development of Solness that he fails to convey a fit portrait. Solness, by the very nature of his original mood and later development, is the very reverse of precise, whereas Mr. McKinnell is precise. Mr. McKinnell, truly enough, passes into his part; but he fails to swell it out. We miss the note of ecstasy that Hilda calls out in him; we miss the mystical sense of doom; we miss, above all, the sense of mental dizziness and limitation; and we fail altogether to understand the strange hypnotic power he casts to make others, women especially, serve his desires and unexpressed bidding.

So, too, with Lillah McCarthy's interpretation of Hilda Wangel. Hilda is a wild thing from the hills with a strange, sudden, extraordinary logic of her own. Her intelligence is preternatural sometimes, but it is never sophisticated. Her laws are the laws of the mountain-rill, full and boundless, and the slightest suggestion of social sophistication will

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suffice to make that mountain-rill a matter of stage-mounting. And this is what Lillah McCarthy does. A series of society parts has caused her to lose touch of the primal and ebullient. It is true she acts the part with extraordinary spirit and dash, but the spirit and dash do not always ring of truth; in fact, as she becomes quieter she becomes more convincing. In the first Act, in Solness' office, just where she should be freshest, she jars. In the second Act she is much better; in the third Act she does indeed strike conviction. In Knut Brovnik Mr. Lion had not a large part, but he conveyed it well. A noteworthy feature of his portrayal was the quiet emphasis he laid on the fact that, though he was now an employé of Solness, he was once his master. This was a very right but difficult delineation. Miss Christine Silver as Kaia Fosli and Mr. Harcourt Williams as Ragnar Brovnik were a little unfinished; Mr. Claude King, however, as Dr. Herdal was excellent, being quite masterly in the first Act. But the best acting of all was Katharine Pole as the sickly and querulous Mrs. Solness. Every line in that unhappy character was given, and yet the result was not detailed, but complete and unified.

It is perhaps too late in the day to praise Mr. Granville Barker's production. He has now earned the further right to criticism. His production in this case showed all his virtues and all the vices of his virtues. There was some sameness in his angular pictures, and too much emphasis was given to the pictorial results. He studies to give pictures, whereas drama struggles to convey reality, and though there is yet no active collision between these tendencies, we often feel that it very nearly comes to being so. But this to cavil, and to foresee the result of what are now but tendencies. In the present instance his method is successful, particularly in the last act—the balcony scene. It was in this scene that the acting rose to its highest and simplest, and so the final and concluding effect on the mind was one of thoughtful satisfaction.

"ATALANTA IN CALYDON" AT THE LYCEUM

The presentation on the modern stage of a poem so steeped in the classical tradition as Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" is no easy task, and the Poetry Society is to be congratulated upon its enterprise. For the second time lovers of poetry have had the delight of seeing the drama of Althæa and Œneus, Meleager and Atalanta unfold itself and rise to its climax of tragedy, while the sternness of its progress is modified by the choruses admirably set to music by Miss Muriel Elliot. On Tuesday afternoon last a large audience enjoyed the fruits of Miss Elsie Fogerty's efforts, and there were very few faults to be found with the manner in which she produced the play.

The two most famous choruses—"When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces" and "Before the beginning of years"—perhaps lend themselves to a musical setting more easily than any other portion of "Atalanta;" they, at any rate, were the most pleasing numbers as far as mere melody was concerned. The solemn and majestic strains of the chorus beginning "Who hath given man speech?" were effective in a different manner. The most charming pictorial impression was that of the dance of rejoicing, where balls were skilfully thrown and caught by members of the chorus. As to the acting—for which there is more scope than is apparent from a mere reading of the poem—high praise is due to Mr. Philip Merivale, who, by permission of Mr. Fred Terry, took the part of Meleager, and to Miss Hazel Thompson, who gave a very beautiful and restrained rendering of "Atalanta." Miss Elsie Fogerty undertook the arduous task of the Queen with a thorough comprehension of its difficulties, and other members of the company, with especial mention of the herald and messengers, supported the principals excellently. The whole performance, besides being educative and a joy to the eye, was a musical treat of a very high order, and we trust that the Poetry Society will have other opportunities of proving the harmony of literary, histrionic, and musical art.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT*

By Frank Harris

My memory almost invariably connects persons by likeness or by contrast—for example, I think of Emerson and Nietzsche together as opposites, while de Maupassant and Kipling resemble each other, though the talent of the one is peculiarly French and the talent of the other peculiarly English. Both are born story-tellers of the first class, though characteristically enough the domain of the Frenchman is love, whereas the domain of the Englishman is war. Both have written masterpieces. "La Maison Tellier" and "L'Inutile Beauté" are even finer than "The Man Who Would be King" or "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." Both men came to immediate popularity, which means that both were on the ordinary level of thought and feeling, and wrote for ordinary men and women. The man in the street in Paris and in London finds himself in de Maupassant and in Kipling; he has the same outlook, the same vague creed, the same hopes and fears, the same simple imperative instinct to achieve his own well-being and that of his country. Both men might have been born three hundred years ago, for neither has had anything to do with the thought-currents peculiar to our time. There is, too, a curious physical resemblance: de Maupassant, like Kipling, was short and broad and strong, and so ordinary-looking that it is difficult to make the reader see him by means of words. He was a Norman by descent, lumpy-shouldered, large-limbed, round-headed; his hair dark brown and thick; his eyes greyish blue; his moustache heavy. He would have passed unnoticed in any European crowd. If you studied his looks you could see no trace of exceptional endowment, save perhaps something searching in the regard, a certain sensitiveness in the well-cut lips and in the refinement of small hands. De Maupassant, like Kipling, was healthy, courteous, well-mannered; both were made social lions; but de Maupassant allowed himself to be swept away by the current, whereas Kipling in this respect seems stronger. Both men got the best out of themselves; but Kipling had the longer wind, though the Frenchman plunged a little deeper into life. De Maupassant, like Kipling, met you fairly, and, while conscious of his achievements, was well aware too of some of his limitations—in sum, two ordinary healthy men, rather under than over middle height, gifted with an extraordinary writer's talent. Both men, like Franz Hals, depicted the life which they saw and lived with marvellous verisimilitude, making of ordinary man unforgettable portraits—portraits that live in the memory like photographs transmuted into pictures by an incomparable *brio* of presentment.

This book of de Maupassant's valet ought to have been a masterpiece, for it deals with the last ten years of de Maupassant's brief life; covers all his best work and the appalling tragedy which brought his life and labour to an untimely and horrible end. The valet François witnessed the tragedy, lived through it, indeed, from the first scene

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* *Souvenirs sur Guy de Maupassant* (1883-1893). By François, his Valet de Chambre. (Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris.)

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to the last; but he saw it and understood it without realising its universal significance or putting it before us so that we too must realise it and the lesson of it. His book, therefore, is not an unique book—hardly, indeed, a valuable book. There is no proportion in it, no sense at all of the relative importance of events. Hundreds of pages are filled with trivialities: the furnishing of rooms, journeyings in France and in Algiers and Tunis, yachting excursions, dinners, feeble practical jokes and ordinary distractions, which are interrupted by hints of illness, the casual mention of the visits of a "dame à la robe gris perle;" then suddenly the confession by de Maupassant of unstrung, discordant nerves—a "malaise indicible;" a casual description of the slow partial discovery; then another visit of the lady whom François now calls the "Vampire," and a day or two later de Maupassant, worn to a rag, cuts his throat in a frenzy, and ends his life in a madhouse—"Encore un homme au rancart," as he cried himself in characteristic bitter modern phrase; or as one might English it—"Another man for the dust-heap."

Here is tragedy enough to fill a volume with wonder and regret and pity; the poor gifted, passionate, foolish, human being in the toils of dire necessity, a slave of his own passion, which to him is inexorable fate:—

> Who shall contend with his lords,
> Or cross them or do them wrong?
> Who shall bind them as with cords?
> Who shall tame them as with song? . . .

For indeed "the hands of their kingdoms are strong." But there is hardly more than a hint of the astounding and awful tragedy in this book, hardly more than a suggestion anywhere of de Maupassant's trial as with fire and utter breakdown. François appears never to have seen much more than the outside of his master, and that, as I have said, was commonplace enough; but de Maupassant's temperament was abnormal and deserved careful and sympathetic study, which it does not receive in this book.

In order to give my readers an adequate comprehension of de Maupassant's passionate endowment, or the strength of his temptation, or the horror of the tragedy, I should have to use plain words, and that is impossible in an English review. The tragedy is there and the lesson flamed out in letters of fire; but Lord Radnor and Mrs. Scharlieb and the Head Masters have decided that the ostrich policy is the becoming and noble policy for English writers, and we poor scribes can only bow to such infallible dictation. "Little Marys" we may write about, and "our obligations to our betters," and "our duties in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us;" but the great human problems are not for us; truth has no sanctuary for us, but for the free peoples and their teachers, for the Sudermanns and Tolstois and Artzibatcheffs and D'Annunzios, but not for the Grundy-ridden countrymen of Shakespeare and Bacon.

But to return to my text. If François the valet has shown himself unable to depict his brilliant master, if he has not attempted to rise to the height of the great argument and justify the ways of God to men, he has incidentally painted himself as the very model of a wise and kindly valet, as a very honest, humble, reverent, human soul, and has besides reproduced de Maupassant's daily life for us, and given us little sketches of de Maupassant's mother and of some of his friends which are immediately recognisable. This leads me to fear that because I knew de Maupassant well I am inclined to be a little unjust to this book, which does after all perhaps in a degree make up for the want of personal knowledge, and does supply some of those little personal peculiarities which bring the man before us in his habit as he lived. Moreover, there are in this book a few pages of high interest in which de Maupassant reveals himself, or at least his mind, at its best. I make no apology for transcribing those I regard as eminently worthful and characteristic.

I was introduced to de Maupassant by Blanche M——, an exceedingly fair American with magnificent red hair, who figures in the first pages of this book as "the author of several novels" and "as intelligent as she was beautiful." We dined together, and de Maupassant took away my breath by declaring that he hated writing and only whipped himself to the work by the thought of the money he would make and the pleasant yachting trips which the money would buy for him: Pegasus only valuable as a grocer's nag. To François he confesses that this is not the whole truth, not even the best part of the truth. "There are in France some fifty thousand young men of good birth and fairly well off," he says, "who are encouraged to live a life of complete idleness. They must either cease to exist or must come to see that there can be no happiness, no health even, without regular daily labour of some sort. . . . The need of work is in me," he adds. "As soon as I have finished all the novels and short stories I have in my head I shall write a sort of general analysis of my works, and then I'll review all the great writers whom I think I have understood. That would be an easy piece of work for me and of great interest to younger writers. Besides, it would delight me to re-read again all the masters who have afforded me intellectual enjoyment."

As every one knows, he admired Flaubert more than any modern writer; he used to speak of him as his spiritual father, and insisted that after France had passed through a dozen revolutions and had forgotten all the other writers of the time, Flaubert would be studied as a classic, as one "who had lent French prose Divine grace and harmony."

De Maupassant's praise was often astonishingly generous. Already, in '88, he talked of Bourget as a master, and of Zola as "a great writer . . . a considerable literary value," though he could not help adding, with characteristic frankness, "personally, I don't like the man." He did not like his work either; indeed Zola's method of work was the absolute antithesis to his own, and surely de Maupassant's method was right, and Zola's wrong. Here is the comparison as recorded by François. First of all, de Maupassant admits that "Zola is a relentless workman, willing to undergo any labour. He's now thinking of writing a novel on every different class of labourer. But a man of real talent oughtn't to do that sort of thing. He should only write what he has felt, what he has seen and understood. I'd go even further and say he should only write of what he loves and of what he hates, of what he has lived, suffered, and enjoyed. I'm not tempted to imitate Zola."

Before leaving this book I must just touch on de Maupassant's religious beliefs, for, after all, it is from what a man believes about this life and the next that we get his true measure. The pages on the death of his brother, and de Maupassant's visit to his tomb, are among the best in the book. De Maupassant did not give himself readily to strangers; but his family affections and his rare friendships were peculiarly passionate and tender. His mother was an ideal to him, and he mourned his brother as one who would not be comforted. "I saw him die," he says. "According to the doctors, he should have died the day before; but he was waiting for me and would not go without seeing me once more and saying 'good-bye' to me again. 'Adieu . . . Au revoir peut-être? . . Qui sait?'" And then this deeper word still about Jesus. Pointing to the great figure of the Christ outside a cemetery, de Maupassant said: "Surely the finest intelligence and the most perfect nature ever seen on earth when one thinks of all He did! And He was only thirty-three when they crucified Him! . . . Napoleon I., whom I admire, though only

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for his genius, said of Him: 'In all that that Man did—God or not—there is something mysterious, incomprehensible. . . .'"

Yesterday I went out to "Les Ravenelles," his mother's villa here in Nice, set on a little height behind the Rue de France, where de Maupassant spent that 1st of January, 1892, his last day on earth as a man among men. In spite of his indescribable wretchedness and misery, that "malaise indicible," he would not alarm his mother by his absence on such a day; but dragged himself over from Cannes, and gave her whom he loved so tenderly the illusion at least that he was getting better. The effort cost him more than life. He returned to Cannes by train, and at two the next morning François heard him ringing and hurried to his bedside, only to find his master streaming in blood and mad. *Au rancart! au rancart!*

To-day I went through the little, low, two-storied villa, and sat where he had sat, and walked where he had walked. Here, on this raised, half-moon terrace; on that bright, clear day, with the sunshine sparkling over there on the blue sea he had always taken such pleasure in; here he stood, another Anthony, and fought a more terrible fight than the Roman had ever imagined. I had seen him a month before, and had a long, intimate talk with him which cannot be set down in these columns; but it enables me to picture him as he was that fatal morning. He had taken François with him to cook his food; he meant to give himself every chance of winning in the fight, and now, the meal over, the strain of talking and pretending grew intolerable, and he came out here by himself, with only the blue, unheeding sky above and the purple, dancing sea in front to mock his agony.

How desperately he struggled for control; now answering some casual remark of his friends, now breaking out into cold sweat of dread as he felt the rudder slipping from his hand; called back to sanity again by some laughing remark, or other blessed sound of ordinary life, and then, again, swept off his feet by the icy flood of sliding memory and dreadful thronging imaginings, with the awful knowledge behind knocking at his consciousness that he was already mad, mad—never to be sane again, mad—that the awful effort to hold on to the slippery rock and not to slide down again into the depths was all in vain, that he was slipping, slipping in spite of himself, in spite of bleeding fingers, falling—falling. . . .

Hell has no such horror! There in that torture chamber—did it last but a minute—he paid all debts, poor hounded, hunted creature with wild beseeching eyes, choking in the grip of the foulest spectre that besets humanity. . . . And all for what? For another long hour with the "bourgeoise de plus grand chic . . . d'une beauté remarquable," all for another kiss from the lady of remarkable beauty, "to whom he was always glad to say 'good-bye.'"

The worship of the great goddess Aselgeia is sweet indeed, honey to the lips; but the price she exacts from her devotees is appalling. How many of them I have known, and how brilliant they were: her victims are taken from the most gifted of the sons of men.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

V.—THE HOPE OF THE ARTISTS

In this age of terminological exactitudes it is a luxury to own that one has made a mistake. In writing a few weeks ago of the King of the Belgians I ventured to say that he was amiable, popular, and on the whole not very important. Writing to-day, I would say that the King is the most important man in Belgium; for in a country where native art has hitherto been uniformly ignored he has already proved himself, in the best sense of the word, a patron of art and artists. How far this may be due to the influence of the Queen—herself passionately interested in art—I do not know; but in any case it must not be forgotten that it takes a wise man to be influenced by a wise woman. Belgium to-day is a nation of extremely efficient shopkeepers; but the King has said publicly that to be great it is not enough for a nation to keep shop with success—it must also have some concern for literature and art in general; and by his own friendly attitude towards artists he has already succeeded in creating something like a revolution in the *bourgeois* mind. He has held a reception of Belgian artists, he has had a Belgian poet to lunch, and, in fine, he has gone far to convince the Belgians that it may not be necessary to go to Paris for their art.

The extent to which this lesson was needed may hardly be realised in England, where the majority that ignores English artists ignores the artists of other countries with equal fervour. But an amusing instance of the dependence of Brussels on Paris opinion comes to hand. Some time ago a new play by two Belgian authors, "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," was produced in Brussels, and ran for only thirty performances. It was then produced in Paris, where it was a great success and ran for three hundred nights. Paris having approved of it, it has now been revived in Brussels, and will run for ever. The play has no particular artistic merit, but the incident is worthy of the country that waited for a Frenchman to discover Maeterlinck. Similarly I was told of a picture that was hardly noticed by the critics when it was first exhibited in Brussels, but which won columns in the Belgian Press after it had been awarded a gold medal in France and purchased by a number of amateurs for the Art Collection at Dundee. The Belgian critics are still afraid to praise their countrymen until Paris has given them a lead, and naturally Paris is not eager to send many laurels over the frontier.

But now it seems likely that the interest displayed by the King and Queen in the work of Belgian artists will check this unpatriotic parasitism on the part of Belgian critics. And it must be noted that this Royal encouragement is not directed solely or even mainly to those painters and writers whose discrete revolutions and reactionary audacities already delight and flatter the *bourgeois* mind. For here, as in London, the artist with some technical accomplishment and a tradesman's soul can always achieve success; it is a mistake to think that it is only England that produces Royal Academicians. I went to a one-man show here the other day, where I saw fifty pictures, any one of which would have been hung by our Royal Academy; and I was told that the artist had sold the greater part of them. Portraits of women holding pocket-handkerchiefs and letters, portraits of pretty children, nudes that were not naked, all painted cleverly enough, but without a note of individuality or vision from one end of the exhibition to the other. It is artists of this type on whom most nations hasten to lavish official encouragement, though it is manifest that it is they who want it least. For the vulgar mind is always intelligent enough to recognise and delight in the vulgar in art, without any official recommendation to assist it in forming a judgment.

It seems to me that the King and Queen of the Belgians are not only spiritually but also politically wise in seeking to foster the art of their country. The late King Leopold treated artists with the scant consideration that he displayed to every one who did not minister to his laborious pleasures; towards the end of his reign he had the whole of his collec-

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tion of pictures by contemporary artists put up for sale by public auction in Brussels. It is difficult to exaggerate the damage such an action may do to a monarchy. In estimating the power of the artist the Philistine imprisoned in his little moment forgets that the censure of great artists is as permanent as the flattery of politicians is evanescent, and this power makes itself felt through a hundred subtle channels. To-day, under the increasing influence of that spirit of democracy which for my part I distrust and detest, the kings of the world, as it were, stand ever on their trial. They are judged, absurdly enough, on their possession of the ordinary social qualities, as if it were any part of a ruler's mission to imitate the conduct of his subjects. Though they were probably hardly a contributing factor, the comparatively harmless peccadilloes of the King of Portugal were cited as eloquent arguments for the revolution. Yet there is always a risk that after he has achieved all the *bourgeois* virtues, his subjects may refuse to serve a King who differs in no wise from themselves, though his overcoat is trimmed with ermine and his bowler hat is made of gold. A democratic ruler is a paradox that can never appeal to the unsophisticated mind of the majority. But by extending his kingdom to the realms of art a King can secure his needed superiority over the common man, and be sure that his position will be strengthened and not weakened with the passage of years. This is what King Albert is doing with the aid of his clever and amiable Queen, and already it is easy to see that his policy is sound.

Perhaps this is hardly a holiday article, but I have been very much impressed by the hopeful spirit of the Belgian artists under the new *régime*. Everywhere I am told that Belgium is going to do big things in art, now that she has an opportunity to win free from the tyranny of the French critics. This is so different from the permanent gloom that envelops all those who cling to the ideal of high artistic endeavour in England that my spirit is infinitely refreshed. It seems that a select public of about two thousand settles the fate of works of art in Brussels, and that hitherto this body of amateurs has been united in their neglect of native art. Now all this is going to be altered, and poets and painters, musicians and architects go singing to their work.

To-day is a perfect blue day of Spring, and as I finish this article in a *café* on the boulevards the sap is rising in the trees, and every pretty girl who passes has a smiling face. I like writing in *cafés* because there is good literary precedent for it, and also because to my ear there is no music in the world so soothing as the murmur of human voices. Probably most of the people who sit round me as I write are saying things of no importance, but the united effect of their voices is tuneful, and curiously like the sound of a small brook running over pebbles. In the aggregate men and women are pleasantly childlike. Every time a brass band passes (which occurs about every five minutes in Brussels) everybody stands up to see it go by. They look regretfully at their half-finished Bocks, as if they wanted to go out and run in front with the other children.

A gentleman who is sitting at my table, and who had been watching my pen with an almost embarrassing interest, raised his glass a minute ago with a genial "Hurrah for England!" for the English are very popular in Brussels since the fire at the Exhibition. I was not to be outdone in politeness. "Hurrah for Albert, King of the Belgians," I cried, "and King of the Belgian artists!" The gentleman, who is clearly *bourgeois*, is still looking at me with approval, so it is apparent that the revolution has begun, for surely it is but a step from being pleased with such a toast to spending your money on pictures and books of verse.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE AUTHORISED VERSION

"IT lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells. Its felicities seem often to be things rather than words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness."

The year 1911 is the third centenary of an event which was destined to have the most important effect on the history and development of the English language—the publication of the Authorised Version of the Bible. In 1604, the second year of his reign, James I. met the representatives of the opposing religious parties with a view to discussing measures of mutual conciliation which should promote the unification of religion throughout the realm. Among the most sensible proposals put forward was that a new translation of the Scriptures be undertaken which should be agreeable to all parties and denominations alike. This proposal, of Puritan origin, was heartily welcomed by the King, who was himself a scholar and theologian of repute, for, said he, "I have never yet seen a satisfactory translation of the Bible." Not only did he endorse the suggestion, but himself laid down the principles that were to guide the translators in their work. The most important of these were that no marginal comments of a theological or controversial character were to be appended, but only such as were necessary for purposes of reference or for the removal of obscurities; and that the text of the earlier translations was to be followed wherever scholarship and accuracy allowed. It is not, therefore, by an idle compliment that James is addressed in the Preface as "the prime author and mover of the work."

Three years elapsed before the work was actually begun. No fewer than forty-seven prelates and laymen were employed on the great task. These were divided into groups, each of which was responsible for one section of the work; but all were conjointly responsible for the final decision in disputed matters. Three more years passed before the translation was actually completed, and in 1611 the first edition was issued under the sanction of the Royal authority. For three hundred years this version has held its place without a rival in all English-speaking countries, and among all denominations of English Christianity. Many other translations have since been published, but none of these have reached a second edition, with the single exception of the Revised Version and the English Roman Catholic Bible, which has been more and more assimilated to the Authorised Version with each successive edition.

No book, since books were first invented, has been multiplied into so many copies, or penetrated to so many and distant quarters of the globe, and few books have retained their hold on the popular mind undiminished through so many centuries. From these causes, the wide extent of its influence and the permanence of its authority, results the importance of its bearing on the English language. Whatever forces of disruption and decay are at work upon the language as a whole, the constant infusion of alien elements through contact with foreign nations, the constant ousting of earlier idiom by popular slang, no portion of the older English tongue incorporated in the test of the English scriptures can ever fall wholly into desuetude. However much the various sections of the English-speaking race may diverge from one another in speech and idiom, in accordance with the law of change, from which no living language is exempt, there must yet always remain a nucleus of simple and elementary speech common and intelligible to all. What the poems of Homer were to the Greek language, the Authorised Version is to the English tongue—a standard of original usage accessible to all classes, a monument of pure English more enduring than stone, a common starting-point of elementary instruction, removed for all time from the

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influences of change that affect the spoken vocabulary of all languages, an indissoluble link between distant ages and distant lands.

The influence of the Authorised Version upon English literature—that is, upon the language as a vehicle of sublime and beautiful thoughts, is even more striking than its influence upon the language in the more general sense. Many great writers have openly acknowledged their indebtedness to the Bible for whatever beauty of style and diction they have achieved. Many more have incurred this debt without acknowledging it. Most notable among these stands Swinburne, much of whose verse is so biblical in diction and idiom as to sound like quotation. In fact, it is scarcely an over-statement to say that the language of English poetry is the language of the English Bible. To what cause must we ascribe the spell cast by the Bible over the minds of poets and prose-writers alike, even over men who have been least in sympathy with the spirit of its teaching? How can we explain the singular poetic beauty of a translation made at a time when the art of translation had not yet been studied, and by men who, though great scholars, could scarcely be expected to prove themselves either poets or stylists? It is to be noted that the beauty we refer to is a thing apart from the beauty of the thought conveyed; it appertains to the quality of the English by which the thought is expressed. It is noticeably lacking from the original Greek of the New Testament, which is hybrid and essentially illiterate, void of all those qualities that made classical Greek the finest literary medium the world has yet invented. It is also absent from the French version, and a quotation from that translation jars like a discord upon English ears.

Moreover, the translators of the Authorised Version seem in many respects to have fallen far short of the standards of excellence by which we judge translators of the present day. Many of the things in this Version would appear extremely crude if they appeared in any modern rendering of an ancient language. Thus the Greek word which means "gathering" or "assembly" is rendered by the clumsy and cacophonous word "synagogue." The Greek word for "tent" is represented by the ponderous Latin derivative "tabernacle"—a word which does not, and probably never has, conveyed to the English mind the original meaning of "a temporary canvas erection" such as itinerant Eastern merchants are in the habit of using to protect themselves and their wares from the blazing sun; such, in effect, as it was St. Paul's trade to manufacture. Again, it is certain that the passage "Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites" would be rendered in any modern translation "Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, play-actors!" for that is the literal meaning of the Greek, and it is considered weak and ineffective to render any word of an ancient tongue by its modern etymological derivative.

These and many other instances might be adduced to show that the Authorised Version cannot, according to modern standards, be considered a masterpiece of translation. From what source, then, does it derive its unique literary qualities? The root of the matter must be sought in the early history of the Bible in England. The language of the Authorised Version is not, as is often supposed, the contemporary language of Jacobean times. It is a traditional Biblical language, which originated with the first English version of Wyclif, and was transmitted through all subsequent translations down to the Bishops' Bible, the immediate predecessor of the Authorised Version. In this respect, again, it may be compared with the Homeric poems, which are now believed to have been composed in a speech never in actual use, and already archaic at the time of their composition. And just as the language of Homer was consecrated in the minds of its hearers to the narration of superhuman deeds and heroic emotions, so the language of the Bible is for us a language specially appropriated to the utterance of noble thoughts and exalted ideals. The beauty of the Bible, therefore, though distinct from the beauty of its meaning, is indirectly a result of that quality, for beauty of language is almost entirely a matter of association of ideas, and it is in this way that the Bible language has, through the centuries, acquired those qualities which we are seeking to explain. As the wood of a violin grows with time attuned to the sounds constantly passing through it, so the diction of the Bible has come to harmonise perfectly with sublime and noble thoughts, which is the essence of true poetry.

The existence of this traditional Bible-language serves also to explain those seeming errors of judgment, already mentioned, which have led the translators of the Authorised Version to introduce ponderous Latin and Greek derivatives, where a shorter and more obvious word would appear to be more in keeping with the characteristic simplicity of the version as a whole. The introduction of such words is in every case due to the translators' deference to the authority of tradition. They were attempting to steer a middle course between two extreme opinions—that of the Puritans, who held that every word of the original should be rendered by its simplest equivalent in English, and that of the Papists, who desired to retain many purely ecclesiastical words, quite unintelligible to vulgar ears:—

> We have, on the one side, avoided the scrupulosity of the Puritans, who leave the old ecclesiastical words and betake them to other, as where they put "washing" for "baptism," and "congregation" for "church," as also, on the other hand, we have shunned the obscurity of the Papists in their "azymes," "tunike," "pasche," and such like, whereof their late translation is full, and that of purpose to darken the sense, that since they needs must translate the Bible, yet by the language thereof it may be kept from being understood.

So wrote the translators in their preface, showing that we should be grateful there are not more such words rather than captious because there are a few. These considerations serve also to explain the absence of any peculiar charm from the French version of the Bible. The standard translation in France is, of course, not the French version, but the Vulgate, or old Latin version. The translation into the native tongue is in comparatively modern French, and has therefore no more dignity and charm than is to be found in the everyday speech of the people.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

"La Guerre du Feu, Roman des Ages Farouches" (Fasquelle, Paris, 3f. 50c.), must be added to the list of novels given us by J. H. Rosny *aîné*, since he has ceased to collaborate with his brother. He is one of the most vigorous writers of French prose, and he has not feared to attack the most various subjects. In "La Vague Rouge" he treated of modern revolutionary morals; in "Marthe Barraquin" he described popular life; but never, in our opinion, has he shown so much strength and character as in "La Guerre du Feu," which is a very forcible description of prehistoric times. M. Rosny is of Belgian descent, and the Belgians were originally composed of savage tribes skilled in hurling the javelin and throwing with the sling. May one then suppose, without appearing too presumptuous, that it is some strange, marvellous atavism—transmitted through centuries unknown—which enables the author of "La Guerre du Feu" to evoke, with such

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semblance of reality, those ages now buried under the dust of countless years?

The members of the Oulhamr tribe are in great distress. The Fire, their chief means of safeguard, has flickered out, leaving them unprotected before the assaults of their natural enemies. Two young warriors, Naoh and Aghoo, venture to go in search of Fire and restore it to the tribe. The victor will receive Gammla, the chief's beautiful daughter, as a reward. The two rivals start on their perilous quest, and, thanks to M. Rosny's wonderful descriptive gift, we witness the thrilling adventures which befall Naoh and his followers, Gaw and Nam. We behold them struggling against the terrible fauna of prehistoric ages, vanquishing the aurochs, the grey bears, and the monstrous lions; we see them ravishing the Fire from the Kzamms by means of their strength and wiliness. Naoh returns triumphant to the tribe after having slain Aghoo, thus winning the lovely Gammla, and becoming also chief of the Oulhamr.

It is a real relief to read a novel from which sickly sentimentalism is excluded, and which deals of another subject than the one condemned in the Seventh Commandment. "La Guerre du Feu" has many qualities, but the one which is perhaps most salient is its healthiness. It is strong, exciting, without being in any way related to "adventure books"; it might even, in a certain respect, be considered as having an historical interest. The impression of which one is conscious after reading it is one of great and sincere admiration for the extraordinary endurance, perseverance, and cunning which primitive man must have displayed so as to survive among all the fearsome creatures which surrounded him, and also in order to conquer all other beings in creation. And one understands very clearly, by means of M. Rosny's most interesting work, that so-called civilisation has made but little change in the fundamental instincts of human nature.

M. J. H. Retinger has compiled an "Histoire de la Littérature Française du Romantisme à Nos Jours" (Bernard Grasset, Paris, 3f. 50c.), which is relatively complete for the space at his disposal. It treats of the evolution of French literature since the romantic school, showing the various influences to which it has been subjected. It is much to be regretted that several typographical errors should have escaped the author's notice, and also that in certain instances the punctuation should be so neglected; indeed this occasionally confuses the sense. And M. Retinger would greatly have added to the value of his work had he thought good to add an index. It is hardly possible to give a complete analysis of "L'Histoire de la Littérature Française du Romantisme à Nos Jours," as to do so would necessitate an extremely long article. We will confine ourselves to the facts which will especially interest those who appreciate modern French literature. Passing by the chapters dealing of such well-known subjects as Romanticism, the Parnassians, the theory of "l'art pour l'art," the first decadents, and the individualistic school, we will analyse briefly M. Retinger's work from where he treats of the writers belonging to the latter quarter of the nineteenth century, many of whom are unknown even in France, except by those who follow very closely the course of modern literature.

Among the *lettrés* belonging to no particular school we note Elémir Bourges, for whom M. Retinger professes a deep and sincere admiration. Speaking of this writer, he says:—"Il ambitionne de faire tenir le monde entier dans son livre, de le personnifier dans son personnage principal, dont il fait un demi-dieu, ou un demi-démon." Elémir Bourges's book, entitled "La Nef," containing, so M. Retinger affirms, "all human philosophy, ranging from Anaxoras to Kant, from Buddha to Nietzche," is written in a very fine style, and forms one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French literature. His other works bear the quaint titles of "Les Oiseaux s'envolent, les Feulles tombent," "Tête d'Or," &c., and, to conclude his criticism, M. Retinger declares:—"C'est un grand écrivain, c'est un pur artiste, c'est un profond penseur qu'Elémir Bourges!"

We note with interest that the works of the majority of the novelists, poets, or philosophers with whom M. Retinger deals in the latter part of his book are issued by the proprietors of the *Mercure de France*, one of the most renowned French publishing houses, so well known for its advanced ideas and its tolerance for the most diverse opinions. Many of the writers spoken of in the last hundred pages of "L'Histoire de la Littérature Française" belong to the staff of that remarkable fortnightly periodical. The *Mercure de France* contains the very interesting feature of a "Revue de la Quinzaine," dealing with the literary, artistic, and scientific movements in all countries; indeed, special attention is given to English literature, all the newest and best books being reviewed by M. H. D. Davray, whose criticisms equal his wonderful translations of the works of Wells, Wilde, &c. M. Rémy de Gourmont, who contributes twice a month to the *Mercure de France*, and who is also the director of *La Revue des Idées*, "treating specially of general criticism," is justly considered one of the most erudite men of our time. M. Retinger says of him very truly: "Il a écrit de ces pages brèves qui suffisent a résumer et à synthétiser un écrivain. Après les avoir lues, on a l'impression de quelque-chose de définitif." And his series entitled "Promenades Littéraires" rank him amongst the most eminent of living critics. Marcel Schwob was, with M. Rémy de Gourmont, the second real prosator of symbolism. His first book, "Les Mimes," is composed of delightful and delicate sketches of antique life. In his masterpiece, "Le Livre de Monelle," Schwob gives "a gospel of falsehood" as preached by a little child. His maxim is the opposite of that of Socrates. "Do *not* know thyself!" he cries, whilst his other doctrines are: "Accept life as a perpetual change," "Do not regret the past," "Build on the sand."

Among the poets M. Retinger mentions Albert Samain ("Le Jardin de l'Infante," "Le Chariot d'Or") who was subjected to the double influence of the Parnassians and the decadent school; Charles Guérin ("Le Semeur de Cendres," "Le Cœur Solitaire"), whose aim is to put the "greatest amount of humanity possible" into his works; Paul Fort ("Ballades Françaises"), who seeks his inspiration at the heart of Nature; the refined and exquisite poet, Francis Jammes, who expresses the most delicate sentiments with an archaic simplicity which is charming, and whose desire finds utterance in these two verses of his, quoted by M. Retinger:—

> Laissez-moi, ô mon Dieu, continuer la vie
> D'une façon aussi simple qu'il m'est possible.

The very titles of his works are delightful—"De l'Angélus de l'Aube à l'Angélus du Soir," "Le Deuil des Primevères," "Clairières dans le Ciel," "L'Église habillée de Feuilles."

M. Retinger admires Paul Claudel, a prose writer, who, like Elémir Bourges, is certainly only known by the *élite*, and who is held in high esteem by such masters as Francis Jammes, André Gide, and Charles Louis Philippe, who even went so far as to say: "Il est grand comme Dante"! M. Retinger believes Claudel to have studied fervently all ancient culture, and, speaking of the author of "Le Partage de Midi," "La Connaissance de l'Est," etc, he says:—

> Il est le seul de tous les écrivains modernes qui du symbole soit arrivé à la compréhension de son sens. . . . Sa pensée est toujours le reflet de lui-même, mais à force d'aspirer le plus possible vers l'humain, il la rend généralisatrice"

M. Retinger closes his volume by a most interesting study of

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Romain Rolland, whose books he esteems "pure works of art," in that they embrace two elements – "art and life." Romain Rolland, besides being a very erudite scholar and a great musical critic, is moreover a penetrating psychologist. His leading work is the well-known "Jean-Christophe," to be completed in ten volumes, eight of which have already appeared. Art being for him the "emperor of life," he wishes to make his hero, Jean-Christophe, a "sort of genius struggling against mankind." Jean-Christophe himself is a colossal figure, ardent, convinced, intransigent, a real and true artist; he has consequently to battle against humanity, which strives to domesticate him and make him "more like everybody else," wishing, perhaps, by an unconscious envy, to push him back into the ordinary human fold. And in M. Retinger's opinion Romain Rolland, master writer and observer, musician at heart, is perhaps the "first French writer who has tried to reserve in his works an equal part to observation and psychology, and who has wished to express in them a humanistic signification, without falling into the 'roman à thèse.'"

We must be grateful to M. Retinger for having given us this interesting recapitulation of French literature since romanticism; it should certainly prove of great value to those who wish to follow the tendencies and ideas which have greatly contributed to form the existing school of French writers. But the question how many of the works generously styled by M. Retinger "chefs-d'œuvre" in the course of his study will really be considered as such in a few generations to come is one of those mysteries which time alone will solve.

MARC LOGÉ.

A JESUIT BATHING-POOL

BY W. H. KOEBEL

THE centre of a wide clearing in the forest-land is dotted by a semi-circular line of palms. The regularity with which the tall, slender shafts rise up to hold aloft their feathery tops against the sky is sufficiently marked to attract the eye from a distance, for the even distribution of the perfect semi-circle of palms is obviously the work of man rather than of Nature. Approaching more nearly, the reason of the plantation becomes evident. The graceful trees fringe the edge of a depression in the ground, the sides of which are flanked by massive stone walls and steps—the architectural remnants of a bathing-pool of the long-departed Jesuit era.

Curiously enough, the stone facings—though marred by crumblings here and there—have remained comparatively intact, though the full spread of the waters they once held has shrunk to a little, shallow lake that only covers in part the broken stone of the bottom. And even this, choked with reed and swamp flower, is the home of the loud-mouthed frogs alone now. For many generations it has been as innocent of the feet of human bathers as the stone sides upon which the lizards bask in an enjoyable peace that is broken only by the occasional lightning dart in the direction of an unwary fly.

For all its present solitude and stillness, the place was undoubtedly an important centre of aquatic ceremony and splashings some couple of centuries ago. The lengthy flight of shallow steps that closes in the semi-circle of the bath must have been thronged often enough then by the robed figures of the Jesuit Fathers and the dusky forms of the neophytes in their white frocks. One can picture the scene—the advent of the Indians as they marched to the spot to the sounds of music, and the chanting of hymns that were as inevitable in an everyday procession as the human constituents of the affair, and the kneeling of the company before the shrines that now lie in fragments of broken masonry prone on a brilliant scarlet carpet of verbena, with the great white trumpet-shaped blossoms of the datura hanging in clusters above. Then would ensue the burst of exuberance that accompanied the actual festival of the bathing, the shoutings and whoopings and splashings that the Fathers superintended from the shore, keeping a wary eye all the while upon the simple, dark-skinned converts, lest the fervour of the rejoicings should exceed the decorum that had become part and parcel of the neophyte life. No doubt there were times when the Fathers went fussing to and fro on shore as impotently as foster-mother hens with duckling broods in the water. Indeed, the nature of these northern Indians considered, it could scarcely have been otherwise, although no confession of the sort appears in the chronicles of the period.

No doubt, too, in the neighbourhood of the bathing-pool here there were official functions and gatherings of state, beside the gorgeousness of which the glamour of the ordinary processions paled. Companies of the Jesuit army would be present then; the Indian militia, whose officers were resplendent in uniforms thickly laced with silver and gold; and dusky civil officials, as proud of their distinctive coats as were the military of their trappings. Were the ceremony for the reception of some high clerical personage on his round of inspection of the Mission-towns, the clash of martial music would have swept over the waters, and the standards would have floated in brilliant folds against the verdure of the palms and evergreen trees. For colours flew, drums beat, and fifes and clarions sounded then, until the war companies of the neophytes came forward at the given signal to prostrate themselves, and to kiss the hand of the august visitor.

The spot has witnessed all this, without question, many times over, since even the greater festivals were amazingly frequent in the great Jesuit Republic of Misiones. So it is that the clearing in the forest seems to brood, notwithstanding its flowers, sunshine, and deep blue sky. Whatever may have been the intrinsic value of the clashings of music and of the tramp of processional feet, the utter stillness that now pervades the place is a little melancholy, even by force of a contrast that can only be imagined—utter stillness, that is to say, so far as the sounds of human life are concerned. Into the place upon which man has turned his back the lesser species have crowded in numbers. The birds are everywhere. Kingfishers dart from tree to tree; the shivering brilliancy of the tiny humming-birds materialises over and over again as though evolved from thin air to float for a while before the gaudy blossoms of the plants ere disappearing temporarily in a flight too rapid for the human eye to follow. Soaring in the air high above, carving bold circles in the azure of the sky, are great black vultures, and majestic black and white birds of prey that trail behind them the long feathers of a divided tail. As they dip downwards from time to time the multitudinous cooing of the doves in the trees below dies away to a silence of terror. In the face of a threat from above such as this it would seem that of all the more invisible winged creatures the butterflies alone continue to hover with a complacent mind about the clusters of great blooms that strew the earth and the branches.

Such are the dwellers that have ousted the thronging companies of the Mission Indians who went with chantings and song to the labours in the fields, and who, to the sound of music, returned of an evening to the stately towns, now deeply shrouded in the tropical curtain of the forests. This until there came scattering and destruction, and the end of the great Jesuit Republic, cursed by some, blessed by others, that stood as a monumental testimony to human endeavour, and fell as a testimony to precisely the same thing. Even of the fields there are now no traces left, although the dark foliage of the orange-trees sprouts up here and there from

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out of the midst of the scrub and tall grasses that cover the soil.

The fate of the orange here is typical of the spot. Unseen and uncared for, the golden balls in their thousands ripen, and fall, and rot. For who is coming to the old Jesuit bathing-place to gather oranges, or for any other purpose besides? From time to time a dusky *peon* may ride by. He may even force his horse down the flight of stone steps and water the animal in the remnants of the pool. But not for a moment will it enter his mind that the bathing-place entered into the history of his ancestors. To him the aspect of the spot is perfectly clear. It is a pool set about with crumbling masonry, in the midst of palms, orange-trees, and bananas. As, of course, it really is.

THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. *MONARCH*

A RECORD

THURSDAY last saw a notable addition to the British Navy in the launch at Elswick of H.M.S. *Monarch*. The Tyne is not a beautiful river. The day was not a fine one, but the day, the smoke, and the surroundings seemed most fitting for the work to be done—grim power and work, and not play, seemed the keynote of it all.

After the launch, Sir Andrew Noble, chairman of the company, in proposing "Success to his Majesty's battleship *Monarch*," gave some interesting reminiscences of former *Monarchs*, and some instructive particulars of the vessel just launched. He said:—

The *Monarch* is one of the "Dreadnought" class of vessels included in the Admiralty programme of 1909 and 1910, and, like the other vessels included in that programme, she was designed by Sir Philip Watts, Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty. She is 581 feet in length over all, 88½ feet in breadth, and her displacement exceeds 22,000 tons. Her armament will comprise the most modern and powerful weapons installed in vessels of the class. She is the forty-third warship we have had the honour to build for the British Government out of a total of 135 warships built by the firm. This number comprises vessels of every class, from the destroyer to the largest and most powerful battleship. The total displacement of the forty-three vessels amount to 200,000 tons, and the total displacement of the whole number of warships built by the firm is 500,000 tons. The keel of the *Monarch* was laid on the 1st April last year. Notwithstanding the strike, which lasted from the beginning of September until the middle of December, exceptional progress has been made with her construction; indeed, it may safely be asserted that no vessel of her class has ever been launched in this, or any other country, in a similar state of progress. The vessel has taken the water with the whole of her boilers and a large portion of her auxiliary machinery on board, and, as you will have observed, with the funnels, funnel uptakes and castings erected in position, and her superstructure well advanced. The armour bulkheads and barbette armour are also in place, and the launching-weight of the vessel is about 11,500 tons, including about 2,000 tons of armour. For this remarkable progress we have to thank the machinery contractors, Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie & Co. Ltd., whose co-operation has enabled us to establish what may fairly be termed a record in the building and launching of Dreadnoughts.

Naval history informs us that the name *Monarch* in our Navy dates its origin from the middle of the eighteenth century. In the year 1747 there had been much fighting between the French and British naval forces, and successes were gained in the early part of that year by Vice-Admiral Anson and Captain Thomas Fox. France had collected a huge convoy for the West Indies, and a squadron of eight men-of-war had sailed from Brest to pick it up and escort it to its destination. Consequently a British Squadron of fourteen ships, under Rear-Admiral Edward Hawk, left Plymouth to intercept the French ships, and in October the French were sighted off Finisterre. After some manœuvring a running fight resulted; the French are reported to have behaved with great spirit, and to have been overpowered only by weight of numbers. Of their eight ships of the line six were captured, one of these being the *Monarque*, a 74-gun ship, which was afterwards brought into the Royal Navy, and was, I believe, the first vessel bearing the name in our Navy. The French convoy, consisting of about 250 ships, was saved by the devotion of the French commodore and captains under his orders.

Ten years later French vessels were sighted off Cape de Gata, and one of these was driven ashore by the *Monarch*, under the command of Captain John Montague. In 1778 the *Monarch* was one of the vessels which composed the British Fleet, under the command of Admiral Keppel, in the victory off Ushant. Again the *Monarch* of 74 guns figured in Sir Samuel Hood's squadron of seventeen vessels in an action with the French under De Grasse at Martinique in the spring of 1781, and later in the same year she occupied a place in the fleet commanded by Rear-Admiral Thomas Graves in an engagement with the French off the Chesapeake. The *Monarch* also took part in an engagement at St. Kitts Island and off Guadeloupe in 1782, and we also find a *Monarch* mentioned in reports of the Channel Fleet in 1793. In 1795 it is recorded that the hostility of Holland led to the despatch from England of an expedition against the Dutch Colony at the Cape of Good Hope. This expedition comprised seven vessels of the line under the command of Admiral Elphinstone, whose flagship was the *Monarch*, 74 guns. She was also present in February, 1796, off Saldanha Bay, when the Dutch capitulated before a superior British force under the command of the same admiral. Another engagement with the Dutch took place in October, 1797, in which the *Monarch* was badly mauled and thirty-six of her officers and crew were killed and one hundred wounded.

In March, 1801, a large British fleet sailed for the Baltic, the van being commanded by Lord Nelson. The leading ship was the *Monarch*, and in action with the defences of Copenhagen in April of the year named the *Monarch* lost her captain, who was killed during the engagement, together with fifty-six officers and men, and 164 were wounded The *Monarch* was in the hottest of the fight, as evidenced by the number of casualties.

Sir Andrew mentioned other actions in which the *Monarch* took part, and after alluding to a later *Monarch* of 84 guns, said:—

In 1868 a new *Monarch* was launched. This vessel was fully rigged, had two turrets, was of 8,320 tons displacement, 7,840 horse-power, and nearly 15 knots speed. Her armour protection varied in thickness from four to ten inches; she carried four 25-ton 12-inch guns, two 12-ton 9-inch guns, one 5½-ton 7-inch gun, and seventeen smaller guns—all muzzle-loaders. Thus, if you compare the new *Monarch* with her immediate predecessor, you will find that the present vessel has a displacement nearly three times that of the former, and a speed of 50 per cent. greater, whilst the old muzzle-loading guns have given place to the most powerful breach-loaders the science of artillery has yet produced.

Many exploits of this '68 *Monarch* were referred to by Sir Andrew, and it will be seen that the name borne by the vessel recently launched has had an active and almost continuous association with the operations of our Navy through more than a century and a half.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

A VERY large audience listened with interest on Wednesday evening, March 29th, to Mr. George B. Heming's lecture on "Art Education in the Jewellery, Goldsmithing, and Allied Trades." The lecturer introduced his subject by emphasising the decline of the craftsman which began with the advent of the machine, referring especially to the working of the precious metals, and went on to describe what was being

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done in other countries for the encouragement of artistic workmanship. "For the last few years," said Mr. Heming, "we have placidly watched the advance of our French and German competitors in commercial matters. It behoves us to awake from our lethargy of self-complacence, and to move with the times. If the jewellery trade and those dealing with the precious metals are to be maintained against the inroads of foreign competition and saved from obliteration, we must not lose a moment in our endeavour to educate the young apprentice and improver in art, encouraging him by every means in our power."

The Schools of Art of Geneva and their enterprise were alluded to, and the methods of the Society of Goldsmiths of Paris; then the lecturer went into interesting details as to the work now being done in London, with which he is intimately connected. Classes have been formed for the study of drawing and designing under the direction of the "Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, and Jewellers Art Council," which came into existence in the year 1908, and are turning out highly competent workmen who, distributed throughout the trade, will gradually raise the artistic level of the objects they create. In concluding his instructive address, Mr. Heming made some pertinent observations concerning the care which should be employed in selecting teachers: "The teacher should not make too much of his own individual ideas—he must remember that his duty is not to force the pupil into his own already formed mould, but to find out possibilities and to encourage any efforts after originality, however tentative they may at first glance seem." The beginning thus made might seem small, but great progress was already on record, and Mr. Heming invited discussion on the subject.

Sir George Birdwood, who presided, remarked that he had heartily shared the pleasure of the audience, and commented upon Mr. Heming's work as an educational reformer. Touching upon the tendency of art, he observed that all art reached its highest expression in religious feeling, and that if the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty were not one, they were at least inseparable.

A lively discussion followed, in which Dr. Garnett, Mr. Henry Wilson, Mr. Lowen, and several members of the gold and silver-smithing industries took part, some differing from the lecturer on minor points. The suggestion of Mr. Henry Wilson that a general Conference should be held on the subject of trade education was applauded, and there is no doubt that Mr. Heming's stimulating lecture will bear fruit in an increased interest in the problem of artistic education, especially with reference to the precious metals, which afford such exceptional opportunities for beauty of design and workmanship.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE ARBITRATION DISCUSSION: SOME NEW DEVELOPMENTS

By Lancelot Lawton

The announcement of Sir Edward Grey that Great Britain was eager to enter into a general arbitration treaty with the United States has been followed by a world-wide discussion as to the practicability not only of this contemplated measure, but of all efforts aimed at the ultimate establishment of universal peace. It is undeniably true, and at the same time deeply to be deplored, that the cause which statesmen in both countries seek to serve should have suffered to some extent by reason of the over-enthusiasm of the extreme pacificists. While the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs wisely made an appeal for the education of public opinion, it is hardly likely that he was prepared for that confusion of the public mind which has revealed itself in the sanguine utterances of many prominent leaders of thought throughout the country. With characteristic license the ultra-humanitarians have strayed far beyond the limits prescribed by diplomacy. In their writings and discourses on arbitration and its principles they have not hesitated to indulge in a wealth of optimistic allusion to the possibilities of general disarmament as a prelude to the utopian state of universal brotherhood among the nations. Unwittingly, rhetoric of this kind defeats the very object it seeks to encompass, for raising, as it does, suspicions in certain quarters concerning the question of motive, it embarrasses the only policy that, by the gradual process of evolution, is capable of embracing the highest ideal of all true civilisation. At a moment when wise statesmanship has realised the urgency for moving circumspectly, irresponsible zealots on both sides of the Atlantic have sought, with a precipitancy not shared by the angels, to father upon their Governments a deep-laid scheme to curb the growing activities of the more ambitious nations. Consequently the impression is abroad that Great Britain has become the advocate of peace simply because she has fallen into decrepitude, and therefore stands in need of peace.

Naturally the pulpit regards the subject as one peculiarly within its province. But religion should bear in mind that while endeavouring to promote peace, it is in no sense relieved of its stern duty towards patriotism. The unfortunate tendency exhibited in certain pious quarters to emphasise the savagery of war, while making light of the heroic qualities of self-abnegation which distinguish those who take part in it, is directly opposed to the best interests of State; for in spite of the harmony existing among the Anglo-Saxon peoples, the international situation at the present moment is such as to render it imperative that the martial spirit in this country should be roused and not dampened.

Some of the old religions of the East preach that death in the service of the State carries with it everlasting reward. Strong in this belief, the Japanese marched steadfastly to victory over the plains of Manchuria. With the Christian soldier in the field there is, however, no such solace. Already the martial spirit is rigorously excluded from our schools; and if now, from pulpit and platform, the masses are to be told that war is nothing more or less than wholesale murder and pillage, they must not be expected to display a super-abundance of heroism when the hour of England's crisis is at hand. The culpability will rest with their leaders, who in this feverish, though, doubtless, well-meaning, desire to bring about the millennium, have not hesitated to conjure up visionary ideals out of Anglo-American arbitration, and incidentally to preach doctrines the effect of which they may not have foreseen, but which, in plain language, tend in no small measure to undermine the *morale* of the King's forces. Momentous though the contemplated treaty may be, reduced to its proper proportions it is essentially what Mr. Birrell has termed, "a family affair"—that it is to say, it embodies the common-sense decision of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race to set an example to the rest of the world by elaborating a tribunal before which to compose their "domestic" differences.

By all means let the religious bodies continue to preach enduring peace. It is a good thing to keep in view so long as we do not delude ourselves into the belief that it is within reach. To rail at the profession of arms, however, is tantamount to an attack upon the foundations of State. In our fervent advocacy of peace we should not forget that the pages of history disclose many examples of peoples who, in consequence of their neglect of the art of war, have become

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decadent, and illustrations of a like nature are not wanting in recent times. Korea has passed away because she was incapable of defending herself. Until within the last few years the Chinese soldier was an object of contempt to his countrymen. What is the moral? With all her immensity China's utter helplessness has exposed her to strife from within and attack from without, until to-day, in everything that makes for progress, she is a laggard on the highway of nations.

The speech of the German Chancellor is a timely rebuke to the peace "cranks," and should be read in conjunction with the recent debate in the House of Lords on the subject of national defence. It is clear that Germany has already translated her policy into unalterable law. So long as any one nation holds aloof, it would be suicidal for Great Britain to take the initiative in reducing armaments by doing away with so much as a single gun. On the contrary, she must draw her own lesson from the attitude of others, and redouble her defensive measures.

Even were it possible for the nations of Europe to arrive at a common agreement as to the limitation of their military forces, this would not be sufficient. The nations of the East also must be induced to take practical steps towards the realisation of the peace ideal. A helpless Europe would soon fall a prey to a militant Asia. Therefore, a state of abiding tranquillity can only be attained providing that it is universal in the strictest sense of the term. In the meantime, readiness for war will alone act as the deterrent of war. There is a serious danger lest this paradoxical truism be lost sight of in the world-wide discussion which Sir Edward Grey's speech has prompted. Even allowing for the stimulus of Anglo-Saxon harmony, the acceptance of comprehensive arbitration with America is in itself highly significant of the trend of the times. But it cannot be otherwise, relatively speaking, than a very small and elementary step towards the grander ideal. So soon as an attempt is made to interpret lofty principles into the cold text of an international compact, grave difficulties are encountered. To begin with, care has to be exercised to overcome the susceptibilities of the Senate at Washington, whose treaty-making prerogatives are involved; and already there is a significant suggestion that while accepting a declaration in favour of arbitration on all occasions, it will insist upon issues, as these may from time to time arise, being first submitted for consideration. Then, as I anticipated in THE ACADEMY at the outset, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is proving a complicating factor. I suggested, it will be recalled, that in all probability Japan would seek to meet the new situation by herself proposing a general arbitration treaty with America, and the latest despatches from Washington indicate that, with this end in view, overtures from Tokyo have already been made. The precarious state of Japan's exchequer certainly dictates that she shall adhere to a policy of peace for some time to come; but who, possessing knowledge of her military preparations and of her scheme of imperial expansion, no less deliberate than that pursued by Germany, believes for one moment that at heart she is a sincere advocate of universal peace? In all the circumstances, the conclusion is compelled that, while arbitration will undoubtedly reduce the risks of war, it is essential that, in the background, the Powers should keep, ready for emergencies, strong armies and navies. In this way alone will they maintain national virility and inspire mutual respect.

THE SALTING COLLECTION

THE private view of the Salting Collections—which have since been thrown open to the public—was a revelation of what may be accomplished by a single collector with an enormous income at his disposal, and a real gift for finding out and acquiring true works of art. Mr. Salting came of a Danish family which had settled in Australia. He was educated at Eton and at the University of Sydney, and in early middle life he came to England and devoted himself to forming the great collection which has now been housed worthily in the five splendid galleries in the east wing of the new Victoria and Albert Museum—excluding, of course, the prints and drawings which were first selected under the terms of his will by the Trustees of the British Museum. Mr. Salting was not of the type of collector who hands over a lump sum to a firm of art-dealers with instructions to acquire for him a collection of such objects as he thinks it will make for his personal dignity to possess; such methods of collecting are far from being unknown, but they were not his. He depended upon his own judgment, and that judgment seldom failed him. When it did, he was not above rectifying the error, and replacing the peccant object with something better. Thus it is that the first note of this wonderful collection is excellence And it could find no worthier home than in the spacious and well-lit galleries of Sir Aston Webb's magnificent building at South Kensington.

Many of the objects here shown have been exhibited before in the museums in larger or smaller detachments. The advantage of the present arrangement is that they can now be studied, as it were, in the mass; lines of development can be traced, and parallels with the contemporary art of other countries noted. In this work the admirable illustrated Guide—it is not a complete catalogue—issued by the authorities is of great service. Room 128, the first to be entered, is devoted to Italian and Spanish art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, associated with certain French and German medals, plaquettes, and medallions for convenience of study. There are many splendid Italian bronzes, of the type described by Cellini and Vasari which finds its culmination in the great Perseus by the former master. The influence of Donatello and other masters is traceable in the beautiful work of the Florentine School of that period, which includes an exquisitely ornamented bell, decorated in low relief with a band of dancing children, and the fine bronze Sphinxes by Riccio, which are illustrated in the Guide. The collection of medals, numbering some 250, is superb, including, as it does, no less than six specimens of the work of Antonio Pisanello, the first and greatest of Italian artists in this direction. The French and German contemporary work is equally well represented in point of quality, though the specimens are not so numerous. Among the French work the medals of Anne of Brittany, Philibert le Beau, and Margaret of Austria deserve a special mention. The plaquettes are curious and beautiful; they are practically limited to Italy, and display many exquisite touches of grace of fancy, in addition to their wonderful technical finish. There are some delicate wax portraits of the kind familiar to us from Hertford House. More, we have often thought, might be done in the way of collecting wax portraits, which were very popular a hundred and fifty years since: probably the perishable nature of the medium accounts for the paucity of the survivals of such work.

The three cases of Hispano-Moresque ware present a peculiarly fascinating series; its origins are uncertain, we are told, but of its results there can hardly be two opinions. In grace of design and richness and depth of colour, shining through iridescent lustre, it would be hard indeed to surpass. Its glory, alas! was short-lived: by the sixteenth century the inspiration had departed and decadence had supervened. Closely connected with this phase of art is the Italian majolica ware in the adjoining cases, which took its

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rise, at least as regards Italy, at Faenza, though it was subsequently produced in great numbers and excellence at many other Italian towns. The artistic quality of this ware is quite as high as that of its Hispano-Moresque rivals, and the originality of design is even greater. These were the days of the Renaissance, when Italian art, at least, took all humanity for its subject, and treated it with a freedom and even licence which is sometimes startling, though its apology—if apology be needed—is to be found in the artistic perfection with which it was handled, even in its most daring phases. Other cases in the same room exhibit some splendid specimens of Venetian glass and carved and coloured rock crystal, together with beautifully-damascened steel and metal work of Oriental origin, some dating back as far as the thirteenth century. In this room, too, are the magnificent specimens of Renaissance furniture and woodwork, which must be seen to be appreciated—a very riot of massive design and splendid craftsmanship combined with the most poetic fancy and perfect delicacy of execution. Some noble Italian tapestry completes the collection in this room.

In Room 129 is shown the art of the Near East, including some beautiful Greek and Roman antiquities—Persian pottery of the thirteenth century, Turkish and Syrian ware of somewhat later date, and some excellent bronze work of various sorts. The terra-cotta statuettes of the "Tanagra" type, if not from Tanagra itself, are well chosen and particularly graceful and beautiful—speaking strictly for ourselves, we should covet them as much as anything in Mr. Salting's collection. There are also several beautiful Greek vases and a remarkable bronze bust or two, notably one of the Emperor Commodus as the god Mithras. One is tempted to linger in Room 131 with its wonderful furniture, its fascinating Limoges and Delft enamels, and noble goldsmiths' work by Flemish, French, and Italian craftsmen, produced in the fifteenth century, when the Church was still a power in Europe; its exquisite illuminated MSS. and its well-chosen groups of miniatures. These last, indeed, deserve a far longer notice than we can possibly bestow on them. They include specimens (and very good ones) of the work of Holbein and Hilliard and Oliver, who first practised the art in England, and their great followers, Cooper and Hoskins, together with the great eighteenth-century miniaturists who preceded the slow death of that art in the Victorian era—Cosway, Engleheart, and Plimer. So perfectly representative a collection can never before have been brought together in so small a compass.

The remaining two rooms, Nos. 144 and 145, are given up to a fine collection of Chinese and Japanese exhibits, not less valuable and distinguished than the other collections downstairs, but needing more detailed treatment than can possibly be accorded in a necessarily brief notice. They include pottery and metal work of superb finish, full of that mysterious mastery of difficult and unmanageable material which has marked the immemorial East for ages past. Perhaps the most abiding memory that one carries away from this section, among a bewildering medley of lovely things, is the great porcelain vase with its bright and graceful decoration of cherry-blossom on a lustrous black ground. But this, like everything else that we have named, must be seen to be appreciated. Our advice is, therefore, "Go and see!"

We would call special attention to an exhibition of the exceptionally fine water-colour work of Mr. H. Franks Waring at the Baillie Gallery in Bruton Street. In Mr. Waring's pictures there are all the best qualities—freedom with restraint, and strength with sensitiveness. They are full of weather, and wholly beautiful.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE present account should, by all the rules of the Stock Exchange, be dull. Yet it has been, if not exciting, by no means stagnant. The plain truth is that the bears have once again saved the situation. In Home Rails, the dealers who are ultra-Tory cannot change. They have been bears so long that they can hardly realise the change in public opinion. In Foreigners, the Ehrhard failure frightened them. In Kaffirs and Rhodesians, they have not turned as quickly as the market. Thus we have seen a bull public buying all the time and a House cynical and short. This has kept the position sound.

The Brazilian allotments came out, and were just disappointing enough to cause a steady market. There are many grumblers, but I see no cause of complaint. The small people got as much as they deserved and the big people got as much as they expected. As a result the premium hardly fell at all. Few other issues attracted any attention. No one was drawn to that belated Westralian Mines flotation, which offered a strange selection of prospects in West Australia, and must have been promoted by a Rip Van Winkle who went to sleep in 1896 and only woke up in 1911. Our temper has changed since then. The rubber company that tried to get a mortgage on a million acres of land in the depths of Bahia, and called itself Villa Nova, was a sad spectacle of a good house in a bad position. Fry Miers should have known better. The Central London 4½ per cent. preferreds were a pleasant bonus to the Central London shareholders, but to no one else. The Oil Trust has promoted a reasonably good Grosny Oil property, and I hear of other Grosny Oil shows that will follow suit. A Bolivian Rubber and Rum Company will ask for money, and the Zongo people should profit by the energy of Mr. Gray. The Hambro Canadian Trust went as soon as the lists opened. There is now talk of a Sakalien proposition being put before the public, backed by Princes and Peers.

MONEY has been dearer on technical grounds, but no one need be alarmed, for though the money crowd will fight for dear money as long as they can, they cannot stand against hard facts. Of course the rise in Home Rails will have a tendency to make money dear, for many people will borrow money from their banks and buy Home Rails. But such borrowing cannot seriously affect the market, for it only transfers credit, and creates no real scarcity of either credit or coin.

FOREIGNERS have been as dull as ditch-water. But Paris is gradually recovering, and I am assured that the position is now much sounder. The troubles have more or less passed, and the French are ready for a new gamble. They have been amused by the attempt to catch the bears in Maltzoff—an attempt that will be successful. When I first pointed out the bear-trap that had been laid these shares were 1,300 francs. They are now 2,100 francs, and they say will go to 2,500 francs. But the clever French dealers will not push the game too far or they may lose the lot. The whole of the shares are in Russia, and the Petersburg people will not sell. Peruvians are steady, and I expect a fresh rise in Russians. Russia is also buying Lenas on the ground that if Lena holds two-thirds of

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Lenskoi they are worth £6. It looks as though the English holders had been fooled into selling their Lenas too cheap.

Home Rails have continued to rise, and all the House declare that the dealers are still short. Duguid tipped the North Stafford in the *Observer*, and at once the House, which respects Duguid as an honest adviser, began to buy, which was pleasant for North Staffords. Brums and Great Westerns have also been bought with good reason, for both stocks are much too cheap. The bulls in Great Centrals got tired, and we have seen a small reaction; but these stocks will again rise. There is a good chance of Great Easterns being given another turn next account if the holiday traffics are good. I expect that we may get a general set-back in Home Rails, but it will not last long, for the intrinsic merits of the lines are too good for any serious relapse to continue.

Yankees are dull, and must remain dull. I do not attach much importance to the Supreme Court decision about which Wall Street talks all day long. It will not have any practical effect upon trade. But it is a good talking point for the big houses, who do not desire to see any great gamble in rails. They want a steady market in which to place short-dated notes and bonds, and they want to keep their cash liquid in order to hold up their London credits. If they lend money on shares in Wall Street they will be compelled to withdraw their balances from London, and this will stop the negotiations of the short-dated notes. I think Yankees will be a dull market for some time to come.

Rubber.—The public declines to buy Rubbers in spite of the fact that Mincing Lane has put up the price of fine hard-cured Para. The Lane can do no more, and I think this market will gradually fall back to the old prices of a few months ago. When all the leading shares show a clear 12½ or 15 per cent. on the price, then we may get the public to come in again. In the meantime half the rotten swindles are breaking up under their own weight, and not a day passes but one or the other does not come into notoriety in a most disagreeable manner. However, I hope no readers of The Academy have been hurt. If they have taken my advice they are immune.

Oil looks quite cheerful. We have seen really good buying of Shells, and Paris has steadily bought Spies. Lobitos have also recovered, as I expected they would. These, with Burmah and Californias, are the pick of the basket. There is much talk of Premier Pipe Lines, which are under the wing of Hollebone Brothers and Trench. A deal is on.

Kaffirs.—The dealers are very short of shares, and the magnates are now watching the markets with the idea of putting up prices. This may be done. But perhaps we shall have to wait till the reports come to hand. They will be coming in now by each mail, and buyers may take heart of grace, though I confess I see nothing to boast about in the Princess which is a Goertz Company, and one of the first to arrive.

Rhodesians.—Chartereds have been strong in a meagre way. At any rate, they have not been sold. The rest of this market also looks moderately steady, and as all the weak bulls have been shaken out the big Rhodesia houses may decide to make a move. But they are tricky people, and all I can say is that as they now hold all the shares they have a chance they have not had for many months.

Tin.—This market seems almost dead, and the Bastard crowd missed their market. They had a chance when Tin was at £200, but they did not act with boldness, and to-day they are forgotten.

Miscellaneous.—The whole talk in this market is of Cements and Omnibus, both of which seem to me much too high. The markets are so narrow that a very little buying is of great value. Those who run cements are rich, and they can make the price what they like; but they cannot pay dividends, which is what most of us want.

Raymond Radclyffe.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WHOLESALE MANUFACTURE OF PEERS

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—If I understand rightly the meaning of the *Manchester Guardian's* leading article of the 22nd ult., there does not exist an exclusive prerogative of the Crown to create peers; but, in fact, this is the constitutional prerogative of the Prime Minister, and that the consent of the Crown to such a wholesale manufacture is only a matter of form. In short, the Prime Minister is for the time being a kind of Protector over England, Scotland, and Ireland.

For the sake of argument I will agree to such a preposterous proposal, but I say categorically that the Parliament, obdurated or not, has no power whatsoever to curtail the privileges of certain peers, and this for the following reasons.

By the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland the number of peers and their full privileges are expressly stated: there are for the Crown certain limitations to create peers, but it is distinctly laid down, "That the peers shall have all the privileges of the peerage"—this means, of course, in the sense of the time of Union for Scotland in 1707 and for Ireland in 1801, and not in the time of the twentieth century.

The position of the peers for Ireland is to that of the peers for this island; their number and their constitutional rights are expressly stated and recognised.

Should a Conservative Government purpose the reduction of the number, or the curtailment of the power, of the Irish members of the House of Commons on the plea that Ireland is over-represented in Parliament, that the population has decreased from eight to four millions, although a great majority could be found in favour of the proposal, nevertheless such a Bill, even if carried through both Houses, would be not only unconstitutional, but also illegal, because it would impair the Act of Union with Ireland.

What holds good for the members for Ireland in the House of Commons holds also good for the Scottish and Irish peers, and any curtailment of their privileges would impair and nullify the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland.

It is true we have had in recent years a precedent for a similar Parliamentary measure in the incorporation of Finland with Russia by the Imperial Duma; but the Prime Minister of Russia is M. Stolypin, to whom the *Daily News* has given the sinister nickname "the necktie Stolypin," and it looks very much as if Mr. Asquith is jealous of M. Stolypin's laurels.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

J. Gersony.

59, Ronald's Road, N., London, 25th March, 1911.

"THAN WHOM"

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—The discussion of this idiom seems to be drifting into dangerous ground. Latin constructions do not necessarily govern English sentences, nor does "preferable to me" justify "better than me." Yet I sympathise with "W. C. M." and "N. W. H." rather than with the other side. Usage and euphony must be considered as well as logic, and when we find our best authors writing "than whom" it is surely dangerous to pronounce it a solecism. There is something repellent in "than I" or "than who" following a nominative case. Of course, "you love him better than me" means one thing, and "you love him better than I" another; but I think that in the latter case most people would prefer to write "than I do." I should myself be sorry to write any such sentence as "Sidney Smith, than who no wittier cleric ever . . .," &c.; I should prefer to turn the sentence some other way. As "W. C. M." pointed out, some of

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our best critics have pronounced such a sentence as this last "intolerable;" the authors of "The King's English" advise recasting any such sentence, and add that "perhaps the convenience of *than whom* is so great that to rule it out amounts to saying that man is made for grammar and not grammar for man." When authorities are thus in doubt, probably the safest course is to avoid using the phrase; it at least saves us from assuming that we are better grammarians than Milton, Dr, Johnson, and Dean Alford.

There are so many undeniably faulty locutions that it seems a pity to waste energy in denouncing doubtful ones. Another book by an author already named contains this sentence: "He received notice that a seller—no matter whom—was possessed of . . .," &c. Surely *whom* is quite wrong there. In a popular novel I read "his whereabouts are known." When did *whereabouts* become a plural substantive? Has not the author been deceived by its apparently plural ending? It would be easy to quote many instances which transgress elementary rules of style or grammar, and one cannot help wishing that some acquaintance with these formed part of every popular writer's outfit. At least,

"THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS."

OLIVE SCHREINER'S "DREAMS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I read Mr. Frank Harris's article on the work of Olive Schreiner with interest, but must say that he rather depreciates her book of "Dreams."

There is no doubt that it has less intrinsic value than the "Story of a South African Farm," but to me it has a more direct and human appeal—every "Dream" might serve as a motto for one of us. Personally, I have loved the little parable of the artist who painted his pictures with his own heart's blood, so that they glowed with a wonderful fadeless red, whilst he grew pale and paler and all the people wondered at the marvellous tint until they found him dead with a great wound within his bosom, more than anything else from her pen. It is one of the sweetest allegories ever written in this sad world in which we strive to glean a little gladness from fairy-tales, only to find that even a story with so joyous a title as "The Happy Prince" is full of pathos.

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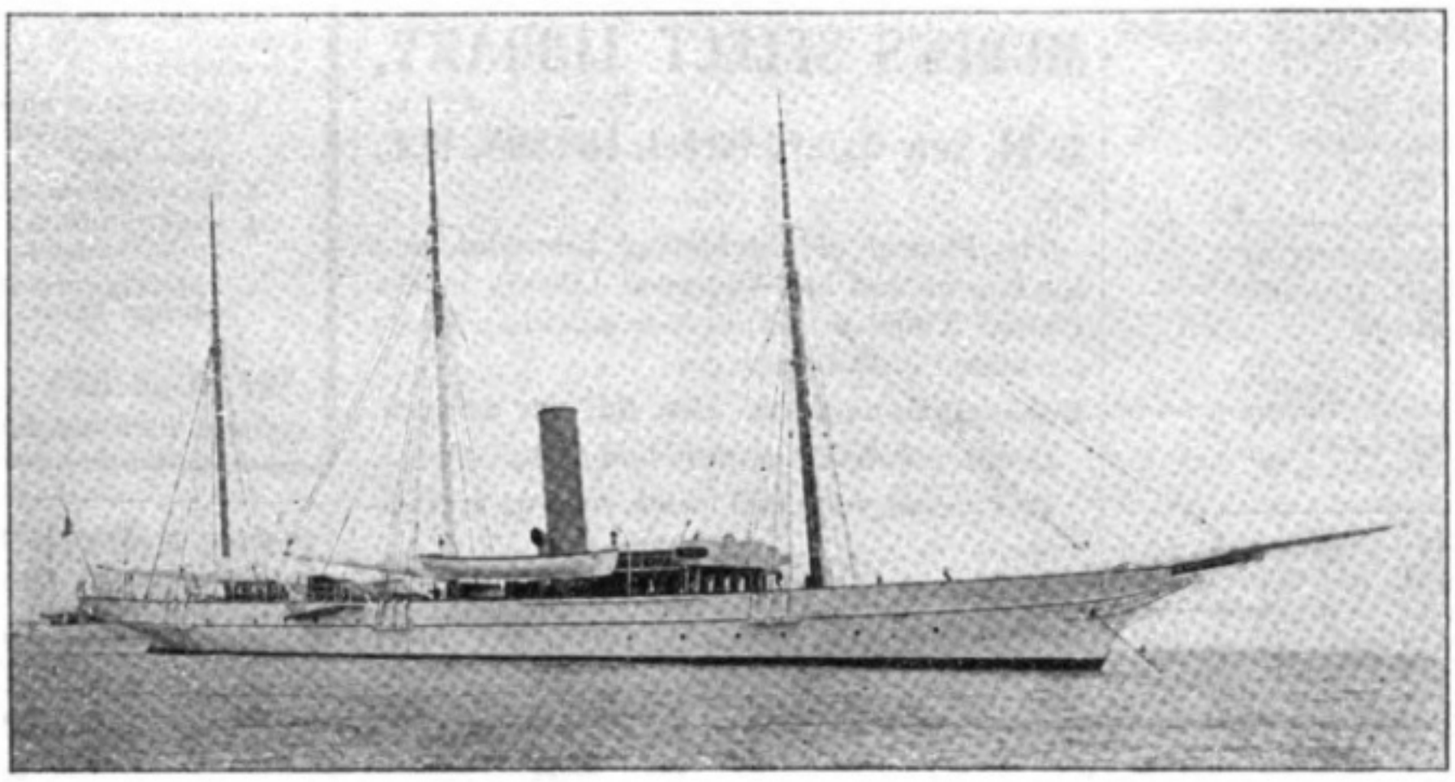
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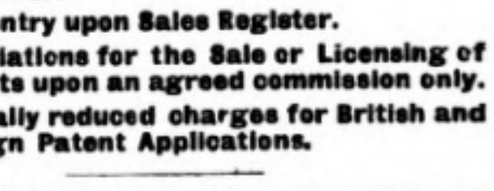
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE influence of the new system of taxation which an illogical and impressionistic Government thought fit to introduce as a basis upon which to build a reputation for philanthropy that will prove, we fear, as short-lived as the Government is short-sighted, is felt to a more far-reaching extent than may at first glance be obvious to the business man, who is often compelled to study politics somewhat hurriedly. Like the ripples caused by a stone cast into a pond, this influence spreads wide and more widely—with the difference that as it spreads it by no means dies away. Many powerful landowners have been forced to a policy of retrenchment and self-defence owing to the vast change that the legislation of recent years has brought about; large estates are being broken up, hundreds of the men for whom they find pleasant employment have been discharged—with the greatest reluctance, be it noted; investments that should have been made in this country and added to the sum of the national prosperity are being made abroad, and the whole confidence and stability of the relationship between employer and employed is gradually being undermined and threatened. In a letter to the *Times* on Monday last Lord Onslow gave personal experiences which illustrate our point admirably, and although we cannot perhaps quite agree with his closing remarks to the effect that the landowner can now "spend his time and money as an absentee with a clear conscience" and live abroad on his foreign investments, yet there is quite enough in his letter to open the eyes of any thinking man to the evils of super-taxation. It is, for one thing, a direct cause of increased unemployment, since few landowners are so happily situated as to be able to say, with Lord Onslow, that they have every hope of finding work in the same neighbourhood for most of the discharged staff. Increased unemployment means increased discontent, and an increased inclination on the part of the workers to give heed to the Socialistic orators of the Marble Arch and the East-end park type—whose creed of Socialism consists in living on other people's money and brains in leisured idleness. Thus the wheel comes full turn—the Government penalises the landowner, adds to the army of idlers, and then, with meretricious sympathy and vote-catching, showy philanthropy, makes laws to "relieve" those whom its own absurd and dangerous methods helped to create.

The recent debate at the small Queen's Hall between Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Miss Cicely Hamilton on the perennial theme of Women's Suffrage was productive of more epigrams, aphorisms, and innocent amusement than the average man obtains in a month. Mr. Chesterton's burly form shook not a whit—save with subdued chuckles—under the impetuous onslaught of his opponent; and indeed Miss Hamilton gave herself no fair chance of success when she permitted herself such a *faux pas* as the remark that "Motherhood has become a somewhat degraded thing," and urged her audience not to listen to the popular notion of the beauty of motherhood. Mr. Chesterton quickly perceived that Miss Hamilton viewed the relations of the average man and woman through the distorting-lens of a too-vivid imagination, and did not fail to take advantage of the fact; he emitted characteristic coruscations in a characteristic manner, and refused to acknowledge himself beaten. So, likewise, did his fair antagonist—which is as it should be; for when neither side gives in the essential qualities of a debate—vivacity and interest—are present in no small degree. The chairman, Dr. Cobb, of St. Ethelburga's, remarked truly that neither of his debaters had stuck to the point. We do not know that this matters much, for they provided a most entertaining, if not particularly instructive, evening, for which an audience which packed the hall to its utmost capacity was duly grateful.

On Monday next, at Stratford-upon-Avon, begins the annual series of dramatic performances in commemoration of Shakespeare, under the direction of the indefatigable Mr. F. R. Benson. For three weeks visitors and townsmen will have the opportunity of seeing Shakespeare's most famous comedies and tragedies, and the programme will be judiciously varied by the performance of "The Critic," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "Four Chester Mystery Plays," "Seven Irish Plays," "The Piper," and by discourses from Miss Ellen Terry on Shakespeare's heroines. It is a very happy idea to include in such a festival of the dramatic art the unforgettable work of J. M. Synge, the mystical conceptions of W. B. Yeats, and the charming embarrassments of Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey;" in fact the time is at hand when no such celebration can be considered complete without the aid of the sister island. We presume that since no celebrity-worshipping American has yet been able to carry off Stratford-upon-Avon stone by stone, and rebuild it on the banks of some secluded river in his own country, many visitors from across the ocean will put in an appearance at this national—almost international—festival, and we recommend all who can beg, borrow, or steal the volume of short stories by Mr. Henry James, entitled "The Better Sort," to read therein the little study, "The Birthplace." It will inspire a suitable mood for wandering round the tranquil English town so rich in memories, so full of echoes from the past. If it is not to be found in the library of Stratford-upon-Avon there is a blot upon the escutcheon of those who so admirably uphold the banner of the master's name.

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LOVE'S ENEMY

Sweet, if I praise you,
Count it but a folly;
Nor let amaze you
All the melancholy
Lays you have earned.

Say when I twine you
In a wreath of song,
'Tis a design you
Weary of ere long—
Mine you've still spurned.

Do I beseech you
For one little boon?
Prayers cannot reach you,
Grief of mine would soon
Teach you new mirth.

Love never kissed you
On those proud-curved lips;
Through no sweet mist you
Watch Love's freighted ships—
Wist you their worth?

Calm waters bound you,
Yet his fleets sail by;
Long since he found you
Cold as those that lie
Round your fair shore.

Clear skies above you;
No kind haven nigh;
From your heart drove you
Love's best gifts—and I
Love you no more.

F. H.

THE INCOME-TAX PAYERS' SLUMBER

> Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side,
> Live as they lived, or perish as they died.

INDEED they sleep, but they rested after unjust burdens were removed and their special task was done. The modern Income-tax payer resembles the lotus-eater, to whom "Slumber is more sweet than toil." Shade of Hampden! can ye view the servile herd who quiescently—if not contentedly—submit to exactions imposed by a motley Chancellor? Ye who withstood and defeated the exactions of statesmen and Kings!

Ship-money! That is the excuse now put forward to conceal extortion which is not referable to the needs of defence, but to an insane commercial policy and Socialistic experiments financed on the model of Blount, Harley, and Knight of "South Sea" blessed memory.

The fact is—and the sooner it is faced the better—the nation is being run on lines financial which would quickly spell bankruptcy if adopted by any commercial house. We hear of a surplus; it is not, it is true, as large as might have been anticipated, because laxness in the collection of revenue has recently marked the disorganisation of our financial system which prevails. There is, however, a surplus—a nominal surplus—of $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions, as the result of raids on the hen-roosts of the Income-tax payer. Why do we say a "nominal surplus"? We say so advisedly, because it is true. It is part and parcel of the fraudulent presentment of the case for Free Trade. There is in reality not a surplus, but a deficit. Why? Because the Chancellor has raided the hen-roost of the allotted repayment of the National Debt. Will it be believed that the Free Trade Budget shows a deficiency of $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions? We do not suppose it will be believed by those who do not wish to believe it. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though One rose from the dead." So Father Abraham; and our enthusiasm in the cause of truth is damped. We know the net result of endeavouring to convince people against their will.

Nevertheless we will engage in the futile operation of setting out a perfectly simple and absolutely irrefutable statement of fact, and in order to shelter ourselves from unkind observations we will quote the published statement of a most eminent public man, Mr. Samuel Storey.

Mr. Storey was formerly a Liberal. He has, however, no sympathy with the predatory instincts of Socialism. The enlightened electors of Sunderland thought Mr. Storey was good enough to place at the head of the poll in January, 1910. But having discharged his Parliamentary duties with extraordinary efficiency, they decided, in their wisdom, that the bottom of the poll would be the right position for him to occupy in December, 1910. Bacon, otherwise Shakespeare, remarked, "Vox populi habet aliquid divinum: nam quomodo aliter tot capita in unum conspirare possint?" This is a conclusive acquittal of the charge of fickleness which might apparently have been suggested against the electors of Sunderland. Those of them who pay Income-tax are then, we may assume, voluntary subscribers to the support of Socialism.

We have digressed somewhat because we wished to make it plain that after his rejection at Sunderland we should not have presumed to have quoted Mr. Storey as an authority on opinion; but may we, we wonder, quote him as an authority on demonstrable fact? We take the plunge.

Thus Mr. Storey:

> The Chancellor was bound, according to an agreed rule of sound national finance and in duty to the future, to pay off twenty millions of debt. He has paid off ten millions. His balance-sheet under the audit of Truth would display the result as follows:—
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | I. Payment of debt deferred..... | £10,000,000 |
> | II. Pretended surplus because of I. ..... | 5,500,000 |
> | III. Deficiency if debt paid as usual ..... | 4,500,000 |

Blessed is Free Trade, and the results thereof. Mr. Storey further remarks, which is also fact, "The Chancellor has raised the Income-tax to war level, and imposed taxes oppressive, sectional and unjust, and because unjust, intolerable to honest men." And later he sums up thus—"Free Trade finance, applying to it the vigorous phrase of Sir Edward Grey, 'is dead and damned.'"

The system is not dead because the Income-tax payer persists in pumping the oxygen of the fruits of his toil and industry into the already decaying body of a rotten system of finance.

CECIL COWPER.

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COWPER AND HIS POETRY*—II.

To most poets whose names shine brightly through the gathering mists of years, as beacon-lights leading us to some little haven where we may rest awhile, distinctive qualifications have been attached, for good or ill, by critics of various degrees. Browning is often condemned hastily as the poet of obscurity; Swinburne is adjudged a pagan; Meredith, with truth, is known as the singer of Earth, and of humanity as Earth's children; Wordsworth is the poet of Nature, Keats the worshipper of Beauty. Cowper has been called the poet of trivialities, but if it is necessary thus to docket and label each name with some real or fancied predominant attribute, we should prefer to characterise him as the poet of placidity—a placidity, however, which was occasionally broken by storms of sad emotion when, as in many of his hymns, the conviction of sin and impending doom overwhelmed his sensitive soul. A casual glance down the titles of his "Poems" certainly gives some justification for the charge of triviality: "The Faithful Bird;" "The Poet, the Oyster, and the Sensitive Plant;" "The Nightingale and Glow-worm;" "On Finding the Heel of a Shoe;" "The Retired Cat;" "On a Mischievous Bull, which the owner of him sold at the author's instance"—these, and others, do not ring with any particularly inspiring sound. But it is not by such work that Cowper lives as a poet; nor does he live only by the Olney hymns. There are passages in his lengthy blank-verse epics of the home which remind us irresistibly of Wordsworth—passages which are liable to be overlooked in that formidable mass of print so discouraging to any but the persevering student. Let us disinter one of these delightful interludes from its mass of verbiage, and note, as we read it, that it occurs in Book I. of "The Task," having for its title the curiously incongruous title "The Sofa:"—

> Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
> Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
> The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
> That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
> Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
> The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
> And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
> Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
> And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
> Nor less composure waits upon the roar
> Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
> Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
> Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
> Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
> In matted grass, that with a livelier green
> Betrays the secret of their silent course. . . .
>
> Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
> The livelong night; nor these alone, whose notes
> Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
> But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
> In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
> The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
> That hails the rising moon, have charms for me:
> Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
> Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
> And only there, please highly for their sake.

This is the poet in his sane and sunny mood. "His spirits, when he was in health," said Southey, "were far more buoyant than ordinary men were blest with."

Cowper rarely was inspired to write the thrilling line, the splendid phrase that flows molten from the furnace of the soul into the mould of exquisite language, there fixed and memorable and suggestive for all time; nor by his sheer labour did he forge and fashion many unforgettable stanzas, though there are a few to be noted. That he laboured at his writing, if it were not evident in the careful verse, we could prove from his letter to the Rev. William Unwin, dated November 9th, 1780. "I am glad," he wrote, "when I can find a subject to work upon; a lapidary, I suppose, accounts it a laborious part of his business to rub away the roughness of the stone; but it is my amusement, and if, after all the polishing I can give it, it discovers some little lustre, I think myself well rewarded for my pains." "There is a pleasure in poetic pains," he confessed, "which only poets know," and celebrated—

> the shifts and turns,
> Th' expedients and inventions multiform
> To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms.

But if we are rarely thrilled with the divine ecstasy, we are never annoyed by the tortured phrase, the word wrenched from its meaning for the sake of a mock-archaic or meretricious effect, the pathetic distortion of language, with which some minor poets of to-day so often mar their work. No trace of the pedantic ever appears, although we know that Cowper was a successful student of the classics while at Westminster School, and have his translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey as evidence of a more than ordinary scholarship. Cowper's scholarship—such evidence of it as can be gathered from his poems—was not of the description which delights in ornamenting the lines with classical and erudite allusion; it was rather, as Walter Bagehot observed, the "general and delicate *impression* which the early study of the classics leaves on a nice and susceptible mind;" which is often, we would add, the truest and finest scholarship of all. It is not the kind of learning which puts a man at the top of a list of successful candidates at an examination; but it pervades the intellect, tests the hasty phrase lest it ring falsely, and influences subtly every spoken or written sentence of the maturer life. It is the scholarship of gentle George Herbert, Fellow of Trinity, rector of at tiny Bemerton: never blatant, always subconsciously work, timing, rounding, and harmonising the cadences of song.

No reader with any pretension to a critical taste can deny that Cowper's poetry at times makes tedious reading, even for many consecutive pages; but no man's writings can be considered as separate from his life—least of all those of William Cowper. The "religious conversation till tea-time," which often seems to have filled the afternoons in the garden at Huntingdon, and which was doubtless continued as a digestive recreation at Olney, does not sound very exhilarating fare for a man who was temperamentally morbid, persecuted by illusions both of the eye and ear, convinced that he was eternally lost, and shrinking before an angry God created by his own disordered imagination. The dullness, however, is partly due to the forbidding length and closeness of texture of the longer poems, partly to the occasional old-fashioned manner in which Cowper would enlarge upon a familiar and well-worn theme. One theme which was possibly particularly well-worn—the heel of a shoe picked up at Bath in 1748—will give an example of the grandiloquent style now obsolete, the style which was

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* *Olney Hymns.* By William Cowper. Edited by William Willis. (Published for the Cowper Society by Farncombe and Son.)

Cowper and his Connection with the Law. By William Willis, K.C., LL.D. (Printed for Private Circulation.)

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the lineal progenitor of the Early Victorian "annuals" and "garlands:"—

> This ponderous heel of perforated hide
> Compact, with pegs indented, many a row,
> Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks)
> The weighty tread of some rude peasant clown
> Upbore: on this supported oft he stretched
> With uncouth strides along the furrowed glebe,
> Flattening the stubborn clod, till cruel Time,
> (What will not cruel Time?) on a wry step,
> Severed the strict cohesion; when, alas!
> He, who could erst with even, equal pace
> Pursue his destin'd way with symmetry
> And some proportion formed, now, on one side,
> Curtailed and maimed, the sport of vagrant boys,
> Cursing his frail supporter, treacherous prop!
> With toilsome steps, and difficult, moves on.

And then the inevitable moral is drawn, and the poem closes, having "severed the strict cohesion" which should exist between poetry and beauty. To employ the majestic pentameter on such a subject seems rather like employing a steam-hammer to crack a nut; but it is extraordinarily careful work for a lad in his eighteenth year. Nearly forty years later, after many tribulations, Cowper was engaged on "The Task," which was published in June, 1785, and we find lines which have passed into our memories:—

> O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more.

In this poem appears that placidity which seemed to alternate with Cowper's wild and harassing fears during the later years of his life. "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—my country!" he exclaims; and perhaps the finely patriotic passage which follows that opening vocative inspired Bagehot to say (forgetting half a dozen other names which might be mentioned) that there is no writer "more exclusively English." "The Task," like "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," is one of those poems which most people can quote from, but which most people prefer to "take as read."

It would be interesting, had we space, to draw a few comparisons between the work of George Herbert and the sacred verse of William Cowper. It is certain that Cowper read and pondered over the quaint poems of Herbert, and we can see how, in certain moods, such stanzas as the following would appeal to the lonely-souled dweller in the vale of Olney:—

> Lord, I confesse my sinne is great:
> Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat
> With thy quick flow'r, thy momentarie bloom;
> Whose life still pressing
> Is one undressing,
> A steadie aiming at a tombe. . . .
> Broken in pieces all asunder,
> Lord, hunt me not,
> A thing forgot,
> Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
> A wonder tortur'd in the space
> Betwixt this world and that of grace. . . .

But we must pass over the fascinating hour which might be spent with the two volumes side by side; pass over, also, the many passages and separate poems which are familiar—those of lighter vein, as "John Gilpin," or those of solemn cadence, as "Toll for the Brave"—and glance, in a final article, at the life and wonderful correspondence of the poet.

W. L. R.

REVIEWS

MARRIAGE AND COMMON SENSE

By Arthur Machen

Marriage and Divorce. By Cecil Chapman, Metropolitan Magistrate. (David Nutt. 2s. net.)

> I have been told on good authority (says Mr. Chapman) that amongst the Jews of Bombay there is absolute freedom of divorce by consent for both sexes, and its effect upon conduct is such that divorce never, in fact, takes place. I am not arguing for such complete liberty in this country, but it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that greater individual freedom invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility.

There are two interesting points in this quotation from "Marriage and Divorce"—the former an affair of reasoning, the latter of hard matter of fact. Bombay Jews, says the author, may have a divorce for the asking; and as a result of this indulgence they never want to get divorced. I must say at the outset that I am utterly ignorant as to the manners and customs of the Jews of Bombay; but it is quite evident that the author's reasoning is technically extremely vicious. Granting that these amiable persons may divorce each other; granting, again, that in practice they do not divorce each other—we have no right to conclude that the second proposition is the necessary result of the first. We might be told that the Esquimaux have no law against murder, and that, as a matter of fact, murder is unknown in the Arctic circle but we should not be entitled to say that the mildness of the Esquimaux was the direct result of their lack of the Sixth Commandment. And if we were to go on to argue that if we repealed the laws against murder in England wilful homicide would at once cease to exist, we should evidently be talking very sad nonsense. If these Jews aforesaid can get divorces, and don't get divorces, it is clear that they don't want divorces: perhaps because they are decent people, perhaps because they are indecent people—the question is one of fact and investigation.

Secondly, Mr. Chapman says that individual freedom invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility I should like to be told the reasoning process that has led him to this conclusion. The members of a mob, confronted either by no police at all or by a wholly inadequate force of constables, have undoubtedly a great sense of individual freedom; but it is news indeed to hear that mobs are remarkable for their display of the sense of individual responsibility. The inhabitants of the "Wild West" of America a generation ago certainly enjoyed an enormous sense of individual freedom—they were "west of the law," as somebody remarks of the Galway people in a Lever novel. But the cowboy of those vanished days was a notoriously irresponsible fellow, if the habit of discharging revolvers at random may be held to indicate a lack of the sense of responsibility. Going back in history, the French revolutionaries simply revelled in the sense of individual freedom, and guillotined each other's heads off—a practice which is surely highly irresponsible. And applying the author's general maxim to his especial subject-matter, it is a notorious fact that the marriage laws—or concubinage laws, rather—of the United States of America have utterly failed to produce that sense of responsibility which Mr. Chapman thinks desirable. They have produced the existence of a place called Reno, where male and female citizens who are tired of their companions go and stay for a while, and get easy and automatic release. The place was denounced the other day by a prominent American as a disgrace and a scandal to the whole country. And lest any one with anti-American prejudices should say that this most deplorable and disgust-

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ing state of things is due to some defect inherent in the American nature, I must give the instance of the Awemba (or Wawemba), an African tribe of savages. With this simple and uncivilised race divorce is so free that not even the Jewry of Bombay has greater liberty. But individual freedom does not seem to have produced the desirable responsibility. An official whose task it is to help to govern the Wawemba tribe told me a few weeks ago that it is possible for a lady to have half-a-dozen "husbands" in the course of eighteen months. Indeed, so free from responsibility are the Wawemban ethics that all succession is through the female line, paternity being a matter of mere conjecture and surmise.

So much for a specific piece of reasoning and a specific statement of fact in Mr. Chapman's book. As for the main thesis that divorce should be made much easier and much more accessible than it is now, there are one or two points that seem at least doubtful. The author says, for instance, that difficulty in gaining divorce encourages immorality, and one would like to know what he means by immorality. If he is speaking as a Christian, then the remarriage of a divorced person is against the Christian law, and is, therefore, profoundly immoral, since immorality is nothing more or less than an offence against the rule of religion. So the result of Mr. Chapman's licence would be to substitute for the immorality of adultery the immorality of adultery *plus* the immorality of profaning a sacrament of the Church by a bigamous remarriage. One hardly sees reason in disturbing the law of the Church for so small a gain as this.

If, on the other hand, the Christian Church be dismissed from the case, and it is merely a matter of Mr. Chapman saying: "What I like is moral" and "What I disapprove of is immoral"—well, it is extremely interesting and pleasant to hear Mr. Chapman's views on the matter, but one would like to know who has made him a defining authority on the subject of morals. As he must be aware, if we once set the Christian ethic on one side morals become a mere matter of taste and climate and period; that Wawemba tribe, for example, has a method of ridding itself of mothers-in-law which strikes the good black fellows as innocent, useful, and indeed humorous, whereas an Englishman who employed this interesting little device would be branded with the harsh term of murderer. Mr. Chapman, speaking with an authority the sources of which are to me at least obscure, says it is not immoral to divorce one's wife and marry another woman, while it is (apparently) immoral for a married man to have a mistress. And I really cannot see that Mr. Chapman's opinion matters in the least. He talks freely of "immorality" as if he knew what it meant; but he might remember that many nations and tribes at least as respectable as the Bombay Jews have sanctioned the second wife and even the third and fourth wives. Who is Mr. Chapman to dismiss Islam and China and Japan as nests of immorality? One may strain the jurisdiction of Metropolitan Magistrate a little too far.

The fact is, of course, that the author of "Marriage and Divorce" thinks that he has made out a strong, an irresistible, case for the "reform" (as he would call it) of the marriage laws of the Church because he proves without any difficulty that these laws are attended in many cases by great hardships. But he should have remembered, as a lawyer, that hard cases make bad law. You can take any law on the statute-book and show that in certain cases its enforcement must be attended by well-nigh intolerable hardships; but it has always been held that this fact is no argument for the repeal of the law in question, though it may afford good reason for treating this or that offender with a wise leniency.

And secondly, Mr. Chapman forgets, it would seem, that the Catholic religion bristles with intolerable hardships, as we call them. It calls upon men in express terms to do violence to their fondest desires; to return good for evil, for example, and to love their enemies; to pluck out their eyes and to cut off their hands. So the marriage law of the Church, in so far as it makes for hard cases, is perfectly congruous with the rest of the Church's discipline. We readily allow, of course, that not only in the matter of marriage, but in many other matters, nay, in all matters, we fall very far short of the ideal placed before us. We confess that we must not steal from our brother, or defraud him, or go beyond him in any way—and some of us are burglars and some of us are company-promoters, and some of us know how to frame a prospectus so as to rob our brother with security and despatch. Still, in spite of all these divagations, we have not yet had the gross indecency to demand the erasure of the Eighth Commandment and the laws against theft and swindling on the ground that these regulations are "counsels of perfection." We are vile sinners, and we know that we are vile sinners; but we have not yet fallen to that dark depth which denies the existence of sin.

Generalising more widely still, one may say that Mr. Chapman's thesis is founded on the belief that if people are allowed to do exactly as they please—like those Bombay Jews—they will be perfectly happy. Every child is of this opinion, and so it sucks boiling water from the kettle-spout and digs its fingers cheerfully into the depths of the burning flames. Still it is not perfectly happy; and still—if it survive—it will repeat the physical process in the ethical field; continually assuaging its thirst in the waters of Phlegethon, continually toying with the fires of Gehenna, continually surprised to find that, after all these efforts, it is not perfectly happy.

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

Egypt. By PIERRE LOTI. Illustrated. (Werner Laurie. 15s. net.)

In the Land of the Pharaohs. By DUSE MOHAMED. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

EGYPT is the land of perennial and varied interest. If we remember rightly, exponents of prophecy have chosen it as the seat and pivot of portentous happenings on this terrestial globe. Certainly they have excellent cause to do so; and they cannot be blamed if their attention gravitates thitherward as the needle to the pole. Back beyond the beginnings of Babylon, even before the warlike splendour of Assyria stirred to glory, Egypt had not only a finished organisation and jurisprudence, but a considerable conception of Art. Its traffic with the occult in those far days has given it a psychic atmosphere, and this in itself is sufficient to set the Land of the Pharaohs in the forefront of attention, for the mind is ever ceaselessly occupied with mysteries.

Not only, however, back in remote times is the interest of Egypt centred. It is not less the centre of interest for modern statesmen occupied with modern problems than it is the centre of interest for the archæologist occupied with the beginnings of history. There is no other example of a country whose interest has been so continuous and so sustained. And not only so, but it seems no less to have played a crucial part at the very crisis of every empire from the earliest days to this very moment. It was Egypt that set the boundary to the conquests of Assyria, finally bringing decay into that power. Indeed, the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets seem actually to suggest that Egypt even more actively promoted the causes of the final fall of that power. It was in Egypt that Alexander set up the memorial of his conquests, and it was there that

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he chose the chief city of his empire. It was with Egypt the fight was fought that shattered the decaying Roman Republic and set up the Roman Empire. It was to Egypt Napoleon went after his furious conquests in Italy, and it was from Egypt he returned to snatch the chief power in the new French Republic. It was in Egypt that the first blow was given to his omnipotence by Nelson. It was when her hold loosened on Egypt that France fell away from her place of power among the nations. It was Egypt that gave England the key to the East. It is Egypt that is the key to the East now. And it will perhaps be Egypt, one way or another, that shall decide what is to be the future of the British Empire.

Plainly then, Egypt is a matter of more than ordinary interest; and, since this is so, the more varied the lights in which we can see her the better it will be for our intelligent appreciation of the problems she raises. It is only a fearful man who hesitates to hear all the voices, or who cannot give an opponent attention. Not so very long since, in Lord Cromer's monumental work, we had the English point of view. Since then, in Mr. Roosevelt's speech, we have had what one might call, despite possible protests from the other side of the water, the American point of view. In the two books before us we have yet two more points of view wholly at variance with these. M. Loti is a Frenchman, and a member of the French Academy. On the other hand, Mr. Duse Mohamed is a native Egyptian in full sympathy with the aspirations of his countrymen, with full knowledge of their aim, and thoroughly acquainted with England and the people of England, having been resident here for some twenty-seven years.

It is little that these two have in common, save a hatred of England, if that word does not rather demean their mutual attitude. To M. Loti Egypt is "a place of dream-like aspect, fraught with mystery. . . . A world in which everything is suffused with rosy colour beneath the stars of midnight, and where granite symbols rise up, ghostlike and motionless." His attitude to the country is poetic, in the lesser and lower meaning of that word. He sees it as the land of mystery and antiquity. He is therefore roused to bitter anger at the sight in it of "that special type of humanity which patronises Thomas Cook and Son (Egypt Ltd.)." He goes to the Temple of Abydos, glorying in its smooth, ancient silences, and strikes on a party of tourists having a noisy luncheon in a litter of greasy paper, at which his anger knows no bounds, and seeks its revenge by impugning the beauties of the daughters of Albion. He has nothing but anger for the Nile works, and he imagines that ancient river of mystery made eternally hideous in a near day by factory-chimneys belching vile smoke. He wins sympathy in all this, for his descriptions—even though they appear in a translation that sometimes does but scant justice to the music and colour of his French—show him to be a lover indeed of the country, or, rather, not so much the country that is as the country that was.

To Mr. Duse Mohamed, however, Egypt is not a country of antiquity, but a country of a thriving modernity. He does not see it as a country of lapsed glory, but a country of achievement and promise. His glance, in other words, is not backward, but forward. The sub-title of his book is "A Short History of Egypt from the Fall of Ismail to the Assassination of Boutros Pasha," and consequently there is no hint in it of earlier splendour. We do not mean merely that he gives no history earlier than the fall of "Ismail the Magnificent." It would, of course, obviously be impossible to do so—and improper, too, since a book must be its own entity. It is a deeper question than this, for he is so occupied with the completely modern spirit (with which M. Loti is so wrath), that he seems totally impervious to the glamour of the country, even as a stockbroker in the whirl of a changing market is totally unaware of the extraordinary revelry of colour the clouds over his head are having in the last rays of the setting sun.

Nor is this an unimportant matter. It is just this lack of colour in the modern Egyptian Nationalist Movement that is perplexing. We may not agree with the movement; but we do say that if those who take a considerable part in it showed themselves possessed with a completer sense of all that their country has been, if they used the word Egypt more as a word to conjure with, they would perhaps strike more conviction on their protestations. This is just where M. Loti's volume throws such cross-lights over this book penned by an Egyptian hand. M. Loti sees the colour of the country, and nothing else. Mr. Duse Mohamed sees everything but the colour of the country.

In the earlier portion of his work Mr. Duse Mohamed treads over familiar ground, and, although there are passages enough where we cannot follow him, it is not that portion of his book in which he comes to issue with his subject. It is when he refers to Fashoda that he becomes not the historian, but the Nationalist protagonist. Sir Reginald Wingate calls the Fashoda incident "a nightmare which is better forgotten," and Lord Cromer, in his history, dismisses the subject with a footnote, declaring that the reason he gives it prominence is that then for the first time Egyptians realised that England did not propose to evacuate Egypt, and that it was impossible for her to do so seeing that she had possession of the upper reaches of the Nile. Surely this displayed a considerable shortsightedness on their part. England's inability to evacuate was manifest long before then. And in his strictures on Lord Cromer it would be well for Mr. Duse Mohamed to remember that the *rôle* of critic is an easy one. It is noticeable that he refrains from comment on the assassination of Boutros Pasha.

We would not be so churlish as to neglect Mr. Mohamed's work simply because we do not agree with him. Moreover, in much of his book, due perhaps to his life in England, he is far more open-minded in his dealings with fact than many of his co-workers. But we would advise him, with all possible courtesy, to two courses. One is not to vilify his opponents when there is no need to do so, and the other is to pay heed to that spirit in which M. Loti approaches his subject, and to let his patriotism move more in the light of the history of the wonderful country which knows him for citizen. The concluding paragraphs of his book are conceived in a mood that is just and weighty. They ring with conviction.

THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT

[First Notice]

Visitation Articles and Injunctions of the Period of the Reformation. Alcuin Club Collections. Vols. XIV., XV., XVI. Edited by Walter Howard Frere, D.D. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 1910. £4.)

Students of the Reformation Settlement owe a debt of gratitude, primarily to the Alcuin Club, and then to Dr. Frere and his fellow-workers, for these fine volumes, full of most important and interesting matter, which give original sources in which "the religious changes of the sixteenth century in England may be followed year by year, or even at times month by month, with an amount of detail which is enough to be illuminating, and not enough to be burdensome."

Froude, whose ignorance of ecclesiology was colossal, had the hardihood to say in his history, in a notorious passage, that "the Church of England was a limb lopped off from

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the Catholic trunk; it was cut away from the stream by which its vascular system had been fed," adding that the Anglican Episcopate was an illusion dependent on the Throne of Elizabeth, "a thing merely of this world—a convenient political arrangement." History as a science has advanced considerably since Froude's partisan day, and though Roman controversialists, notably Dom Birt in his "Elizabethan Religious Settlement," have made the most of Froude's unhistorical statements, research into contemporary records, like those now before us, shows clearly enough that neither Henry VIII., nor Elizabeth, nor even the prig-child reformer Edward VI., had the slightest intention of trying to found a brand new Church. The continuity of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* of the Customs of William I. and of Magna Charta is shown more plainly every day by the unbiassed production of original documents. However drastically reformed, the Church of England in her doctrines, rites, and ceremonies still remains, despite the influence of the German and Continental reformers, a branch of the Catholic Church. Much may be learned from these Visitations and Injunctions to this effect. In the first place, we naturally ask what was the object of the Royal Visitations of Henry VIII., who put aside for the time the ancient custom of episcopal Visitations, except by special commission? Even the German Protestant historian Haüsser admits that "Henry VIII. hated the Reformers and the Reformation with a passionate hatred." He believed in Papal authority, till it collided with his own in the matter of the annulment of his marriage with Katherine of Aragon. So his object was to overthrow the Papal and to establish a Royal supremacy. In his very able introduction, which occupies about one-half of the first of these volumes, Dr. Frere shows how Henry suspended by inhibition the jurisdiction of the Ordinary so that the Royal visitors should have the whole jurisdiction in their hands: an intervention never before attempted by the Crown. From the "Documents" edited by Hardy and Gee (quoted) it appears that Henry, having assumed the style and title of Supreme Head of the Church of England, forthwith appointed Thomas Cromwell his Vicar-General, and Cromwell in 1536 issued in the King's name the First Royal Injunctions of Henry VIII. Now the real importance of these Injunctions lies in the first article, which commands the clergy to observe, and cause to be observed, all the laws and statutes made "for the abolishing and extirpation of the Bishop of Rome's pretended and usurped power and jurisdiction within this realm, and for the establishment and confirmation of the King's authority and jurisdiction within the same, as of the supreme Head of the Church of England." The Eleventh Item of the Second Royal Injunctions (1538) enjoins the presenting to the King's Highness of "any favourer of the Bishop of Rome's pretended power, now by the laws of this realm justly rejected and extirpated." It is true that these Injunctions contain certain minor reforms, but there is no suggestion of any attempt to break the ecclesiastical continuity of the Church of England as part of the Catholic Church. Nothing was further from Henry's mind. And to speak of Henry VIII. as the founder of the Church of England is simply a controversial device and a grave historical blunder.

But the claim for a Royal Supremacy was in itself nothing new. As Dr. Frere points out, "Justinian had claimed no less, and his intervention in the affairs of the Church had been minute and widespread. Charlemagne had carried through reforms relying on the like claim," and very similar to his was Henry's method of procedure. After these Royal Visitations the episcopal inhibitions were relaxed in some cases, while in others a commission for visitation was issued to certain Bishops. The second volume of this collection gives no less than fifty-nine sets of Injunctions and Articles for various dioceses and cathedrals, also for the University of Cambridge and for certain colleges at Oxford, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary.

One of the most important facts to be learned from these Injunctions is that, although sufficiently drastic reforms in flagrant abuses were regularly and consistently enforced, there existed throughout a clear intention that there should be "no departure from the Catholic Faith."

The nature and purport of the Visitations may be determined from some examples.

First, Royal Injunctions (1536), Item 4: "They shall not set forth or extol any images, relics, or miracles for any superstition or lucre, nor allure the people by any enticements to the pilgrimage of any saint."

Item 5: Children and servants to be taught, "even from their infancy, their Pater Noster, the Articles of our Faith (*i.e.*, the Creed) and the Ten Commandments in their mother tongue." This, however, was an ancient provision dating back so far as the Council of Cloveshoe, A.D. 747, and the order of Archbishop Peckham in 1281.

Item 7: Every parson . . . to provide a book of the whole Bible, both in Latin and also in English, and lay the same in the choir, for every man that will to look and read thereon."

Item 10: "Every parson having yearly an hundred pounds shall give competent exhibition for one scholar . . . in the University of Oxford or Cambridge, or some grammar-school."

A curious tariff regulating the preaching of sermons is revealed in Archbishop Lee's Injunctions for York Diocese. Item 12: Every curate resident and able shall make four solemn sermons in the year, one every quarter: not resident having £5, one solemn sermon; having £10, two; having £15, three; and so on. Multiplying these sums by ten for the altered value of money, the clergy in this present day of much preaching would be wealthy indeed if paid on a like scale; or the plethora of sermons would be satisfactorily reduced. Item 15: The people "may in no wise yield worship to any images, lowtinge or bowing down or kneeling, nor offering them money or wax, or unlight, or any other thing. . . . Nevertheless, they may still use lights in the rood-loft and afore the Sacrament."

Bishop Shaxton, of Salisbury, makes short work of the "intolerable superstition" of so-called "holy relics"—viz., "stinking boots, mucky combs, ragged rochets, rotten girdles, pyld purses, great bullocks' horns, locks of hair, and filthy rags, gobbetts of wood, under the name of parcels of the holy cross, and such pelfry beyond estimation. . . . Therefore in remedy thereof . . . I command you and every of you that you send all such your relics (as they be called) one and other unto me at mine house at Ramsbury or other-where. . . ." But there is no account of the good Bishop's disposal of all this quaint and unsavoury pelfry.

Bishop Bonner enjoins the clergy of London that "Priests shall not rehearse no sermons made by other men within these two or three hundred years," and that "no preacher shall rage or rail in his sermon, but coldly, discreetly, and charitably declare and set forth the excellency of virtue." Bishop Voysey, of Exeter, endeavoured to put down the Celtic custom of death wakes. Item 11: "That every curate within my diocese, and especially within the Archdeaconry of Cornwall, exhort effectuously their parishioners, that at the death of their friends they have no solemn night watches or drinkings, whereof ensueth many offences, slanders, &c."

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HAINES OF INKERMAN

The Life of Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Paul Haines. By Robert S. Rait. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is not unusual, but natural, for a biographer to see a hero in the protagonist of his story, but when Mr. Rait applies the term in passing, without explanation, to Sir Frederick Haines, he must not expect general concurrence. Haines, throughout his career, whether in action or on the staff, as a subordinate or in command, showed himself to be a very capable officer: he attained a great age—very nearly ninety—and was a Field-Marshal: but he would have been the last to regard himself as a hero. Mr. Rait is evidently fond of the word. "Heroes," he says, "is too weak a word for the battle of Inkerman," and in his preface, "There were many heroes at Inkerman."

At the age of twenty Haines went to India to join his regiment. His eldest brother had married Sir Hugh (afterwards Lord) Gough's third daughter. This family connection proved an important factor in Haines's life. Gough became Commander-in-Chief in India, 1843-9. In November, 1844, Haines was appointed Gough's A.D.C., and served as his Military Secretary through part of the first Sikh War, the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6, and the whole of the second Sikh War, 1848-9. The late Sir Patrick Grant, Adjutant-General in India, 1846-51, had also married a daughter of Gough. When Grant became Commander-in-Chief at Madras in 1856 Haines accompanied him as Military Secretary; also to Calcutta during the two months, June to August, 1857, when Grant officiated as Chief in India before Colin Campbell arrived. Family interest doubtless helped Haines to positions in which he was thrown with distinguished men; he saw behind the scenes, and was concerned in a variety of important military affairs. But he would not have risen as he did unless he had utilised his opportunities and exhibited a fitness for higher employment. In due course he succeeded to the command of the Mysore Division 1865-70; he became Quartermaster General in England in 1870-71, held the chief command in Madras 1871-5, and the chief command in India 1876-81. Thus, although belonging to the English Army, he served nearly thirty years in India, with intervals of regimental duty, staff employ, and commands in the United Kingdom and in the Crimea which need not be particularised.

It was the Crimean war that gave Haines the chance of distinction and of showing his real grit. He landed in the Crimea a regimental Captain in the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, but a Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. He was engaged in the battle of the Alma, and describes the action; but "Inkerman," on the 5th November, 1854, was "the day of our hero's life," says Mr. Rait. General Pennefather some years later acknowledged that the wing of the 21st, posted at the stone "Barrier" across the road, held its ground most toughly, though constantly attacked and pressed by heavy odds; and that Haines, succeeding to the command, conducted himself admirably—"never a man more efficient, more cheery, more cool, and more with his wits about him;" he "knew no man whom he would sooner have under him on active service as a brigadier." It was near nightfall when Haines was permitted to withdraw his Fusiliers from the "Barrier," having held for six hours the post where the Russians fought persistently, remorselessly. He received full credit for his defence of the "Barrier," but not for the aggressive movement, undertaken, when feasible, on his own responsibility on the Shell Hill held by the Russians, from which they were driven. The credit for this particular movement was given to another officer, but Haines recorded the true facts in a memorandum quoted in this volume.

Haines saw no fighting in the Mutiny: Madras was quiet. From Sir Patrick Grant he was gaining much experience; so early as February, 1857, Grant remonstrated against the use of the greased cartridges as opposed to the religious prejudices of both Hindus and Muhammadans. He foresaw danger in certain changes which had been introduced, and which were likely to give only too good a handle for arousing among the sensitive Sepoys suspicions of the intentions of the East India Company. When the Mutiny occurred he advocated an immediate move upon Delhi. Haines's diary of June 23rd records how an old native officer told his English commander at Fyzabad: "This (Mutiny) has been long planned. We have long since determined on taking the country and re-establishing the old Muhammadan dynasty," the native officer adding, "the Hindus were formerly against the Muhammadans; they are now united against the English." Sir Colin Campbell had one day at Balaclava reproved Haines for taking excessive precautions, and remarked to a companion, "that d—d fellow was with the chief (Gough) at Chillianwallah." In Calcutta "Sir Colin was immensely civil to me," wrote Haines; "I am his 'dear friend' here. At Balaclava I was that d—d fellow."

The difficult time of Haines's career was while he was Commander-in-Chief in Lord Lytton's Viceroyalty. Lytton was constitutionally obliged to consult Haines on military affairs, but really relied on his Military Private Secretary Colley for military advice. Colley, a brilliant theoretical Staff College Professor, differed *in toto* on all military questions from the views, alleged to be antiquated, held by Haines, which were based on personal experience and the responsibility of his position. The Afghan war of 1878-80 brought out their differences. The Viceroy, by his superior position, supported by Colley's knowledge and military capacity, could overrule Haines. Mr. Rait takes the latter's side. Nothing could remove the responsibility of the chief except the assumption of higher responsibility by the Viceroy. The tension was notorious at Simla during the war. Haines might have resigned, but that would have done no good. Colley, a strong believer in the breechloader, thought "quite seriously that a British regiment, one thousand strong, armed with Martini-Henry rifles, ought to be able to march at will through the length and breadth of Afghanistan, when once clear of the Khyber and Kuram Passes." Haines's policy was to avoid all dashing expeditions and to make sure by overwhelming strength. Thus he was opposed to the wonderful idea of rushing through Afghanistan to attack the Russians in Central Asia, and to Cavagnari's project of a surprise attack on Ali Musjid. The Kuram Valley was Colley's avowed hobby. Haines thought it useless for military purposes. While he thoroughly sympathised with the aims of Lytton's "Forward Policy," he constantly disapproved of its methods. He desired to find an opportunity of establishing a British garrison at Herat. He wished to take command at Kabul, but was detained by Lytton at headquarters; his scheme of commanding from Peshawar led to strained relations and had to be abandoned.

Lord Lytton's complaint of the powers of military darkness against which he had not unsuccessfully struggled for four years must have referred to Haines. Their differences of opinion subsisted throughout the war. But it was Haines who first anticipated disaster from Ayub Khan, the victor of Maiwand, and who first suggested the despatch of the force which Roberts led from Kabul to Kandahar. In other respects his foresight is now published. Early in 1849 he wrote: "The Panjab will become the granary of Britain; you may eat bread of Goojrat flour." In 1881, while

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opposing the Indian Army Commission all he could, he proposed the abolition of the military Member of Council, which Kitchener succeeded, against Lord Curzon, in effecting in 1905. In 1882 he wrote of Germany "using every effort to develop her naval resources. Give her time and she will be a naval factor in the solution of the Eastern question of enormous power. . . . She has that organising power which enables her to provide enormous and efficient naval as well as military resources at comparatively small cost to the country." On military subjects he had his own views, against the Staff Corps, for instance; like others, he advocated the retention of Kandahar; he was intensely loyal to his former chiefs, Gough and Grant, differing from Dalhousie's estimate of Gough's merits; he generously showed no jealousy of younger men and exercised great self-restraint; he refused a baronetcy. Mr. Rait records Lord Granville's remark that during the war Haines's arrangements never failed.

Mr. Rait's well-written book will enhance Haines's reputation as a military administrator, a brave officer, and a far-sighted observer, as a man of culture and taste. It contains, too, some fresh information. His slips in Indian words should not have occurred. He writes Mesh, Devra-i-noor, Karsauli, Burkhak, Synd, for Misl, Darya-i-noor, Kasauli, Butkhak, Syud; and surely, on page 261, Ayub should have been Yakoob. *Aliquando dormitat Homerus:* but why cannot writers using Indian names be more careful?

THE YELLOW PERIL

The Conflict of Colour. Being a Detailed Examination of Racial Problems throughout the World, with Special Reference to the English-speaking Peoples. By B. L. Putnam Weale. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

One of the most recent additions to the literature of the philosophy of history is the above-mentioned book, in which the mutual relationship between the white and the coloured races of the world is discussed, and the possibilities of the future are foreshadowed not altogether to the satisfaction of the average European citizen, whose self-sufficiency will probably receive a severe shock therefrom. Mr. Putnam Weale has many qualifications for his task which some predecessors in the same field have lacked. He is not the armchair theorist who writes and essays to direct human thought without having obtained any practical acquaintance with his subject. He knows the coloured races—or, rather, one section of them—well. In the Far East he is at home, and his earlier books show him to be an authority on the subject of its politics and its peoples. In spite of all this, however, intelligent readers of the present volume will feel some hesitation in accepting all Mr. Weale's conclusions without qualification. They will feel somewhat of a shock, for instance, when they find such an inaccuracy as the omission of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony from the tale of Britain's African possessions. The annexation of these two States, although recent, occurred sufficiently long ago to render the satisfactory explanation of such an omission impossible. It will also be felt that his deductions from history sometimes appear faulty, and doubt will occasionally arise when his generalisations are considered. Despite these defects, however, the book is one which undoubtedly justifies itself, and those who study it will find therein much that will cause them to think deeply.

Mr. Weale is frankly a pessimist. On almost his first page he states his position in the following passage:—"To the white races in the lands of the coloured peoples, the twentieth century, unlike all its predecessors, can only prove a century of retroaction and redemise; and it is from this point of view that the whole vast question of the conflict of colour will be considered." East is East and West is West, and in the future the dividing line between them will be even more definite than in the past. Yet, if the coloured races wrench themselves free from the domination of the white, there will be a certain poetic justice in their liberation. From out of Europe were derived Europe's religion, her philosophy and much of her arts. It was the exploits of Europe out of Europe by which the last fetters of the Middle Ages were struck off. Thus Europe is, and always will remain, deeply in the debt of the remainder of the Old World. But now that the era of the nineteenth and the previous centuries is closing, a new era is at hand. "The old conditions have disappeared. Europe and Asia—and later, Europe and Africa—must inevitably return to something similar to the relationship once existing between West and East. The equality between the two which once existed will surely be re-established—the relationship which has now definitely existed for more than four centuries, and which owes its origin to the white man's sudden conquest of the ocean, while his abandonment of land routes must give place to something which, though it sounds very novel, is really a revival of something very old. By his conquest of the sea the white man gathered wealth from far and wide, and shook off his provincialism. Knowledge naturally followed; with knowledge came power; and this power led to his world-dominion. Marvellous indeed is it thus to follow out the long yet eminently simple chain of antecedents which brings us to the present day." In this passage is summed up Mr. Weale's philosophy.

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Weale foresees the possibility, much less the probability, of the subjugation of Europe or of North America by the black or yellow races. To him such a *dénouement* is unthinkable. Within certain limits, he holds, the boundaries of all the races are now fixed. There will, of course, be readjustments of frontiers, but these will be relatively trifling. In the future, he states unhesitatingly and unequivocably, there will be no more migrations *en masse* as in the past. "To this rule there are no exceptions." Is he not, however, somewhat too positive in this prophecy? The most far-seeing of us can after all see but a few years ahead. There is no present prospect of an invasion of Europe, but yet it is not altogether inconceivable that the Chinese should one day arise and march westwards, and if they did they would penetrate far into Europe before the movement would be checked. In another direction some onlookers already see an Asiatic immigration. The Japanese islands are already full of inhabitants, and there is an overflow on to the Asiatic continent as well as to the neighbouring islands. What may prove to be the beginnings of a Japanese invasion have already been felt on the other side of the Pacific, and there are those who fear for the future of Australia at the hands of immigrants of the same race. And it must be remembered that when a nation moves no conceivable anti-alien legislation can stop its march. Mr. Weale considers the principal defence against this possibility is the increase of population in all countries. The world is so rapidly filling that there will soon be no room for any considerable movement. For instance, it will still be very many years before the lands of Russia are over-populated, while the population of America and Australia will remain sparse for a still longer period.

It will be seen that Mr. Weale says that, generally speaking, the boundaries of the races are now settled. There are, however, still some debatable regions, and these he foresees will fall, probably without an exception, to the coloured races. America south of the United States, with the excep-

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tion of the Argentine, Chili, and the coast districts of Brazil, cannot finally remain dominated by the whites. Africa must ultimately become black, with the possible exceptions of Algeria and the extreme south of the continent. Even Northern Queensland may be recovered by the Polynesians, and the Pacific provinces of Siberia are already in danger from the yellow man. The tide has turned. The future will see no more conquests from black, brown, or yellow. They, on the other hand, are more likely to recover some of their lost ground.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance Mr. Weale considers the greatest mistake in recent international politics. It is an unnatural alliance, the mating of white and yellow, and, like all other unnatural alliances, it can result only in misfortune. For the first time in history since Europe came into existence, a coloured race has been accepted by a white one as an equal. The consequences of this terrible mistake will be widespread. They will be found far beyond the boundaries of the island kingdom. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance will react throughout Asia, and its offsets will be found throughout half of the coloured world. It was the white man who secured the command of the ocean, and it has become his prerogative. "He learnt it in the bitter school of suffering, and not solely by the aid of the mariner's compass. . . . Now on the Pacific that prerogative has been partially lost." In this refrain does Mr. Weale continue, and, as we said earlier in this notice, the perusal of this volume will tend severely to shock the complacency of the average European citizen. It is as a Jeremiah that Mr. Putnam Weale comes forward. Yet if England will only mend her ways and reform her policies, the future is indeed not yet lost. The resources of diplomacy are not yet exhausted. "China must be made to balance against Japan as she once did; in the Nearer East, India of her own strength must be made to balance against the chaotic world lying beyond her frontiers and reaching to Egypt and Turkey, as well as against any new European menace." Along these lines, says Mr. Weale, and along these lines alone, lies the path of salvation.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

Conversations with Napoleon at St. Helena. By Henry Meynell. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)

There is no sign of any diminution of Napoleon literature. One may presume, therefore, that there is no lessening of the world-interest in his personality. This argues a true sense of proportion. Napoleon strode the world like a Colossus, and men—smaller men—must learn to preserve their reverence. Lord Rosebery's "The Last Phase" told authoritatively the history of those five and a-half years Napoleon spent upon the rock at St. Helena. But this little volume is a record of conversations with him during the years 1816-1817, when Captain Meynell "was serving in the *Newcastle*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who was Commander-in-Chief at St. Helena Station, specially appointed to enforce a rigid blockade of the island, and to keep a close guard on Bonaparte." In some degree these records refer to conversations already recorded fully in a Diary of St. Helena, 1816-1817, published by Lady Malcolm in 1899. But they are valuable for the different forms of expression which give a fuller glimpse of the meetings, and also for the new matter they afford.

The conversations range over the whole list of human interests, almost from battles to gardening, from the method of electing the Scottish Peers to the construction of an ice-machine. Everything seemed to interest Napoleon, and he directed the conversation in such a way that he always managed to obtain the information he required. He seems to have been both gracious and great in his manner to his visitors. Here are a few samples as recorded:—

> He then observed that there were more Chymists in France than in England, and that the study was more general. The Admiral asked him if he had heard of Sir Humphry Davy. He replied he had seen him in Paris. He then proposed to the Admiral a walk in the garden. . . . He reverted to his favourite topic—Egypt. He asked How much of a Ship of the Line could be hightened to, so as to take her over a Shoal into a Harbour. He said, Had Admiral Bruix taken my advice he would have saved his Fleet by getting it into Alexandria. . . .

The conversation continues about shipping, and then goes on:—

> He asked what nations had abolished the Slave trade, and said that we ought to have obliged the Portuguese to relinquish it entirely. . . . He asked what we did with the slaves that were seized. . . . He said that in time, Africa, by their spreading into the Interior, might become civilised. There was an iron tank at Longwood taken out of one of the ships. He asked, How long they had been in use in the navy. He thought it an excellent invention, and wondered he had not before heard of it.

Another conversation a few days later:—

> He asked me if I was married. I answered, No. And the Admiral observed that I was young enough. B. next asked my age. The Admiral then added, laughing, that sailors ought not to marry soon, as they were often absent a long time from their wives. B. was silent a short time, and then said, Yes! I believe you are right: Les Femmes quelquefois font des sottises.

We are told of the next visit: "He was dressed in a plain Green Coat, double-breasted, with a Fall-down Collar, and a handsome Star of the Legion of Honour." Of another conversation we learn—

> The Admiral particularly remarked this day that in his description of various events he made use of the strongest expressions, and that he was not very nice in the expressions he used. He generally keeps his cocked hat in his hand, but this day, when he was energetic, he often laid it down and took it up again. He this day, and has before said, on the Admiral observing that particular plans of his had not succeeded, J'étais trompé.
>
> Lady Malcolm remarked that if he had remained on the Throne of France he would never have liked the English. "Pardon me," said he, "I had always the highest opinion of the English character, and as a proof I trusted to it and was duped, otherwise I should not have been here. If I had not preferred coming to you, I could have gone to my Father-in-law and have had one of his Palaces to live in."
>
> He took notice of Lady Malcolm's gown, and asked her if it was of Scotch manufacture. She replied in the affirmative. He said: "That is right; we should all wear the manufactures of our own countries."

We have heard that view with a more recent application. Here is our final quotation:—

> He then exclaimed: "I have worn the Imperial Crown of France, the Iron Crown of Italy, but the English have done more for me than they: they have given me a more glorious one—that which was worn by the Saviour of the World, a Crown of Thorns. Every insult and oppression offered to me by the English adds to my fame, and I want nothing more to complete my renown but to bear my misfortunes with firmness."

This little book is certainly worthy of a place on the shelves of the student of Napoleonic literature.

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A PIONEER CHORUS-MASTER

Dr. Henry Coward: the Pioneer Chorus-Master. By J. A. Rodgers. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

A book that tells us about a man who is at once a Mark Tapley and a Bismarck must be worth reading, and Mr. Rodgers in this book describes Dr. Coward, the well-known choir-trainer of Sheffield, as a "Sexagenarian Mark Tapley," though in music he "is a man of blood and iron." Truly the little book was worth writing, and it should appeal to the sympathies of all who can admire a man who has carved out for himself a fine and honourable career as a musician, having started in life as a cutler's apprentice. "The child had not had six months' successive schooling when hard necessity drove him to help in the bread-winning for the family." The story of this child's determination to educate himself, to use his brains, and eventually to follow the voice which told him that Music was to be the true business of his life, is very stirring As boy and as young man he was "splendid," and the best lesson to be learned from his life is found in those early years. Were it not for the importance of Dr. Coward's work as a trainer of first-class choirs, we should have to say that he is less interesting as a man of fame than as the boy who gave up the high wages earned by an expert maker of knives to become a pupil-teacher at 20*l.* a year; the young man who, after his day's toil, gave up five nights a week to the conducting of small choirs, and studied so incessantly to educate himself and others, that he could afterwards say "At forty I took my first holiday."

Dr. Coward was that age when the Charity Commissioners suppressed the school of which he was head master. He determined to turn to music for a livelihood, and, without instruction from any one, worked till he had matriculated at Oxford and taken his degrees as Bachelor and Doctor of Music, supporting himself by the fees he received for conducting singing-classes. No doubt he knew that Yorkshire's love of music would keep him from starvation, though he must have remembered one of his employers telling him, "You may as well go to the devil as learn music." It was the fashion in the present writer's boyhood for fathers to assure musically-inclined sons that if they learned music they were certain to end by breaking stones upon the road.

Gradually Dr. Coward earned competence and fame, for when the first "Sheffield Musical Festival" was held it was at once apparent that the teacher who had trained that chorus was a man of exceptional gifts. Now his activities are not confined to Sheffield; he goes far afield to train choirs and conduct them. His genius has certainly consisted in the power to take pains. Mr. Rodgers devotes a chapter to the exposition of Dr. Coward's methods of teaching, and the thoroughness of these is amazing. We should like some of the easy critics of choral singing to read that chapter and learn what diligence, what capacity is demanded from both master and pupils. And we recommend everybody who has to do with a choir, every village school master or mistress in Great Britain and America, every lady who teaches a church choir or a factory-girls' class, to buy Mr. Rodgers' book and learn from it some of Dr. Coward's secrets of choir-training.

Mr. Rodgers' claim for Dr. Coward that he is "the pioneer" chorus-master is probably an overstatement. There was much excellent choir-training in Yorkshire and elsewhere before Dr. Coward's work was begun. But it may well be that in the vigour of his methods and in his perception of the further possibilities of chorus-singing he deserves to rank as a leader of compelling influence.

In a recent issue of the *Contemporary Review* an article appeared on the subject of chorus-singing, the writer of which takes a very optimistic view of the possible development of choirs and their influence on composition. He thinks that Great Britain possesses several composers of genius (we wish we knew who they were!) who cannot afford to compose for the costly modern orchestras, for no publisher will risk printing their sublime efforts. It seems that these compositions are "bandied about and studied and admired" by a select group of sympathisers. Now choirs are not expensive, and owing to such organisers as the late Miss Wakefield, and such trainers as Dr. Coward and others, we have what may fairly be styled "virtuoso" choirs. Let the unknown composers write for the choirs, suggests the *Contemporary*, and give up their symphonic poems. It is quite true that some composers (but they are not entirely unknown, though they may not be numbered among the men of genius) are attempting, in their writing for choirs, to arrive at "hitherto undreamed-of effects in tone, colour, dramatic description, and lyrical expressiveness." We know well enough by this time that the music can be too difficult for some of the choirs which Great Britain can boast of, and it is heartily to be wished that our composers may continue their design of writing special music for these companies of *virtuosi*, for when a choral concert is given without orchestra, the programme-maker would be only too glad to know of pieces which will enable the choir to show that it is as capable of varied effects as an orchestra if only it is allowed scope.

A VIEW OF ROME

Sixtine Rome. By J. A. F. Orbaan, D.Ph. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

It was no mere random selection that suggested to the inventor of the proverb "When you are at Rome do as Rome does" the choice of his city. The counsel is no doubt of general application; but, taken in its most literal sense, it has a quite particular significance. At no other place in the world do association and imagination play us such tricks. Paris may be learnt in an elementary way from the Ritz or the Elysée Palace, a notion of Oxford may be formed from a base of operations at the Randolph; but to attempt to know Rome from the standpoint of, say, the Quirinal Hotel is to court disaster. Dr. Orbaan is a missionary of this truth; like many another archæologist, whose province is the Eternal City, he carries with him a poet ever ready to praise his task in lyrical language. Dispensing with a formal introduction, he plunges us into the enchantments of a Roman evening; for accessories he gives us a gust of the invigorating "Tramontana," and one of those bright moonlight nights that suggest the Coliseum to the tourist on his beat. At the same time Dr. Orbaan has better things in store for us; it is towards the Pantheon and its glamorous surroundings that he next directs our steps:—"There is no better method to ensure an evening of fruitful investigation than to take a walk after sunset in Old Rome, between the Corso and the Tiber. . . . In a few minutes you will be lost—that is absolutely certain. I envy you that privilege. It is almost prosaic to know one's way round every corner of the ancient city. In your wanderings you will happen on some square or bridge which you know, and return thence with a provision of questions." Our wanderings in this particular case, after taking us past old Roman houses and shops of *la vieille roche*, where the business of life is still carried on after mediæval formulæ, conduct us at length to the Porta Furba, which is the starting-point of Dr. Orbaan's main thesis. For it is this Porta Furba that records in an inscription one of the enormous feats of Sixtus V., who "gathered the waters from afar, and brought them onward to Rome"

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along the great aqueduct; the water, the Acqua Felice, commemorates its first taskmaster by its name, Sixtus having started in life as Felice Peretti.

Sixtine Rome is for Dr. Orbaan "one of the many Romes in Rome awaiting to be discovered." It is a thread to guide us through the labyrinth the bewilderments of which he has so excellently indicated. It is a most satisfying answer to the question, "Where to begin?" Unfortunately, our guide rather belies his early promise; it is as though he led a band of disciples to the unlocked door of a treasure-house, and then, having let pass the elect of them, closed the door roughly on the rest. For it cannot be denied that the book is very hard reading; there is a regrettable absence of plan, and too many of the passages have to be read twice. Even the grammar is not always above reproach. With regard to the absence of plan, this is a defect we could easily pardon, having in view the *flaneur* attitude of the author—an attitude, as we have already hinted, not necessarily prejudicial to the study of Roman antiquities—but Dr. Orbaan leaves too many things unexplained that need explaining, or he explains them too late to be useful To know Rome from this book it is necessary to have known Rome beforehand. The work is divided into five chapters—"Porta Furba," "The Sixtine Chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore," "The Vatican Library," "Domenico Fontana," and "The Destruction of the Septizonium." This arrangement serves well to indicate the chief achievements of Sixtus V., but in its effects it is rather arbitrary. The last headline, for instance, is a very loose description of the contents of the chapter. We should have welcomed a little more preliminary history in the matter of Santa Maria Maggiore and the Dome of St. Peter's. The life of the Pope is given in the chapter on the Sixtine Chapel; but whereas, forty pages later, we are told that Sixtus was a Franciscan, here we are merely informed that "early in life he entered a monastery."

Still, with its many defects of form, this book is an extraordinarily suggestive one, and, reinforced by a copy of Browning—the best guide to Rome, after all, for most Englishmen—could not but increase the sum of happiness of those who feel the magnetism of the Eternal City. All the pictures are apposite, and many of them are excellently done; the map of Sixtine Rome and the plan of the Vatican are very engaging, but call imperatively for the magnifying-glass.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Tyranny of Speed; or, the Motor Peril and its Remedy. By E. H. Hodgkinson. (John Lane. 3s. 6d.)

A curious book; a cool and calculated indictment (with here and there a lapse into diatribe) against all motor-cars that can exceed a pace of twenty miles an hour. It cites reported cases of gross and dangerous driving, but entirely ignores the uncountable miles covered harmlessly and decently by the great majority of drivers, and contains proposals for restrictions of motor-power and its use of the most absurd and retrograde kind. It might almost be accused of having an axe to grind in the shape of puffing one or other of these clever inventions already heard of for mechanically and automatically controlling a car's speed against the will of the driver. In certain circumstances any speed is dangerous, so that any particular fixed limit has its absurdities, and any automatic means for preventing a car from exceeding a specified limit might on occasion lead to awkward and even fatal results. Statistics have stated that steam-rollers have caused more fatal accidents in proportion to their number than other vehicles, yet their pace cannot have been the responsible factor. The author seems to be one of those who think competition a crushing evil instead of recognising it as the principle of life, and his book virtually advocates the wrecking of a great and important industry. Nevertheless, though he goes much too far, he commands a good deal of sympathy in voicing the cry of the multitude which suffers from the "hoggish" driving some motorists are still guilty of, the dust curse (which, after all, is merely due to improper road construction), and the disgusting vitiation of the air of cities with exhaust-gas fumes. Beyond this the book is about six years too late in its object, and is too sweeping and indiscriminate in its condemnation of speed *qua* speed.

Notes on Wiltshire Names. By John C. Longstaff. Vol. I. Place-Names. (Wm. Dotesio, the Library Press, Bradford-on-Avon. 3s. 6d. net.)

The present volume takes the form of a *catalogue raisonné* of a number of the names which have become attached to different places within the county of Wiltshire. A companion volume on the personal names of the county is promised later. Archæology is an extremely attractive study even to those who are but apprentices in it. To archæologists, therefore, amateur and professional, this little volume, although, of course, by no means perfect in every detail, will prove of interest. There will not be unanimous agreement with all Mr. Longstaff's derivations, and many of them will be subject to considerable criticism; but any errors of which he may have been guilty will be easily forgiven in return for the wealth of material which he has collected.

In his Preface the author modestly disclaims any original research. He describes his work as little more than a compilation. Nevertheless, even if he describes it properly, it is none the less valuable. Without the compiler to put existing knowledge into order, the discoverer or creator would find much of his labour stillborn. After an introductory chapter outlining the indebtedness of Wiltshire nomenclature to Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Scandinavian, and Danish origins, Mr. Longstaff proceeds to deal in greater detail with a number of place-names which he has collected. He classifies them as derived from enclosures, open spaces, and water. In the last chapter names variously derived are treated.

Many curiosities in nomenclature arise in the course of this volume. They are too numerous for quotation, and no selection confined within the limits of this notice would be fair. The best advice to those who are interested is to obtain this book and enjoy it.

The Danube with Pen and Pencil. By Captain B. Granville Baker. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 15s.)

The book of which Captain Baker is both author and illustrator traces the Danube from its source to the sea. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are good, especially the pen-and-ink sketches. The author treats more of the ancient history of the countries through which the river flows than the modern. When he arrives at Vienna, however, we get an idea of the present-day life of that charming capital, and ample tribute is paid to the Emperor Francis Joseph and his popularity with his people. There is no infringement, happily, of the privileges of Baedeker in the

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pages, but the author must have worked hard at his ancient history.

The result however of his joint efforts as author and artist is evidently a labour of love, and the book will be welcome to idle readers who will drop down with the Danube stream a day at a time and study at their leisure the silhouette-pictures of the cities, towns, and peoples on its banks, and renew their German, a quantity of which they will find sandwiched in the text. There is a very full analysis of the contents of the book which forms quite interesting reading apart from the work itself.

Religion of the Civilised World and Judaism. By H. J. Kisch. (Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.)

In this booklet Mr. Kisch sets out to argue the case of Judaism as the universalistic faith of the future. His method is a comparison of the claims of Judaism and Christianity, but his argument is very slight, and on that account, if on no other, can hardly be considered convincing. The subject is far too large a one to be treated so sketchily as Mr. Kisch has dealt with it. If the subject interests him, as presumably it does, he should take it up seriously and afford it adequate treatment. Then his views and opinions may have far more effect than the present little volume can secure. This book is intended for Jews as well as Gentiles, or, perhaps, one ought to say for Gentiles as well as Jews.

FICTION

The Princess of New York. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Beautiful diction, nice people—whether English or American whether straight or not straight, graceful and effective writing, and, rarest of all in novels, correct grammar—and yet the literary critic of a leading weekly journal has described Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's novel as a "pot-boiler"! The reviewer in question, however, proceeded to bestow high praise upon the characterisation. How a book which undeniably possesses the features which we have mentioned above, and also presents perfect characterisation, can be called a "pot-boiler" we must leave this literary giant or juggler to explain.

The plot, it may be said at once, is not intricate, and does not possess the outstanding features of the author's former famous novel, "The Infinite Capacity."

This, however, is a small matter. "The originality of the subject is in its treatment." The commentary is that of Disraeli, and few men knew how to treat commonplace subjects, such, for instance, as the House of Commons—not the present House of Commons, but the House of Commons even of his day—with elegance and the literary touch which compels interest and admiration.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's plot is quite simple. It is this. The steel king of America has a very beautiful daughter who is going to do the European trip. She is placed on board one of the big liners. Just as she is about to start a Wall Street intrigue against her father threatens him with ruin. In these circumstances Hutchinson D. Stanton begs his wife, who has been his standby in all the ups and downs of his financial career, to forego chaperoning his daughter to England, and to remain by his side to help him to weather the storm. This did not appear to be so difficult, because Mrs. Dempster Fiske Raffan, a life-long friend, is on board, and it is felt that Mamie Stanton may be safely left to her care. It so happens that two refined and polished adventurers of the Rawdon Crawley and Becky Sharp type are on board—Lady Merstham and her son Allan. Having scented the fact that Mamie is the daughter of a millionaire, Lady Merstham proceeds to claim acquaintance with Mrs. Raffan:—

> With consummate histrionic ability Lady Merstham drew up short and held out her hand with an air of delightful cordiality. "Oh! how do you do, Mrs. Dempster Fiske Raffan? What ages since we met!" Mrs. Fiske Raffan took the hand with the small tapering fingers, and her eyes ran over the tall, slight woman with the beautiful profile and well-modulated voice. "Oh! how do you do?" she said, hastily searching her memory. "You have forgotten me. I'm Lady Merstham. I met you some years ago at a garden-party given by the American Ambassador."

Mrs. Raffan, flattered and very desirous of crediting Lady Merstham's statement, exclaims, "Why, sure, how well you look." From this point onwards it is not difficult to surmise that Mamie gets into the hands of highly educated, delightfully mannered, and most execrable sharpers. Everything plays into the hands of the gang. Mrs. Raffan, on arriving in England, is called away in consequence of the serious illness of her sister. Mamie is placed in the charge of the Mersthams in their hired house in Half Moon-street. Sir George Merstham, who is one of the most delightfully unscrupulous old rascals to whom it has been our privilege to be introduced since Thackeray's days, on the strength of the engagement of his son—which he somewhat prematurely announces—to Mamie, collects divers sums from several notorious *confrères* and gentlemen whose adopted names are to be found in the peerage; hires a comfortable-looking butler, footmen, and an immaculate motor. Mamie is naturally delighted with her surroundings in the town house of members of the old aristocracy. We mention "town house" because Merstham Court is sometimes referred to by the inimitable Sir George. From this point we do not wish to spoil the reader's enjoyment of the extraordinary adventures into which Mamie is drawn owing to her association with the Mersthams. They ought to be read, and they will well repay reading. We should like to say that the character of Geoffrey Kingsward, a young Oxford man, is quite delightful. He is a clean, honest, athletic young Englishman, and he talks as a young man would in the entirely unliterary language of the University—the young man who will develop into a Judge, statesman, or literary man when the time is ripe. Here is a passage which we feel bound to quote. After many vicissitudes, when Mamie has returned to America, and is apparently out of the orbit of Geoffrey's life, Geoffrey, who has left the University, and who is condemned to law-books and keeping terms at the Temple, is going to give himself a holiday in Devonshire:

> He made up his mind exactly to what spot he was to swim, let the sea be as rough as it might. Nevertheless, there was one face, one beautiful face always framed in the trees, in the sky, and wherever else he looked. He took up a book and found that its frontispiece was "Mamie." He opened illustrated papers and discovered that every photograph was of "Mamie." In every song of the birds there was the word "Mamie." Mamie's name was whispered by the breeze, and the light of the sun was never as golden as the gold of Mamie's hair.

Who will not wish to read a novel in which passages such as this abound?

We regret that we are a little bit nettled at certain disparaging remarks about the Bench and Bar. The portrait

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of the Bow-street magistrate—not reminiscent, we hope, of anyone of the author's acquaintance—represents a person who is distinctly forbidding; and when Mamie asks Geoffrey whether he likes her father and mother, Geoffrey found his voice thus—"As I like the tree," he said, "upon which the rose blooms." "For a barrister," said Mamie, "that's rather good."

We think there has been nothing more deft and delightful since Lothair announced his acceptance by Lady Corisande—"I have been in Corisande's garden, and she has given me a rose"—than the conclusion of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's novel. When Geoffrey said to Mamie, "Princess, oh Princess! I love you! Is there any chance for me?" Mamie hid her face, slipped the little ring which he had given her from its old finger, and put it on the finger next the little one. "Mamie! . . . Mamie!" When Mamie looked up there were tears in her eyes, but a smile upon her lips. "Cancel 'brother,'" she whispered, "I love you."

CECIL COWPER.

Brazenhead the Great. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

FOR sheer entertainment, albeit a trifle gory, this latest adventure of Mr. Hewlett's would be difficult to excel; but if we discuss it from the literary point of view, Mr. Hewlett has himself excelled it several times. "Open Country" and "Rest Harrow," to name two recent examples, were both more to the taste of critical readers, and there is no need to put "Brazenhead the Great" in any especial niche as representing a development of the author's particular art—it seems to us to fall into the catalogue of those books which fine writers occasionally sandwich between two better ones, as, for instance, when Mr. Arnold Bennett amused us with "The Card" between "Clayhanger" and its promised sequel.

Captain Brazenhead, ardent lover and consummate fighter, moves in an atmosphere—or rather a tempest—of hard knocks, chopped hands, lurid language, and stolen kisses. As murderer to the Duke of Milan (we find ourselves, it should be said, in the early part of the fifteenth century), who "collected murders as other men bronzes," he was to "kill daintily, and report every night the means and manner of his killing." He was to be an artist, to "compose his murders, give them a lyrical pitch." Verily a delightful subject, this touchy giant, for the pen of Mr. Hewlett. And a thoroughly entertaining blackguard does he make of Brazenhead for those whose stomachs are not too squeamish. "I took slices off him here and there," remarks the gallant hero, "till he gleamed before me in stripes of red and white." And again—one can see him glowing with the pride of the artist—"I carved my name out upon him, and he died of the dot on the *i*." Ingenious fellow!

But the Captain is not always belligerent. A buxom wench, whether she were another man's property or not, could always move him to enthusiasm of a different kind. Coming upon the bewitching Nicole la-Grâce-de-Dieu, he calmly trussed her lover and perched him on a shelf in the loft, and started in to woo the fair in heroic fashion. "To my eye," he remarked, "you need a flower in your mouth. Not that your lips are not already a flower, but that the obstacle may provoke me." Nicole protests that they cannot live on kisses. "'We can try, however,' said the Captain—and tried."

Of the pilgrimage to Canterbury, with its varied and amusing adventures, and of the scandalous behaviour of Brazenhead upon every possible occasion, we need not tell. We prefer "The Captain of Kent," the third section of this series, to the others; it is not so brilliant with sword-play nor so encrimsoned with blood; it gives room for more humour, more exhibition of Brazenhead's less pugnacious qualities, and the love affair between Master Percival Perceforest and Mawdleyn Touchett is an idyll of the prettiest description—as dainty in its way as "Aucassin and Nicolette." Few readers will complain of this book, but many will wonder when Mr. Hewlett's master-work is coming.

Sampson Rideout, Quaker. By UNA L. SILBERRAD. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s.)

IT is some time since we met in the realm of fiction two more interesting people than Sampson Rideout and Lady Falkirk, the two principal characters in Miss Silberrad's account of the lives of some Quakers of Salisbury a generation or so ago. Lady Falkirk one day chances upon a Quakers' meeting; her presence saves the members from being arrested by the soldiers who invade the barn where these simple folk are met together. Through the misdoings of one Darry, who Sampson helps when in trouble, and finally takes into his employ, the latter falls under the displeasure of Mr. Bellor, a Justice, who seeks to arrest him. The news is wafted to Lady Falkirk, who warns the Quaker of his danger, and insists upon concealing him in her house, although rather against his keen sense of truth and honesty. The way in which she shields and protects him, and the account of their cosy little chats, unknown to any save a faithful maid, make very pleasant reading, and show the faith and devotion of a brave woman to the man she is anxious to befriend, and afterwards unconsciously loves.

By the ragged appearance of the title-page it would appear that the book was originally printed in America. We suppose if this be the case it will account for some of the very peculiar sentences we find on so many of the pages. Two auxiliaries and no principal verb do not convey a very clear meaning; neither do sentences beginning "The which," nor such split infinitives as "to never get," "to either hold," "to at least send," "to most suitably offer" sound pleasantly to English ears; while "and doesn't suspicion he may himself be the quarry" and "The which saying displeased the overseers some and surprised them much" seem to set at rest for once and all any doubt as to the country of the book's production. It is a pity that errors of this kind have been allowed to creep into an otherwise charming story.

Letters from Fleet-street. (Frank Palmer. 5s. net.)

IN a couple of nearly furnitureless rooms in a court off Fleet-street there lives a besotted and drug-imbibing old journalist, who makes believe to edit some miserable paper that no one buys, and who spends most of his time, when not lulled to sweet dreams by morphia, in Fleet-street public-houses. This gentleman is visited by a beautiful girl who is desirous of selling him a short story, and for that purpose tells him something of her circumstances and her ambitions. The talented editor strikes up an instantaneous friendship with her, invites her to lunch with him off the contents of a sardine-tin, and begins to write to her letters in which he displays to the full all the varied stores of a meanly cynical, cheap, and unpleasant mind. He calls his young friend a fairy, promptly falls in love with her, and addresses her in writing as "My Daughter," "Sweet Little Fairy," "Dear Wonder-Child," "Baby-Woman Dear," "Little Ray of Sunshine," and so on *ad nauseam*.

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He exhorts her to steer clear of the stage, to work hard, to go to church, and to take sanatogen, with other interesting morsels of advice. Sometimes he lets himself go and pens hysterical love-letters. Through all this she apparently likes him. In the end, however, she becomes engaged to a decent young man, and her delightful platonic "Father" commits suicide because she can never be his—which is just the sort of thing that sort of individual would do. Such are the "Letters from Fleet-street." Whether they are written from life or not we cannot say; there certainly is an unpleasant "actuality" about them, and we notice that the author does not oblige with his name. We commend his discretion.

The Old Dance-Master. By WILLIAM ROMAINE PATERSON (Benjamin Swift). (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE old dance-master is an Austrian, Herr Habenichts, who possesses immense erudition and the more evident, if lesser, quality of good-heartedness. He has a captivating vein of poetic optimism and love of his kind which, with the permission of the author, works wonders in the tangled miseries of life and with the unstable characters that cross his path. There is something of Dickens lurking behind the inspiration of the story; it is certain that his influence biasses the author's conceptions of modern London life. We must warn the author that in his "low life" colloquialisms he is often fifty years out of date. Cockneys do not now confuse "v" and "w"; the malapropisms he records are quite out of the period. Herr Habenichts plays the part of an unusually beneficent intermediary betwixt the characters and their means of happiness, between lovers, and between humble people and wealthy.

Mr. Paterson has felt compelled to give us a picture of a brilliant *salon* of to-day. We are sorry, for he is even less successful in this than with the studies of "low life." Monsieur Dumaresq is the most noted scintillator in the *salon* of Arabella, Duchess of Berkshire. "It was he who divided mankind into latitudinarians and platitudinarians, and he claimed priority for the remark that philosophers are either utilitarians or futilitarians," and a great deal more after the same formula. Towards the end the author's good will insists on shovelling gold and good fortune upon the heads of the deserving characters. The story is anything but a work of artistic pretensions, for, although it has spirited description, the style is often slovenly. It is the lovable personality of the old dance-master which sustains the interest in the book.

Mac's Adventures. By JANE BARLOW. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

THE adventures recorded here come to Mac between the ages of four and eight years. His infantile dignity and strong-mindedness are original, and the quaint turns of speech caught from his Irish environment make his conversation an unfailing delight, and show that the author knows Ireland and the Irish intimately. In "The Field of the Frightful Beasts" Mac has conceived a terror in his little soul of walking with his nurse along a certain road. It is because a wall rises up from it as high as a house, and along the top of the wall are to be seen the heads of a donkey and some cows—a frieze of dreadful portent to Mac, whose imagination dwells on the outrageous length of their hidden legs with horror and loathing. This terror is lifted from him, for, when accidentally brought to the other side of the wall, he discovers a hillock. "But how was a Person to know that a wall would be pretendin' it was the height of a house along the road and then turn into a little quite lowish one on the wrong side?" "Some Jokes of Timothy" and several of the other short stories also show a gift of delicate fancy and imagination.

The Lord Dollar (Don Dinero). By HARPER CURTIS. (Blackwood and Son. 6s.)

SEÑORITAS, mestizas, gringos, padres, and mystery—such are the component parts of "The Lord Dollar." The local colour is excellent; the heat and dust create an enviably expensive thirst; and the Englishman is a sportsman. But—and there is a big one—what is it all about? Every one is apparently some one else, and one's ever wearier brain struggles hopelessly in a blinding fog of mystery. At this moment, when the back cover has been finally closed—with a certain relief—the identity of the Padre is still veiled. Neither have we pierced the cloud which conceals the connection of the prologue with the rest of the novel. Undoubtedly Mr. Curtis has been big with Mexican life and atmosphere, and in his strivings after a plot to act as a peg on which to hang them has crossed the bounds of the conceivable. As a result, although the life and movement and sunshine were very enjoyable, the book is tantalising and not a little annoying. Not even Sherlock Holmes, with all his cryptic and apparently unmeaning actions, bewildered us so much as the characters in "The Lord Dollar," for at least in Sherlock Holmes we were sure of a final clearing-up of the tangled chaos. Mr. Curtis, however, pays his readers the too high compliment of crediting them with occultism, or at least the power of second sight; for without the possession of one of these faculties they are left in a condition of mental muddle as to the secret of each character in his book.

THE THEATRE

"JAMES AND JOHN" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

"LADY PATRICIA" is preceded by a one-act play which no wise person will miss seeing. There should be a future for Mr. Gilbert Cannan as a playwright. "James and John" is the best example of the tragedy of the commonplace that we have ever seen. It is like one of Whistler's etchings of a scene in which no other artist would have found any beauty. Its complete sincerity, the unassuming manner in which it is written and the superb way in which it is played, make it remain in the memory.

Mr. Cannan has chosen a very painful subject. He gives us a little ordinary room in a suburb at night. Mrs. Betts and her two sons, James and John, are killing time characteristically. The mother in a state of carefully repressed emotion is asking foolish questions. The two sons are endeavouring to play "Ludo" or some such foolish indoor game. The mother is old, but her sons are older. They are pale, grey-faced men with hair streaked with white. All three seem to have been struck by lightning and to have survived without really being alive. James seems to have made up his mind that life doesn't matter, but John kicks against the pricks. It is he who bursts out suddenly, unable to put up with his mother's tearfulness, and clears his soul of its burden of pent-up anger. There is no excuse for the father. He is a thief, and the effect of his thieving has ruined the family. Much against his will John has invited the father to come to his house when he leaves his gaol after a long term of imprisonment. Let there be no sentimentality. It would have been far better if the man had died. This is John's mood, and, having rasped out all these cruel things, he puts on his glasses, fetches the volume of Pickwick and reads aloud to his

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mother—the mother whose ears are strained to catch the shuffling feet of the husband she has not seen for many years.

James, who is equally appalled at the mere thought of seeing his father again, the once hail fellow well met, now broken down under the prison system, slips away and presently returns with his father's old chair, pipe, tobacco-pouch, and slippers. It is raining. It rained on that night when Mr. Betts, bank manager, came back to his wife, muddy, dishevelled, and drivelling, having failed to commit suicide. The time passes slowly. At last the bell rings. Mother and sons stand up, the mother all shaking. The man is her husband and the father of her boys. He was not a bad man. James answers the bell. A letter of no importance. So John returns to Pickwick. His dry voice fills the room for several minutes. No one hears it, and he is perfectly well aware of the fact. Then the bell rings again, and again James leaves the room. Presently there enters a man with the face of a priest, a very refined, almost ethereal face, pale, and heavily lined and bloodless. He comes in like a man walking in a dream, feeling his way back to a place which he recognises faintly. His clothes hang upon him. He seems to have been walking the streets without an overcoat. The wife totters forward weeping rather loudly. Without any emotion the visitor takes her into his arms. If he is difficult to recognise, so are the others. It seems to the father that his wife and his two sons are old. John refuses to shake hands, and bows. The father agrees silently in the justice of this treatment, and returns the bow. James wishes to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, points to the chair and the slippers. The old man, seizing rather hungrily upon a little physical comfort, removes his muddied boots. He is given a glass of whisky. The smell of the liquor is unfamiliar. He presently recognises it with a little smile, and sips carefully. He is further warmed by the sight of his old pipe and pouch, and presently he lights the pipe and smokes with relish. He has nothing to say. The fire is very pleasant. When his wife rises to go to bed he kisses her, and sits down again. He and his two sons can find nothing to say. They take everything as said. James goes off to see that his father's fire is burning, and John is left alone with the man whom he had treated to such hard words. The pipe won't keep alight, so the father crosses the room to go to bed. John puts out his hand. "Good-night, father," said he. "Good-night, John," says the father. He passes on to the door and goes out, very quietly, very unemotionally, and then John turns out the lights in the room and in the passage. He also goes to bed, and the little ordinary room in which has been enacted a tragedy more frightful than murder and sudden death is empty for a few hours, and the curtain falls upon it, to rise again in one's imagination on that room peopled with those people for days and weeks and possibly years. Nothing is missed by Mr. James Hearn as the father, Mr. G. Fisher White as John, Mr. H. R. Hignett as James, and Miss Helen Haye as Mrs. Betts. The exquisite art of these four players must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Herbert Trench is to be congratulated upon having discovered Mr. Gilbert Cannan.

THE LIFE OF RACHEL*

REVIEWED BY FRANK HARRIS

SOMETIMES the author of a book is greater than his subject, though more usually the subject dwarfs the author. In this case the subject and the author are on much the same level: Mr. Gribble has a subject which suits him, and if he treats Rachel's passionate vagaries a little contemptuously it must be admitted that they are difficult to handle at all, except humorously, being too numerous for significance; and in spite of them he gives cordial appreciation to Rachel's extraordinary talent. He writes like a tolerant man of the world endowed with much knowledge and a sprightly, vivid style. Something more than this would, perhaps, be needed in order to get the ultimate of emotion out of the story of Rachel's brief but glorious life; but these qualities are more than sufficient to make an extremely interesting and amusing book. In his light and somewhat superficial way Mr. Gribble is a literary artist; his book is a whole; he tells about Rachel all that the ordinary reader cares to know, and a little more for the reader who wants at some moment or other to come face to face with the soul of a gifted woman.

One is indeed tempted to retell the life of Rachel by simply combining a dozen extracts from Mr. Gribble's work, and it would be difficult to give the book higher praise. There it stands, a coherent whole: it is built like a playhouse, so to speak, with a pedestal in it, on which we see the actress Rachel; but with the stones that form the playhouse one could build if one pleased a temple, and perhaps put the woman's likeness over the high altar.

Before dealing with Rachel let us first of all ask ourselves whether Mr. Gribble was justified in separating her life into two parts—the "real" life and the "stage" life—as he has done. Of course, the biographer who was also an artist intent on perfection would make no such arbitrary distinction: he would rather delight in showing that Rachel's real life was the counterpart and complement of her artistic life. But let us follow Mr. Gribble and take her "real" life, and see how much it teaches us about Rachel.

There was no time in her life, she used to declare, when she was "innocent;" she was corrupt, if we may use for a moment the words of the moralists, "from early childhood." Sainte-Beuve wrote of her:—

> Rachel is behaving very badly. She is not by any means living the simple life but has any number of lovers, and with an income of £4,000 a year or more finds herself hard up. Still, her status in the world of fashion is not affected by her conduct. . . .

Mr. Gribble sums up her life in a few sentences:—

> She had been born in a position in which life is an ignoble struggle for the means of living. She had risen almost without effort, as one who runs lightly up a ladder, to a position in which every morning and every evening of life might bring fresh pleasures. Having achieved that position, she wanted all that it could yield—glory, the homage of princes, wealth, and, if not love, at least that passionate make-believe which goes by the name of love. So she pursued glory from Paris to St. Petersburg, and from St. Petersburg to New York, and took lovers and bore children to them, and having earned one fortune by her talents acquired a second by spoiling the Egyptians. . . . .

"Shocking, shocking," cries the moralist, but the true critic must be tolerant as God's sunshine, and show the evil as the good. Yet even from this point of view it must be admitted at once that no one of Rachel's many loves is significant enough to enable us to see her very soul. That is the one fault of this biography, a fault, however, which classes it and determines its fleeting place. Had Mr. Gribble found such a love, he would probably never have tried to separate her "real" life from her life as an actress: he would have seen that it was necessary to reconcile them both and show that what Rachel was as a lover, she was also as a queen of tragedy. Her true biography then has yet to be written: perhaps it is only Rachel who could have written it, and she may have neglected to do so; I don't know; I should like to hear Mr. Gribble on the subject. But if he has

Rachel, her Stage Life and her Real Life. By Francis Gribble. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

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not given us her "top-note" in passion, he has given us amazing incident on incident, no one of which is much to her credit. Mr. Gribble is not afraid of shadows in his picture; he tells us at length how shamelessly Rachel plundered her admirers, and even comparative strangers. Mr. Gribble retells the famous story of her dinner with Count Duchâtel. Rachel admired the silver centre-piece on his table; Duchâtel at once begged her to consider it hers, and regarded the incident as closed. Towards the end of the evening he told her he intended to send her home in his carriage.

> "Good," she cried, "for then I can take home that centre-piece which you gave me."
>
> "Certainly," responded Duchâtel, "but I hope I may ask you, madam, to return the carriage!"

Not a *Juive*, says one of her, but *juif* was Rachel; and we are therefore not surprised when we read in Mr. Gribble that she gave with both hands to her brother and sisters, paying their debts over and over again. She forced the Théâtre Français to take her sister Rebecca into the company, and like a queen gave her a flat for herself. Rachel's generosity to her family was as boundless as the impudence with which she plundered the rest of mankind; I must confess that both qualities seem to me to be equally artistic.

Her treatment, however, of her famous predecessor, Mlle. George, is more difficult to excuse. Mlle. George, Mr. Gribble tells us, had been in her time "a queen of tragedy and the mistress of the first Napoleon." Fallen on evil days, she called on Rachel to beg her to play at her "benefit." Rachel declined to receive her, and sent down a message asking her to put her request in writing. Mlle. George refused to humiliate herself, and replied with exceeding bitterness. The whole incident is a sort of object-lesson in heartless arrogance and the hate it breeds.

All these faults in Rachel, and many more, would be tolerable to us were there any noble feature shown us of devotion or even of passionate self-abandonment; but Mr. Gribble forgets the high lights, and so the portrait, while vivid enough, is superficial: the soul of Rachel is not to be found in this so-called "real life."

We get a little nearer the true Rachel when Mr. Gribble tells us of her life as an actress. Acting is often termed a half-art, but if compared with a true half-art, such as rhetoric or reporting, it is seen to be inferior. The speech lives when the speaker is dead: it appeals to generations who never knew the author: they can judge him and their debt to him. But the actor once dead is dead for all time, like the violin-player or the dancer. During his life-time even, once he is past his prime, the mummer makes no further appeal; Rachel at the end is no better than a Ristori. There is something pathetic in this tragic insignificance; the actor's triumph is but for a moment; he is an echo, not a voice, and we have reason even to suspect that the best echoes are not given by the best voices. This is the kernel of the whole matter, and allows us to bring even the actor of the past to present judgment.

It has been noticed that every actor is a success in "Hamlet," while no actor has yet been able to make Hamlet his own. No one fails in the great part; your Fechter, and Irving, and Robertson each finds a moment in it which allows him to display his full powers; but at other moments he fails. The humanity of Hamlet is too large for them all; they can fill his shoes with ease, even his trunk-hose and his doublet with a little padding, but his hat is too large for them; he has thoughts that dwarf their utterance. We prefer to read his soliloquy to hearing the best of them mouth and deform it. No actor yet has made Hamlet his own as Salvini, for example, annexed Othello, and as Possart annexed Shylock, and Hamlet is but a part of Shakespeare. The greatest of actors put to this test show as men of ordinary stature with a little special endowment in this or that direction. One of them can show jealousy, another tenderness, another valiance, or pride, or hate; but the whole gamut escapes all of them: they are at best good echoes of one or at most of two or three emotions. And if actresses appear more satisfactory to us, it is because imitation and echoing seem more natural in a woman. For if we bring the great actresses to the same test they fail in the same way: the Duse is at her worst in "Cleopatra;" Bernhardt is at her best in the "Dame aux Camélias." The "Demi-Monde" or "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" are the plays which show our actresses at their best; the tight-laced modern figure gives them ample scope. And if we place Rachel under this standard she seems a little larger, but not much. Her greatest success was made in half-singing, half-reciting the "Marseillaise," and, so far as one can judge, her "Phédre" was for her as for Bernhardt the best part among the great plays. A little bigger than Bernhardt probably was Rachel; but that is not much, for even a Charlotte Brontë, as we shall see, will measure herself beside her, and come off victorious.

We have all sorts of estimates from gifted contemporaries of Rachel's power as an actress. Fanny Kemble in London declared that "neither Ristori nor Sarah Bernhardt was worthy to be mentioned in the same sentence with her." Matthew Arnold put it on record that Rachel's art began where the art of Madame Bernhardt leaves off, and if this is not enough to convince us, we have that magnificent page in "Villette," in which Charlotte Brontë, then a poor little governess at Brussels, gives her vision of the sister-soul:—

> I had heard this woman termed "plain," and I expected bony harshness and grimness—something large, angular, sallow. What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti: a queen, fair as the day once, turned pale now like twilight, and wasted like wax in flame.
>
> For a while—a long while—I thought it was only a woman, though an unique woman, who moved in might and grace before this multitude. By and by I recognised my mistake. Behold! I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man: in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature; and as the action rose and the stir deepened, how wildly they shook her with their passions of the pit! They wrote HELL on her straight, haughty brow. They turned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demonaic mask. Hate and Murder and Madness incarnate she stood.
>
> It was a marvellous sight: a mighty revelation.
>
> It was a spectacle low, horrible, immoral. . . .
>
> Vashti was not good, I was told; and I have said she did not look good: though a spirit, she was a spirit out of Tophet. *Well, if so much of unholy force can arise from below, may not an equal efflux of sacred essence descend one day from above?*
>
> I had seen acting before, but never anything like this: never anything which astonished Hope, and hushed Desire; which outstripped Impulse, and paled Conception; which, instead of merely irritating imagination with the thought of what *might* be done, at the same time fevering the nerves because it was *not* done, disclosed power like a deep, swollen winter river, thundering in cataract, and bearing the soul, like a leaf, on the steep and steel sweep of its descent.

I have put three lines of this wonderful report in italics: they are the three lines in which the poor little passionate governess discovers her own soul, and puts on record her hope that she herself may be found to be as great an influence for good as Rachel was for evil. But Charlotte Brontë ought to have known that Rachel too, though she

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came straight from Hell, must have cherished in her human soul at least as lofty an ambition. Fortunately Mr. Gribble has not omitted to give us this side of Rachel the actress. She writes to Legouvé towards the very end of her life:—

> What would you say if I revealed my inner thoughts to you? You admire me, I believe. You are in ecstacies when I play. Well, I assure you, there is a Rachel in me ten times superior to the Rachel whom you know. I have not been one quarter as great as I might have been. I have talent, but I might have had genius. Ah, if only I had been brought up differently! If I had had different friends around me! If I had lived a better life! What an artist I should have been in that case! When I think of it such a regret steals over me. . . .

If Charlotte Brontë had read this letter she might have learned from it that the chief difference between herself and Rachel was not one of virtue or of vice, but one of circumstance and opportunity. Here at length we have a glimpse of Rachel's tormented soul—a passionate aspiration, a passionate regret.

THE SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS *

[First Notice]

By Sir William Bull, M.P.

"I have just said such a silly thing," it is alleged a well-known M.P., who is now a Peer, once remarked to Willie Peel. "Forgetting he was the son of his father, I said to Edward Gully, 'I firmly believe Lowther is the best Speaker we have ever had.'"

"If you go into Brooks's this afternoon you will probably meet one of the Brands," said Peel dryly.

Whether the present distinguished occupant of the Chair is or is not the best occupant it ever had can be partly solved by a perusal of this delightful volume. In 450 pages it is a Constitutional history from the year 1226 onwards, and a vast amount of careful research and reading must have gone to compile it; yet it is apparent all through that its publication will bring forth further facts which will make a second edition more complete in every way. It is curious to find on reading the book that as a rule the Speakers were not interesting characters. Some were great men, like Moore and Coke; but, as is pointed out, the tenure of the Chair was merely a passing incident, and had little to do with the work of their lives or their influence on their times. Hence we shall cull from this volume such occurrences as throw light on the institution rather than on the biographies of the Speakers.

Of all of them Mr. John Lane has only been able to collect portraits of eighty-one, and he pleads in his "note on the illustrations" for a Royal Commission on Historical Portraits on the same lines as the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts: "For I have abundant proof of surprising ignorance on the part of many owners of portraits of distinguished Englishmen, who neither know the names of the subjects of the portraits they possess nor those of the artists who painted them." The head of one notable house sent him three portraits of successive ancestors, each bearing the same Christian name, but which was which, and which was the man he wanted, he had to discover for himself. He gives other instances of indifference and ignorance which support the aims of the "Art Collectors' Protection Association."

The book is no dry-as-dust compilation, with a chapter devoted to each speaker, but a light and very readable account of Westminster and Parliament, and the influence the Speaker for the time being had upon the House of Commons. The scope of the work is described in the Preface, and even here out-of-the-way scraps of information are interjected. For instance, how many Londoners who think they know London are aware that there is a custom still annually observed of opening the gate leading from Dean's Yard into Great College Street on the first day of a new Session and no other? This practice, apparently far from being a mere police regulation of modern date, carries the mind back to that remote period when the Plantagenet Kings, in conjunction with the Abbots of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury, watched with jealous care the growth of representative institutions. Mr. Lane's interesting note on the illustrations in the same way bring in odd bits of information. He refers to an artist, one John Michael Wright, as the only man he can recollect who was endowed with two Christian names in the seventeenth century, and notes that the present Mace has lost in weight since it left the silversmiths no less than twenty-three ounces.

The chapter dealing with the Genesis of Westminster is written in that light, sketchy style which reminds one of John Richard Green's stray study on "Lambeth and the Archbishops." We are told how the Church and the adjoining Abbey had much to do with the gradual evolution of the Mother of Parliaments. Thorny Island, on which Palace Hall and the Abbey stand, is clearly described from a topographical point of view.

The early speakers and their precursors are next dealt with; incidentally we are shown the gradual decline of the feudal aristocracy of the Norman Conquest, and the expulsion of foreigners which enabled the great Simon de Montfort (whose shield, a double-tailed lion, is reproduced on the cover of the volume) to realise his dream of "England for the English." Thus we see that the Alien Immigration Question is not an affair of yesterday. In 1304-5 the Irish question had apparently commenced to loom on the political horizon, and it is interesting to learn in these days of would-be Separation that two natives of the sister Isle actually petitioned the King to be placed under English rule.

The exhaustion of the English nobility owing to the Wars of the Roses caused an increase in the representatives of the upper middle-classes in the House of Commons, but for a period, perhaps naturally, the House became more subservient to the Crown under the House of York. The thirty-three Speakers who sat under the Tudors saw further restrictions of the power of the House of Commons; whilst the power of the Privy Council increased. A reference to the Speakership of Sir Reginald Bray brings out the fact that he was not, as is generally supposed, the architect of Henry VII. Chapel; and Mr. Dasent gives an appreciative criticism of the present Houses of Parliament. From investigations recently made we found that eighty-one Members of the Long family had sat as Knights of the Shire. Mr. Dasent records that a Lowther sat as M.P. for Westminster exactly 600 years before a Member of the same ancient Northern family was raised to the Chair in 1905. In 1362 the King's Speech was first delivered in English, though for long afterwards the records continued to be kept in Norman French. The first portrait of a Speaker given is that of Sir Thomas Hungerford (1376-7), who made what

* *The Speakers of the House of Commons from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, with a Topographical Description of Westminster at Various Epochs and a Brief Record of the Principal Constitutional Changes during Seven Centuries.* By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With Notes on the Illustrations by John Lane, and a Portrait of every Speaker where one is known to exist. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

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was then a daring speech to the Throne at the close of the Session, calling the King's attention to various grievances and alleged infringements of the liberties of his subjects, both male and female. Henry IV. set a precedent which has never since been observed, when in 1492 he invited the Commons to dine with him at the close of the Session.

In his sixth chapter the author deals with the new and aggressive spirit which showed itself early in the reign of James II., and increased until the Stuarts were driven from power. In the reign of Charles I. it was decided that "from this time forth the history of England should be written at the Table of the House of Commons," and from time to time Mr. Dasent refers to the various clerks and clerks-assistant of note. An interesting account is given of a deadlock between the two Houses in June, 1628, over a Bill of Subsidies. The Lords finally passed the Bill as it stood, whereupon the Commons sent them a message, which concluded by saying, "that they will always endeavour to continue a good correspondency with their lordships, knowing well that the good concurrence between the two Houses is the very heartstring of the Commonwealth, and they shall be ever as jealous of their lordships' privileges as of their own rights."

Several pages are devoted to Lenthall. John Foster called him weak and commonplace, whilst, in the opinion of the compiler, the late Charles Townsend overstates the case when he calls Lenthall a poor creature, the tame instrument of a worse and more vulgar tyranny, the buffeted tool of the Army and the Rump. No man who presided so long over so difficult an Assembly in such momentous times can have been aught but a man of uncommon form of character. As the author points out, in the case of an office like that of the Speaker, there can be no posthumous fame without contemporary appreciation. And this, notwithstanding the adverse opinions quoted above, was accorded to the presiding genius of the Long Parliament to an extent unparalleled in the previous history of the Chair.

The oft-told story of the impeachment of the five members is graphically described. Leave was given to the accused to withdraw; but they had barely quitted the House and reached the boats which lay in the river at Westminster stairs when a loud knock on the door announced the entrance of the only King of England who had ever penetrated into the House of Commons in session. Rushworth's (the clerk-assistant) notes are fully inserted, the author remarking that it is fortunate for posterity that he disregarded the condition of his appointment on April 25th, 1640—viz., that he should not take any notes, but only the orders and reports made in the House.

Two ex-Speakers died on the same day in the persons of Dudley and Empson, they having expiated their crimes on Tower-hill. The nearest parallels were when Chaloner Chute and Lisleburne Long died within a month of each other, and when Speaker Cornwall expired within twenty-four hours of his old antagonist, Fletcher Norton. Some amusing records of payments of members occur in the fifteenth century, as when John Strange entered into an agreement with the Bailiffs of Dunwich to give his attendance at Westminster in return "for a cade of full herring, whether the House holds long time or short." Weymouth secured a member for five hundred mackerel, whilst Ipswich allowed William Worsop, in 1462, 5s. per week, and a blackleg, in the person of John Walworth, the junior member, agreed to "do the job" for 3s. 6d. In Elizabeth's reign the House was called over at the opening of every session, and members in their places answered to their names; there seems always, however, to have been a difficulty in securing regular and constant attendance—even such expedients as forcibly locking the doors until the business of the day was done does not appear to have been effective or satisfactory. Parliament sometimes did not meet for long intervals. It was seven years after the previous one had come to an end that the great Sir Thomas Moore, the first layman with one exception to be Chancellor of England, was chosen as speaker.

A witty saying, recorded by Bacon of Sir John Popham, Speaker from 1580 to 1583, might be repeated to-day. The Commons had sat a long time without achieving much in the way of legislation, and when Queen Elizabeth asked him: "What hath passed in the House, Mr. Speaker?" he made answer, "May it please your Majesty, seven weeks." Spencer Croke was responsible for the introduction of several orders for the convenience of members. They were forbidden to come into the House with spurs; a similar restriction was sought to be imposed on rapiers, but it would seem that the red lines which still appear in the druggett were needed much later to prevent members in the heat of debate from lunging at each other.

AN OXFORD POEM BY HENRY VAUGHAN—I.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

Some octosyllabic iambics, bearing the dedicatory title, "To My Ingenuous Friend, R. W.," stand first, by Henry Vaughan's own arrangement, in his first book, printed by Badger, "under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street," 1646. As the poem is not eminent in point of quality in that promising but heterogeneous collection, it may have been set to stand in the forefront of the little octavo (now excessively rare), simply to mark it as first in point of time. There are many considerations which incline one to accept it as appertaining to the year 1640. Like most things of Vaughan's writing, these quick-moving lines take a deal of reading, but they do not fail to reward it.

To my Ingenuous Friend, R. W.

When we are dead, and now no more
Our harmless mirth, our wit, and score
Distracts the town; when all is spent
That the base niggard world hath lent
Thy purse, or mine; when the loath'd noise
Of drawers, 'prentices and boys
Hath left us, and the clamorous bar
Items no pints in the Moon or Star;
When no calm whisperers wait the doors
To fright us with forgotten scores,
And such aged long bills carry
As might start an antiquary;
When the sad tumults of the maze, (1)
Arrests, suits, and the dreadful face
Of sergeants are not seen, and we
No lawyers' ruffs (2), or gowns must fee:
When all these mulcts are paid, and I
From thee, dear wit, must part, and die,
We'll beg the world would be so kind
To give 's one grave as we'd one mind.

There (as the wiser few suspect
That spirits after death affect)
Our souls shall meet, and thence will they,
Freed from the tyranny of clay,

(1) So in all editions, ancient and modern. "Mace" is suggested as the correct reading.

(2) Lawyers retained the Elizabethan ruff long after others had laid them by. It was a professional appanage.

At which I 'gan to quarrell, till a neat
Man in a ruff (*whom therefore I did take*
For barrister) opened his mouth and spake.
—Cowley's *Poeticall Revenge*.

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With equal wings, and ancient love
Into the Elysian Fields remove,
Where in those blessed walks they'll find
More of thy genius, and my mind.

First, in the shade of his own bays,
Great Ben they'll see, whose sacred lays
The learned ghosts admire, and throng
To catch the subject of his song.
Then Randolph in those holy meads
His "Lovers" and "Amyntas" reads,
Whilst his Nightingale, close by,
Sings his and her own elegy.
From thence dismiss'd, by subtle roads,
Through airy paths and sad abodes, (3)
They'll come into the drowsy fields
Of Lethe, which such virtue yields,
That if what poets sing be true,
The streams all sorrow can subdue.
Here, on a silent shady green,
The souls of lovers oft are seen,
Who, in their life's unhappy space,
Were murder'd by some perjur'd face.
All these th' enchanted streams frequent
To drown their cares and discontent,
That th' inconstant, cruel sex
Might not in death their spirits vex.

And here our souls, big with delight
Of their new state, will cease their flight:
And now the last thoughts will appear,
They'll have of us, or any here (4);
But on those flowery banks will (5) stay,
And drink all sense and cares away.
So that they did of these (6) discuss,
Shall find their fables true in us.

May not the first part of this poem be something more than an exercise of mere imagination? Is it rash to suspect that it contains a reflection of Oxford manners and customs before the Laudian reform had had time to pacify it wholly from its mediæval turbulence, before the Civil Wars had blocked the progress of ideas already operative in Vaughan's time and operative since? Assume that much, and the curtain rises, as it were, on Henry Vaughan in what he calls "his fierce wild blood," the "confusions of a wasted youth." He is not curled up on the Elizabethan sill of his College room, reading Aristotle. He is in a local tavern, having a beautiful time with "royal witty sack, the poet's soul," and with a young gentleman whose enjoyments and difficulties are akin to his own.

There is ample contemporary evidence to show us the free, tippling, roystering life of the place and period. One or two extracts may suffice. Wood, in his "History," speaking of the years 1638-39, has this to say: "The Schollers were hunted out of alehouses and taverns by the Vice-Chancellors and Proctors constant walking." One Proctor, in particular, who in this matter "had been very strict in his office, having been much press'd by admonitions from the Chancellor," had the piper to pay. "He received great affronts and abuses, both by hissing and hooting at him in St. Maries chancell when hee made his farewell speech (7), and in flinging stones at him on his returne thence to his Colledge." Cleveland, an Oxford man, has some couplets on Sandbourne, the city "shrief," and on the "mad youngsters" who committed depredations on his cellars.

He never had complained had it bin
A petty Firkin, or a Kilderkin (8).
But when a Barrell dayly is drawne out,
My Masters, then 'tis time to looke about!
Is this a lye, trow ye? I tell you No:
My Lord High Chancellour was inform'd so.

Not a few of the old inns so much frequented by the roving gentry of the Colleges still survive, though some, like the "Clarendon," have changed their names. Mr. Chambers, in his edition of Vaughan, has an excellent note on this R.W. poem to the effect that "the Moon or Star" points to the name of a room in an inn rather than to the inn itself; and he quotes from "Henry IV." the familiar "Anon, anon, Sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon." But he might have gone farther, for to this day the large rooms on the first floor of the Clarendon Hotel at Oxford are known and are marked as "The Moon" and "The Star," even as they were three centuries ago. Vaughan's "calm whisperers," that is, creditors, with their servile importunities pressed at the best possible moment, the moment of relaxation and of induced good-nature, look singularly life-like, and much of a piece with the duns at Cambridge, who worried Randolph to good poetic purpose. "Tumults of the maze" is a sad misprint, quite meaningless, and never corrected: it may have done much to obscure the psychology of Vaughan's little epistle to his friend. But "tumults of the mace" are highly comprehensible in either the Chancellor's Court or the Mayor's, as are "arrests, suits, and the dreadful face of sergeants," the latter standing for the servants of the Court; or Sergeants of the Mace, familiarly called catchpoles, whose especial business it was to arrest for debt. By a statute of the University, far older than those of the Laudian reform, and still in force, misbehaving undergraduates outside College precincts were subject to the jurisdiction of the City authorities; but any suit in which a member of the University was a party (unless a case of mayhem, or a major crime, such as treason), could be taken out of the City Court, and tried before that of the University. In either case the defendant was bound to pay the expense of counsel and costs. How categorically the young Vaughan goes into these horrid potential menaces and mishaps, all due to hearing the chimes at midnight in a pleasant place with Master Shallow!

But there is something else in this little poem more striking than the transient reflection of Oxford in its Carolian wildness. It conjures up an exquisite picture in flat diaphanous colours like those of Puvis de Chavannes, of the farther side of the Great Ferry, where the claws of paternalism are sheathed, and a supernatural go-as-you-please reigns supreme. There the two friends will be so happy together that all men shall see in them the blessedness of a blessed state foretold by "the ancients."

Here we come directly upon the conceptions of Homer, Hesiod, Plato, Euripides, Pindar, and pretty much everybody, in regard to Elysium; very notably upon the latter part of the great Sixth Book of the Æneid, which Vaughan has specially in mind. He fastens eagerly upon one feature of the triune other-world upon which the primitive religions

(3) "Airy paths" is in Denham's "Cooper's Hill," 1641. Vaughan's line is much in the manner of Milton's "Penseroso."

(4) "They" seems to refer to "souls," though the statement is somewhat obscure. If "they" be "our souls," then "us . . . here" must mean bodies, described as left behind in the grave.

(5) The original "will" is so awkward that it tempts one to think "we'll" or "they'll" must have been Vaughan's word; yet "will" in the third line preceding gives the second "will" some grammatical if not artistic relation to the context.

(6) "These," the legendary "lovers" aforesaid, predecessors, not prototypes of "us."

(7) At Commemoration, St. Mary-the-Virgin's having been used for the Acts until the Sheldonian was built, temp. Charles II.

(8) The half-barrel cask. Often in old times written "kinderkin."

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and classic paganism have laid more emphasis than Christianity has so far done: the renewal, that is, under immortal conditions, of the earth itself, "this too-much-loved earth," as Sidney winningly calls it. It is plain to any thoughtful reader how the theory took hold on English men of letters, in that day so especially open to all manner of idealism. It is in Randolph, in the very poem, "On the Death of a Nightingale," which Vaughan mentions. "Goe, solitary wood!" he cries; and he adjures it to go, in order that it may rise and spread again where the dead bird may resume her singing:—

> That soule is fled, and to Elisium gone,
> Thou, a poore desart, left: goe then, and run!
> Beg there to want a grove; and if she please
> To sing agen beneath thy shadowy trees,
> The soules of happy lovers crown'd with blisses
> Shall flocke about thee, and keep tyme with kisses.

Habington has a touch of it, in a poem to Castara (the first part, 1640), which describes the charms in "early Spring" of Hindlip's "private cell;" in this he calls forth, to adorn its green recesses, nymphs and satyrs, Daphne and Narcissus, the same rout of poetic beings who figure in Vaughan's imaginings. And Habington ends, comparing himself and his love with the happy myths of a bygone literature:—

> Soe they whose wisdome did discusse
> Of these as fictions, shall in us
> Finde they were more than fabulous.

These lines Vaughan, already a "learned Plagiary," reproduces almost verbatim in his closing couplet. The clear and "chilly" star (the second adjective is Professor Saintsbury's) of William Habington had only just arisen upon the horizon, when the nineteen-year-old Silurist paid it the homage of imitation. He thus took in at once an influence destined to go far with him and to last long, the influence of the purest love-poet of that generation.

NATURE'S PRIEST

A WELL-REMEMBERED figure of the days of our childhood was an old postman. He was a countryman of the pre-Education Act period. His ideas were not moulded by school standards, but evolved from the man's inner consciousness. When he passed by the house on the other side we reviled him; on the rare occasions when he left a letter inscribed with our own name, and bearing the good Saxon designation "Master," we hailed him as a hero. The man had a rough-hewn philosophy of his own. "We can't look back into futurity," he used to say, and the phrase grew into a sort of household word.

There is a latent force about the paradox which makes it worth saving from oblivion. The dreams of boyhood are prophetic of the man; modern evolutionary theories are but a new statement of the ancient dogma of reincarnation. We are all Pythagoreans nowadays. Day by day we unconsciously reiterate the cunning of beings whose antiquity is so stupendous that the mind fails to grasp its significance. The savage is perennial in each generation of the "human boy." When the "six-years' darling of a pigmy size" lisps in appreciation of a nursery legend that it is "as bluggy as anything," the primitive instinct of the head-hunter is stirring within him. He has thrown back to the man-wolf, who skulked in reed and woodland, and sprang upon his prey exultant. To-day we bury a box of coins beneath a foundation-stone, but our ancestors buried a live man or child. He was doubtlsse looked upon as a namby-pamby sentimentalist who first suggested putting an image in place of the living victim; nevertheless his argument prevailed. We are told that at Heliopolis until the reign of Amasis three men were daily sacrificed at the temple of the gods. Amasis substituted the burning of three candles on the altar. In St. Osyth's Priory, Essex, a candle was discovered built into the walls. To-day when we launch a ship we break a bottle of wine at the prow, and we are but following in the footsteps of our forefathers, who, instead of the neck of a bottle, broke the neck of a slave. Life and light were the sacred symbols, the unknown elements, the unfathomable mysteries of all pristine races; they are the same to us. We experiment, we build theories; of actual basic knowledge we have none.

Wordsworth wandered in that remote yet familiar land of conjecture when the inspiration of his wondrous ode fell upon him. It has been often asked if Wordsworth was veritably a Pythagorean. He was, even as we all are. Every child, the memory of our own childhood, what are they but guides in a twilit land? We see "as through a glass, darkly." The race of men resembles a sea, the waves of which tower high as mighty oceanic rollers, or sweep on as coast-nearing ground-swell, with crests unbroken. They are vehicles of force; they do not exhaust their initial energy in surf and foam, but travel, fulfilling their appointed function. They carry forward and pass on from crest to crest the impulsion of the wind that bloweth where it listeth, of the mysterious, incommunicable attraction of the sun and moon which we call tidal force. So it is in the storm-beaten sea of the human economy; each generation is a wave-crest, the symbol of a power that sweeps over sunken wrecks of human endeavour, over drowned lands of savage creed, over slow, upheaving coral reefs of thought and action. Human energy is plastic, not creative. Whatever its source and destiny, these are from without. "Man can half control his doom," sings Tennyson. The individual may mould his environment, and by so doing help to reshape the destiny of his race, but he will be for ever haunted with the ghost of those—himself or others—who have gone before. Who has not experienced the weird sensation of revisiting the glimpses of the moon, of seeing in manhood or womanhood some landscape which we last gazed on as a child? The flavour of an apple may recall the dim memory of a period of time years ago; the sound of a melody or of a peal of bells across the water often brings back to us a day not dead but sleeping. We were eight years old then; we had not learnt to see things as they are not. It is in such moods that the veracious message of the Ode is most real to us.

We no longer build up the quaint dogmas of the East and imagine the vagrant demon flitting uneasily from one animal habitat to another, in search of at-one-ment with the perennial calm, the *ultima Thule* of all being. The modern man talks of a destiny to be achieved by labour, exerted over protracted periods of effort. "Learn to labour and to wait" is his creed. Nature, effortless, moulds perfection, that toils not, neither does it spin. As materialism spreads its tentacles and seizes on human activities, so do the primal simplicities, in which all true strength is matured, wane, atrophy, and become a pale reflex of reality.

Conferences are held nowadays on Education. The principal aim of the expert appears to be to contrive somehow to get a quart of school lore into the pint-pot of the average scholar's capacity for learning. The result may be called "specialism" or a dozen other specious names; at any rate it is not education. The boy is taught to regard "sport" as a matter of primary importance. Yes, but what sport? The mere forcing of certain defined games on every boy and girl as part of the training and curriculum is to produce a crop of folk of whom it may be said, "I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them

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well, they imitated humanity so abominably." If by "sport" be meant the keen instinct of knowledge of a countryside, in other words the savage intuition of the trapper and tracker, revived and trained to modern ends, no exception can be taken to it. It is for this reason that the Boy Scout movement is so entirely admirable. The English public school boy is mostly a *blasé* adept at cricket or football. As compulsory, the games have lost their meaning and real value. In his next stage he too often lounges, a cigarette-whiffing spectator of football and cricket matches. He shoots, fishes, or plays golf, rather because they are spectacular amusements than because they appeal to him with any vital interest. They are the thing to do; he follows in the ruck. Nothing matters, nothing goes beyond convention and the outward form of things.

The day is not far distant when young Englishmen of the moneyed class will, as a regular part of their upbringing, spend a year of training-time, under proper control and discipline, in some colony, amid wide spaces and primitive conditions. Then we shall once more have a revival of the arts and of literature. Materialism and conventionality are the deadly foes, simplicity and vision the nurses and guardian angels, of all that lifts a nation to the plane in which noble thoughts become clothed in their appropriate garb. Great ideals breed grand diction. As Sir Francis Palgrave has truly said: "Without attempting discussion on the motive causes of Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, and others, we may observe that these poets carried to further perfection the later tendencies of the century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence of human passion and character in every sphere, and love of Nature for herself."

For them these were rungs of the ladder of undying fame. Can it be truly said that the desire so to climb is the ideal held up to scholars in any considerable proportion of our public schools?

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

VI.—SPRING JOURNALISM

One of the reasons why our popular newspapers are so monotonous is that they take no real account of the seasons. They do not reflect the glad unrest of Spring, the lavish fulfilment of Summer. They always appear to have been written by disillusioned business-men, whose style smells of faded poppies, forgotten among the autumnal stubble. The writers of leading articles show no disposition to frolic in the Spring, and in this—if leading articles are indeed written by human beings—they do wrong to their natures. For the man who can arrange his words in sounding periods during these first delightful blue days is capable of worse crimes than split infinitives. This is the season of the year when the yew peacocks in our gardens thrust out green branches and look for a moment like trees; and in the same way the wise man will now permit his cultured phrases to burst their straight-waistcoats and look for a moment like words. It is true that we have laboured over them all the winter-time, and set them down one by one with pride in our pocket-books. But now, when Nature is out of breath with running and the marble-topped tables are sprouting like mushrooms on the pavements, they seem inadequate. Our wintry ingenuities will not suffice to express a tenth part of our spring-tide flood of emotions. Like a schoolboy leader in a paper-chase whose bag is stuffed with fragments of torn dictionaries, we wish to scatter our words by handfuls, imitating in our humble human way the careless profusion of Nature and Mr. Garvin.

Very few people realise how much easier it is for a writer to be wise than it is for him to be cheerful. To be wise in a journalistic sense all that is necessary is to stand a platitude on its head and appropriate the small change that drops out of its pockets. To be cheerful on paper is a harder matter, for it demands either an extraordinary ignorance or an extraordinary knowledge of life. It is especially difficult to express this insane cheerfulness of Spring, for this is a lofty joy if you will, but it owes its position to the fact that it has clambered on the shoulders of sorrow. Like a child with toothache at its first pantomime, it laughs the louder because it is ever on the verge of tears. If you remember the Autumn, these young green buds are the saddest things on earth, for they, too, mark only another degree of decay. And yet, in spite of the fact that our new youth is the briefest of illusions, these are days when everything in the world that is not utterly broken and defeated claims happiness as a right; and as for all but the very greatest happiness is a confession of ignorance, it is inhuman to expect journalists to be wise on this earth new painted with tender blues and greens. In a month or two, when the children have picked all the primroses and the motor-cars have covered the hedgerows with dust, it will be possible, perhaps, if the roses are merciful and the strawberry-crop fails, to write about the weighty problems that do not really matter with a becoming gravity. But what manner of man can think of Tariff Reform in a wood paved with anemones?

This is by way of being an apology, for I would certainly have written an erudite and unreadable article on the proposed Flamandisation of the University of Ghent, if only the Spring had lingered a few more days on the way. I have discussed this important problem with a hundred persons; I have read a score of newspaper articles on the subject; I have the arguments and facts of both sides at my fingertips; but now that Spring is here I have an unreasonable desire to write about something else, if only the expression of pleased astonishment on the faces of babies under six months old who feel the warm sunshine for the first time. My notebook emphasises the change. A few days ago I was cynical enough to reflect that "to regret that the days of our thwarted and uncomfortable youth are over is the only consolation that old age affords." Yesterday, moved to sentiment by the generosity of the season, I noted that "if it be true that in our dying hour we live again all the pregnant moments of our life, that hour for me will be a lifetime long." Not only the mood, but, quite unconsciously, the style has altered. With the omission of one word the second reflection becomes three lines of intolerable blank verse. That is what the Spring does for journalists.

Nevertheless I might have succeeded in writing about the higher Flemish education if I had shut myself in a cellar instead of foolishly seeking out one of the most beautiful places near Brussels. At Boitsfort the forest begins, and there is a little lake there in whose waters you can see a drowned village with white walls and red roofs. I sat in the paved courtyard of a *café* at the water's-edge, and looked at the glorious duck-pond, and at the blues and purples of the forest beyond, and straightway forgot all about my stodgy article. My drowsy kingdom was shared by a thoughtful waiter, who was obviously under the influence of the sweet oppression of the afternoon, and fed the ducks with French bread to keep himself awake. Also there was a dog who brought an enormous piece of wood to my feet and asked me to throw it for him. The beam looked as if it weighed at least three pounds, and to have thrown it on to the cobbles would have been an act of sacrilege against the tranquillity of that peaceful place. But the dog had appealing eyes, so I tried to bribe him vainly with sugar. At last, after he had picked up the piece of wood and dropped it again three or four times to convey what he wanted to my

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obtuse intelligence, he carried it away in disgust. I hope he only thought that I was stupid, and not that I was unfriendly; but, unlike cats, dogs are not reliable in their reading of human motives. I would have liked at the moment to have apostrophised him after the unsophisticated manner of the Flemish school of fiction. "Oh! dog," I would have said, "I should very much like to serve you by throwing that great piece of wood that you carry so cleverly across the courtyard, but I will not try to conceal my fears from your moist and eloquent eyes. I am afraid of the reproaches of the waiter, roused abruptly from his hour-long dreams. I am afraid of the echoes which would fill my ears with the mortal anguish of the murdered silence, but most I am afraid of a small baby who has just been hushed to sleep with some difficulty behind that open window. Being a *café* dog, it is perhaps natural that you should not care for sugar. I have heard that the employés at the great whisky distilleries always get drunk on beer. But if you care to stay here with me I will tell you all I know about the proposed Flamandisation of the University of Ghent." Long before I had finished composing this address the dog was out of sight.

Before me on the table there lay some blank sheets of paper and an empty coffee-cup. I dipped my pen in the ink three times with enthusiasm, and then balanced it on the saucer. It occurred to me to speculate as to the sensations of a tree in the Spring. First, it seemed to me, it is woken from its winter sleep by a spirit of restlessness that by degrees takes the form of an intense irritation throughout the bark of the tree. I realised this stage so vividly that I know that old trees tell the young ones not to scratch. Afterwards the tree feels little threads of pain running through its channels, and these become more and more frequent, till the tree aches in every branch, and the image of each remotest twig is etched on the consciousness of the tree by suffering. Then, slowly at first, but afterwards quicker and quicker, each breaking bud brings relief, till long before the last bud has popped the whole tree is singing with pride of its great achievement. Some trees look upon their leaves as umbrellas, some as hats, and some as wearing apparel. It seemed to me that it would be a breach of manners to mention the Winter in the hearing of this last kind of tree.

But still the paper was blank and white; still my great article on the proposed Flamandisation of the University of Ghent remained unwritten.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

TRAVELLING PICTURES

BY W. H. KOEBEL

MEDITATION, perhaps, has never found a more unsuitable home than the bustle of a railway terminus. Yet there was fruit for the mood awaiting me even at Waterloo, within a compartment, moreover, that a few minutes would see speeding on its way to the red soil of Devon.

The first conceiver of the picture galleries beneath the racks "for light luggage only" has missed fame. To the general public, I fear, his very name is unknown. Yet his image should stand upon a pedestal. I would not place him on one that rivalled Stevenson's in height, yet his shaft of honour should be sufficiently lofty. It is possible that this inventor of a new art had in his mind nothing beyond the towns and neighbourhoods the photographs of which now confront the traveller. If so he had not foreseen the revolution in the atmosphere of the railway carriage. Granted even this, there is no reason why the mere fact of restricted intention should create a bar to celebrity; the discovery of steam itself was a side issue emanating from the desire for hot water.

The pictures are pretty things. They stand boldly out from the partition, illustrating the possibilities of a brighter world. It is true that the tenets of their conception are rigid, for the adamantine regularity of their school permits no elasticity. It is apparently essential here that a coloured landscape should be topped by a blue sky. Not that the azure of these seaside heavens is necessarily unbroken. Upon the face of some float small white clouds. But the pleasant fleeces obscure nothing; their white flakiness adds lustre to the blue, that is all.

It is the introduction of this texture of the orthodox consistency of an angel's wing that yields the keynote to the policy of these travelling rows of pictures. They would seem to have made a compact amongst themselves that each should show a brave face to the world. No greyness, save in rock or stone; not an inch of gloom in a dozen towns, hills, rivers, and seas—the pleasant scenes depict the cream of landscape and weather, skimmed from many a county to hang side by side within a single railway compartment.

There is little use in mincing matters. These pictures are optimists. Far be it from me to cast an undeserved slur upon their veracity, since how could I then continue to face the undisturbed serenity of their gaze! They represent the land of the tourist as the tourist likes to see it, and as it does, indeed, from time to time present itself to the city dweller on his wanderings. Parades and beaches thronged with people, Italian-hued house fronts, rich yellow sands, white-edged waves, and gleaming sails will stare out from their frame rather to the detriment of a neighbouring scene of romance and comparative solitude in which predominate soft greens and broad bands of shade—a spot in which it is admitted that man alone is vile, since no more than a single human figure is permitted in the foreground.

There is perhaps a want of subtlety in the ubiquitous smile of land and sea. It is even to be feared that its determined cheeriness exists at the expense of the finer shades and beauties. But the effect need not lie heavily upon the artist's conscience, supposing him to be possessed of so uncomfortable an asset. His case is only parallel with that of his brother photographer who deals in human faces. The rare photographic countenance that is depicted without an upward curling of the lips is the property of a strong-minded and obstinate person!

These landscapes strive in similar fashion after a truly popular expression. But they are more than mere triumphs in tinted photography. They are powerful agents, workers of great results. Enter a train from the most squalid of platforms, and you will have stepped into another world as soon as the threshold is passed! You may traverse the heart of a sordid town; you may glide past squalor, mean streets, and, in fact, through a whole series of gloomy panorama. All this does not matter. There hangs the picture, directly opposite, the bright promise of what lies at the end of the journey. What pegs upon which to hang parables, and homilies on the vicissitudes of human life! Nevertheless, such parallels must be toyed with gently; if carried too far, they are certain to end in the discomfiture of their maker. For the promise may, or may not, be kept. It depends on the weather. It may be necessary, too, for the traveller to descend long before these fair havens are reached, in which case it may occur that the promise rolls onwards to waste its sweetness on an empty compartment—a situation from which it is difficult to extract a moral.

So much from the passengers' point of view. But there is another, quite as important—that of the train itself. The pictures have warmed many an old carriage to fresh life. They are, in fact, the romance of the compartment, repre-

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senting to it that which does many a flower to a man—and the metaphor gains with their fading. They are the reminiscences of the train, memories that have lent it a tongue. It is possible that the tales it tells are a trifle coloured, like those concerning all good things. In crowded cities its eloquence reaches a climax. Once amidst the pictured areas themselves it becomes mute, and forgotten. Then, neither the memories nor the pictures matter.

FRANCE FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW*

In spite of his second Christian name, Mr. Jean Charlemagne Bracq is a perfervid Republican, whereas the Marquis (Antoine) de Castellane can only be described as a Royalist bereft of his illusions. It follows that we here have two books of very different character. M. de Castellane's volume, moreover, is chiefly one of personal reminiscences, often set down, apparently, soon after the incidents or contests in which he was concerned. Mr. Bracq, for his part, has indited his book (which, as it is a Republican work, we are surprised to see bound in Royal blue, decorated with the *fleurs-de-lys* of the old Monarchy) in the serene atmosphere of Vassar College, U.S.A., where he officiates as Professor of Romance Languages. One hundred and twelve years have now elapsed since Thomas Campbell wrote, in "The Pleasures of Hope," "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" but the saying is as true to-day as it was then, and to Mr. Bracq, gazing across the wide Atlantic, the Third French Republic appears to be robed in the most azure and most roseate of hues. He does not detect a single shadow, a single dark patch, a speck even; he holds, as Dr. Pangloss would have held, that everything is for the very best in the very best of Republics, and that there never was so beautiful and so wonderful a *régime* as that with which France has been blessed since September, 1870.

In proof thereof Mr. Bracq bombards us with long lists of its achievements, statistics galore, and strings of famous names, the names of men whose work, we are given to understand, is inseparable from the Republic. Unfortunately Mr. Bracq greatly overstates his case, as may be shown by just a few examples out of the many which might be quoted. For instance, we take a list of painters and find in it such names as Meissonier, Baudry, Rosa Bonheur, Jules Breton and Protais, whom Mr. Bracq numbers among the great artists of the Republic, whereas they were merely survivals of the Second Empire. "What," exclaims Mr. Bracq enthusiastically, "can the Napoleonic *régime* oppose to the engravings of Léopold Flameng?" Well, as a matter of fact, Flameng, born in 1831 at Brussels, acquired his art and executed a good deal of his best work under the *régime* in question. Again, Carpeaux, who died in 1875, should not be included in a list of the representative sculptors of the Third Republic. Even his famous group of "La Danse" for the Paris Opera-house was actually modelled before the collapse of the Second Empire.

If we next turn to musicians, we find Mr. Bracq including Gounod in one of his lists—Gounod whose "Faust" was originally produced as far back as 1859, whilst his "Roméo et Juliette" dates from 1867! Again, Pasteur—the frequent guest of Napoleon III. at the Tuileries and Compiègne—did most of his scientific work under the Empire, though the "hydrophobia cure" belongs, of course, to the present Republic. Mr. Bracq also makes mistakes in dealing with literary men, many of those whom he mentions being purely and simply survivals of Imperial times, whilst others had at least started on their careers and made considerable progress in them before the war of 1870. The fact is, and historians will ultimately recognise it, that the much-abused Second Empire bequeathed to the Third Republic a great crop of young but already ripening talent, by which the latter *régime* has since profited.

At the same time we are well aware that France has progressed in many ways since the Republic was established, and the information which Mr. Bracq supplies on such matters as education and social reform is important and interesting. Everything must not be judged by statistics, however; and on glancing at those which apply to the colonial expansion of France we are reminded of all the literature which appeared in Paris last autumn on the subject of the unsatisfactory situation prevailing in many French colonies and protectorates, notably those of Indo-China.

The latter part of Mr. Bracq's book is devoted to an examination of religious questions, the separation of Church and State, the teaching of religion and morality in French schools, and the present position of French Protestantism, to which, by the way, Mr. Bracq belongs. It seems to us that he writes very fairly and sanely on all these matters; and we are sorry that, in other parts of his book, he has occasionally compromised a very good case by foolish exaggeration.

The translation of M. de Castellane's reminiscences is by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who has done his work so well that this English version is as racy and as pleasant to read as the original. We remember M. de Castellane (whom we often met when he was Secretary to the National Assembly of 1871-76) as a gentleman of strong prejudices and a somewhat sarcastic bent, both of which characteristics are apparent in this book of his. It is written also with extreme frankness, and among the information it contains—information invariably conveyed in the lightest and airiest of manners—one often finds some statement of first-class importance in respect to contemporary French history. The many celebrities appearing in M. de Castellane's pages include Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, the Empress Augusta, the Count de Chambord, the Duc d'Aumale, Talleyrand, Montalembert, Falloux, Abbé Liszt, Bishop Dupanloup, General Changarnier, Marshal MacMahon, General Trochu, General Chanzy, Gambetta, Jules Favre, and Thiers; and respecting these and others (notably quite a number of great ladies and several notorieties of the *demi-monde*) our author supplies many out-of-the-way and, now and again, highly amusing particulars. He is sometimes unjust (occasionally very unjust indeed), sometimes indiscreet, and sometimes also mistaken, but the Talleyrand strain in his nature prevents him from ever being dull.

The extracts from the Marquis's note-books during the latter part of the Franco-German War give a good idea of a soldier's feelings at that grim period. Although he was a Royalist and a Catholic, he rightly admired the patriotic energy of Gambetta. Later, however, he was one of those who hoped to overthrow the Republic so dear to Mr. Jean Charlemagne Bracq, and to restore the Count de Chambord to his ancestral throne by the style and title of Henry V., King of France and Navarre. The story of that famous intrigue is told by M. de Castellane with mingled vivacity and regretfulness. We doubt if it could have succeeded at any time without provoking civil war. The Republic prevailed because, as Thiers rightly said, it was the form of government which divided Frenchmen the least. But whatever chances the Count de Chambord may at one moment have possessed, were destroyed by the obstinacy with which he refused to give any "constitutional guarantees

* *France under the Republic.* By Jean Charlemagne Bracq, Litt.D. (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

Men and Things of My Time. By the Marquis de Castellane. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

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prior to restoration," and his determination to impose the white flag of his house on the French army and people. "If there is any attempt to impose that flag on our soldiers, the chassepots," said Marshal MacMahon, "will go off of their own accord." No such attempt took place, as, on finding their Prince so intractable, the bulk of the French Royalists made no further efforts in his favour. M. de Castellane's book ends in a very pessimistic strain, which, in its way, is as exaggerated as the extreme optimism of Mr. Bracq. Both volumes have serviceable indexes, and the Marquis de Castellane's work is illustrated with a number of capital portraits.

THE MAGAZINES

One would scarcely expect a display of humour, conscious or unconscious, in so sober a quarterly as the *Hibbert Journal*. It is only further evidence of the fact that the world so brims with humour that it will out, unconsciously if not consciously. The opening article is a most interesting fragment of the late Count Tolstoy's writings, and is entitled "Philosophy and Religion." It is but short, yet in its space it touches with a firm hand on the prime fault of most modern thinking—the refusal to give the proper place and importance to certain unproveable instincts of the soul, in the light of which instincts all subsequent facts have their value. The things which these instincts attest can never be induced, and all mere phenomena have a detached and unrelated existence, being therefore worthless for thinking, without the lustre shed by them. Or, to put it in Tolstoy's own words: "Each man within himself is conscious of a knowledge quite distinct from reasoned knowledge, and independent of the endless chain of cause and effect. This knowledge is his knowledge of his spiritual Ego;" implying, as he puts it elsewhere in his article, a conviction of "something indefinable, and that is our soul and God." The article is, in fact, a characteristic and important appeal against the prostration of the intellect of man before the limitations of *a posteriori* thinking. It is a vital appeal for faith, faith being interpreted not as an intellectual acceptation of theological dogma, but a trustful acceptation of certain primary instincts. Its closing passage is: "So that the learned philosopher confined within the endless chain of cause and effect, who does not acknowledge a religious basis, is inevitably forced to seek for an imaginary and impossible cause of all causes, and has *faith* in it; and consequently, in contrast to the scientific philosopher, possesses a firm understanding of life and a sound guidance for his actions."

Having concluded thus, we turn the page and greet the following title: "Can Theology become Scientific?" by M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. The vigour of opposition can only be healthy, and it is the fault of most journals that they do not seek its vitalising atmosphere. Yet, with every faith in opposition, this juxtaposition is certainly unhappy. Mr. Muir's article is, in direct contradistinction to Tolstoy's, an appeal to carry the *a posteriori* process of thought into the religious field. A qualification of this remark is owing to Mr. Muir, and that is, that the induction would proceed from certain religious phenomena—in other words, that it would accept as data certain facts that can only have a spiritual significance, and which the scientist, strictly so-called, would not accept. Nevertheless, he does not make this quite clear. Professor Gardner has an important article on "The Subconscious and the Superconscious"—more important than at first it appears to be, because he does bring out into the necessary relief just those passages he would desire to emphasise. Its purport is to divide the realm of consciousness into the subconscious, the conscious, and the superconscious, to which he would adapt Matthew Arnold's division of the Barbaric, the Hellenic, and the Hebraic. The value of the article is rather in the stubborn canvassing of one's thought it causes than in its permanent contribution to the body of thought. And there is always the suspicion that the analysis is, after all, only academic, for it fails to account for the irrefragable fact that a "sunset-touch, a fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death, a chorus-ending from Euripides," to say nothing of a bird's song, a child's face, or Gothic architecture, inevitably raise thoughts of divinity and eternity. Professor Smith gives an instance into what a ponderous and extraordinary labyrinth so simple a subject as Judas Iscariot can be twisted. There is a very excellent article on "Water-finding and Faith-healing," by Dr. Hovenden.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Professor Morgan deals, with a rarely estimable judicial poise on so polemical a subject, with "The Constitutional Revolution." While his sympathies are quite against an Upper Chamber composed on its present hereditary basis, he nevertheless makes it clear that the claim of privilege as put up by officialdom in (and out of) the House of Commons has, in his opinion, as little to commend it as any other form of privilege. The argument that privilege, entrenched in its strong position, may thereupon turn and defy public opinion and public desire is one that certainly does not exclude a Front Bench in the House of Commons. Mr. Harold F. Wyatt has an injudicious article entitled "God's Test by War." It is true that in the present glorification of peace many mental and moral attributes are apt to be forgotten that are bred, if not by war, at least by a warlike spirit, and that much of present solicitation for peace at the knees of foreign Powers is most unmoral and pusillanimous whinneying; but that is not all. And a man who makes use of the Deity's Name at the head of his article awakens suspicion by that very fact. To talk of "that which God has given for the trial of peoples—the test of war," is not only to beg the question, it is to deny the inception of Christianity.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, in "Some Notes on Chateaubriand," and Professor Tyrrell, in the first of a series of articles on "Our Debt to Latin Poetry as distinguished from Greek," deal competently and completely with subjects of literary interest, while Bishop Welldon writes about "The Making of the Authorised Version." Quite the most admirable article in *Blackwood's* is "Damascus," by Gertrude Lowthian Bell: it recalls the Biblical cadence in its style with charming lack of affectation, and is graphic and beautiful in its total effect. In the same Magazine Mr. Noyes continues his "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," which grow more diffuse in matter and manner with each instalment, despite their vigour. In the *Cornhill* Mr. A. C. Benson writes on Frederic Myers. It is not critical, but biographical and personal. Other articles worthy of note are "Telling the Bees," by Sir Laurence Gomme, and "The Meaning of Death," by Julian S. Huxley. This latter, despite its too technical treatment and arid style, does indeed come near to the mystery of death at times.

The *Fortnightly Review* is headed by a series of poems by Thomas Hardy, entitled "Satires of Circumstance." They are characteristic enough, and their title is indicative of their contents. He picks out a dozen episodes and turns them into verses of a couple of stanzas apiece. They are bitter and shrewdly cynical. Mr. Hardy is not to be envied the world he lives in; it bears little resemblance to the world we know, despite its sorrows and tears. In the same Review we miss this month the usual contribution by Mr. Garvin, and find one on "National Conservatism" instead, signed "Emanon." Mr Laurence Irving deals with "The Plight

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of the Serious Drama," not very deeply nor determinedly; and Dr. Rappoport with "The Russian Duma and the Emancipation of the Jews." It is a pity to see such a Review so weak in articles of literary criticism and of permanent interest.

The *English Review* perhaps hardly touches its highest level, as far as the articles are concerned, this month. As to poetry, Stephen Phillips appears with a sonnet on Shakespeare, and Richard Middleton has a poem, entitled "Queen Melanie and the Wood-boy," which treats a very pretty theme in a dainty and very pleasing manner. Probably the article of most interest is that by Mr. Scott-James, entitled "Chance and the Change"—though precisely what purpose, other than alliterative, the word "chance" serves it is difficult to say. It deals with the change that is passing over the history of the English novel, and its indication to life, but it misses some of the strangest elements in it. He also makes a bad *faux pas* in speaking of the *Rev.* Mr. Philip Gosse. An article of quite excellent interest is that by W. H. George on "Some Dramatic Criteria." But that which lives most strangely in the memory is one we should scarcely have expected to find here. It is entitled "The Stomach Pump," and signed, appropriately enough, E. U. Pepsia. It had better be read to be profited by.

Unpretentious though *The Open Window* may be in point of size, through it we can behold many a pleasant prospect. We are beginning to look for the appearance of this little monthly with great pleasure, for nothing poor in literary value ever disgraces its columns, and occasionally we find a memorable poem, article, or story. We note that Volume I. is just ready, and its list of contributors ensures it a welcome.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE NEW TREATY WITH JAPAN

By Lancelot Lawton

In the comments of the daily press the real significance to be attached to the new commercial Treaty just concluded between Great Britain and Japan appears to have been entirely overlooked. It has been generally represented that the relief in the statutory tariff conceded in our favour is the outcome solely of friendly sentiment arising from the Alliance. Doubtless there is some truth in this assertion; but we must seek elsewhere to find the true motive that has induced the Tokyo Government to pursue so obliging a policy. As a matter of fact, ever since the Manchurian campaign Japan's finances have bordered on the precarious, and, in view of the possibility that further foreign loans may shortly become necessary in order to replenish the national exchequer, it has been deemed advisable to retain British goodwill even at the expense of concessions in the Customs Tariff. For the time being our merchants gain as a consequence of the favourable terms of the new treaty; in the end, however, it will be found that indirectly they are paying dearly for any reduction in duties. To all intents and purposes Japan has purchased an option on the continuation of British goodwill. Therefore it is to be assumed that the British money market will once more be available for Japanese loans. The retort may perhaps be made, "And what of that? British capital will be employed under safe guarantees and at a fair rate of interest." But the all-important point would appear to be overlooked to the effect that every penny lent to Japan at the present moment is utilised in setting up industries which compete with British enterprise. The stake at issue is enormous. It consists in nothing less than commercial predominance in China, a market containing four hundred millions of people whose needs are daily expanding as a result of the wonderful transition which is taking place from end to end of the vast Empire. Already our trade in the Far East is sufficiently handicapped by conditions over which we cannot possibly exercise any control—as, for example, Japan's geographical proximity to China and the cheapness of her labour. The potential danger arising from our complaisant attitude is not limited to matters of commerce. In extricating Japan out of her financial difficulties we are enabling her to increase her Army and Navy and to advance a policy of Imperial expansion aimed at making her mistress of the Pacific.

Leaving political problems altogether out of the question, it should not be forgotten that it is due in a large measure to British financial support that Japan has become a serious rival in the markets of the Far East. The war with Russia cost her nearly two hundred millions sterling. Of the loan proceeds the major proportion was supplied by Great Britain. But the burden of expenditure in connection with the campaign did not fall upon Japan so heavily as might be supposed. To begin with, nearly all the money raised was spent in the country itself, and its circulation naturally gave a stimulus to the manufacturing industry, and led to the formation of many new enterprises. Then twenty millions sterling was appropriated from the war funds for the purpose of making additions to the Navy, and as these additions were inevitable, it follows that the taxpayers were relieved considerably. Furthermore, Japan's ambitious *post-bellum* expansion has been largely financed with British money. For example, loans contracted by the Industrial Bank have been re-lent to Korea. Again, the South Manchurian Railway Company has succeeded in floating, on very favourable terms, several large debenture issues in London. This semi-official corporation practically monopolises enterprise throughout the region in which it operates, and its scope is so comprehensive that even the establishment of schools and the management of hotels are included. Finally, British money has been secured by Japanese municipalities and railways. In all these circumstances, therefore, it is plain, as I have already suggested, that the fact of Japan having become a strong commercial Power is wholly and solely due to the ease with which she can negotiate loans in the British market.

Unfortunately a Government cannot effectually regulate avenues of investment. Were it possible to do so a valuable lever would be placed in the hands of the wealthier nations, not only for political purposes pure and simple, but also for retarding the progress of commercial competitors. In the absence of any such control from official quarters popular sentiment rules. This circumstance Japan has taken fully into account. She realises that the goodwill of the British people is essential to the maintenance of her foreign credit, and consequently she does not hesitate to pay the price required in the form of tariff concessions in a commercial treaty. Thereupon the daily press endeavours to persuade its readers that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has produced very beneficial results, and the merchants who export goods to Japan are overjoyed. But the first chapter only is written; the plot has not yet developed. Soon Japan will contrive to borrow more money at low rates in the English market. Promptly utilising this money to develop productive enterprises, she will end in becoming independent of foreign financial assistance. The merchants who are now so delighted with the tariff concessions will find that the volume of exports to which the tariff applies has decreased almost to the point of vanishing. In any case, with British capital at her back, Japan will attain to a

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position of sufficient strength to enable her, should she so desire, to raise her duties again.

It is, perhaps, too much to expect that we wring tariff concessions out of Japan and at the same time induce our financiers to give her the cold shoulder. Yet no opportunity ought to be lost in emphasising the fact that whatever measures we may take to preserve our trade with Japan, it is inevitably destined to dwindle as Japanese manufactures develop; and so, in the main, surely our efforts should be directed towards extending commerce with China where the opportunities are illimitable. Obviously it cannot be to our ultimate advantage to continue financing Japan, who, although our ally, is none the less a keen rival. Now is the moment to cry halt. Her exchequer is empty. It can only be replenished with British money.

It is open to question whether on any conditions Japan could raise a loan in America, Germany, or France; without British support it is absolutely certain that the financial doors of these countries would be bolted and barred against her. The Tokyo Government anticipates that the raising of the tariff will result in a substantial growth of the revenue; but it is hardly likely that enough will be derived from this source to render the exchequer independent of foreign assistance. Already the drain of specie in the form of interest and redemption in connection with the National Debt is enormous, and it has been found necessary to continue the special taxes imposed during the period of the war.

As soon as the Peace Treaty was signed at Portsmouth the world began to realise that Japan was encountering grave financial difficulties. *Post-bellum* programmes were twice readjusted because of the lack of funds, and the crisis that ensued caused the Saionji Ministry to resign. When Marquis Katsura assumed office he boldly announced as his settled policy that in no circumstances would new State obligations be contracted, and the national credit was immediately strengthened. Recently, however, it has been found necessary to elaborate a programme for widening the gauge of the railways and for developing the system generally. According to Baron Goto, President of the Railway Board, an expenditure amounting altogether to £130,000,000 will be incurred, and it is not denied that eventually recourse to loans must become necessary. Initial outlays will be defrayed out of what is known as the Deposit Bureau—a department that controls certain public funds largely consisting of postal savings invested in Government bonds. In other words, the State having already "annexed" the postal savings of the masses, and invested them in loans to itself, is now about to appropriate the resultant revenue, and in turn lend this to its own railways. Foreign sources will doubtless be asked to supply the rest. When the time comes that a loan for the Japanese railways is in process of negotiation in London, it would be well to reflect that it is our rivals whom we are supplying with funds, and that these funds are destined to be employed in increasing their capacity for competing with ourselves.

THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY

THE exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours at 5A, Pall Mall East are always interesting, and that which has just opened has the very great advantage of being somewhat less crowded than has latterly been the case, though there are still a far greater number of pictures than can be seen properly in one gallery. In view of the new rule to impose a fine on members who fail to contribute, it would seem that a restriction of the number of pictures acceptable from each of the more prolific ones will become necessary if this desirable limitation of quantity is to be continued in the future. Some of the more interesting members of the Society have sent nothing to the present exhibition. Mr. Clausen's work can hardly be spared, and Mr. Lionel Smythe and Mr. Bayes are also unrepresented, while Mr. D. Y. Cameron contributes only one picture—"The Shining Spey." This, however, is a finely characteristic example of his art.

If there is little of surpassing excellence, there are few pictures in this exhibition which have not some sterling quality. It is all good, sincere work, and from the technical point of view it is as excellent as it is varied, ranging from Mr. Sargent's strong, clever studies of sunlight and shadow—"Sketching" and "The Garden Wall"—to Mrs. Allingham's Surrey Cottages. In water-colour exhibitions the largest and most ambitious pictures are comparatively seldom among the most successful. Here, however, is a notable exception in Mrs. Laura Knight's fine—if somewhat over-green—study of "Wind and Sun." Mr. Cadogan Cowper's "Eve," too, is a fine piece of colour, though not altogether successful in other respects. Among some of the most interesting work is that of Mr. Arthur Rackham, though we have had finer things from him; and there are also some examples of Walter Crane's art, several of which—the "Wind-swept Trees" and "Side von Said" particularly—are full of charm.

Here, once more, the question is raised as to how far water-colour is a suitable medium for the painting of such religious subjects as Mr. Robert Anning Bell's "Mary Magdalene and the other Mary" and Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Thirty Pieces of Silver," both full of dignity, and the latter especially an example of fine *technique*. One cannot but feel that perfect water-colour is too light, too swift, and too dependent on the inspiration and work of the moment to be the best interpreter of such subjects, or indeed of any which emphasise the literary quality, even though Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale's charming picture, "The First Sermon of Saint Catherine of Siena," would seem to disprove the statement.

The President, Sir Ernest A. Waterlow, Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, Mr. Henry Tuke, and Mr. R. Thorne-Waite—to mention a few among many well-known names—are adequately represented.

ART NEEDLEWORK

The Lent Exhibition of Church and other Embroideries at the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington, has been rendered specially notable this year by the inclusion of a historic gift, consisting of chasuble, dalmatics, maniples, and stoles presented to Pope Clement XIII., the Venetian Cardinal Rezzonico—whose palace, it may be recalled, was for a time the home of Robert Browning—by the Venetian Republic in 1750. The vestments, which are almost entirely covered with richly-wrought shaded silk embroidery, edged with gold thread, are thus of great interest historically and technically, though they do not, of course, represent the best period of ecclesiastical needlework. There are also examples of Stuart embroidery, including some of the curious embossed pictures and box-lids, in which the stuffed figures stand out in relief against their backgrounds. The exhibition also includes some Queen Anne tapestries and beautiful old laces, in addition to work of the present students of the school, consisting largely of copies of old pieces, among which we regret to see that the needlework-pictures beloved of our great-grandmothers are receiving a good deal of attention.

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IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE past account was remarkable. It was a nineteen-day account, which no one likes as a rule, and it came in front of a four days' holiday. Cautious people do not like to go away and leave large accounts open for four days. Therefore we ought to have seen some liquidation. But the selling was hardly noticeable. We are all floating upon clouds of romance; we have renounced realism; we forget that the more we buy the more certain are prices to fall; we do not believe that prices ever can fall again. We are, however, much more cautious with regard to new issues: these we scan with considerable acuteness. One black ball excludes in our City circle. Singapore United and Tali Ayer both went as well as they deserved. They were sound investments for those lucky enough to get an allotment. But the Lowlands Company was not to my taste. It can never hope to be successful. The Port of London issue was a partial failure. Speyer's Brazil Railway Loan was cheap and good. Mackenzie and Mann's income charge convertible bond issue was not attractive; indeed, it was distinctly speculative. The Coates Western of Canada issue should have given us a certificate of profits. The Fortuna and the Troesan were rubber companies to be carefully avoided. There are plenty of companies being prepared for the public after Easter: the Zongo Bolivian Rubber, an oil company promoted by the General Oil and Finance to exploit oil-lands in the Crimea, a Java company, and Canadian lumber companies by the dozen.

When will promoters learn how to promote? Nine out of every ten do their work in a most haphazard style. They spend half their money in papers that cannot influence the investor and they utterly ignore the high-class weeklies. I saw the applications obtained by a promotion syndicate that went upon the old-fashioned lines. They were interesting. Ten per cent. of the newspaper application forms came from the *Sketch*, another 10 per cent. from the *Pall Mall* and *Westminster*, about 15 per cent. from the *Daily Telegraph*, practically none from the other dailies. The issue was subscribed twice over. I can only say that the money spent upon high-class weeklies gave a splendid return. What the promoter wants is to get his underwriters out. Publicity is but a secondary matter. All City people read the financial dailies, which, of course, in the case I am discussing, showed up splendidly. Most City people also read high-class financial weeklies. The company whose application forms I saw was advertised and promoted on the old lines and was a success. The companies that come out with a rush and open and close the same day are nine out of ten failures. They are badly promoted, badly advertised, and badly engineered. The most successful promoters I have ever known were Henry O'Hagan and W. Mendel. They seldom made a failure. They chose their companies with care, and they advertised with courage and discretion. Hooley was successful in getting in money through his advertisements. He failed in his financial judgment. The modern promoter is too indolent. He doesn't take the trouble to think for himself. He fails, and he deserves to fail, for he doesn't know his business. I am compelled to make these remarks because during the past fortnight we have seen dozens of companies brought out, none of which has "gone," and not one of which has spent less than £1,000 to £1,500 upon its publicity. The promoter does not know why he failed. But to those behind the scenes the reason is self-evident. He went for quantity of copies not quality of readers.

MONEY does not look as though it would come down without a struggle. The banks as money-lenders naturally want as much as they can get, and as they have many means of manipulating the Money Market they are very powerful. But their power is not eternal, for competition is severe, and no bank likes to see its coffers full of gold that is eating its head off. We should see a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. early in May.

FOREIGNERS are very dull indeed. The only gamble is Peru, which have been bought and sold in large quantities. The Peruvian Corporation is doing well, but the gamblers do not trouble about facts. They have been told to buy Peru prefs. and they buy them. The bull account is now a dangerous size.

HOME RAILS have done remarkable things during the present account. The whole of England has, at last, been roused to the fact that our English railways must benefit by the huge increase in trade. Buyers have come in upon each rise, and it looks as though we should see the leading Heavies back at the old prices. London and North-Western once stood at 209, Great Westerns 187, North-Eastern 185. Perhaps these prices were too high. They did not show 3 per cent. return. It will, however, take some time before we find Home Rails on a 3 per cent. basis. They are now upon the 4 per cent. level. I still think Great Easterns and the Junior Great Centrals the best gambles, and Great Western the best investment. The rise has been enormous, and those who got in when I first proposed a purchase must have done very well. The bull account at the settlement was big, and the dealers made people pay 10 per cent. when they could get it. Cautious people would naturally take their profits when they found so many bulls about. Yet, in spite of the carry-over and its warning, I saw no large profit-taking. It is apparently a very strong market. Nevertheless, were I a bull I should get out on the off-chance of being able to get in again lower down. We may be sure that the dealers and money-lenders will organise a shake-out sooner or later.

YANKEES are flat and silly. Once again the Supreme Court has postponed its decision, and once again the prominent bankers have declared that all will be well. Yet I am doubtful, for I hear tales of big people desiring to put down prices. I do not pretend to understand why. The tactics of the New York banker are beyond me. I only repeat what I hear. Explanations are always wrong in a manipulated market like Yankees. There is much talk of a combine between the First National, City National, and Bank of Commerce. The latter has a valuable charter, and the three combined almost control the whole financial district. But if the Supreme Court holds that the Standard Oil Trust is illegal, what will it say to the Bankers' Trust?

RUBBER needs little comment. It is very dull, and no jobbers are doing any business. Brazil has agreed upon her scheme for upholding the price, and many of the plantation companies now refuse to sell under 6s. But will Brazil be able to hold up enough rubber? The position is peculiar. In the meantime no one buys Plantation shares, which are somewhat too high to tempt the gambler. If they fall a little lower, they may be worth touching.

OIL.—The rise in Spies and Shells seems to have died out. The French bought Spies and the Dutch bought Shells. London leaves oil shares alone. In this we are wise, for I see no chance of much rise yet. But I like Lobitos, and I should not sell Spies yet. There will be a boom in Maikop Companies after Easter, and Black Sea Oilfields are the best.

KAFFIRS.—I am sick of this Kaffir market, with its magnates all squabbling and jobbers all short. Paris also seems "fed up" with gold shares. This slang just expresses the situation. Indeed we are all "fed up" with Kaffirs, and it will take something startling to rid us of our dyspepsia.

RHODESIANS.—The two Markets move together and are like the Siamese Twins. There is no reason for this, but I state a fact. The little spurt has died away. The magnates seem too lethargic to take quotations in hand, and the public is afraid that if it buys the shops will unload, wherein the public shows great good sense.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Baker Mason people have once again hoisted Cements, and we stand on one side and watch the game played. We admire the manipulation, but don't know enough to take a hand. Thereby we probably save

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our money. Cements, Lenas, and Perus have all been good gambles the past week, but merely gambles.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

THE GREAT ORIENTAL GOLD MINES

The sensational gold discoveries in the early days of Australian mining are likely to be repeated. The official reports of the Great Oriental Gold Mines (which has already produced a million and a quarter sterling) state that the manager has made a rich discovery in the lower level which is likely to produce an even larger value than previously. At about par the 5s. shares are attracting the attention of a usually well-informed section of mining investors, by whom considerable market activity is expected, and a substantial rise in the price of the shares anticipated.

THE PREMIER OIL AND PILE LINE COMPANY

The Premier Oil and Pile Line Company, who have paid 10 per cent. on their capital since the inauguration in three quarterly instalments, will after the Easter holidays declare their final distribution. This will be on a larger scale than 10 per cent., as from a recent report issued they are earning over 25 per cent. The shares are at present round about 22s. buyers, and as they pay by far the largest dividend of any oil company on the market the fact that they are a splendid purchase will be patent. The various wells on the property are all producing, whilst some of them promise to be "gushers." Should this be so, Premier Oils will become the Vallombrosas of the oil section. The shares certainly should see over 30s. within a very short period.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEW METHODS IN TEACHING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Education, stated at Lancaster on Saturday, April 8th, that "a child was not merely a thing equipped with brains, but a complete being, every part of which should be educated." What then? Is it to be understood that Mr. Runciman wishes to teach us that we are all mind, and that every nerve, muscle, cell, and atom of our physical frame is mind in process of development? Some educationists, I am aware, are propagating the idea that in another few generations a human being will become so fully developed and educated that he will be able to think as intelligently in every part of his body as he does now in the main centre, the head. It is likewise known that the blind grow brain cells in the tips of the fingers, and through these new centres of sensation are able to distinguish colours. Those individuals, then, who lose the sight of their eyes will suffer little inconvenience thereby, for when they have learnt to see through whatever part of their body they please the loss of this organ will not affect them overmuch. And if we can educate and develop one part of our body to such an extent as this, why not another? The work of the teacher in the future will then be to work on every atom of the human body as an individualised form of the Universal Mind in one degree or another of development or evolution, and to assist those thoughtful and intelligent brain cells to reach the growth and development of the higher centres of the human brain. And what a wonderful man the man of the future will be when he is so developed in every part of his body as to be able to think as consciously and as easily in every atom of his physical organisation as he does now in the head-brain!—Yours faithfully,

J. R. MORETON.

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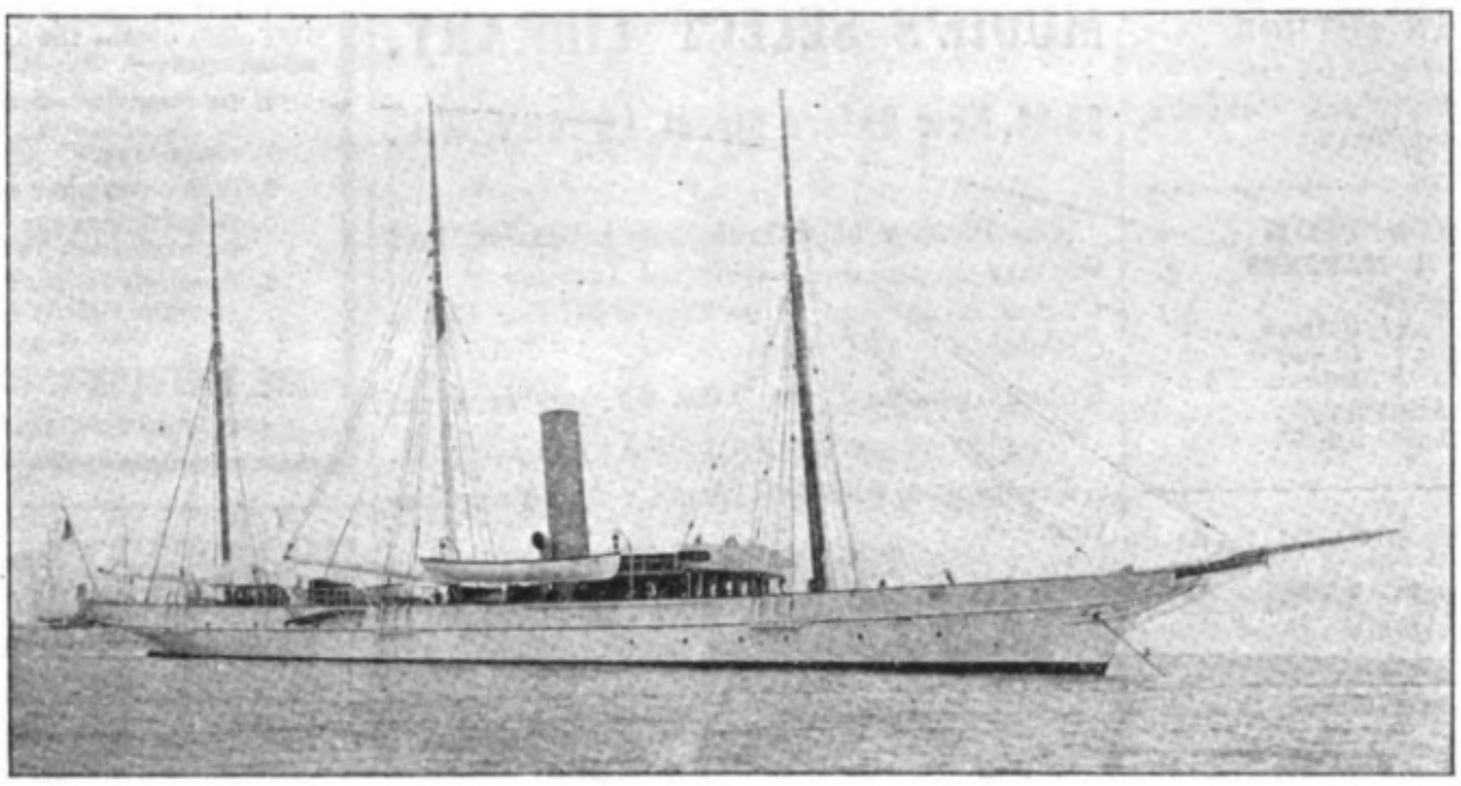
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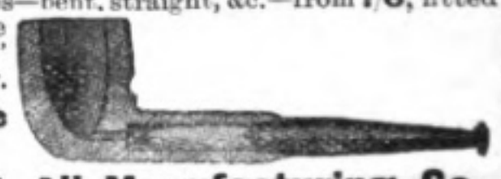
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All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

By a majority of 73 the Government have succeeded in maintaining their ill-starred provision in the Parliament Bill that the Speaker of the House of Commons shall be the tribunal to decide what is and what is not a money Bill. In December last we wrote, with reference to this proposal:—

> The Speaker of the House of Commons is a party man. Within the limits of the duties which have at present been assigned to him, his conduct has been above reproach, but the position of autocracy which it is now proposed to confer on him might easily lead to the selection of a very different type of man for the position. In any case a claim to infallibility cannot in these days be admitted.

Of course a Government whose favourite occupation is to bring the law, the Judges, and the magistracy into disrepute, and cause all three to be despised of the people, would, in the language of Mr. Asquith, offer "a most uncompromising opposition" to any proposal to refer the decision of a question which is one of constitutional law to a judicial tribunal. Mr. George Cave knew the hopelessness of putting forward such a proposition, and he therefore relied on a measure of compromise. He proposed that a Joint Committee, consisting of seven members of each House, presided over by the Speaker, who should have a casting vote, would be a better tribunal than the Speaker sitting alone. The Government, with suspicious firmness, would not look at the proposal. In vain did Mr. Balfour point out that the Government in a rather light-hearted spirit proposed that the Speaker should take the place occupied in the United States by nine impartial Judges. Mr. Asquith, pliable as wax in the hands of the Socialists, presented—as always—a brazen front, and snapped out a decisive negative, when a proposal, which any reasonable Minister would welcome as relieving him of an odious responsibility and rescuing him from an intolerable position, was put forward by the responsible Opposition. Sir Robert Finlay was anxious to know why the decision as to what is and what is not a money Bill should not be determined by an independent and impartial tribunal. The Prime Minister

> Started like a guilty thing
> Upon a fearful summons.

The ghost of the Budget of 1909 raised a warning finger, and a denial of common sense, prudence, and justice to the Second Chamber was obediently blurted out in uncompromising tones.

In the recurrent discussions regarding the *personnel* of the Navy the claims of the Merchant Service are apt to be overlooked. Without any such perpetual "booming" as the battleship and cruiser necessarily receive, the stately liner, the capacious special cargo-boat, and the nondescript ocean-tramp quietly encircle the world with their network of routes, and keep the flag of commerce flying; they fire no guns, they create no sensations, but without their aid there would soon be no Empire for the Navy to defend. The question of the employment of the foreigner in the British mercantile fleets is thus an important one. It is gratifying to know that the proportion of English sailors to foreigners is on the increase—in 1901 the percentage was 69·7, and in 1909 it had reached 72·4; but, even so, the figures are not satisfactory. A Committee of the Board of Trade recommended that substantial assistance should be given in the matter of training boys for the Mercantile Marine, to the extent of a capitation grant of £20, and facilities for the instruction of 5,000 lads per annum. We shall be glad if the desires of the National Committee for the Training of British Seamen meet with approval in the right quarter, for, as Lord Brassey remarked, "it is an anomaly that liberal provision should be made for technical instruction in various trades, and that no assistance should be given for training lads as sailors."

The German enthusiasm for discipline and order may not in every case meet with our approval, but a recent decision taken by the Governor of the Potsdam district might well be imitated in this country. By May 15th all advertising-boards which afflict the eyes of passengers by railway are to be set back to a distance of 400yds. from the line—an edict which is equivalent, we presume, to dismissing these unsightly erections to limbo. Travellers from London northward know well how distressing is the continual invitation to buy various medicines and household commodities; fortunately the Western routes are not disfigured to so great an extent. We do not all read continuously in the train; there occur in the course of a journey half-hours when the daisied meadows and the flashing streams compete successfully with the columns of the paper or the pages of our novel, and when it is more important for our well-being to gaze into a green, sunlit, flower-lit countryside than to con the arid lines of black and white. At such times we do not want the rival merits of pickles, or the powerful properties of soap, intruded upon our thoughts. Possibly we are not a particularly artistic or poetic nation, but for one person who is pleased by these ugly constructions of the strenuous advertiser we imagine that a dozen are annoyed. In the city, at night, the flaming, fluctuating signs can occasionally become things of beauty in their mysterious atmosphere of vapour, their whirling clouds of steam, their vague reflections; but in the country, on crude, painted boards, the spell is broken, and there is not one redeeming feature.

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SPELLS

I was as one who scorns the affluent deep's
  White gift of pearls for light-blown ocean foam,
  And, laughing fondly, bears his treasure home
Within his hollowed palms—then looks and weeps
To know that casket not a vestige keeps
  Of all his gleaning. Almost had I paid
  The debt to Folly, and my birthright laid
With the strewn refuse on her ashen heaps.

Then, while the ultimate residue of hope
  Its perilous tenure held, you swept away
    The rife illusions and broke through the bars
Of my enchantment. Impotent to cope,
  The old spell yielded to your subtler sway
    That holds me captive with a chain of stars.

P. J. F.

COWPER: HIS CORRESPONDENCE*—III.

THERE is no need to recapitulate in these columns the main features in the life of the poet of Olney, since the principal facts are fairly well known and records are easily accessible; it will be interesting, however, to glance at the less public side of his career, as exemplified in his letters. A man gives to the world the broad stream of his existence; he reserves for his friends the significant eddies, the musical shallows, the silent pools, wherein the main current expends itself and weaves beauties unsuspected by those who only view it from a distance.

By his noble ancestry, Cowper was connected with the Law as a profession. His great-uncle William was a successful barrister who became Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of Queen Anne, and Cowper himself was intended to shine as a legal luminary; his inclinations, however, led him into less serious paths, even while he was surrounded by the presumably serious influences of the Temple. "In April, 1754," writes Judge Willis, in his interesting little monograph entitled "Cowper and his Connection with the Law," "he was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple; subsequently, in the year 1757, he took chambers in the Inner Temple. . . . Whilst Cowper was at the Inner Temple he scarcely examined a law-book, and delighted to be in the society of the wits of his day, many of whom have obtained a sad reputation. He joined a club styled 'The Nonsense Club,' and wrote for it three or four papers which foretell the elegance and purity of the writer of the Letters."

The ebb and flow of sorrow and joy in the poet's life is clearly displayed in the intimate outpourings to his friends which have been so carefully preserved. Very rarely can we so closely examine the passing moods of man, and their reaction upon his general progress, as we can in the case of Cowper. To most men depression brings silence and seclusion; to him it often brought the necessity for speech or the written word; and who shall say how many times that relief of the flying pen to the teeming brain saved him from worse calamities of melancholy, profounder deeps of despondency, than those—sad enough, indeed—which he suffered? "I am of a very singular temper," he wrote to Lady Hesketh, his cousin, "and very unlike all the men that I have ever conversed with." He was no exception, however, to the rule that exhilaration means loquacity. In joyous hours we sing, talk eagerly, write letters which we deem humorous, find excellent intellectual fare in the least promising materials. So with the poet. If at one time he belaboured the world as "a shabby fellow" who "uses us ill," at another time the world's most trivial things pleased him and set him recording, commenting, moralising by the page, occasionally in verse.

Sarcasm and cynicism were far enough removed, generally speaking, from Cowper's disposition, but here and there we find a resentful touch, as in the opening of the famous letter concerning Dr. Johnson's biographies: "My dear Friend: I wrote my last letter merely to inform you that I had nothing to say; in answer to which you have said nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct, though I am a loser by it. I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return." This letter, written to the Rev. William Unwin on October 31st, 1779, shows Cowper for once in a pugnacious mood; he is strongly incensed at the Doctor's treatment of Milton, and characterises it as "unmerciful to the last degree:"—

> Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of everything royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him; and it is well for Milton that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged: it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Muse's wing and trampled them under his great foot. . . . Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the "Paradise Lost"? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute. . . . Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation. Oh! I could thresh his old jacket, till I made his pension jingle in his pocket.

Cowper found immense relief from his periods of depression in his poetic work; indeed, his translation of the Iliad was begun as a mere filling-in of the idleness which followed the completion of "The Task." What deadly pass of despair would have been his, were it not for this, we can only guess from his revelation of himself:—

> Pardon me, my dearest cousin (he wrote in 1788), the mournful ditty that I sent you last. There are times when I see everything through a medium that distresses me to an insupportable degree. . . . Oh trouble! the portion of all mortals—but mine in particular—would I had never known thee, or could bid thee farewell for ever; for I meet thee at every turn; my pillows are stuffed with thee, my very roses smell of thee.

And what black despair, again, would have engulfed his soul, had not his tender and sensitive nature drawn to itself by unbreakable cords of friendship other natures which responded, comprehended, inspired, and comforted the solitary soul of the poet! His friends, among themselves, spoke of him often as "our beloved Cowper," or "the dear translator."

His letters to these sympathetic friends are neat, as a rule fastidiously correct in their composition, and full of lively imagery and description—often dealing with things insignificant in themselves but illuminating in the manner of their treatment. He could be naïvely conceited on occasion, as when, referring to "The Task," he wrote to the Rev. W. Unwin:—

> Mr. Teedon has just left us. He has read my book, and, as if fearful that I had overlooked some of them myself, has

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* *Olney Hymns.* By William Cowper. Edited by William Willis. (Published for the Cowper Society by Farncombe and Son.)

Cowper and his Connection with the Law. By William Willis, K.C., LL.D. (Printed for Private Circulation.)

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pointed out to me all its beauties. I do assure you the man has a very acute discernment, and a taste that I have no fault to find with.

He who could complain at such ingenuous pride in one whose pleasures were so simple and so few would be churlish indeed.

To go into details and to analyse the character of William Cowper from these letters, which fill several volumes, is obviously impossible in a necessarily brief article; we shall be content if by these glances at the hymns of Olney, the simple, unstrained poetry, and the unaffected nature as shown in the correspondence, we persuade a few readers to consider for themselves the work of a poet who to-day is somewhat neglected. Cowper was not one of those who sang of the world in Wordsworth's sense, the world which is "ever with us," so that "day by day, getting or spending, we lay waste our powers;" he wrote in one of his earlier letters that as long as he had "a hundred a year" he should be happy. In this he was unduly optimistic, for happiness was not to be the average quality of his days; but, as far as friends could shield him from the blows of an unkind fate, he was shielded; and in their devotion, and in his expression of himself to them (and unwittingly to us), came the happiest hours of a sombre, overclouded life.

W. L. R.

THE VALUE AND USAGE OF WORDS

In the very morning of time, when men lived basely, fighting and feeding, there were probably no words. We can believe that all the emotions of which man was then capable were expressed by vague sounds almost unconsciously uttered. It would only be now and then that some primeval poet would, to the wonder of his tribe, achieve complete expression by using a sound at once so appropriate and compelling that it became for ever sacred to one meaning. The sound would be uttered in some moment of overmastering passion, rapt contemplation, or ecstatic reverie. Terror, or worship, or the tenderness of lovers would be suggested by it. There would be something of the lion's nobility in its name, and a wondering awe in the titles of the sun and stars.

The growth of language was thus gradual, word by word, and every new word was literally a poem or a prayer. In those early times words could be only of the simplest and vaguest. Not only would man's intellect be insufficiently developed to appreciate subtle differences and minute distinctions, but both his voice and his ear must have developed gradually. With the growth of knowledge and experience, however, the need for a more subtle and sensitive language would be keenly felt, and as men came by exercise to a greater command of voice and ear their attempts at expression would become more ambitious. Their world was a place of wonderful noises for imitation, and the more quick-witted of the tribe would invent new words, to be laboriously learned and adopted by their slower-minded fellows.

With the invention of the first word all things became suddenly possible. Until then knowledge was held in a perishable vessel—the mind of a single man—but with the possibility of transmission and the later possibility of record came the certainty of progress. Men die, but Man is immortal; and the knowledge won by individuals through bitter experience was held and inherited by the race. All succeeding generations began the astonishing struggle upon more favourable terms.

Without language, written or spoken, anything like a race-memory is impossible. The whole accumulation of fact and theory, the result since the world began of all man's experience and speculation, is available to us through this one instrument only. In the course of its development a language is naturally moulded into an instrument peculiarly capable of recording and transmitting the ideas which most appeal to the people using it; it becomes possible in time to give exact and brief expression to their subtlest variations. The native language only can fully and easily express the native mind. The alien speech has been evolved by a people dominated by other ideals, responsive to different emotions. This is why the gradual decay and death of a noble language is a pathetic and awful thing; its deliberate suppression a crime against the human race.

Apart from the written sign or the spoken sound, the word exists as the expression of a mind; and having come down to us through so many minds, no dictionary can fully define its meaning. Every new arrangement brings out some new beauty. The sound and rhythm, the very look of the word, subtly affect its significance. Nor are these the only influences that modify the meaning and enlarge the content of words. They come after long use to be influenced by a dozen niceties of position and association. Individual experience gives, too, a local or private application to them, so that the meanest and most familiar of words may strangely affect the hearer. It is part of our responsibility, therefore, to consider the effect of our words apart from their absolute meaning. It is easy to propagate falsehood by the cunning statement of truth. Nor need we postulate dishonest intention. The reasoner will often unconsciously enlarge or narrow the content of his most important terms in the course of a single argument. And that which would have been untrue, had the term held its original meaning and no more throughout, is triumphantly demonstrated of a something which has varied with every repetition of its name. It becomes imperative to keep always in mind the reality for which the word stands. We may exhaust dictionaries in our search for the magic syllables, but our mental image of the thing must not waver for an instant.

The important thing is not so much to state a fact with scientific precision as to convey to the mind of the hearer a fact, an emotion, or an idea, completely, and in the desired intensity. This is the ultimate justification of the poet, the rhetorician, or the stylist. We falter and are baffled in spite of the precise fluency of our scientific mentor; but the poet finds the immortal phrase which illumines the landscape like a flash of lightning. The thing has been transmitted in an instant from his mind to ours; and in its white-hot intensity. It is thus that in the day of battle ten words may stiffen the knees of an army and be worth ten thousand bayonets.

Nor should we insist on the power and importance of words, to the neglect of their wonderful beauty. We may even consider language as an instrument of absolute music. In the greater minds beauty of sound and rhythm are combined with and help to the perfect expression of noble ideas. But it may be permitted to the smaller man to fill his writings with strong-syllabled, clamorous words merely as part of the orchestration—to trumpet the cunning of the craft-proud workman. Indeed, a mere list of words may interest one intensely. We can imagine the word-lover gloating over a dictionary as some wealthy jeweller might revel in a basket of beautiful unset stones. Here is the material for all craftsmen: sweet liquid labials; words that shimmer and sparkle; splendid and terrible adjectives, servants of Fury, the trumpets of the wordy orchestra. This was Shelley's treasure-house, the arsenal where Marlowe fashioned his thunder-bolt lines. Out of this workshop what wonders of inspired art have come! Yet there remains after the riot of pillage, the original treasure, inexhaustible as the impossible hoards of the fabled misers.

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REVIEWS

THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT

Visitation Articles and Injunctions of the Period of the Reformation. Alcuin Club Collections. Vols. XIV., XV., XVI. Edited by Walter Howard Frere, D.D. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 1910. £4.)

[Second Notice]

In Archbishop Cranmer's Visitation of All Souls' College, Oxford, is an Injunction which might be addressed to college dons in every age. Item 5: "Insuper injungimus et stricte precipiendo mandamus, quod socii dicti Collegii omnes et singuli, ab omni scandalo, offensione, jurgiis, odiis, provocationibus, rixis et contumelis, necnon et verbis opprobriosis in futurum se refrenent atque abstineant."

In the matter of candles, the Royal Injunctions of Edward VI. go a step further. Item 3: "No torches nor candles, tapers or images of wax to be set before any image or picture, but only two lights upon the high altar before the Sacrament, which, for the signification that Christ is the very true Light of the World, they shall suffer to remain still." These two lights, as the Lincoln Judgment in the nineteenth century showed, were never abrogated in the Church of England.

In the Royal Injunctions for Cathedrals it is ordered that "the deans, subdeans, chanters, chancellors, treasurers, archdeacons, prebendaries, peticanons, vicars, and all other ministers shall not haunt or resort to taverns or alehouses, or give themselves to drinking, dicing, carding, hunting, hawking, or any other unlawful games, but shall give themselves to reading and studying of Holy Scripture." Other orders are against gaming in porter's lodge; that no one be out after 9.30 p.m.; that there be no talking or jangling in choir, nor walking about during service; and that "choristers' crowns are not to be shaven, nevertheless their heads be kept short."

The influence of the extreme section of the Continental reformers is constantly seen in the episcopal Injunctions, Archbishop Holgate of York orders (1552) that "there be no more playings of the organs . . . but that the said playing do utterly cease." Dr. Frere in a note, observes that before thirty years had expired the organ was again in use at York. Bishop Hooper of Gloucester (1551) urged the parishioners completely to sack their parish churches of "all places, tabernacles, tombs, sepulchres, tables, footstools, rood-lofts . . . also to take away all the greis, ascenses, and up-goings that heretofore went to any altar," so that nothing was to be left except the bare walls. All stained glass having pictures of saints was to be removed, though this order was in many cases disobeyed because of the expense of re-glazing. The great destruction of stained glass took place during the Commonwealth. Bishop Hooper was violently opposed to any partition or screen between the chancel and the church, but later a Royal order of Queen Elizabeth (1561) commanded the putting up of a comely partition if there were none standing.

The Injunctions of Elizabeth's reign show plainly enough that though the Queen was determined to uphold the Reformation Settlement, she was equally determined to maintain decency and order in public worship, and to restrain the wanton desecration of churches. Royal Injunctions (1559), Item 30: "The clergy shall wear such seemly habits, garments, and such square caps as were most commonly and orderly received in the latter year of the reign of King Edward VI." Item 49: Singing and music were especially enjoined—"a modest and distinct song," most probably the ancient plainsong. Item 52: Reverence and kneeling at prayers; due reverence at every mention of the name of Jesus. This was embodied in the eighteenth Canon of 1604. Item 53 is worth quoting in this present age of bad and slovenly reading: "All ministers and readers of public prayers, chapters, and homilies shall be charged to read leisurely, plainly, and distinctly; and also such as are but mean readers shall peruse over before once or twice the chapters and homilies to the intent they may read to the better understanding of the people."

The Queen was indignant against the common trestle-tables (vulgarly called oyster-tables), covered with "foul cloths," that Puritan slovenliness used in the nave of the church for the Sacrament, and, in order that the "Sacrament be duly and reverently ministered," commanded that "the holy table in every church be decently made, and set in the place where the altar stood." This Injunction was in direct opposition to the wishes of the Continental reformers who had invaded England. But in the dearth of clergy so many posts had to be given to these men that twelve years later the greatest disorder prevailed in public worship, and in 1571 it was found necessary to issue Injunctions that "every parson, vicar, curate, &c., shall wear a surplice." A curious light is thrown on the gay but irreverent spirit of the time in Grindal's Articles for the Province of York. Item 61:—

> Whether the minister and churchwardens have suffered any Lords of Misrule, or summer lords or ladies, or any disguised persons, in Christmas, or at May-games, or any Morris-dancers or others at rush-bearings [*i.e.*, when rushes were spread in the church at the dedication festival] to come unreverently into the church or churchyard, and there to dance, or play any unseemly parts with scoffs, jests, wanton gestures, or ribald talk—namely, in the time of Common Prayer.

As Brand notes in his "Antiquities," these unseemly wakes took the place of the old commemoration of the saint or martyr, or of the builder or endower of the church.

These examples will show what a mine of interesting research is contained in the second and third volumes, of over eight hundred pages. The first volume is entirely taken up with Dr. Frere's Introduction and an exhaustive Index. There are excellent notes scattered throughout the volumes, and the whole work is very ably edited, except in one particular, and that is the extraordinary number of mistakes and misprints, which necessitate no less than nine pages of *corrigenda*. This seems inexcusable in a book published by a learned society. No explanation is given why these and other errors not noted were not corrected in the proof-sheets,although the editor expresses his regret for the "very melancholy list of *errata*." Apart from this defect, Dr. Frere's work is a solid and invaluable contribution to the study of ecclesiastical history.

(Concluded.)

NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES

A History of the New England Fisheries. By Raymond McFarland, A.M. With Maps. (D. Appleton and Co., New York. $2.)

"There is no industry in America that antedates the fisheries," says the author in his preface, "yet the industry, with the exception of the whale-fishing, has no literature that adequately sets forth its history and value." So the object of this book is to trace the development and to show the importance of the New England fisheries from pre-colonial days to the present time. It contains chapters dealing with the different species of fish that are principally

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caught, and the various methods of catching them; there are also maps of the chief fishing-grounds. The varying phases of "The Fishing Question" are dealt with at some length. "In the earlier stages of its history the contentions had to do with the enjoyment of fishing privileges in waters adjacent to British coasts in America; at the present time the question has to deal mostly with the securing of Newfoundland herring for bait in the American fisheries." Included in the book is the text of the Award of the Tribunal of Arbitration upon this question, which was signed at the Hague on September 7th, 1910.

Such a study in industrial history, based on information derived from a wide range of sources, must necessarily be much condensed in a volume like this. The Bibliography extends to twenty pages, and might easily be still further enlarged. The accounts of early colonisation are reviewed in brief, stress being laid upon early reports of the value of the fishing along the coast. "By 1620 it was an established fact that the best cod-fishing grounds in the world were on the New England coast." Whale, cod, mackerel, halibut, herrings, shad, lobsters, oysters, and clams, all contribute to the wealth of the New England fisheries, and a number of statistics are given which show their relative importance. In the compilation of his History the author has made liberal use of Sabine's "Report on the Principal Fisheries of the American Seas," 1853, a most interesting and valuable report. The work before us contains a good deal more information, and is much improved by the addition of an index; but the style in which it is written is not very attractive, and, in spite of being well arranged, it makes rather dull reading.

We are inclined to think that Professor McFarland overestimates the part played by the fisheries of Newfoundland and New England in the colonial movement of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The motives which drew the early settlers across the Atlantic were religious and political, as well as economic. He admits that the Pilgrims were poor fishermen, in spite of the following story that he tells about them. When the agent of the Pilgrims went from Leyden in 1618 to secure the consent of King James to the proposed settlement of America, the King asked, "What profit might arise?" The answer was the single word, "Fishing." In those days fish constituted one of the principal elements in England's diet; but our chief fishing-ground was round Iceland, and we bought a large proportion of the fish that we consumed from foreigners, especially from the Dutch. By the Statute-book in the time of Queen Elizabeth there were 153 days in the year on which all British subjects were required to abstain from flesh and to eat fish. An Act of Parliament passed in 1563 provided "that as well for the maintenance of shipping, the increase of fishermen and marines, and the repairing of port-towns, as for the sparing of the fresh victual of the realm, it shall not be lawful for any one to eat flesh on Wednesdays and Saturdays, unless under the forfeiture of £3 for each offence, excepting in cases of sickness and those of special licences to be obtained."

The schooner and its name come to us from New England. The first ship so rigged was launched by Captain Andrew Robinson at Gloucester in 1713. At the launching of the craft a bystander exclaimed as she left the stocks, "Oh! how she scoons!" To which Captain Robinson replied, "A schooner let her be." The word was written "scooner" originally in New England records, and "to scoon" was a word taken from Clydesdale, in Scotland, meaning "to skip or skim on the surface of the water." The crew of the vessels that fished on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland were accustomed to "go on their own hook," an account being kept daily of the number of cod caught by each member of the crew; so it is to the New England fishermen that we owe this peculiar expression, as also the proverb, "Happy as a clam at high tide."

Space would fail us to trace the growth of these fisheries, or to describe the lives of this hardy race of fishermen. The dangers of the Banks, their sudden fogs and threatening icebergs, are familiar to readers of Kipling's "Captains Courageous." Special stress is laid upon "the stupid policy of the English Government towards her fishermen in American waters;" and nothing perhaps is more remarkable in the history of the British Colonies than the long-continued indifference of the home Government to the value of these fisheries. It would be fair to say that the rapid expansion of the New England fisheries was due to the indomitable energy of the fisherfolk themselves and to the natural richness of the fishing-grounds where they plied their dangerous trade.

ENTANGLEMENTS

Some Neighbours. By CHARLES GRANVILLE. (Daniel. 6s.)

BY ARTHUR MACHEN.

"How Professor Lacroix Found his Soul," one of the stories in this pleasing volume, states, in the form of fiction, the arguments for regarding man as a very curious and elaborate complex.

Lacroix was the exponent of Haeckel at a Belgian "Université Libre," and one day, to his horror, he finds that the ratiocinative faculty on which he had built all the structure of his teaching has failed him. He dare not tread a step on the path he has chosen, for he feels the precipice of madness yawning before him. A brother Professor, a medical man, sends him off to the country to "learn to be idle." Lacroix takes the advice, and goes to a quiet village, and there he "finds his soul."

Such is the author's description of the process that takes place; but we would regard it as going rather beyond the real circumstances of the cure. We leave the Professor, it is true, with his face pointed in the right direction; but it would hardly appear that he has arrived at that state of spiritual sanity that would justify Mr. Granville's phraseology. A man who has shaken off the terrors and deliriums of a confused opium dream, who perceives that the trees are not men walking, has made a certain advance on the road of sanity; but it would be too much to say that he is fixed on the way of salvation. Lacroix in the little Belgian village learns that music is something, that dancing is something, that mirth is something, that art is something, that religion is something, and finally that love is something. But all this is really negative work; circumstances dig out of the well of his soul the enormous and dismal heap of pseudo-scientific rubbish and futility that has occupied the holy place. There is still much more to be done; the well is to be filled with the fair and clear waters of true wisdom. And the author, if he had been disposed to philosophise, might have pointed out that the existence of the rubbish-heap and the necessity of mere navvy's work before anything important can be accomplished constitute the most formidable difficulties to any true progress in modern times. The Gordian knot of nonsense has been tied so securely, with such a complication of entanglements, that one despairs of unloosening it. And yet the knots of folly must be untied if the rope is to serve the purpose of a cable, holding the ship of the soul in the secure anchorage of the eternal haven.

The untying of those knots is a task which might make the bravest shrink back affrighted. To take one tangle only;

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ever since the Reformation we have been told in various accents that we should be guided by reason. But, very oddly, the people who have insisted with the utmost strenuousness on the infallibility of the human reason are the very persons who have consistently poured contempt on the schoolmen of the Middle Ages, who really did endeavour to solve the problems of the universe by the light of the human intellect. One saw this position in an intensified form in the beginning of the nineteenth century, when "liberal" thinkers were vigorously engaged at one and the same moment in exalting the reason and in decrying "scholastic" logic. Before the age of Macaulay, Rousseau and his fellow lunatics and criminals had made "Nature" the guide of the soul; and, taking the words in their ordinary senses, it is certain that Reason and Nature are often at daggers drawn. It is often natural to give a man a sound thrashing; but it would in most cases be highly unreasonable to proceed to such an extremity. But the odd thing has been that the Reason prophets and the Nature prophets have often been the same persons; blindly unconscious, it would seem, of the fact that you cannot advise a man to behave like a calculating machine and a healthy hog in the same breath without laying yourself open to the charge of inconsistency. Each gospel, taken separately, is incomparably absurd and vicious; but the two together as compatible articles of one creed would be quite incredible—if we were not daily deafened with their joint proclamation.

The Professor in the story has just begun to untie the knots; we may hope that he put the free cord to good uses.

FRENCH KINGS AND CHILDREN

A History of some French Kings. By Blanche Behm. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

"My children-friends asked me for a history of some French Kings. Here it is! It is not meant to instruct but to amuse. It is meant to make an impression, to awaken interest. and, finally, to stimulate to more earnest study of the subject.

"Children, it is for you to approve or condemn. *A vous la parole!*"

Thus Miss Blanche Behm gives the introductory *pronunciamento* to her book; and gives us to realise its scope and intention. In point of fact, however, while the book is framed and conceived as a children's book, and is quite adequate to that end, there is much in it that might very well serve a far older purpose. Unfortunately, French history is not a subject with which the ordinary Englishman is very familiar. The very need of such a book as this for children bespeaks its need for their parents. For if children of the present day are not made sufficiently aware of European history, then, assuredly, children of a decade or two back were left hopelessly in ignorance. We are slowly growing out of that frame of mind; but history has hitherto been held not as a branch of culture but as a branch of patriotism. The informative and educative value of so thrilling a study has been lost sight of in the desire to make swelling and earnest Britishers; so much so that the present writer lately heard a Londoner who had just returned from Spain express his profound astonishment at having seen British flags as trophies in a Spanish church. He seemed to think that they must have been stolen, since he could not recall having learnt of any battle in Spain (or, for that matter, anywhere else) that we had ever lost.

Therefore the need for such a book as this becomes at once apparent. For throughout it there is evident a very genuine, and in no way stimulated, interest in the tales of which she treats. It has an awkward fault in it, however; a fault that may seem indigenous to this manner of book, but which is quite an extraneous and unnecessary weed. It is not sufficiently historical. It may be, and undoubtedly is, a very happy conception to tell the doings of the Count of Charolais as though he were another Jack the Giant-killer, but it is a pity of pities to miss the opportunity of conveying the necessary historical atmosphere. It might have been done easily and simply by so deft a chronological touch as telling the contemporaneous English events in the course of the story. There are few things more mentally illuminative in history than parallel chronology, and the child need not be a stranger to the method. How admirably the method succeeds is manifest in the first chapter of this book, when the story of Louis XI., the "Universal Spider," as he is called, is told. The touches regarding Edward IV. of England throw a flood of light on the narrative. When the child is put to the sterner curriculum task of "dates" he or she is little likely to forget Louis and the Count of Charolais. The method is not uniformly adopted, however.

Yet it is somewhat ungracious to cavil at so admirable a book as this. One of the advantages of the author's method is that it enables her to portray character. She is, in fact, very properly more concerned with human beings than with dry-as-dust details. With some of her characterisation it is sometimes hard to agree; but then she is as much entitled to her reading of character as another. And at least she does not challenge disagreement as vigorously as do some of the great names in historical study. Her sketch of Louis is quite admirable. Her second story, too, is as good, and it complies no less with the chronology method that we have spoken of above. But each story is told with infinite spirit, and on their own merit as tales of deep interest they cannot fail to win the attention, whether it be of juveniles or of elder people. In short, it is a book to make a note of in view of subsequent birthdays.

SOME CORONATION ISSUES

The Coronation Service. (Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d., 3d., 2d., 1d.)

Hymns for the Coronation of King Georye V. (Skeffington and Son. 1s. net.)

Sermons on the Coronation. By Bishop Welldon, Revs. J. H. Pemberton, E. Grose Hodge, Douglas Macleane. (S.P.C.K.)

Forms of Prayer for General Use on 22nd June, 1911. (S.P.C.K. 1d., and 3s. 6d per 100.)

Forms of Prayer for General Use on 22nd June, 1911. (Henry Frowde. 5s., 4s., 3s. per 100.)

The Book of Common Prayer. Coronation Editions. (Henry Frowde. 4s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d.)

The Coronation Regalia. By W. H. Stacpoole. ("Whitaker's Almanack" Office. 1s. net.)

How and Why King George will be Crowned. By Joseph Hammond. (Skeffington and Son. 1s. net.)

A Coronation Souvenir. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould. (Skeffington and Son. 6d. net.)

As the time lessens which brings us nearer and nearer to the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary the interest of their subjects must necessarily increase. Whether it be in the manufacture and display of costly decorations, the erection of stands, the booking of seats to view the procession, the cult of the dainty sweet-pea, the turning up of roads, the latest fad in hats, or the small child with its piece of coloured ribbon—all point towards the great event of the year. And not

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least among the evidences of the coming ceremony are the books and pamphlets which continue to pour forth from many sections of the press.

THE CORONATION SERVICE, HYMNS, SERMONS, FORMS OF PRAYER, PRAYER-BOOKS.

A beautiful book containing the Form and Order of the Service and Ceremonies which are to be observed in the Coronation is issued by Mr. Henry Frowde at 2s. 6d. It is bound in white and gold and well printed on hand-made paper. The letterpress is large and clear, the rubrics being in red. There are also 3d., 2d., and 1d. editions of the same service. Between royal blue covers Messrs. Skeffington and Son have collected eleven hymns, which are dedicated by special permission to their Majesties. Some of the tunes are by such well-known composers as Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Walter Parratt, and Sir John Stainer, while the words are in many cases stirring and full of patriotic feeling. Mr. Martin S. Skeffington has written an additional or alternative verse to the National Anthem, which is well in accord with the spirit of the time.

Bishop Welldon is again well to the fore, being the compiler of the first of four sermons on the Coronation which are bound together and published under the direction of the Tract Committee. It is not stated if the discourses are intended for the use of any one in Holy Orders who cares to adopt them as his own, or whether they have been or will be preached by the authors themselves, or perhaps even have been written with the idea that there might be people who would care to read them during their leisure hours. In any case none of them is of very great length, but we think that if any idea of arrangement according to merit had been intended, the sermon of the Rev. Douglas Macleane should have occupied the first place.

The S.P.C.K. and the Oxford University Press have brought out copies of the Forms of Prayer commended by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York for use on Thursday, June 22nd. The prices vary from 1d. each to 3s. per 100. Some very beautiful Prayer-books are also issued by Mr. Henry Frowde, amongst which we would especially notice an ivory one of very handsome appearance. Two less expensive editions are nicely bound in blue and red cloth. Each of them has photos of the King and Queen as frontispieces, and contains the Coronation Service.

THE CORONATION REGALIA.

Mr. W. H. Stacpoole, in his book, "The Coronation Regalia," has brought together in a concise form an interesting amount of miscellaneous information, the result of painstaking research extending over forty works on the subject. The authorities cited are reliable and the illustrations good.

"How and Why King George will be Crowned" contains an ample and clear description of the object of the Coronation It forms with "A Coronation Souvenir" a cheap and adequate remembrance of the momentous occasion.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Pleasure Guide to Paris. (Nilsson and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

IT is evident that the author of this guide-book is animated by the best of intentions, his desire being to protect adventurous and guileless foreigners who bravely wish to "peep behind the scenes" of Parisian diurnal and nocturnal life, from the wiles of the "sirens" (!) who parade their beauty on the "seductive rocks of the Parisian ocean." Amongst the objections we could make is that in most of the *cafés* and places of amusement indicated the unsophisticated foreigner will meet comparatively a great many more of his own countrymen, whatever be the clime he hails from, than pure Parisians. It is also a pity that the photographs illustrating this book should represent the fashions of eight or ten years ago, unless, of course, one considers them from a retrospective point of view. We should advise the reader not to place too much faith in these illustrations, which are somewhat fanciful, and often inaccurate.

In the part dealing with the theatres we note that the author alludes to one which is doomed to disappear shortly. Les Nouveautés will soon be torn down in the course of the prolongation of the Boulevard Haussman. Also the Restaurant Cubat, spoken of on page 27, has not existed for many years. The Travellers' Club now occupies the hôtel which belonged to the notorious Mme. de Païva.

In the chapters dealing with "Paris by Day" we note several inaccuracies. The *Figaro* offices and the Hôtel des Ventes are *not* "at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu, opposite the Rue Drouot," but in the last-named street itself; whilst the Café Cardinal is on the other side of the boulevard. And we beg to differ in opinion with the author when he says that "the visitor standing on the boulevard may see figuratively all Paris defile before him, and the animation and gaiety displayed perfectly astonishes and bewilders him, especially between the hours of 2 a.m. and 2 p.m."

We venture to say that the stranger who would let himself be lured from his home in the hopes of finding this supernatural gaiety on the "Grands Boulevards of Paris" would be sadly disappointed! Instead of seeing "all Paris defile before him," he would find a drab-looking crowd of anxious and careworn people—as a rule curiously inelegant. He might, indeed, be bewildered by the traffic! But if, contracting the habit of noctambulism, he should venture on the "lively" boulevards between one and three o'clock in the morning, he would doubtless meet very few people at all, or some about whom the less said the better.

"The Pleasure Guide to Paris" is on the whole conscientiously compiled; but it gives one the impression of having been written many years ago. The parts treating of the restaurants, with the price-lists, &c., may certainly be of great use to foreigners, but undoubtedly the whole book would have been improved if expressed in a simpler, more guide-like style, not aiming at "literary effects."

Learn of Me What Woman Is. (Herrick's "Hesperides.") (The Lotus Press, Dundee. 6d.)

WOMAN from the very beginning has been a mystery to the self-styled lord of creation; but because a mere man does not understand the "eternal feminine" it is no reason that she should be abused. The inane misogynist who has wasted his ingenuity in compiling this little work might better have employed such mental capacity as he possesses to a more useful purpose. His compilation is altogether a delusion and a snare, for his prejudiced mind only presents one side of a question, which, more or less, has agitated the world through all time. And in doing this he has the impudence to shelter himself under the wing of the late Rev. Mr. Herrick.

Alas! poor Herrick! You who were so fascinated by many women, by the "coral lips," the "lily hands," the "spotless necks," and the variously-coloured eyes of your Julia, your Perilla, Corinna, Myrrha, Silvia, Irene, and the rest—it is rather hard that you should, in a sense, have foisted upon you after all these years during which you have, we hope, been dwelling peacefully "with those that praise our God for that they served His world," the aberrations of "Sam Slick," and those of the various male characters in Miss Marie Corelli's early effort, "Vendetta," to mention no others.

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Quoting from the elder Disraeli, the compiler, in an address to the reader, has the audacity to say—"The wisdom of the wise and the experience of the ages may be preserved by quotation;" and then proceeds to cull, in a one-sided way, every written line he can discover to the detriment of his subject. In some eighty pages our parson-poet, who is supposed to "boss the show," is only quoted twice; and his attack on each occasion is directed against the ridiculous feminine fashions of his time, and not against woman herself; and censorious wits of all periods have preceded or succeeded him on the same lines, as most works on costume will show. Thackeray is laid under contribution four times—only twice is he at all vitriolic, and then only in a very diluted way—but the compiler carefully avoids telling the reader that Thackeray wrote—

> . . . A high-bred English lady is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world. In whom else do you see so much grace and so much virtue, so much faith and so much tenderness, with such a perfect refinement and chastity?

Such a woman was possibly the compiler's mother; but if she was, he must have forgotten it. And so we leave him to the dyspepsia, or whatever else it was, which prompted him to compile this uncalled-for attack on our womankind against all the rules of fair play.

Egypt and Israel: an Inquiry into the Influence of the More Ancient People upon Hebrew History and the Jewish Religion. And some Investigations into the Facts and Statements made as to Jesus of Nazareth. By WILLIS BREWER. Illustrated. (The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, U.S.A. $2 net.)

IT is very difficult to understand exactly what Mr. Brewer means in the book which bears the foregoing title. In fact, the only enlightenment on his object is to be found in the title, for the moment the reader plunges into the volume itself he is entangled in a mass of incoherences out of which he extricates himself with difficulty. When occasionally Mr. Brewer does happen to become comprehensible he does so in the form of platitudes which it was waste of ink and paper to put into permanent form.

Apparently his object is to show that Egyptian influence was paramount in Israel throughout the period of Old Testament history, although, somewhat curiously, he translates *Mitzraim*, Egypt as universally accepted, as "from enemies." Mr. Brewer's principal argument is apparently that the Biblical names have not been properly transliterated into English. There is, of course, something in his contention, but it is difficult to see how it affects the case which he has adopted. Moreover, if objection can be raised against transliterations which are universally accepted, still greater objection can be raised against the barbarous forms which Mr. Brewer wishes to substitute for them. To show that there is no exaggeration in describing the work as incoherent the following quotation is given haphazard:—

> But this is not to say that Jehoah was not the name at Neb-ah, which town seems the Nebo of the Jeremiah (48: 1, 22) and the Isaiah (15: 2) and the Numbers (32: 3, 38), but if so then Jehoah and the Chaldean god Nebo (Isaiah 46: 1) would seem the same, yet (47: 4-6) we find them not the same. The Neb-ah of the tablet, however, may be Neba^{c}h (Num. 32: 42), otherwise Ken-ath; but this town's names imply the worship of A-Nup or "A-Nub-is," Neba^{c}h means "to bark" and Kenaz means a "hunter," the Greek Kuon or Kuonas, meaning "dog," seeming involved as in the name of Chaleb or "dog" and Kenaz at ^{c} Heberon.

And so on for 548 pages.

On Acute Intestinal Toxaemia in Infants. By RALPH VINCENT, M.D. (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox. 3s. 6d.)

THE question of the milk supplied for the feeding of infants is one that is brought into prominence by this account of the work Dr. Vincent has carried out. The disease is one that causes such a large mortality that scientific investigation into its causation and prevention is of the highest interest. The present name is used by the author, as he points out that the usual title of Epidemic Diarrhœa should be abandoned, since constipation is often a prominent symptom. In the usual treatment of milk for infants some means of heating or Pasteurisation is carried out, and the result is that the acid-forming bacteria—streptococcus lacticus in particular—are destroyed, and as the acid reaction they give to milk inhibits the growth of fermentative bacteria, this is of course undesirable, as one of the best natural preservatives is thus destroyed. The spores of the fermentative bacteria are left behind and develop, in many cases soon becoming sufficiently numerous first to injure the resisting power of the infant's intestine in which they are growing, and then to produce a toxaemia, going on in severe cases to death.

The refrigeration of the milk in place of heating is the remedy Dr. Vincent advocates, since he thinks that, deplorable as it is that milk should be allowed to be widely contaminated with fermentative bacteria, the next worst thing is to destroy their natural enemy, the acid-forming bacteria. He has carried out experiments on kittens under conditions simulating those occurring in the feeding of babies, and the results have completely agreed with his chemical observations.

FICTION

Rosanne. By ALGERNON GISSING. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

Knight Checks Queen. By MRS. L. LOCKHART LANG. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

ROSANNE.

A STUDY of a woman of wayward moods is the hard task which Mr. Gissing has attempted. Rosanne is a lady whose wildly extravagant tastes have forced her husband to leave England, but after the separation, made rather in anger than in sorrow, she devotes herself to a religious life as a member of an Anglican sisterhood. Whilst the man is seeking to repair his fortunes in America, the wife is wandering among the highways and hedges in the guise of a missionary to the gipsies and other travelling folk of the road. Several years are spent among the caravans of these people, but the time comes when she meets a certain artist, who teaches her that there is a whole side of her life which she is leaving unsatisfied. At first she is a docile pupil; religion has been her refuge rather than her home, and as far as the sisterhood is concerned she is bound by no vows. The great complication arises with the return of her lawful husband; he is ready to forgive and forget all that caused their old disputes, and is once more in prosperous circumstances. Friends try to bring them together, but Rosanne (the woman of moods) cannot decide whether to return to the old allegiance or to follow her artist-lover. Her evasion of a choice does not make a conclusion which will satisfy many readers, but it is certainly the only ending consistent with probability. The book has its merits as a study of character, but, though we were

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interested in the fate of Rosanne, we found her story dull in places. Brighter dialogue and more interesting minor characters would have enlivened the tale without obscuring the main issue.

KNIGHT CHECKS QUEEN.

Artistic temperaments and their disturbing effect on married life provide the theme for rather too many of the novels of to-day. Elementary text-books on science tell us how the mixing of certain chemicals will produce an explosion, and when the novelist's primer comes to be written we shall probably meet with some such paragraph as this:—"Take a commonplace man and a woman with a genius (real or imagined), marry them in the fifth or sixth chapter, and an explosion will almost immediately result. The experiment may slightly damage the materials used and will certainly cause them to separate one from the other. A short interval should be allowed for cooling, during which a profitable discussion may be held on the incompatible nature of the two elements. It is usually desirable to unite them once again, but this should be done in the last chapter as imagination can then supply all subsequent events." It is on these simple lines that Mrs. Lockhart Lang has proceeded, and we can at least admire the boldness which enables the author to use the receipt and give the result to the public as something new. In the beginning of the book Paul, a man stated to be of sound mind, marries Anne in order to pay for the training of her voice, although he himself does not think that it is quite the thing for his lady wife to perform in public, even in grand opera. Anne, aged sixteen, weds Paul out of gratitude for the benefits which she is about to receive, and for some years afterwards they live amicably in separate continents. When the pair are thrown together again, the wife is a singer of rising fame, and the usual clash of temperaments results. Novels of this kind have but two varieties—the one in which the lady behaves with propriety, and the one in which she does not. Anne is of the former class, and her conduct is so good that one wonders why she and her husband play at cross purposes for so long. There is no excuse save that without their stupidity there would have been no book. Whether this is an extenuating circumstance is quite another question.

The Mountain of God. By E. S. STEVENS. (Mills and Boon. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. STEVENS takes for his ostensible theme the midsummer madness of a passion between a white woman and a Moslem named Schmidt Pasha, whose Austrian blood counts for nothing in his character. The inevitable parting is not quite the end of the book, which is sufficiently indeterminate to leave hope that the heroine will eventually unite herself to the right man.

The story depends for its interest not so much upon the plot as upon the excellence of the author's style and the sympathy and insight which he evinces in the portrayal of Syria and the Syrians. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the Bahai cult, so much so that one suspects him of being himself an adherent of that mysterious but excellently ethical religion, which has converts "even in America." This should not be "even," but "of course."

Religion among these people, he tells us, is "an internal rhapsody, a singing of the heart, as natural as the unfolding of the pimpernel in the sun or the glad impulse of the lark into the spring sky."

To his hero, however, religion is "philosophy upon its knees"—quite a good epigram. The book abounds with small felicitous touches, and with single luminous phrases which picture the curious atmosphere of Syria, a land which has a foam of European culture, but the deep sea of Eastern tradition perpetually rolling beneath. The reader will gain a clearer knowledge of the hopes, ideals, and performance of young Turkey from this book than from a dozen carefully reasoned articles by special correspondents. To conclude, we cannot resist quoting the delightful story of Nasreddin Hodja and the Figs. It tells how Nasreddin Hodja rode into Konia with a present for the Padishah. His wife had told him to take some very large turnips; but the turnips were heavy, so the Hodja substituted figs:—

> So he walked into Konia with the figs instead, which were at that time so common that the *oka* could be bought for half a piastre. When he arrived, Tamur Lenk had just finished his midday meal, and was in a good humour. When they told him that Nasreddin Hodja was there, he commanded him to be brought in, for he had heard of his simplicity. Then Nasreddin Hodja presented the figs he had brought. Tamur Lenk thanked him, and bade him sit at a distance, and take off his turban. With some surprise, the Hodja obeyed. Then Tamur Lenk took a fig, and aimed it so well that it hit the Hodja's bald head. And each time that the fig hit his head Nasreddin Hodja exclaimed piously: "Alhamdu'lillah!" (Thank God). Presently the Padishah stopped, and asked: "Why, O Hodja, do you thank God every time a fig falls on your head?" "O Padishah," replied the Hodja, "I thank the Almighty that I did not take the advice of my wife, and bring turnips."

Jane Oglander. By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Heinemann. 6s.)

AT first sight it would appear that the woman whose name forms the title of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' latest novel is not the one who exerts the greatest influence throughout the pages of the story. Mrs. Maule, half English and half Hellenic, is one of those women who, partly on account of beauty and fascination, and partly owing to a lack of any spiritual restraint, are able to wreak much havoc with the lives of men with whom they are intimately associated. Jane, on the other hand, is the type of woman so often depicted in fiction as representing the average Englishwoman—gentle, true, self-reliant, capable of deep affection but intensely proud and reserved where her feelings are concerned. In spite, however, of the great dissimilarity of the two women, they are friends of many years' standing until General Lingard, Jane's fiancé, falls under the spell thrown over so many of Mrs. Maule's admirers. And even then Jane has no word of reproach for either her friend or her lover. She accepts what she considers the inevitable, and is even cajoled by this half woman and half siren into trying to persuade Mr. Maule, the long-suffering and invalid husband, to offer no opposition to his wife's application for their marriage to be annulled in order that she may marry Jane's sweetheart. Mr. Maule, however, in spite of his delicate state of health, sees far more than his friends imagine of what goes on under his roof, and chooses his own way of arranging matters, which brings the book to an unexpected and somewhat startling conclusion.

From start to finish Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is able to sustain the reader's interest in each of her characters. They are all well and powerfully drawn—that of General Lingard during his passion for Mrs. Maule while still retaining his love and reverence and continual feeling of want of Jane, being perhaps the most delicately and subtly indicated of them all. We do not think that any one who has the good fortune to start "Jane Oglander" will be able to put the book down until the last word is read.

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A Reconstructed Marriage. By AMELIA E. BARR. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE cold, uncharitable, sanctimonious atmosphere of a Scotch home consisting of a mother, her two daughters and her son, the master of an iron-foundry, is the scene of Miss Barr's novel. But the family has none of the light-hearted, unconscious humour of the Wee McGregor's home circle. It is a silent, dour family, full of bitterness and naggings. The mother rules with a rod of iron her two faded thirty-year-old daughters, who realise to the full with rage and hatred that they have been given no chance. The old lady seeks to wield the same control over her son, but he, with set jaw and steely eyes, casts aside the maternal authority, and, in face of execration and crocodile tears, marries an Englishwoman over the border. The ugly sisters, delighted at the prospect of some excitement, however tragic, in their monotonous lives, await developments anxiously—the developments consisting of the home-coming of their brother and his "foreign" bride. The family is a rich one, and is so constituted that they are all to live under the same roof, the mother, the sisters, and the strange daughter-in-law, whose temperament is so entirely antagonistic. From the moment of her arrival she realises the persistent enmity of the old lady, whose jealousy and fury at being thwarted and set aside by her son convert her into a hard, mean virago, full of petty spite and perpetual quarrels. The two sisters, overawed from childhood by their awful mother, back her up in her attitude towards her son's wife, and the son, torn between his love for his wife and the sense of filial respect, which prevents him from expelling his mother from the house or of retiring from it himself, lives in a condition of continual worry, grief, and anger. The action of the novel is provided by the results of the clash of these five temperaments, and just as a house which is divided against itself cannot stand, so does this house fall inevitably, irrevocably. The final scene between mother and son, in which she calls upon God to curse him, is one of great strength. The whole book is, indeed, a masterpiece of gloom and loathing, and fills one with a devout feeling of thankfulness that one has been spared the acquaintance of such horrible people.

THE THEATRE

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

A TRIUMPH. Scenes of surpassing beauty, gossamer links which delight whilst they baffle exact comprehension. We must needs be of "such stuff as dreams are made on" to appreciate to the full the feast of splendour which Sir Herbert Tree has presented to us. We, however, are enrolled amongst the "mortals" and can only treat the "Fairies" with all the limitations which bodily substance involve.

We think that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is one of the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays to pourtray adequately. It is very near to extravaganza, and its rhyming verse, unless delivered by educated and talented actors and actresses, might easily be distressing. Beautiful thoughts abound clothed in less majestic attire than we are accustomed to in other of Shakespeare's plays.

The Dream should be conceived of as endowed with the delicacy, refinement, and inconsequence of the ordinary dream of healthful slumber. A certain eeriness there may be—as in the conception of the infatuation of the Queen of the Fairies for the embodiment of an ass; but the whole suggestion of the play is the delightful incongruity of its scheme—the sort of illusion which presents itself to the sleeping imagination uncontrolled by the wakeful consciousness.

Without any desire to appear to be didactic, we have offered these few preliminary ideas because from our point of view criticism of the presentment of the play must be based on them. Proceeding on those lines, we consider Sir Herbert Tree's production to be almost perfect. Carping criticism could only be the outcome of spleen, which would be unpardonable amidst such delightful surroundings.

In the first Act we were particularly won by the excellence of delivery by Lysander and Hermia of the difficult lines—

> LYS.: Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth:
> But either it was different in blood—
> HER.: O Cross! too high to be enthralled to low!
> LYS.: Or else misgraffed, in respect of years.
> HER.: O Spite! too old to be engaged to young!
> LYS.: Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—
> HER.: O Hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

In the passage quoted, and in those which follow, Miss Laura Cowie and Mr. Basil Gill deserve the high commendation that they were centred in themselves and appeared to be wholly unconscious of an audience. Herein, we think, lies the perfection of the delivery of set speeches. Theseus and Hippolyta, Demetrius and Helena, were less successful in grasping this element. Miss Frances Dillon (Hippolyta) should especially be warned against delivering to empty space in the direction of the auditorium such a passage as:—

> Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
> Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
> And then the moon, like to a silver bow
> New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
> Of our solemnities.

The lines are intended to be addressed to Theseus to sooth him when he had addressed her:—

> Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
> Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
> Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
> This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
> Like a step-dame, or a dowager,
> Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The above-named actors and actresses may be reminded that the glories of Sadler's Wells have—alas! in some respects—departed, and the worst features of the mime of the 'fifties need not and should not be perpetuated. The falling into ranks of the minor characters, the set expression of studied fascination assumed by those of more importance, whilst the actor with the message to deliver—the set speech—inflates his lungs, squares his shoulders, and addresses himself to the audience—who should be non-existent to him—all these are now seen to be false art. The criticism is not intended to allege serious infraction of a salutary rule, but as a friendly warning to avoid it.

The Fairies were entirely delightful. Miss Margery Maude as Titania was so delicate, refined, and ethereal that the generous mind was revolted at the scurvy trick played on her by Oberon and Puck—"Methought I was enamoured of an ass." Oberon, as rendered by Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, was a particularly personable and attractive King of the Fairies. Puck, played by Master Burford Hampden, was indeed the spirit of mischief—and precocity. We have made a pause advisedly between mischief and precocity, because Master Hampden may develop the former attribute as much as he likes; but he must not be allowed by over-praise to

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develop the latter in undue proportion, and so gradually evolve that most unpleasant phenomenon—the infant variety. The boy is quite clever; let it be impressed on him that he has much to learn, and perhaps something to forget.

In approaching Mr. Bourchier's performance, we greatly regret that we had not the opportunity of seeing Sir Herbert Tree's presentation of Bottom, the Weaver. That Mr. Bourchier's conception is very clever and is immensely appreciated by the gods and others was abundantly clear at the initial performance. We laughed consumedly; but rang there the ring of conviction in our laughter? In the second scene of Act I., at Quince's House, Mr. Bourchier was entirely diverting, and Bottom to the life. He was good as the ass beloved of Titania—broad farce much of it, but not out of touch with the author's intention. In the interior of Theseus's Palace (the final Act) Mr. Bourchier let himself go, and the question is—Did he not go too far?

What was Shakespeare's intention? We think it was that a company of his poor subjects wished to do honour to their Duke on the occasion of his approaching nuptials. The idea—entirely whimsical—verged, of course, on burlesque when these illiterate folk determined upon giving a performance of Ovid's tragic idyl, "Pyramus and Thisbe." Shakespeare's sense of the incongruous was certainly running wild—he was immersed in burlesque, if not in low comedy. Did he, however, contemplate that a haughty and illustrious Duke, in company with his betrothed, and surrounded by his Court, would have brooked a harlequinade, or performance by modern music-hall knockabouts? If such was Shakespeare's sense of fitness, Mr. Bourchier's performance of Pyramus is justified. If, on the other hand, as we think there is evidence to prove, it was the author's intention that these players, who stood in awe of their ruler, would have played before him—with such poor means as were at their disposal—in a seemly manner, we think it must be held that Mr. Bourchier's reading cannot be approved.

If the Duke, who had just ruled out one performance because it savoured of—

> . , . some satire keen and critical
> Not consorting with a nuptial ceremony,

permitted an exhibition of not very refined buffoonery to be prolonged before him, we should hold that it was time that an inquest were held into the state of his mind. However, no doubt we are hyper-critical.

We close our notice of an evening reminiscent of unexampled beauty, graceful acting, and extraordinary merriment with sincere thankfulness to Sir Herbert Tree for having provided an entertainment so exquisite, which all London and the provinces, Imperial, Colonial, and foreign visitors, will witness with unalloyed delight.

C. C.

"PASSERS BY" AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

Peter Waverton left the house of the girl to whom he was engaged to be married unaccountably sick of himself and every one else. In all probability he taxied to his apartments in Piccadilly, for the night was cold, muddy, and full of a suggestion of impending fog. His temper was not improved when he found that his man Pine was entertaining a peculiarly Dickensian four-wheel cabdriver, who answered to the name of "Nighty." He not only sent the intruder away sharply, but he gave Pine a month's notice to quit. The manservant made no defence, but presently, when Waverton had soothed his ruffled nerves with a cigarette, he became respectfully confidential. He said that he spent all the time he could spare from his work at Waverton's window overlooking Piccadilly, and the passers by fascinated him. He found considerable interest in the study of types, and so expert had he become that he was now able to divide humanity into several classes. He begged pardon for the liberty, and reminded Waverton that the window of his own room faced a blank wall. "Nighty" was one of the few remaining four-wheel cabdrivers who stood on the rank opposite the apartments. Finding him very human he had cultivated his acquaintance. He confessed without contrition that he frequently entertained "Nighty" in his master's delightfully furnished sitting-room, and gave him an occasional cigar and a frequent whisky-and-soda.

The dryness and unexpectedness of this statement amused Waverton very much. Pine was an old servant, but a man in whom Waverton had never considered it necessary to take any personal interest. Bored to extinction with himself, and a little ashamed of having shown his boredom to the girl to whom he was engaged, Waverton first apologised to the girl in question over the telephone, and then took Pine to the window. He pointed to a man who was picking up refuse outside the cab-shelter. "What type," he asked, "does that creature belong to?" "Not to any human type," said Pine. "He's a waster." "Have him up," said Waverton. "We'll see. Bring 'Nighty' up too. I want to apologise to him for my bad temper." The man, greatly against his inclination, obeyed orders, and presently a little, hirsute, dirty, perfectly-satisfied, ingeniously sewn-up creature slipped into the room. His boots were miracles. His pockets bulged with broken things, cigarette-ends, crusts, and bones. He sat down and blinked at Waverton, rather resenting the interference with his movements and hoping that he might not be unduly delayed on his way to the Embankment, where, having been fed by Mr. Miles, he could make himself perfectly comfortable for the night. "Nighty" arrived also, and proved to be both a philosopher and an optimist—a rare combination. Upon these two common types of the street Pine waited, and Waverton derived a certain amount of amusement and consolation from their complete satisfaction with their lot. Eventually, having given them supper, whisky, and cigars, and a cordial invitation to return whenever they needed him, Waverton packed them off.

Before sitting down to read and smoke he had another look at the street. This time he could see nothing. A heavy fog had put out the lights and enveloped the town in a thick, nauseous blanket. Pine cleared away the remnants of supper, and commented characteristically on the weather. "The poor young woman standing in the doorway," said he, "with a nasty cough, is in a bad way. She got on the wrong 'bus and now can't find her way to the right one." Having tasted the pleasure of dispensing hospitality to those who seldom got it, Waverton told Pine to bring the girl up so that she might wait in his warm rooms until the fog lifted. As soon as she entered—refined-looking, dressed with a certain amount of taste—it was immediately obvious from her barely hidden agitation that she regretted having left the doorstep. It was obvious also that Waverton recognised her voice. He sent Pine away, and then out of the half-whimsical, half-cynical self-indulgence which he had allowed himself in order to get rid of depression and boredom there sprang an altogether unexpected and indescribably painful meeting. The girl was Margaret Summers. She had been the companion of Waverton's stepsister, Lady Hurley. Waverton met her at his stepsister's house when he was not much more than a boy. They had fallen in love, had met surreptitiously in the quiet hours—unseen, unheard. When finally he had taken his place among men, not so much callous as inexperienced as to the results of such meetings, he had written to Margaret and had received no replies. He found

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that she had left his stepsister, and his search for her was abortive. He was now engaged to be married, and here was Margaret. There was no coincidence in the meeting. The house in which he lived stood in Piccadilly along which the great main stream of life came and went.

Surprise and fright gradually gave way to quiet questions and answers. Waverton came to know that his stepsister must have suspected something; she had intercepted the letters and packed the girl about her business—just the sort of thing that Lady Hurley would do. However, there it was. They had loved madly, had been swept apart, and had made other interests and anchorages. At any rate Margaret had the same claim upon Waverton which any other human being had that night. His rooms were hers until the fog lifted. Margaret, however, had a strong reason for going home, however bad the fog was. Someone was there who would miss her. "Husband?" "No." "Who then?" "My boy." "Then you're a widow?" "No. Perhaps I ought to have said our boy. . . ."

To Waverton, blasé, cynical, dissatisfied, this sentence was electrical. He put down the photograph of the girl to whom he was engaged and stood very still. A chaos of thoughts entirely new, exciting, frightful, full of joy, full of hopelessness, rioted through his brain. He had a boy of six! The thing was unbelievable, stupendous. Where was he? What was he like? What had she told him about his father? "Let's go," he said. "I can't stand still." It was no good. The fog was too black. A curious situation evolved itself. The mother, who was not a wife, took the room of the father, the man who was no husband, and had never seen his son; and when the mother left the room the father, with a new world opened before him, sat down to think. At his elbow stood the portrait of the girl to whom he was engaged to be married. Nemesis has a wonderful imagination.

The following morning the awkwardness of all that seemed quite natural in electric light was all too plain. Waverton was found by Pine asleep on the sofa. It was not early, and already the waster Burns had returned to the man who said that he would be a friend. He had been run over by a milk van, and Waverton rose from his dreams. Burns, brought up, told his story. He must be seen by a doctor, and while a doctor was on his way Waverton dressed. He returned to find Margaret bathing the waster's head. As soon as they were alone all the fatherhood of the man broke into flame. But Margaret had been thinking too. She and her boy must go on alone. Waverton, however, was no fool. He knew that argument was a waste of time. "Very well," said he, "keep the boy to yourself. One thing is certain. He must be an ugly little beggar." "Ugly!" The mother was at the door. "Ugly! I'll show you." And when eventually she returned with the boy he proved to be not much less a beautiful little man than she had painted him. "Hullo, boy," said the father, trembling so violently that he could hardly speak. "Hullo, man," said the boy, who showed a friendly line of small white teeth.

It was an appalling moment for Waverton. What was he to say to this child to whom he was a stranger? He asked to be left alone with him. He had not the remotest idea what to do when alone. He gave him his watch. He asked him if he liked bears. He sang him a song and, finally seizing an excuse, he caught him in his arms, kissed him, and held him very tight. According to Pine there was much human nature in the streets. What would he have said if he had blundered into the room at that moment?

Waverton had forgotten an arrangement to motor down to some place or other with Lady Hurley and Beatrice, the girl to whom he was engaged. They come to fetch him. Lady Hurley recognised in Margaret the girl she had more or less flung into the streets. The boy—whose is he? "Mine," said Waverton.

Three weeks passed. Margaret, still in love with Waverton, had brought her boy daily to his rooms. This man and this woman were playing with fire again. The boy had brought them more closely together than they had ever been before. What was to happen to them and to Beatrice? Who knows? Meantime there was Burns, as much a child as the child—Burns without his beard, clean, civilised, a worker in the house, a resentful worker who regretted his beard as much as he pined for the Embankment, longing to be on the road again. A gorgeous idea came into his head. To spite Pine he would take the boy to see rabbits at play and to smell the scent of haystacks. The mother returned, found Pine and "Nighty" in a state of fright and agitation. Burns had apparently kidnapped her child.

At three o'clock in the morning there was no news. In his motor Waverton had gone out desperately. The police had been informed. Margaret, unable to sleep or stand still, had a companion in Beatrice. These two had talked disjointedly and intimately. Beatrice had discovered that Margaret still loved the man she was to marry. The girl, whose life had up to that moment been undisturbed by any of the truth of things as they are, had already come to the conclusion that Waverton loved only one woman, not herself, and, finally, when the recovered boy, exquisitely asleep, was placed again into his mother's arms and carried off to bed, she relinquished the man to whom she was engaged. The story ended, as all good stories should end—happily. Margaret and Waverton had found one another and would separate no more.

Roughly this is Mr. Haddon Chambers' play, a play of which he may well be proud. To give any idea of its humour, philosophy, kindliness, charm, and optimism is impossible. It must be seen to be believed. It is so good, so beautiful, so moving, so well acted, and so well produced that it deserves to run for a year; and those people who do not see it once, twice, and even three times will be all the poorer.

"THE TERRORIST" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

THE new one-Act play which precedes "The Lily" at the Duke of York's Theatre depicts a side of life which is not often so forcibly shown on the English stage. The scene is laid in a châlet in a remote province of the Russian Empire, and opens to disclose a villainous-looking servant placing a dirty piece of paper, upon which is written the death-sentence of the Governor, in one of the drawers of his desk. The Governor's sister, by whose authority the household has removed to this distant region, and who has the place surrounded by soldiers for fear of the Terrorists, finds the paper, and is very much alarmed for her brother's safety. The Governor is greatly annoyed to find that his household has been removed, and on going to the châlet which his sister has chosen and surrounded by soldiers expresses his displeasure at the action. His sister tells him that she has adopted this course in order to ensure his personal safety. Nevertheless he gives orders for the soldiers to be dismissed, but is agitated to read the notice written on the paper. Meanwhile a young lady has arrived, ostensibly in answer to an advertisement for a governess. After a short interview with her, the sister comes back to her brother in great consternation and says that the girl is concealing something in her muff, and that she believes she is the one deputed to kill him. Even as she speaks the handle of the door moves in a most mysterious manner, and the young Terrorist is admitted. She immediately makes a dash for the Governor, who, disguising his fear, asks her to be seated, and wishes to relieve her of her muff. The young woman, however, is not to be enticed by any gallantry, and demands to know whether the man before her is the Governor. The sister escapes to give warning to the

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soldiers, the servant having basely deserted his post, and then ensue the most interesting and exciting moments of the play.

The Terrorist and her victim are in the house alone, she in a most agitated state, partly on account of her mission from the Society and partly on account of the Governor having been in his youthful days responsible for the death of her father, while he does his best to temporise until assistance can arrive. He does not disguise the fact from her that he is afraid, and tells her that as a rule "courage is the concealment of funk," but also endeavours to point out that he held just the same sort of revolutionary ideas when he was twenty. During the interview some very pertinent little gems in the way of philosophy are dropped, and the tension is at last relieved by the arrival of the Colonel and two soldiers, who endeavour to arrest the Terrorist. The Governor, however, will not allow this, and points out to the Colonel, who is intoxicated, that he should not have allowed the girl to pass if he knew her to be seeking his life, thus proving to the Colonel that he was aware of his wish to step into his shoes after his murder. To this the Colonel has nothing to say, and he departs, leaving the two alone again. This time, however, the girl is unarmed; she thanks the Governor for saving her life, and leaves to go to her friends after giving him the Russian salute for the Resurrection. Miss Mary Forbes as the Terrorist scores a great success. Throughout the interview the rise and fall of her emotion is most powerfully felt until, at the thought of her father's death, it culminates in her final decision to shoot the Governor just as she is seized upon by the soldiers. Mr. Lawrence Irving as the Governor was all that could be desired. He acted his part in a most realistic manner, the suggestion of the deeper feelings underlying his stern exterior being most finely depicted. Miss Beatrice Smith as the sister was also very good, and the trifle forms a very pleasant curtain-raiser.

"The Lily" has lost nothing of its interest by the transference to another theatre, while Miss Henrietta Watson as Odette, a part previously played by Miss Geraldine Olliffe, received a well merited round of applause.

GENERAL BOULANGER

By Frank Harris

Another Antony like Guy de Maupassant, one might say, held in strong toils of grace by a woman and brought to suicide by his devotion. I would not retell this old story, but that there are immense differences between the man of action and the artist-writer, and certain episodes in Boulanger's life, and these the most important, are passing unrecorded and unnoticed. The historians are at their old game of telling what suits them and leaving untold all that they do not appreciate—which is usually the better half of the story. For example, here is M. Arthur Meyer, the owner-editor of the *Gaulois*, who was intimately connected with General Boulanger, and who had devoted a couple of chapters to Boulangisme in his book "Ce que mes yeux ont vu," missing the most dramatic moments of the drama. Boulanger failed, and, accordingly, M. Meyer treats him as a negligible quantity; but if he had succeeded, M. Meyer would have discovered virtues in him which would throw ordinary men and their achievements into obscurity. And yet Boulanger came very near success—within a moment of it, indeed—when one effort would have given him a crown. It is worth while to remember this, and to understand the reasons of his failure. M. Meyer says that Boulangisme failed: "Boulanger fell from his famous horse because he had taken his love behind him on the crupper. Madame de Bonnemains herself was content, it appears, to agree with this view; but it is not the truth, or rather it is not the whole truth, not even the most important part of the truth. . . ."

Let me first say just a word or two about some incidents in Boulanger's history before he made himself known in the political field as a Radical under the ægis of M. Clémenceau. He had entered the Army in 1856, and in the Franco-German War had won the reputation of a smart soldier. He was made Brigadier-General by the Duc d'Aumale: He first began to be known as War Minister under M. de Freycinet in 1886, when he introduced some genuine reforms benefiting the common soldier; portraits of him began to figure in the *casernes*. In April, 1887, he took up a bold attitude against the Germans in connection with the Schnaebele frontier incident, and from that moment he was regarded by the mob as the man destined to give France her revenge. When Freycinet fell in December, 1886, Boulanger was retained by M. Goblet at the War Office, but by May, 1887, his popularity had grown so great that Goblet was glad to get rid of him by resigning. A legend had begun to form itself about him; the Paris mob clamoured for their "brav' Général" with the golden beard and black horse, and a song was written of him with the refrain: "C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut," which was soon in all mouths.

His popularity had many effects. M. Clémenceau got frightened of his *protégé* and dropped him. M. Rouvier, who formed the next Cabinet, declined to take him as a colleague, and sent him instead to Clermont-Ferrand to command an Army Corps. The blow helped the General instead of hurting him. As soon as the news was published, the mob rushed to greet Boulanger at his hotel in Paris, accompanied him to the Lyons Station, and even tried to take the locomotive from the train in order to prevent their favourite from leaving Paris.

Boulanger had already been taken up by the Comte Dillon, a man of affairs, of infinite energy, and some ability. Dillon brought Arthur Meyer to him. Arthur Meyer at once put himself in connection with the Marquis de Beauvoir, *chef du cabinet* of the Comte de Paris.

Early in 1888 one heard that Boulanger had shown insubordination by coming to Paris. Every one thought he had come to intrigue; he had come in disguise, we were told. The truth was Boulanger came to Paris to see Madame de Bonnemains, who happened to be ill. He came again, and this time the Republican leaders took notice of the insubordination, and deprived him of his command. The counsel of inquiry of five generals went even further, and removed his name from the Army List.

His enemies had done their very best to help him to the front. So long as he was in the Army he could do nothing; he was tied by discipline to subordination. If his enemies had been wise, instead of turning him out of the Army they would have given him a still higher command and sent him to Algiers or Cochin China, and thus kept him out of the way. But, like fools, they freed him from control and made the way plain before him.

"Money," cried Dillon to Arthur Meyer; "money is wanted; twenty-five thousand francs at once for electioneering purposes!" Arthur Meyer went to the Marquis de Beauvoir, and they both went to the Duchesse d'Uzès. Before they had finished speaking the Duchesse handed them the cheque.

General Boulanger stood for the department of the Nord, demanding a revision of the Constitution. He was elected trumphantly. Money began to flow in from all sides. A party was formed in the Chamber to support him. In a month he was a personage. His mistakes even seemed to help him. He had a duel with M. Floquet, a civilian ten years his

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senior, and was wounded by him; nothing checked his popularity.

In 1888 he resigned his seat as a protest against the reception given by the Chamber to his revisionist proposals. A score of constituencies at once vied with each other to select him as their representative. Wisely advised, he stood for Paris and was returned by an overwhelming and utterly undreamed of majority.

His moment had come. I am able to tell the rest of the story as an eye-witness told it. But first it is necessary to get the facts in one's mind. Boulanger was supported by the whole of the Legitimist party, who believed that he would use the revision of the Constitution to put a Bourbon on the throne. He was supported by a wing of the Radical Republicans, headed by M. Laguerre, one of the best speakers in the Chamber, and by Henri Rochefort, one of the ablest of French journalists. He was backed besides by all the malcontents and by all those hot-heads who were eager for war with Germany—in fact by all those who have since grouped themselves behind M. Déroulède. Here were cards enough with which to play the great game if only Boulanger was elected for Paris.

On the evening of the declaration of the poll a dinner was given to General Boulanger at Durand's, in the Rue Royale, just in front of the Madeleine. The news got about, and the whole of the great place was filled with young students and agitators. Suddenly it was announced that Boulanger had been elected for Paris by a majority of hundreds of thousands. In an hour the crowd became a multitude; the dinner turned into a sort of triumph. The dining-room was a private room on the first floor. A constant stream of people went up the stairs, and passed by the room in order to salute General Boulanger, who could be seen through the open door seated at the head of the table, with Rochefort, Dillon, and Laguerre about him. All the while from the crowd outside came the cry like the refrain of a great hymn—

Vive Boulanger, vive Boulanger—

fifty thousand voices chanting the two words.

The scene inside the room was extraordinary. Some twenty people had been invited to the dinner, and sat about talking.

Every now and then one of them would go to the window; one could almost have walked on the heads of the crowd as far as the eye could see. About ten o'clock the excitement reached its height. Boulanger seemed the most unconcerned person in the room. He was over fifty years of age, but looked about forty. He had brown hair and a golden moustache and beard, good blue eyes, and frank features; he was broad-shouldered, stoutly made, rather below middle height. He looked better on horseback than walking, for he was very short-legged.

Again and again rose the cry, "Vive Boulanger!"

Boulanger got up and went to one of the windows. A friend touched him on the arm, and pointing in the direction of the Elysée Palace, said: "It's not four hundred steps to the Elysée, General; are you going?"

"No, no," he said quickly, "that would be madness, 'restons dans l'ordre.'"

"But one does not find a crown there," said the friend.

"No, no," he repeated, "everything will come to pass quietly, with a little patience. Speak to ——: he will convince you."

Dillon, Rochefort, Laguerre were all of the same opinion. Their blindness was extraordinary. Any one with eyes in his head could have seen that the moment of action had come. The crowd would have followed him anywhere; it was enthusiastic; three or four thousand students down there ready and willing to tear open every door in the Elysée with their bare hands, and no one knew better than General Boulanger, who had been Minister of War, how to give orders to other Generals and to the troops in Paris and near it. But Boulanger and all the Boulangists had been taken by surprise by the speedy success; nothing had been foreseen, nothing had been prepared. The fateful moment drifted past.

Every one to-day talks of Napoleon III. with contempt; but no one should forget that, poor thing as Napoleon III. was, he was quite willing to risk his life, and did risk it again and again. He came into France twice as a Pretender, and twice came to grief and was sent to prison. If he could not foresee the moment or prepare it, at any rate he took the risk, and tried even when he had no chance of success. But when Boulanger had every chance he did not try. Neither Madame de Bonnemains nor Rochefort nor Dillon could have stopped him if he had wanted to risk the stroke. The moment came; but the man was wanting.

M. Constans was Minister of the Interior; he, too, had been alarmed by Boulanger's rise, by the election, by the coming together of so vast a crowd. He too waited to get law and order on his side; but as Minister of the Interior he got it; within a month the Ministry resolved to prosecute Boulanger for treason, and a warrant was issued for his arrest, to the wonder of everyone (for there was not a particle of justice in arresting him). Boulanger fled from Paris on the first of April, before the warrant could be executed, and went to Brussels and then to London.

The first night in London he dined with a friend in Park-lane, and the friend, after dinner, asked him why he had not struck the blow that January evening in Paris. He answered: "Je n'avais pas un seul atout dans mon jeu" (I had not a single trump in my hand). One smiled: a pretender must find his trumps in his heart and make them if he lacks them. After he had thrown up the game and left Paris, his friends all thought that his chance had come, though the court had tried and condemned him for treason in his absence. Both Arthur Meyer and the Comte de Paris thought it was time for him to make an effort, but he had lost the game when he left France on the first of April. If he had returned he would have been arrested within fifty miles of the frontier. and would probably have been shot without anger and without pity by M. Constans and M. Clemenceau. He had missed his chance that January night when he won the election in Paris.

But why did he not return to Paris and risk everything during the summer or during the next winter in Jersey? Madame de Bonnemains supplies the reason. Déroulède said to her in Jersey: "If you have any ambition in you, nothing is lost yet; get the General to risk all and return to France; he can still win." According to Arthur Meyer, Madame de Bonnemains replied: "I had hoped Boulanger would get a divorce and marry me, but Madame Boulanger opposed the divorce and Rome refused to annul the marriage. If the General then had triumphed I could only have been his favourite, and favourites always get deserted sooner or later. . . . I preferred our happiness to power. It isn't heroic, but it's human. It was I who got him to leave Paris, got him to come to me at Brussels. It was not M. Constans who saved the Republic; it was I and Boulanger's love for me. I got him to deny M. Arthur Meyer, I got him to deny the Comte de Paris when the Prince himself asked him to re-enter France. . . .

"I have not long to live, and Boulanger knows it. Do you imagine he would abandon me at such a moment? Don't insist; you will fail. I bless him because he loves me more than his ambition—more than his renown. I ask myself often what will happen to him after my death. I can only confide him to his friends. . . ."

Madame de Bonnemains took him back with her to

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Brussels, and there in a few months she died. For some little time Boulanger tried to live without her, and then startled the world by going to the Cemetery of Brussels on the 30th of September, 1891, and blowing his brains out on the grave of his mistress. He was buried with her. The stone above them bears the simple inscription, which Boulanger himself dictated: "Marguerite et Georges." The epitaph is characteristic. Boulanger put his love first—the man who would be king must put himself first, or, rather, he is first everywhere.

All Boulanger did was simply to prove that when a great man comes the way up in France will not be difficult for him. He will probably not be borne to the very door of the Elysée as Boulanger was borne, but if he is not borne there by the crowd he will go there through the crowd. The wonder is that a Minister of War has not already profited by Boulanger's example and bettered his teaching, for the horse asks for a rider.

THE SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS*

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

[Second Notice]

Our last survey of this fascinating volume ended at the chapters dealing with the Stuarts and the Commonwealth. During the week that has elapsed something has been done to carry out two of the suggestions contained in the book. The writer put a question to the Prime Minister as a preliminary to finding out what objection there was, if any, to the appointment of a Royal Commission on historical portraits. It is true the answer was not very encouraging—the Prime Minister did not seem to understand what was intended, and doubted the possibility of setting up a Commission on the same lines as that of the Commission on Historical Manuscripts. Well, we must be patient and try to convert him.

The second suggestion was that Speaker Onslow's handsome house in Soho-square should be decorated with a memorial-tablet to commemorate an interesting link between the Commonwealth and George III. A sympathetic reply has come from that enthusiastic Londoner Sir Lawrence Gomme, and we hope that in due course No. 20, Soho-square will be added to the list of famous London houses. No. 20 stands on the site of Old Falcomberg House, built at the end of the seventeenth century by the head of the Bellasis family. Little remains now but the *façade* of the newer building, the interior being devoted to the manufacture of jams and pickles by the eminent firm of Crosse and Blackwell.

It was not until after 1721 that the nation, taught by Sir Robert Walpole, came to look upon the House of Commons as the real seat of power in the Legislature; the result was that a corresponding increase occurred in the importance and dignity of the Speaker's office. The Speaker gradually refrained from voting more and more, finally only giving a casting vote, a practice that is now followed by the Deputy-Speaker and the Chairman of Committees, who refrain from voting in debates when they are not in the Chair. In theory the Chairman of Committees is still considered a Government appointment, and it was recognised that it was the occupant's duty "to push on the business;" but we fancy that the result of the Government taking all the time of the House is an increasing tendency on the part of the Chairman to protect the minority in a way that the Leader of the House would have resented only a very few years ago.

Speakers were re-elected for three, four, or even five times. The first of what we may call the non-party Speakers was Sir Spencer Compton. Although not a strong Speaker, he appears to have been capable of giving a sharp reproof. When a Member called upon him to make the House quiet, claiming he had a right to be heard, he answered—

"No, Sir, you have a right to speak, but the House has a right to judge whether it will hear you—a lesson which some Members will not learn even now."

Throughout the whole of the next reign (George II.) Arthur Onslow occupied the chair. Mr. Dasent states that he was unquestionably one of the most distinguished Speakers the House has ever known, and it would seem as if the traits necessary for this great and difficult position were hereditary, for he was the third of his family to be so honoured. He was only thirty-six when first elected, but he grasped the true position of a Speaker from the first. Hatsell wrote of him that he endeavoured to preserve order in debate with great strictness, yet always with civility and courtesy, saying that he had often heard as a young man from old and experienced Members that nothing tended more to throw power into the hands of the Administration than the neglect or departure from these rules. Onslow was of opinion that these rules had been instituted by our ancestors as a check on the action of Ministers, and as a protection to the minority against the arbitrary exercise of power.

It is curious to see how the most revolutionary Government of modern times has deliberately decided to increase the power of the Speaker to an enormous extent, and to throw upon him the extra and heavy responsibility of saying what are and what are not money Bills.

Arthur Onslow remained the First Commoner for forty-one momentous years. He saw the elder Pitt make his entrance on the Parliamentary stage, watched Clive lay the foundations of our Indian Empire, and saw Wolfe add Canada to the English Dominions beyond the seas. The Battle of the Reports took place during his rule. The question was an old one; Hooper wrote in the time of Elizabeth:—

> Every person of the Parliament ought to keep secret and not to disclose the secrets and things done and spoken in the Parliament House to any manner of person unless he be one of the same House upon pain to be sequestered out of the House or otherwise punished as by order of the House shall be appointed.

This Masonic secrecy is very different from the countless descriptions not only of the sayings but detailed doings of every member whilst in the Chamber which obtains to-day; but a long series of prosecutions and suits for libel were instituted before the freedom of the Press was won. It was not until 1771 that the whole question was thrashed out in the House, when the Press was so far successful that from that date forward the Commons tacitly acquiesced in the claim that the constituencies had a right to be informed of the proceedings of their Parliamentary representatives. Not, however, until 1836 did the House begin the publication of its own division lists.

Mr. Dasent gives a useful account of the keeping of the journals and records of the House. For centuries they were kept in a haphazard manner in manuscript by the Clerk of the House. Owing to the exertions of Onslow the House in

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* *The Speakers of the House of Commons from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, with a Topographical Description of Westminster at Various Epochs and a Brief Record of the Principal Constitutional Changes during Seven Centuries.* By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With Notes on the Illustrations by John Lane, and a Portrait of every Speaker where one is known to exist. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

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1742 first ordered its journals to be printed. A Select Committee next recommended the printing of all the back volumes from the commencement in 1547, the printing being intrusted to Samuel Richardson, the author of "Pamela."

It is clear that there were journals prior to 1547, because a statute passed in the reign of Henry VIII. specifically refers to them.

Two instances of quaint entries are given:—

> 31 May 1604. Prohibition Bill. During the arguments on this Bill a young Jack Daw flew into the House called *Malum Omen* to the Bill.
>
> 14 May 1606. A strange Spanyell of mouse colour came into the House.

The Speakers who came immediately after Onslow were not very distinguished. It was during the tenure of the unpopular Sir Fletcher Norton that the first disturbance by women took place, and they were excluded from the Gallery of the House. After this date (1778) they were only permitted to view the proceedings from a ventilator in the roof of St. Stephen's Chapel. We have seen a wash-colour print of this, where the ladies look most uncomfortable, for the majority were lying down to peep through, whilst the heat coming upwards must have been stifling. The Duchess of Gordon and the beautiful Mrs. Sheridan evidently declined to put up with these inconveniences, and, boldly dressed as men, sat in the Strangers' Gallery.

That successful mediocrity Addington made a very fair speaker. During his tenure of the Chair the House decided to allow the Speaker an official residence in the Palace of Westminster, and the beautiful crypt-chapel, which had been used in Lord Halifax's time as a coal-cellar, was converted into a State dining-room. The formation of the collection of portraits of Speakers in the Speaker's house was due to his initiative.

In 1800, owing to some repairs having to be carried out, the House met once more, after the lapse of some centuries, in the Painted Chamber, which was burnt down in the Great Fire of 1834. This was the room in which, according to tradition, the Confessor is said to have breathed his last. We confess to a little disappointment at the description of the great fire. We wanted to hear about the Exchequer tallies—the notched pieces of stick by which the accounts of a great commercial Empire were kept down to the time of our grandfathers! It was in the cellars where these tallies were kept—dry and tinderlike—that the conflagration commenced. To illustrate the changes in the habits of the House Sir Erskine May told the author how he remembered the Speakers in the "30's" leaving the Chair followed by the members proceeding in haste to the riverside to watch the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge. Even the adjournment for the Derby has gone. Gladstone made his maiden speech in the old Chamber, but Disraeli made his more famous essay in the temporary building which was in use until 1852.

Shaw Lefevre was asked how he contrived to select the right man to carry on the debate when twenty sprang to their feet. "Well," he replied, "I have not been shooting all my life for nothing, and I have learned to mark the right one." This is a great art. The Speaker must be fair, and yet at the same time, as a kind of Master of the Ceremonies, keep the entertainment alive. It is clear among the rank and file that the men who sit in the Chamber most get called on most—the Speaker gets to know their minds and the kind of speech they will contribute to the subject in hand. Disraeli's advice to young politicians to stick to the Bench is as sound to-day as ever it was. The venerable Lord Wemyss as Lord Elcho is, we believe, the only survivor of those who spoke when the present Chamber was first used in 1850.

Lord John Russell considered Shaw Lefevre the best Speaker he ever knew. When there was not a precedent he invented one, adding "according to the well-known practice in the House"—a formula which prevented discussion and pleased every one. Dennion was the first to occupy the Speaker's House, and it is not generally known that the arms over the entrance doorway in Speaker's Yard are his.

The author mentions the "dust of ages" which had been shaken from the rafters in the explosion of January 24th, 1885, but fails to give the credit to Sir William Harcourt. He, passing along the passage at the west end of the Hall shortly after it occurred, and surveying the ocean of dirt that lay on the floor, coolly said, "This indeed is the dust of ages."

With reference to Mr. Speaker Gully, the author remarks that he was first recommended to the attention of the Government by the late Lord Herschell, but we always thought that it was Mr. Henry Labouchere who was chiefly responsible for putting him forward when Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman and Sir Matthew White Ridley were rival aspirants for the office.

With the advent of Mr. Lowther this interesting record ceases, to be taken up hereafter, it may be, as the author modestly remarks, by some more skilful hand. But we hope and believe, as we have said earlier in this article, that this deeply interesting and valuable work will evoke so much information that is at present lying dormant that another edition will issue from his pen, filling many of the gaps which he will be the first to admit at present appear. There is an excellent index, a catalogue of the Speakers, and two appendices, one dealing with the account of Sir Thomas Lovell's election to the Chair in 1485, and Moore's speech on presentation of the Royal Approval in 1523.

We congratulate Mr. Dasent on an admirable work which ought to be in the library of every politician who is anxious to understand the history of the complicated machinery under which the State is governed.

(Concluded.)

AN OXFORD POEM BY HENRY VAUGHAN—II.

By Louise Imogen Guiney

Twice again does Vaughan revert to this captivating idea of the eternising of natural objects, the transferring of beautiful earthly scenery *en bloc* to another and durable stage, and the transferring along with it of the mortals to whom it had been dear. So in one of his most charming lyrics, that on the Priory Grove in Brecon, "on whose soft bosom laid My love's fair steps I first betray'd" (where, in plainer words, he first met Catherine Wise, a kinswoman of the lady of the Manor, Goditha Price), we get this:—

> And when at last the winds and tears
> Of heaven, with the consuming years,
> Shall these green curls bring to decay,
> And clothe thee in an aged grey,—
> If ought a lover can foresee,
> Or if we poets prophets be,
> From hence transplanted, thou shalt stand
> A fresh grove in the Elysian land,
> Where (most blest pair), as here on earth
> Thou first didst eye our growth and birth, (1)

(1) He means "our birth" as lovers: a spiritual and simultaneous birth. Cartwright has a poem propounding this idea, and Vaughan adopts it directly from him.

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So there again thou'lt see us move
In our first innocence and love;
And in thy shades, as now, so then
We'll kiss and smile, and walk again.

Lastly, Vaughan plays with the same thought in his address to the river Usk, which opens his second volume of verse, 1651. "Poets," he has just been saying, "hallow a place," identify themselves for ever with what they have loved. He goes on in his old Virgilian vein:—

Hence th' ancients say that from this sickly air
They pass to regions more refin'd and fair,
To meadows strew'd with lilies and the rose,
And shades whose youthful green no old age knows,
Where all in white they walk, discourse, and sing
Like bees' soft murmurs, or a chiding spring.

Now, one may with some confidence read into a poet's stanzas a train of thought which he not only shares with his contemporaries, but expresses elsewhere in detail, in the course of his own work. Vaughan was always in love with the thought of life beyond the grave, even in his secular and "unbaptisèd rhymes." In these pretty couplets written to R. W., he presupposes, as must his reader, the conceptions of Plato and of Virgil: the renewing of natural beauty and the perpetuation of human love. Both are worthy of Elysium; what they are here they will be there, only established and made perfect. Thus, when he has done with the "harmless mirth" and "loath'd noise" of the tavern, with the "bills" wittily described, and the uncomfortable "mulcts" to be discharged, he prophesies to his friend how their kindred souls will one day escape, "with equal wings and ancient love," to that very human paradise which is the steadied and brightened counterpart of the best we know on earth. The second section of Vaughan's poem is stuffed full of definite epithets; taken together, they are extraordinarily reflective both of the Elysian fields (2) and of a locality more directly under his eye at the moment. "Blessed walks," "holy meads," "airy paths," "drowsy fields," a "silent shady green," "enchanted streams"—can anything possibly be more suggestive of Oxford? Does not every landscape touch become, by analogy, topographically, intimately Oxonian? Does not every Oxford man who has a sense of the spirit of "that ingeniose Place" (a place, as many poets have thought, scarcely in need of the heavenly transformation!) recognise something closely akin to it in these light and loving phrases of Vaughan's?

On those flowery banks [we'll] stay,

he says, and seems further to imply, to his R. W., "just as we have lain many a May afternoon on the flowery banks of the Cherwell." It needs no sleight of hand to blend with such sayings many other allusions of other poets who have avowedly attempted some description of "the glamour of Oxford." One can but pick out descriptive bits from the mass. Warton, exuberant in adjectives, deals most with the architectural aspect of the University buildings, as would be expected; Vaughan brings to view no "fretted pinnacles" nor "cloisters pale." But Warton's contemporary Thomas Russell gives us a lovely list to cull: "dim aisles," "midnight walks," "silent shades," "sister streams." Tickell has an accuracy only less photographic: "pleasing shades," "poetic groves," "not a stream without its nymphs," "the holy seat," "the happy air," "the blessed abode." And John Davies (of "Microcosmus") who died just before Vaughan's birth, enumerates with fondness Oxford's "bough-deck'd dainty walks," "brooks . . . fretty like crystal," "pleasant plots," "those celestial places"! The general tone of the epithets is always much the same, spending distinctive colour on a perfectly distinctive thing.

Who was R. W.? The suspicion (3) may be dismissed at once that he was the self-same R. W. who is the subject of a touching elegy in "Olor Iscanus." This latter R. W., when slain at Rowton Heath in September, 1645, was "scarce twenty," therefore five years younger than Henry Vaughan, born in April, 1621. The elegy has throughout an elder-brotherly, almost fatherly tenderness of tone: far different is the underlying mood of the earlier poem, with its express mention of "equal wings" belonging to R. W. and to H. V. And a five years' difference in age is an almost absolute barrier in school or University companionships. Besides, the R. W. of the elegy seems not to have been, like the other, a "dear wit" at all; we are told as by contrast that that boy philosopher-saint, martyred for the King's cause, had "a solid skull." Also, that "conscience and honour ruled him." These gubernatorial powers do not seem to have tyrannously possessed the bosom of the youthful R. W. who ordered his princely pints in "The Moon" or "The Star," and made no sordid haste to settle the bill.

We know now what has not always been known for certain, that Henry Vaughan, despite the omissions and ellipses of the University registers, was at Jesus College from Michaelmas Term, 1638, to the close of Summer Term, 1640. Immediately after the ensuing Long Vacation, if not in the course of it, Vaughan's father packed him off to London, in order that the son might apply himself to what he evidently hated, and ultimately escaped from: the study of the law. Henry's twin, Thomas Vaughan, was left behind to complete duly the University course. If our general hypothesis is to hold true that the little poem under discussion was written before the autumn of 1640, some evidence must be produced to show that it could have been addressed to a fellow-Oxonian. It is to be noted, as telling against any relationship between Vaughan's literary firstling and the London life he knew from 1640 to 1642, that he could not possibly have been of sufficient importance, even when reinforced by the "genius" of any R. W., to "distract" that metropolitan "town." "Our harmless mirth, our wit, and score," the junketings and spendings of any two naughty lads, could hardly have availed to make much stir in a capital where the laughter of giants in "The Mermaid" had only just died away. But the case was far other in little Oxford, especially in the heyday of Laud's influence and control, when undergraduates were supposed to be trying to purge and live cleanly. The chances for local disedification were ample and alluring, and they appear to have been seized upon with alacrity.

"R." is now a fairly distinctive initial; it was not so in the seventeenth century, when the names Robert, Ralph, Richard, and Roger were very much more in use than they are in our day. Since one's search for the right, or likely, R. W. is fortunately narrowed down to the years 1638-40, an examination of the Oxford Registers brings into view two R. W.'s resident at that date, who were gentlemen, and in addition well-known "wits." One was Robert Waring, afterwards the author of "Effigies Amoris," of whom one gets an account in Wood's "Athenae Oxonienses," and in Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy." He was of Christ Church, and bore arms for the King. Later he became Professor of History, but was deprived, and passed the rest of his not long life tutoring in the houses of patrons or kinsfolk; one of these latter, Sir Job Charlton, Chief Justice and Speaker of the House of Commons, bequeathed a portrait of Robert Waring which is still extant. Waring seems to have been a most decorous person; dying in 1658, he left a sweet and

(2) Æn. vi., 638-9, 658, 674-6, 703-5, 714-15, 743-4.

(3) *The Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist.* Muses Lib. ed., 1896. Vol. II., p. 331 (Note).

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serene memory behind him. There is nothing to connect him in any way with Vaughan, except the unimportant fact that Waring's family, long seated in the Forest of Arden, was allied to that other and lesser Warwickshire family of Wise, into which (about four years after the date of this poem) Henry Vaughan married.

AN EXCELLENT TOUCHSTONE

He is the Touchstone of sanity, and moves in a world apart. There have been fools since the beginning of days: creatures set forward for laughter to flow about: not creatures of folly, for in them is no laughter, only eternal tears; but beings whose function it is to provide merriment, and ease the business of living. Such fools have been innumerable; many willingly so, and many most unwillingly so; but there has been no one of them like Touchstone. He moves in an equable radiance of his own. Others may tumble for the general sport; and their jests may crack shrewdly, or sound hoarsely, or even wing subtly through the mind. He, even when he most seems to tumble, is yet more truly a dancer whose gestures are graceful and full of significance. His jests hover with philosophic meaning, bearing thought a further space through the realms of irrelevance and futility. If it be the business of fools to be self-denying, as most surely it is, then he adds nobleness to generosity and blends delicacy with his giving. He touches with dignity the office and function of indignity.

A blandness flows over him, hinting one knows not what richness of experience; and it is graced with distinction. Set in cap and bells though he be, and arrayed in motley, he is almost paternal in his manner to all. Indeed, it seemed as though the cap and bells were almost a necessary part of him; for only thereby could he assume that privileged relation to all the world that gave a sufficient play to his abundant humanity. In this he was like his radiant speech. For his words were so pregnant with meaning, they came so near the great heart and purpose of life, that they had to quiver lightly through the mind for fear of wounding the soul. They hung in the air like feathers because they were weighty with meaning. It was only when sharp occasion called him away from whimsical contemplation of the deeper things that his words flew more directly to a definite goal; and even so his words winged gracefully, claiming relation rather with the arrow than the bullet. It is thus when we first see him. For the fitly named Le Beau comes to inform Rosalind and Celia that they have "lost much good sport," that in fact "Charles, the Duke's wrestler," had just thrown three brothers, breaking the ribs of each, and that "the poor old man, their father," has been "making such pitiful dole over them." So Touchstone asks forthwith, "But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?" "Why, this that I speak of," answers Le Beau, astonished. Then says the Fool to the worldly-wise courtier, "Thus men grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies." And we see the arrow quivering in its mark, for all its flight was graceful.

It is, however, the Forest of Arden that reveals him most fully. Then his soul swells, though his body learns discomfort. It is the property of natural scenes to strip artificial distinctions of meaning; and thus the Forest of Arden lit up the true significance of his relation to the world. At Court Celia was in authority, and it needed his motley garb for Touchstone to display the privilege of wisdom. But in the forest glades his motley becomes almost a supererogation. In those green places he would have been her guide in any garb, and have displayed his wisdom to any, in silk or homespun. Yet he still must jest, he still must needs be the Fool, or his deeper meanings would scorch the understanding. The truth is, the sun that lit through the green leaves showed his motley to be something of a priestly garb: a raiment of privilege in emblem of a hidden dispensation.

Thus he meets equally with the melancholy Jaques, and proves himself the loftier. That shrewd philosopher, in love with his bitter melancholy, the waters of his humour turned brackish through mantling contemplation, had to doff his cap to so serene a sage as Touchstone. Having met him, he returns to his exiled Duke in rapture at the man. "He hath strange places crammed with observation," says he. He repeats his conversation as being rare and wise, and quotes an example of it:—

> *Good morrow, Fool,* quoth I. *No sir,* quoth he,
> *Call me not Fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.*
> And then he drew a dial from his poke,
> And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
> Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
> *Thus may we see,* quoth he, *how the world wags:*
> *'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;*
> *And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:*
> *And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe.*
> *And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;*
> *And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear
> The motley Fool thus moral on the time,
> My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
> That Fools should be so deep-contemplative.

For all that Jaques may love his speech because there seems a bitter flavour in it, yet it is, in truth, deep—contemplative with rich philosophy. Time may wag, and thereby hang a tale, yet there is something of serene height in him that can look on it unmoved. This very quality it is in him that raises him above those that are buffeted by the passage of Time. Yet he is as truly set above space as he is set above Time. For when Corin asks him: "And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?" his reply is no less serene. "Truly," says he, "in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me very well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"

Was ever so urbane a philosophy? He soars above all things by the native quality of his soul. Nothing perturbs him, nothing wounds him. He is set above the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune by the perfect balance of his intellect. His privileged bauble becomes a wand in his hand to convey to others the serenity of the upper air. Yet he is not indifferent to occasion. His is not the misanthrope's aloofness from the concerns of the living. He approves himself truly wise in in that he is tender, gentle, and instinctively delicate. Courtesy and kindliness radiate from him with somewhat of the noiseless ease that his rays flee the sun. His mind may have moved in heaven, but his body dwelt on earth, and the needs of Earth impressed themselves on him. So urbane a soul would truly enough have found it strange to have felt the fierce impulses of lyric love. That was removed from him; but he was lonely, and needed a companionship so intimate that only a woman could have given it him.

Thus he wishes to wed Audrey. Nay, he fears to wed her; but he needs her. He is not insensible to her faults. "Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical," says he; yet since there is none other to have, he will have her, for

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all that she is "even a toy in hand here," and thus again he approves himself a philosopher. Nevertheless, it is true that she does not "bear her body seeming" in company; and so he, being, as Jaques tells him he is, a man of breeding, is driven to hesitation. A shadow folds him in eclipse as he does so, for this is most unfitting to so serene a mind as his.

The forest glades aid the health of his mind, however, since they are a most proper environment for him. Indeed, he seems like the peaceful, equable soul of them, though with a civic wisdom superadded. He cannot long remain in indecision, for that savours of irritation; and there is now only one thing for him, having once burst the prospect of marriage on his mind and hers. So he raises no more objections as to improper Sir Oliver Martexts. And so, at last, he weds his Audrey, his crude, country wench, whose faults he well knows, for she only can satisfy his need and so fulfil his philosophic calm. He does it delicately, tenderly. Then he appears before the Duke with her; and as she comes with him, it is thus he introduces her, not shamefacedly, but with kindly dignity: "A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no one else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house: as your pearl in your foul oyster." An ill-favoured thing, but mine own! What rich wisdom shines there, what sane humanity! what serene splendour, what truth to the cardinal points of rich emotion! What an excellent Touchstone he proves himself with that word! He stands there, while the curtain shrouds him from our view, and his lips had just uttered the proof of his serenity; he had spoken a grave sagacity that moves in our minds as a final memory of the chrism that anointed him a Fool because he had seen and known wisdom. He tests truth and beauty in us.

THE PORTUGUESE IN INDIA*

LIKE other nations, the Portuguese owe at least part of their history to their geographical situation and personal character. The former prevented expansion inwards, and stimulated it seawards in the direction of maritime discovery; the latter produced military and religious enthusiasm, showing itself in hostility to Islam. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Portugal led Europe in discovery and conquest. The prime mover in maritime exploration was the son of King John I., Prince Henry (1394-1460), known as The Navigator, who launched successive expeditions down the West Coast of Africa, with the object of Christianising the people "for the glory of God and the extension of the Faith." He did not live to see the results of his enterprises, or the full development of the slave-trade, but the spirit which animated him survived, and was fostered by subsequent Kings of Portugal.

An attempt was made to reach Prester John in East Africa. Bartholomeu Dias commanded the expedition, and rounded the Cape in 1487 without knowing it. In 1493 the famous Bull of Pope Alexander VI. granted to Spain all the lands discovered, or to be discovered, west of a line running 100 (extended to 370) leagues from the west of the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands, and those east of the same line to the Crown of Portugal. King Manuel (1495-1521) was eager to resume the distant maritime explorations instituted by Prince Henry. The search for a sea-route to India was prosecuted with the double purpose of making Christians and obtaining spices. On this quest Vasco da Gama was despatched on July 8th, 1497, by King Manuel. After passing the Cape he followed the East Coast of Africa upwards to Malindi, and thence was piloted across to Calicut on the South Malabar Coast of India, where he arrived on May 21st, 1498. He was received courteously by the local Hindu potentate, called the Samuri or Zamorin, but trouble ensued regarding the Portuguese merchandise, and Vasco decided to depart, with a letter from the Samuri to King Manuel. He reached Lisbon in September, 1499: the value of his cargo was sixty times all the expenses of his expedition.

This voyage is regarded as having modified the whole course of history, by bringing the East and West nearer together: it transferred the headquarters of trade from the Mediterranean to Western Europe. The Moguls had not then reached India; the Lodis were reigning at Delhi; the Bahmani dynasty in the Deccan was waning; the Bijapur Kingdom held sway from Bombay to Goa; south of the latter place there were petty Rajas. Mahomedans from Arabia and Egypt dominated trade on the coast, which was infested by pirates. The King sent other Portuguese expeditions: under Cabral, who founded the first Portuguese factories in India, 1500; Vasco da Gama again; and Albuquerque and Pacheco, who extended their operations to Cochin and other coast towns, engaging in alliances and fights alternately with the local Rajas, who combined with the Mahomedan traders to resist the new-comers. By their sea-power and piracy, openly practised, the Portuguese succeeded in monopolising the Indian trade, but treated their rivals and the natives with inhuman cruelty, which passed into a proverb. Almeida, the first Portuguese Viceroy in 1505, aimed at commercial supremacy and expelling all competitors; he contemplated only the establishment of factories and commercial relations with India, being opposed to the idea of territorial dominion.

Alphonso Albuquerque, the second Viceroy (1509-1515), was ambitious to bring all India under the sway of Portugal. He desired to erect a fort wherever he located a factory, and to assert himself with the native rulers. His first attempt to take Goa from Bijapur failed, but in 1510 he succeeded in acquiring the spacious harbour, town, and island by a massacre of the inhabitants. He designed Goa to be the centre of a Portuguese Indian Empire. It became the capital from 1530: its territory comprises 1,062 square miles with an extreme length of 62, and greatest breadth of 40 square miles, and a population of half a million. He failed to seize Aden, but in 1515 captured Ormuz, a great trade emporium in the Persian Gulf, and Malacca in the Eastern Archipelago. His projects were too great for his forces. He sent out commercial missions to foreign States, and conciliated neighbouring Powers: he made some efforts to introduce justice, local administration and finance; to appease the natives he respected Indian usages and tolerated Indian creeds. He was superseded by another Viceroy, and died in 1515 at Goa, leaving the Portuguese power in India at the height of its greatness. Portugal commanded the sea-route and trade, and held thirty factories on the African, Indian, and Malayan coasts. Diu and Damaun, which still remain Portuguese, were captured in 1534-38. The conduct of the Portuguese on the Indian coasts, where they ravaged, burnt, and plundered villages with continual cruelty, aroused a confederation of the country powers against them; their prestige was lost, though they repelled the attacks. The Viceroys and Governors who succeeded Albuquerque were, with few exceptions, men of inferior calibre, corrupt and violent; their mismanagement of the trade ruined some of the principal emporia; the morals of the community deteriorated. Vasco da Gama himself was Viceroy for only three months in 1524,

* *Vasco da Gama and his Successors: 1460-1580.* By K. G. Jayne. (Methuen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

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when he died at Cochin. John da Castro (1545-1548) was the last of the heroes. There were twenty-seven Viceroys and Governors between 1505 and 1580. During this time Christian missions were established and prospered in India. The Jesuit Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, went out to Goa in 1542 under the patronage of John III. of Portugal. He preached, baptised, and founded mission settlements in Southern India, Malacca, and the Spice Islands; in 1552 he died in China. The Portuguese introduced the Inquisition into India in 1560, and the cruelties perpetrated in the propagation of Christianity added to the evil reputation which the Portuguese had acquired for themselves by their treatment of the natives. Even the Dutch were welcomed in comparison with the Portuguese.

The power of Portugal in the East never possessed the elements of permanent Empire, and it suffered, too, from circumstances beyond the nation's control. The decay of their power in India really dates from 1580, when Portugal fell under the rule of Spain. The Spanish Captivity, so-called, lasted from 1580 to 1640, and during it the Portuguese in India were not adequately supported from Europe. Indeed, Portugal, with its small population, could not furnish sufficient men of the proper class. Their numbers were reduced by wars, the slave trade lowered the national characteristics. Spain had other undertakings in America and the Netherlands upon her hands; Portuguese interests were sacrificed to those of Spain. Philip II. utilised the Portuguese revenues in attempts to subdue Holland. The Dutch gained their independence from Spain, and became a sea power stronger than the Portuguese. Retaliatory expeditions were despatched to India by the enemies of Spain. The Indian trade was directed to the Netherlands; the first Dutch Fleet which rounded the Cape in 1595 sealed the fate of the Portuguese trade; the Dutch gradually seized the Moluccas and Malacca from the Portuguese. In India itself the Portuguese had, as time advanced, established some factories in the interior. As military adventurers they reached Gaur, Dacca, Chittagong, the Sundarbans: they intermarried freely with the Indians and were called Feringis, or Franks. Akbar patronised a Portuguese Mission at Agra, and invited Portuguese Friars to Delhi. Another Mogul Emperor caused their expulsion from Hooghly in 1632. Their language has left its mark in India.

By the time that Portugal was emancipated from Spain her trade had been ruined, the Dutch were supreme in the Eastern seas, and England was making progress there. Ceylon was taken by the Dutch in 1656; the Marathas captured Bassein in 1739. The abolition of the Inquisition in India in 1814 was too late to repair its calamitous effects. The loss of their commerce was the ruin of the Portuguese power. Old Goa is in ruins, and modern Goa struggles to exist, maintained by a poorly paid administration and small military force. The other Portuguese possessions, Damaun, eighty-two square miles, and the island of Diu, less than seven miles by two, are of little value; and, as there can be no hope of a revival of a Portuguese Empire in India, the reasonable course would be to transfer the territories to England on suitable terms. But national pride stands opposed to reason, as in the corresponding case of Pondicherry and Chandernagore, still held by the French. The Portuguese have shown the way to England more than once; firstly, how to acquire distant trade by enterprise; and, secondly, how to lose it by projects beyond their strength and by gross mismanagement. The course of history is strewn with such wrecks and warnings. The book which has given rise to these observations does not cover the whole history, but is an excellent account of the great Portuguese leaders of whom it treats.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

VII.—FRENCH OR FLEMISH?

It is probable that the truest history of a nation is always to be found in its Art, if we study it with discrimination, for whether he seeks them in himself or in his neighbours the artist does undoubtedly register the emotions and opinions of his day. Therefore I think I need not apologise for approaching the burning question of the hour in Belgium through the medium of an artist's personality. It is a fact that I shall never be able to discuss the rights of the Flemish section of the Belgian population without thinking of M. Georges Eekhoud.

A few weeks ago I heard M. Eekhoud lecture on Lorenzaccio, Alfred De Musset's timid Hamlet, and after the lecture was over I was introduced to the lecturer and spent the rest of the evening in his company. I must confess frankly that I was disappointed. I had been told that, with Maeterlinck, Albert Giraud, and Camille Lemonnier, he was in the front rank of Belgian men of letters. I had heard stories of a youth spent in revolt against authorities and the conventions they support. I had heard of a decoration boisterously declined; in this country of cheap ribbon he is probably the only writer of any note who is not decorated. I had been led to expect a wild revolutionary; I met only a tame Professor. He had kindly little eyes and a courteous manner, but he clearly belonged to the fatal class that draws its opinions from books rather than from life. Equally clearly he was Flemish rather than Walloon, German rather than French.

There remained his books, and here a surprise awaited me. Side by side with sketches of a naïve and almost infantile sentimentality I found studies of rare emotions made with the sureness of touch of a master. I do not know that I have ever seen such contrasts within the walls of one book as are to be found in "Mes Communions." "Climatérie" is the story of two boys at a Swiss school, of whom the psychology recalled to me those long days of my childhood when I had nothing better to read than "Harry Milner" or the "True History of Sandford and Merton." These boys wept the same tears and behaved in the same romantic manner as the futile creations of Mrs. Sherwood and the eccentric Day Yet in the same book there are such things as "Appol et Brouscard" and "Le Sublime Escarpe," sketches of a brutality of morals and emotion that would have made Mrs. Sherwood turn in her grave. The same contrast is to be noticed in "Le Cycle Patibulaire," but in a modified form, for here a greater skill of expression has almost succeeded in refining the sentimentality to terms of sentiment. It is possible to read such a pleasant fancy as "Le Jardin" without feeling like a boy who has stolen a pound of chocolate; while, on the other hand, such a story as "Hiep-Hioup!" the tragedy of a gamekeeper whose noble violence of love awakens a genuine hatred in the breast of his malodorous Mary Fitton, lingers in the mind as a masterpiece of strong emotions. "Le Cycle Patibulaire" is a book that no one who is interested in French literature can afford to neglect.

Primatively the Flemish race is undoubtedly of a low type physically and intellectually, moved by that ineloquent brutality that finds admirable artistic expression in Camille Lemonnier's "La Mort." Under the influence of education this brutality, which might be described as unintelligent hatred, becomes softened to a sentimentality that is assuredly unintelligent love, and has been fully interpreted in Flemish by Henri Conscience. But this metamorphosis, in itself by no means surprising, does not account for the phenomenon of M. Georges Eekhoud, who is at once a rebel against conventions and a sentimentalist, which implies that he has

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accepted the most false of all conventions. To my mind the explanation of this paradox becomes simple when we look at the postage-stamps of Belgium, which are printed in two languages. Any one of exceptional intellect who is born of Flemish blood must be subject to two very strong influences, mutually antagonistic; most Flemish artists settle the problem by becoming violently French, like M. Maeterlinck. A few feel the calls of patriotism and endeavour to make something of the dubious Dutch dialect that serves them for a mother tongue. M. Eekhoud must have hesitated between these two points until at one time he enjoyed the doubtful advantages of a dual personality. There was M. Eekhoud, the lover of passion and youth and beauty, the leader of a forlorn revolt against the follies of civilisation, the creator of wild and terrible tales. But there was also Herr Eekhoud, the timid student of books and dreamer of tearful, sickly-sweet romance, who must surely have suffered torments of remorse for the unruly deeds of his turbulent *alter ego*. All that is best in M. Eekhoud's work was produced by the reaction of French culture on his mind, and if, as a whole, his work is disappointing, it must surely be because he hesitated to throw sentimental Dr. Jekyll overboard early in his career. When I saw Professor Eekhoud smiling benignly at the fatuities of his *bourgeois* students, I felt as if I were assisting at the funeral of Mr. Hyde, the man of genius.

There are four Universities in Belgium, and in all of them the instruction is given in French. But the Democratic party is now moving to have the University of Ghent transformed into a Flemish University—so once more we have the spectacle of democracy seeking to bring about reactionary changes. This movement is really reactionary, going back at least as far as the Tower of Babel, for it is a deliberate effort to foster the continuity of the Flemish tongue by artificial means. Every intelligent man in the country talks French as a matter of course. But as the majority of the Flemish are too stupid to learn any tongue but their own ignoble *patois*, the democrats are anxious to burden a certain number of students with the same disability as the general mass of the uneducated. It is pretty enough to talk sentimentally about the mother-tongue, but if the children can speak a better language than their mother it is surely desirable that they should do so. This would seem an obvious truth, but it destroys nine-tenths of the arguments of the *flamingants*, as they are called. In two generations Belgium would become a French-speaking—and, what is far more important, a French-thinking—nation; but now we have the miserable spectacle of a number of clever men labouring to prolong the present antagonism of speech and thought, for there is not the slightest possibility of Flemish ever being the language of the nation as a whole. If democracy is always going to be so little intelligent, we shall soon long for the coming of a new prophet to save the people from being overwhelmed by the handicap of their rights.

This is one of those artificial movements which is started as an intellectual exercise, continued as a habit, and which ends by becoming a passion. I suppose the *flamingants* will have their University sooner or later, though there is at least a doubt whether they will be able to find any students willing to be taught in Flemish, save, perhaps, in Holland and South Africa. There is a story of a State-paid Professor of Flemish elocution who held his appointment for ten years without ever finding a single pupil. When the inspectors announced their periodical visits he had to hire pupils at five francs apiece to come and listen to his lectures! A University run on those lines would perhaps be the most satisfactory termination to a foolish crusade, which suggests, nevertheless, certain dangers to those who are interested—and England surely not least of all—in a solid and united Belgium. We have seen the unhappy results of the fostering of race-differences in our own relationship with Ireland.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

UNKNOWN MANTZELAND*

IN the heart of the province of Sze-chuan, in Western China, where the Yang-tse-Chiang makes a great loop, turning from a southerly course to north-east, before it settles to its main course due east towards the Yellow Sea, there is an *enclave* of some 8,400 square miles in extent, known as Lololand, inhabited by tribes of non-Chinese race, who have preserved their independence of the Peking Government to the present day. It was here that on December 24th, 1908, Mr. J. W. Brooke, a young Englishman, of Yorkshire family, was foully done to death while carrying out some explorations in the interest of geographical research. This somewhat ponderous volume is an account of Mr. Brooke's last journey related by Mr. Fergusson, who was travelling with him at the time in the interests of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In the Spring of 1906 Mr. Brooke left England for the purpose of exploring the sources of the Brahmaputra river from the Indian side. The treaty that we had just then concluded with Russia obliged the Indian Government to forbid his entrance into Tibet, and finding all attempts to cross the frontier frustrated by the frontier officials he resolved to enter Tibet from the Chinese side. In three months he was at Sining-fu in Western Kan-su, and, while making preparations for his journey, witnessed the arrival of the Dalai Lama on his way to Peking, and two days later was granted an audience with the Buddhist Pope, being the first Englishman ever seen by him.

While arranging to start from Tankar, on the Chinese frontier, he was exposed to an encounter with an armed Tibetan, who suddenly attacked him without reason, and he was fortunate enough to escape with a slight sword-cut. Leaving Tankar he followed the route, by Koko-Nor and across the Tsaidam plain, that was taken by Huc and Gabet in 1844, and by Prejevalski in 1870, and was finally forced by the Tibetans to turn back when only two hundred miles from Lhassa.

At the very beginning of 1908 Mr. Brooke started on the journey that was to end so disastrously. Apparently he had abandoned the idea of reaching the sources of the Brahmaputra, and the object of this journey is nowhere stated. As a companion he took with him Mr. C. H. Meares, whom he had met the preceding year at Tientsin, and later they were joined by Mr. Fergusson. Their very erratic course, as traced in the maps accompanying the volume, seems to show that Mr. Brooke's object was to carry out a plane-table survey of a part of Sze-chuan inhabited by semi-independent tribes, known to the Chinese as Mantzeland, while Mr. Fergusson distributed books on behalf of the Bible Society. The names of the small semi-independent States traversed by the travellers will be new to everybody, except the missionaries who boldly penetrate nearly everywhere, being generally assured of a good reception on account of their surgical skill. Somo, Drukagi, Kanga, Damba, Ngaba, Ngolok are evidently names of Tibetan origin, and are not to be found in the ordinary maps. The language spoken in them differs from Chinese, and their relations with the Chinese Government are confined to supplying free

Adventure, Sport, and Travel on the Tibetan Steppes. By W. N. Fergusson, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Constable and Co 16s. net.)

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transport to Chinese officials passing through the country, and a visit to Peking by the chiefs every seven years to pay tribute. Chinese authority goes for so little in some places that no official can visit them without first obtaining permission.

Any information regarding an unexplored country, and a people that for ages have lived secluded from the world, is bound to be full of interest. We could have wished that the author had told us more than he has done. The chapters on Mantze Religion and Customs, and on Lololand are of especial interest. The inhabitants of these small, independent, and semi-independent States are apparently descendants of a Tibetan race, who, in past centuries, have been gradually driven by the Chinese out of the more fertile and easily accessible low-lying lands into the tangled mass of mountain and forest known as Mantzeland. And the fact is, we think here mentioned for the first time, that the final crushing of the Taiping rebellion and capture of its leader was effected by these tribes, after the Chinese had driven the rebels into the hill country. With proper safeguards and Chinese passports, together with missionary assistance, there seem no reasons why English sportsmen should not explore these mountains, but they must be prepared to rough it. Mr. Fergusson appears to have hardly recognised the opportunities he and his companion enjoyed of extending our knowledge of natural history, and, to judge from his book, the party were ill-equipped in that respect. That extraordinary animal the Takin (*Budorcas taxicolor*) was common, but only one was shot, by Mr. Meares, for whom it is claimed that he is the first Englishman who ever shot one. Serow and goral were also common, but we are left in doubt as to whether they belong to new sub-species or not; and it is therefore not surprising that we find *ovis ammum* written several times for *ovis ammon*. But the most puzzling animal we hear of is the *chitze*, or what the author calls the chamois. This is the first mention of chamois east of the Caucasus, and it is impossible to say what the animal alluded to is. As one was shot it is a pity that no photograph was taken of it. The Mantze country ought to abound in pheasants, but none are mentioned: indeed, the only game-fowl alluded to in the book is a "peimuhchi, a bird as large as a turkey."

This was probably a snow-cock (*tetraogallus*), the *hailik* of Prejevalski. Then we are told of a wonderful fish, called by the Chinese *wa-wa-u*, or "child-fish," which might be a mermaid from the description. It is related in a matter-of-fact way that a specimen was bought in the fish-market at Ya-chow and put into alcohol. The perfunctory manner in which these things are mentioned is sufficient to show how little the author appreciated his opportunities. There are two maps of the routes traversed in Mantzeland, but they do little to aid the reader, and they have that exasperating but too common fault of spelling names of places differently from the text—Cheo-Chien for Cheoser, Kai-She-Chia for Gaishechia, Yukuo for Yukoh, Piaowa-La for Pewa Pass are enough to make the most patient reader gnash his teeth, while many names of localities one would wish to identify are not on the maps at all. The book is plentifully illustrated with photographs, many of which are of considerable interest.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Rowland Ward we are enabled to reproduce an engraving of the head of that remarkable and little-known animal the takin, whose fall to the rifle of the first English sportsman fortunate to penetrate into its native haunts is alluded to in the foregoing review. In spite of the bovine character of its horns, it belongs really to the family of goat-antelopes; its nearest congener being the serow. It is a heavily built animal, standing about $3\frac{1}{2}$ft. high at the shoulder, with stout limbs, a short tail like a goat's, a large head, and horns in both sexes. So far as can be known at present, it is found everywhere, in suitable ground, over that large and unexplored tract of country between South-Western China and our Indian North-Eastern frontier.

Its existence was first made known some sixty years ago, by the late Brian Hodgson, who obtained specimens from the Mishmi hills on the Assam border. Since then a few specimens have been procured from the same locality, from time to time, through the tribesmen who cross the border to attend fairs in British territory, but no European has yet been able to gain admission into the country. The murder of Mr. Williamson at the hands of the Abors, who are neighbours of the Mishmis, reported within the last few days, shows why Indian sportsmen have not been able to penetrate to the haunts of the takin across the Assam border.

Its existence in Western China was made known at a later date by Milne-Edwards, but it is only in the last few years



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that specimens from that locality have been brought to England. In the Sze-chuan specimens the horns appear to be somewhat less upright, and are more wrinkled at the base than in the Mishmi specimens. The coats also seem lighter in colour, but the difference may only be seasonal. Stuffed specimens from both localities are to be seen in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where also may be seen a skeleton presented by Mr. J. W. Brooke in 1908, presumably the one shot by Mr. Meares.

The illustration represents a head from the Mishmi hills in the possession of Colonel J. Biddulph.

SPRING IN JAPAN

It is the Japanese imagination to make the world-large laughter of flowers out of the December snow; it is our fire of imagination that we build a land of Spring fairies already in Winter's heart of frost, and of wind too solemn even for speech. We flatly object to recognise the existence of Winter; we are happy to think that we have only three seasons in the year. I always think the Japanese mind is most wonderful where it leaves behind the Chinese thought, finite, hard, like the Greek thought, whose consciousness to ethics ever thought a Vision frivolous; and we thank the Buddhism which encouraged our appreciation of Nature as having a big share of moral life. We read in our literature the record of a long fight of those two thoughts, Chinese and Japanese. It is originally a Chinese thought to praise and moralise over the plum blossom; and the nightingale,

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speaking generally, is more a Chinese bird, or, we might say, a Greek bird, like Keats' nightingale, than a Japanese bird; but the nightingale, also the plum blossom, became quite Japanese things when we found in them a most feverish outburst of our desire toward Spring. We hardly think of truth and beauty as the ending words for a song on the nightingale as in Keats' ode; our mind goes straight to the irresistible impulse of the bird in leaving the deeper hills to hunt after Spring and sunlight. It is a great moment among many others when we show we are much related with the Celtic temperament; there is nothing like our Spring thought, often turbulent, ever so passionate, that we express most forcibly one of the clear national characteristics.

Outside the sky is ashen and dumb, as it is usually at the end of December; the maple-leaves sang a month ago their last farewell of glory written in blood. (What a patience and strength they saved only to reach that tragic end!) Within my room the Spring air already floods. The Chinese daffodils, aged but happy, bloom on the *tokonoma*, the holy daïs, where Spring always begins first to smile; a most appropriate picture is hanged on its wall, ready to greet the approach of the New Year in a gorgeous attire of old fashion. The fire burns in the *hibachi*, or fire-box, whispering a far-off forest story and the rustic humanity which is the best. What a country-like love in the charcoal fire! A while ago my servant boy returned home from the market where he bought the proper decoration for New Year's Day, made of straw, seaweed, lobster (it is a Japanese allegory to have a humorous side, as, for instance, with this lobster, which represents agelessness in its very old shape of crooked back); I told him that a big pair of pine trees should be put up at the entrance of my house to create the house of evergreen Eternity. I already hear outside the merry music of lion-dancers, who make havoc among the children, whose suspicious eyes wish to know where Happy New Year ever comes. We will soon see what a great part a fan plays in our Japanese life, which will be carried by each person going round to scatter good wishes among the people known or unknown.

I will stay within the shut doors, or *shojis*, live in the Spring air of my creation after much cost, and wait for the outside Nature to burst out in jollity; I know that then my moods will never be disturbed even when the doors of my house swing open, and the air within and without communicate with one another on equal terms. I shall see the low sky with the still lower clouds of cherry-blossoms by a stream (what a picture to please the Tosa school of artists!), and again the cherry-blossom with lanterns and jolly people in dance, which would be a subject for a Hokusai or Hiroshige. When a poet sings Spring to frighten from him the Invisible or Unseen, it is from his desire to make the affair sudden and strange, to make a mysterious world with laughter and tears arm in arm.

My Spring thought, which started more objectively, slowly entered in subjective appreciation, and my psychical quality of mind is strangely evolving in April, when I see not each shape of Spring, but the one big Vision or Imagination of all Spring now appearing, now disappearing, as one big mist, into whose seen or unknown breath my own existence will be lost; by losing myself I know I shall get a greatest joy of life. My desire will soon be exhausted when it is filled. And I will rest in reverie.

The season, too, will rest in rain before getting another pang of force. Nature, who began as strong and objective as a Chinese art, and then turned as voluptuous and quite real as the *Shijo* art, more as our beloved *Ukiyoye* art, is now becoming the art of Korin design in the season of iris and wistaria, great Korin's favourite subjects The Japanese nature of May is most decorative.

YONE NOGUCHI.

FIELD ARTILLERY

COLONEL BETHELL'S "Modern Artillery in the Field,"* which Messrs. Macmillan have just published, deserves, though it is a technical book for the use of the service, more than a passing notice in the general Press. The civilian reader is already acquainted with Colonel Bethell's deservedly high European position upon the subject. His international reputation with regard to modern artillery is established

The book is divided into four parts: Equipment, Practical Gunnery, the Minor Tactics of Artillery, and Combined Tactics. Thirteen plates and a frontispiece illustrate it. There are a large number of figures inset in the text to illustrate the description or argument with which a passage is concerned. The description of the various national equipments in the first pages is summary but sufficient. A word or two upon the historic order in which the principles and accessories of the Q.F. gun were developed might have afforded interest to the lay-reader, but would not have served the purposes of such a work. To the politician such an historical survey would be of first-class importance, and it is to be hoped that something of the nature will follow from Colonel Bethell's pen.

The writer's own considered conclusions are of particular interest. His decision in favour of the German use of every gun, as against the French theory of counter batteries, is of particular interest (pages 291-292) read in connection with what follows, which is a less certain judgment upon the French theory of short ranges. Did space permit, it would be a fascinating point to discuss, for if the French are right in their theory of short range (upon which the whole of their artillery tactics depend), then the British service, which inclines to the opposite theory, has been misled by the peculiar experience of South Africa, and by the tendency of every nation at the end of a long and difficult campaign to exaggerate the importance of long range. We must be content to mention here briefly the great authority of Langlois, and the fact that his conclusions were not unsupported by the realities of the Manchurian campaign.

Another section to which the general reader will turn with great interest is the comparison of the various forms of fire discipline in the modern battery, but what a purely technical book of this sort cannot be expected to give us—and yet what is really the deciding factor—is the rapidity of fire in practice of each service. It is perfectly true, as Colonel Bethell points out on pages 282 and 283, that mere rapidity of fire is not the be-all and end-all of the gunner. But a moment comes when a superior rate of delivery is equivalent to a total superiority over the enemy.

Now that is partly a question of material, but even more a question of moral factors. It is particularly true that when battery is firing at battery rapidity of fire will tell. It must always be remembered that exceptional feats in quick firing count for nothing any more than rifle competitions and marksmanship at very long ranges count in the making of a linesman. It is further true that the modern gun *can* shoot if it is pressed "more quickly than it is able to"—to use an Irishism. That is, it will be too hot to use long before it has reached the limit of its firing capacity. Still it is a good test of efficiency so see at what rate the men can "feed" their pieces; but that can only be seen by the eye—it cannot be judged on paper. In the remarks in which Colonel Bethell very clearly criticises the French theory of "neutralising" an enemy's battery, he implies by his argument what rapidity of fire will mean.

A word may here be submitted against the theory that

* *Modern Artillery in the Field.* By Colonel H. A. Bethell, R.F.A. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d.)

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only direct hits will help to silence a modern battery. It is a theory almost universal, but it does neglect the moral factor. It is, however, pleasant to read on page 298 the sentence, "Other troops may be demoralised after suffering 25 per cent. of casualties, but there is no record of a gunner running away from his gun." The next sentence gives the true reason why—it is not so flattering: the gunner feels safer behind his gun than anywhere else. There might be added to this dictum the truth that the gunner has something to do, and that, in any form of struggle and strain, is a powerful aid and steadier to the nerves.

The general reader will also be particularly interested in the section dealing with the use of guns against flying machines. Unfortunately, Colonel Bethell does not deal with what many competent observers believe to be the chief problem involved (to wit, the action of artillery against aeroplanes), save in one very short paragraph on p. 192. Now this point is surely of capital importance. As the lay or civilian phrase goes, "you have only to look" at a gas-bag of any sort to see how vulnerable it is.

Mr. Blatchford, observing the manœuvres of last year in Picardy for the *Daily Mail*, brought out this point very clearly; and indeed it needs no emphasis. The whole of the fifth chapter in the book before us deals with "balloon guns," and nearly the whole of it is concerned with the business of destroying a gas-bag, the rest being concerned with the use of aerial vehicles for the dropping of explosives. Well, there is little doubt that the gas-bag in any form will be an object so liable to destruction that its main use will be for cutting across "elbows" in communications, for the general survey of country from a great height, for the carrying of news, rapidly and unexpectedly, from a force which is cut off, and the carrying of it under cover of the darkness.

The real point of our changing moment is the aeroplane. The whole problem of war has hitherto been the discovery of the enemy's massing. If he was performing a "conversion"—that is, bringing great bodies of troops from his right to his left, or in some other way preparing an unexpected strength in a particular section of his line, the only way of guessing at that was by surprise or prisoners, or the hardy action of small groups of cavalry. Doubt always remained by far the largest factor in the business, until the advent of the aeroplane. The aeroplane has changed everything in that regard. Short of a tempest, the French service could, should war break out this summer, discover exactly the tactical plan of an enemy during the course of an action—and no other service as yet can meet them. Even when, or if, the German service (and our own) have caught up the lead of the French in this matter, the aeroplane will still remain the dominating point of the modern change. That force which can destroy its enemy's aeroplanes or put them at a disadvantage will blind its opponent: it will *put out its eyes.*

We emphasise this essential rather crudely because public opinion, and even military opinion, does not yet seem to seize its capital importance. The old army was like a blind man feeling: the army equipped with aeroplanes (in the only service which as yet has got a competent body of these machines) is like a man seeing. Whoever keeps his aeroplanes in a superiority of number and efficiency cripples those of his opponent's, retains for himself the power of seeing, and has all the advantages of a man with good sight over a man blind or half-blind in a fight between them. However violently the new fact be expressed or emphasised, it cannot be exaggerated. It is the capital change which the year 1910 forced in the Plains of Picardy upon the art of War.

The crucial question, therefore, is, What damage can be done to the aeroplane and how?

It is particularly a question for gunners. The rifle is out of it. The membranes of the aeroplane (which present the actually large visible targets) are not in question. A bullet through them would have no effect. If one of the main wooden supports were struck, the bullet at a distance would probably glance from its oval section, and a broadside shot means the hitting of a slender rod at many hundreds of yards range and at an indefinite height in the air. There remains the chance of striking the driver. It is infinitesimal. To destroy the propeller would not bring the aeroplane to the ground, for it can glide. In a word, the rifle is useless, and doubly useless from the fact that an aeroplane observes what is behind the enemy's firing line from a trajectory situated well within the firing line of its own troops, and at any height from 1,500 to 2,000 feet. Guns alone can deal with these instruments; but so far as recent experience goes, it is very doubtful whether they can deal with them effectively. The aeroplane is shooting through the air at anything between thirty-five miles and sixty miles an hour; it has a complete view of the country beneath it. The gun with which it can be attacked must be mounted upon a motor chassis and must follow roads. Of all objects upon the surface of the earth a road is the most conspicuous to an observer situated some hundreds of feet above the soil. The first preoccupation of the airman would be to mark upon the roads beneath him the presence of such an instrument, and he could detect it long before he had any chance of beginning to fix the range. Even did he give it that opportunity many shots would have to be fired with a smoke-trail shell before the target was approached, and the aeroplane could be out of range within twenty seconds.

An alternative suggestion has been to provide a number of such pieces and to conceal them. It is doubtful whether such a manœuvre would be successful, and that on account of the reason just given. The artillery could only act within its own firing line. The first range-fixing shot—practically certain to be very wide—would betray the attack, and an aeroplane can dart away from danger almost simultaneously with the discovery of its existence. The whole business may be compared to the shooting of birds, such as rooks, while in flight, with a pea-rifle. Now if the aeroplane is nearly invulnerable, it follows that war has wholly changed in its character.

On page 361 Colonel Bethell tells us that "a dirigible, aeroplane, &c., now form part of the equipment of every large fortress." The words "Saving those under the control of our War Office" should be added.

A SONG OF THE MOTOR

To travel through the night by road, one's own safety and that of trusting friends dependent on one's ever-watchful eyes, skill in handling the impulsive car and cool nerve to avert accident, is no light undertaking. When, in addition, the journey extends from Thames to Firth of Forth, the engine is not to be allowed to stop under any circumstance, and the car has to be kept running on top gear only, it is not altogether absurd to liken the performance to some of the deeds of derring-do which have been fortunate enough to become immortalised by the poets. It is true that very fine head-lamps throw comforting beams of white light a long way ahead, but this very light is sometimes the cause of doubt, for it makes such vivid contrasts that the sense of proportion and distance is upset. Any one knowing our English roads well is aware that they are absurdly narrow, stupidly cambered, and that they wind and twist and branch off suddenly in the most disconcerting manner. To drive a motor-car any distance through the country is like perform-

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ing trick-driving in a gymkhana, so that one may imagine something of what a journey from London to Edinburgh means when undertaken through the dusk and murk of night.

Putting oneself in the place of the driver of a powerful car like the Gear-Boxless Sheffield-Simplex, which recently triumphantly carried out this run under the conditions referred to, in fancy one can follow something of his sensations and experience. London is threaded, say, in daylight, the traffic threatening several times to hold the car up—a contingency not to be thought of without dismay seeing that from start to finish top-gear only is allowable under watchful observation of official eyes, and that the whole *raison d'être* of the journey would be destroyed. Once in the suburbs, where gardens and trees have yet many weeks to wait before Nature fully awakes from her hibernation, more freedom of movement is possible, and the pulse of the six-cylinder engine can be more easily noted by the excusably-anxious driver, who has so much before him. Without undue haste, but losing no time, the open country is reached, and one can see from horizon to horizon the vast arc of the grey sky growing gradually darker with the rapidly-waning afternoon. Though with every sense on the alert, the driver has opportunity to note the sad and depressing effect of lonely expanses of ploughed fields bordered by gaunt trees, and he cannot help picturing them as they will be later when Summer comes into her own, with the drowsy air scented by innumerable flowers, larks fluttering joyously up into the blue gates of Heaven, hedgerows and ditches lush with vivid green nettles and grasses, and the whole countryside filled with the murmurous sounds of insect life enjoying the warmth of the sun that has given them their brief life.

Then the reality around him, with its cold searching wind and its remaining signs of long-continued wet, buffets away this momentary day-dream, and he instinctively makes a sideway movement with a foot resting upon a sliding pedal. This slightly opens the throttle and the car speeds on faster into the gathering dusk as if impatient to get its task done. The oncoming gloom then makes objects indistinct and the horn is sounded more frequently and imperiously, and in good time before overtaking or meeting other vehicles. The driver begins to consider the advisability of switching on the electric lamps, though it is not yet lighting-up time by law, and, finally, decides that he prefers to wait awhile even though he is obliged to peer sharply ahead. Another movement of the foot smoothly, but insistently, slows the car's speed to a more sedate pace, as the road winds and a town is not very far off if his calculations are correct. He proves right, and as soon as the first twinkling light comes into view he switches on all the car's lamps. For a few moments the contrast is such that his eyes have to correct their focus, and he sits a little more upright and masterfully at the wheel. The admirable torque or turning movement imparted to the driving shaft by the six pistons allows the car to proceed through the streets of the town quite inoffensively, and though an erratic slow and heavy waggon ahead necessitates pulling up to little more than a crawl, the driver senses from experience that the top-gear can be maintained.

Once more in the heart of the country and negotiating hill ranges, the car is given full latitude of pace and power, though by this time it is pitch dark, and side turnings loom up with startling suddenness, except when finger-posts or warning-signs properly placed are picked out far ahead by the beams from the head-lamps. Conversation among the passengers is desultory, and carried on in subdued tones, and, when spoken to directly, the driver answers in monosyllables. He has to try and remember his bearings in comparison with a map he closely studied beforehand. Though a map is carried, and is being constantly referred to by one of the party with the aid of an electric torch, a fork in the road may easily lead to a mistake in direction. Once the wrong way be taken inadvertently it will be impossible to turn back because that would demand the use of the reverse gear. To be on the wrong road at all is certain to add considerably to the difficulties of the attempt, and the driver has to slow down in all cases of doubt.

Hour after hour the car reels off the miles. The driver finds it difficult to determine whether he is going up hill or down except on really steep gradients. Strange freaks of memory come to his mind, such as the belief in pixies, talk of ghosts that haunt the highways, and Dick Turpin's famous ride. Slipping through dark villages or the deserted streets of sleeping towns, his thoughts irresistibly dwell on the people there who are forced by an unconquerable physical law to cease their labours or idle pleasures for the brief space of night. He knows that shortly his own eyes will be aching for lack of sleep, and he begins to hate and almost to fear the ever-receding pall of blackness ahead of the car's lights. The miles seem eternal, though the great-hearted car spurns them all without falter; the tension he has been enduring for so long and so far is beginning to tell on him; he realises that his very life and those of the passengers are in the hollow of his hand. An instant's misjudgment or lack of control from fatigue or eye-strain would mean disaster, and he must relax no jot in watchfulness though he yearns for rest.

Suddenly the exclamation "Scotland!" from the map-holder tells him that the great journey is nearly done. Another hour's progress, perhaps two, will show him the great castle dominating the modern Athens, for dawn is breaking slowly but surely. There are still big ascents to overcome, but the gallant car has conquered worse in the womb of the night, and he has now no doubt that the goal will be won and the great attempt become an accomplished deed. Tongues are loosened and succulent food is passed round, the driver champing hungrily and demanding more as he steers with one hand in perfect command of the docile car. Light and food restore his confidence, hills are breasted at "full throttle," the level "devoured," and descents almost flown. A dark grey mass upstanding in the distance in a haze of smoke resolves into hill and castle, and only a few minutes later the great top-gear run is at an end.

ANTHONY HAMILTON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE MEXICAN CRISIS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

IN spite of the lurid reports in the daily press of "big battles"—which, reduced to their proper military significance, are nothing more or less than petty engagements—the optimistic opinion prevails in well-informed Mexican circles in London that the worst of the revolution is over, and that only guerilla warfare on a small scale is to be expected. It is felt that Señor Madero, the leader of the insurgents, must be coming to the end of his financial resources, and as revolt, like any other form of armed hostility, is an expensive game, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the collapse of organised resistance to President Diaz's forces is at hand. There is a very strong rumour abroad that the whole trouble has been engineered and kept alive in the interests of a certain powerful American financial group which has been opposed in a very active way to an important British enterprise in Mexico, and which hopes to profit considerably in the event of the downfall of the existing *régime*. If there is truth in this rumour—and

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emanating as it does from serious sources it is worthy of more than passing attention—then it is a pity that the Government of the United States should be used as a cats-paw. It would certainly seem as though the insurgents have some ulterior motive in the choice of the frontier as their battle-ground. British money is interested in Mexico to the extent of nearly fifty millions sterling, apart altogether from enormous sums invested in American undertakings operating in the country.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN RUSSIA

For the moment there is a lull in the Russian political crisis. It must not be imagined, however, that the situation brought about by the suspension of the Legislature and the Imperial promulgation in the interim of the Western Provinces Zemstvos Bill is at an end. M. Stolypin has certainly achieved a notable triumph over his opponents, but it is a triumph very much of a personal nature and cannot endure. This view is borne out by the recent action of the Council of State, which body, after listening to a blunt explanation by the Premier, decided that its interpellation on the subject was not affected by any statements he had made. Article 87 of the Fundamental Laws, under which the Zemstvos Bill was promulgated, requires that any Bill so promulgated shall subsequently be submitted to the Legislature for confirmation. It therefore remains to be seen whether the Duma will prove complaisant, or whether, regarding the peremptory action of M. Stolypin as a wanton usurpation of constitutional rights, it will seek to censure him. In this latter event a grave crisis will be precipitated and the dissolution of the Chamber could be the only alternative to the Premier's resignation. In the meantime it cannot be denied that M. Stolypin has more than an appearance of reason on his side. To the Duma and its supporters he says blandly:—"Why do you complain? Though you may not think so, I have all the time been fighting *your* battles. *You* originally passed the Bill which is essentially Nationalist in character. The Upper House rejected it—and now I have merely invoked the aid of Article 87 in order to enforce *your* will. Am I not, therefore, the champion of popular liberties?" And, turning to the Council of State, he exclaims:—"It is your ardent wish to see the Monarchical Power maintained unimpaired. Yet, when I employ the Imperial Ukase as a means to legislation you call my conduct into question." Thereupon M. Stolypin confesses that he is bewildered. But the Council of State is also bewildered. And, last, but by no means least, the Duma is bewildered. It is a delightfully perplexing situation: a drama with a strong touch of comedy. Little wonder is it that amid such a storm of conflicting elements M. Stolypin should be a much-abused man. He is called a stern dictator, an implacable enemy of liberty, a usurper of monarchical power. But M. Stolypin cannot fill all these *rôles* and at the same time remain the champion of the people. What, then, is he? Here is suggested a nice problem for the student of Russian politics.

Dwelling upon the circumstance that, when as a country gentleman and practically unknown, he emerged from his estates on the banks of the Volga to save Russia in the hour of her supreme crisis, and emphasising the undeniable fact that his administration has been marked by steady reform, boldly conceived and almost heroically carried out, the British Press has pictured M. Stolypin not as being gifted with the attainments of a genius but simply as a man of lucid mind and direct method—in short, as a safe sentry to keep watch and guard over the interests of State. But surely he is more than this, much as it implies. Have not recent events proved him to be a diplomatist of first rank, endowed with rare and subtle qualities? For the rest, his strength lies in the fact that, unless he gets his own way, he is ready at a moment's notice to retire to the peace of his rural estates at Saratoff. The Emperor and the nation are reluctant to part with his services. It is not so much that there is none who could worthily fill his place; but it is the knowledge that he has secured to Russia an era of genuine progress—that, in other words, his policy has had practical results—which keeps him in office to-day.

To the Council of State M. Stolypin has made out a very plausible case. It would be foolish, nay, even criminal, he asserts, to make Article 87 a permanent feature of the Government. It must only be employed when warranted by extraordinary circumstances, and he is careful to add that these circumstances may arise whether the Legislature happens to be sitting or not. He goes on to explain—and here is to be found the grip of his policy—that Parliament could not be allowed to determine whether, in such event, circumstances were in reality "extraordinary" enough to justify the application of the Article; nor could the action of the Government in advising the Monarch be made the subject of discussion or interpellation. Finally, he lays it down that the right of the Throne to issue Ukases cannot in any circumstances be restricted. It is difficult to forecast the upshot of a situation so amazingly complicated. The Council of State and the Duma are equally offended by M. Stolypin's high-handed action. The Upper Chamber is angry not only because the Bill has been passed against its will, but because of the constitutional principle involved as regards itself. The Lower Chamber is irate principally because of the affront to its legislative dignity. Therefore, to a large extent, both Chambers have common cause. Yet, as a rule, they do not work together in anything like perfect harmony. The reactionary and Conservative elements find their natural home in the Council of the State. This body would doubtless have approved of M. Stolypin's methods had they been applied solely to the Lower House. But the case is altogether different when they themselves are affected. Then the sacred rights and privileges of the Legislature are inviolable, and M. Stolypin is viewed in the light of a harsh dictator. There have been some signs of a mild *entente* between the two Chambers, with the Premier as the enemy of both; but whatever progress may be made in this direction, obviously it will not lead to a solution, for the Duma contains elements that are fundamentally irreconcilable with those included in the Council. Oil poured on water may serve a useful purpose for a time, but any attempt to employ these constituents as a fluid mixture must fail. It is the same with the two branches of the Russian Legislature.

Thus it may be said that M. Stolypin has succeeded in confounding his enemies and confusing his friends. But, as I have said, it is a triumph that cannot endure. In spite of subtle explanations, the real motive that has animated him stands out in clear relief. He had grown utterly weary of the obstructionist tactics adopted by his antagonists, the friends of reaction, in the Council of State. Wisely he determined that so long as they barred the way he could not carry on the good government of the country. He could only consent to withdraw his resignation on condition that a rebuff was administered to them such as would restore beyond question his own power and prestige. It is a pity that while this procedure may be said to have achieved its immediate object, a struggle with the Legislature could not have been averted, a struggle, moreover, which has given both Chambers common cause against the Premier. Consequently M. Stolypin's triumph will yet prove to have been merely a momentary, and therefore an empty one. If not over the confirmation of the Zemstvos Bill, the principle

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involved may be raised in connection with other matters. Naturally the Russian people have become very jealous of the new and precious gift of representative government, and their Parliament is not likely to accept mildly M. Stolypin's ruling that in no circumstances has it a right to question the Government's action in enforcing Article 87. If the Premier is wise he will avoid another conflict with the Legislature. In any case, it would seem that a situation has been created from which he will find it very difficult to escape, and before long his resignation may be expected. In that event M. Kokovtsoff, the present Finance Minister, would succeed him, and M. Davydoff, the Director of the Credit Chancellery, would become Finance Minister. Happily, both these eminent statesmen are warm friends of this country.

CHINESE FINANCE

After lengthy negotiations, a contract for a loan of ten millions sterling has been signed at Peking between the Chinese Government and representatives of American, British, French, and German banking groups. No provision is made in the agreement for the appointment of a foreign official to supervise the expenditure of the money, and it is not yet clear whether this matter has been left in abeyance or shelved altogether. It is difficult to believe that the various parties concerned will neglect to take adequate measures to protect their interests. Corruption in China is still deep-seated and widespread, and past experience, notably in connection with native railway administration, dictates that elaborate precautions must be adopted in order to prevent the proceeds of the loan being squandered. Doubtless it will be urged that in the present case the security is gilt-edged; but as the money borrowed is to be devoted to such important objects as currency reform and the development of Manchuria, it is obvious that, security or no security, any maladministration will tend to undermine the general credit of China, and must inevitably affect the loan bonds in question. The need for drastic reform in the finances of the Empire was admirably summarised by Dr. Morrison a little while ago:—

> There is certainly room (he wrote) for financial reform in China, where no Budget is issued; where nineteen different kinds of dollars of different exchange value are current, besides newly-coined taels, Chinese rupees, and an infinite variety of copper coins and brass cash; where debased subsidiary coinage is issued and not accepted at its face value by the Government issuing it; where an unlimited provincial note issue, without a bullion reserve, and other irregularities exist that make China a paradise of the money-changers and its currency confusion greater than any country under heaven. In Peking five different dollars are current. In the adjoining Shansi province only British dollars are accepted without discount, while in the benighted telegraph service in many stations, even so near Peking as Kalgan, no dollars are accepted, but only silver bullion cut with a hammer and chisel. The inland taxation of the Empire, as at present designed, hampers industry, increases the trade depression, adds to the burdens of a trade already suffering, and prevents the growth of national wealth; yet the possibilities of trade and commerce in China under a rational financial administration are simply infinite.

In so far as a certain proportion of the loan is to be devoted to the development of Manchuria, it may be said to bear an important political aspect. American bankers, at the instigation of the Washington Government, took the lead in the negotiations. The declared policy of Mr. Knox, the Secretary of State, is to interest the Powers in the exploitation of the Three Eastern Provinces, so as to "neutralise" this region as far as possible, and supply China with the funds essential for the reassertion of her sovereignty. That Japan and Russia—both claiming and, as a matter of fact, actively occupying spheres of influence in Manchuria—were excluded is not without significance. It will be objected that neither of these Powers was in a financial position of sufficient strength to enable her to participate. Such an excuse may serve the immediate purposes of those engaged in diplomacy; but it will not satisfy the spectators of the game, who know full well that both Russia and Japan could easily find the necessary funds if it came to the point of having to uphold political prestige. Meanwhile, as a result of the initiative of America, the first and a very interesting attempt has been made to check the designs of Japan and Russia in Manchuria. But, with honesty and efficiency so sadly lacking in the Administration, it is open to doubt whether money alone can save this territory for China.

EARLY BRITISH MASTERS AT MESSRS. SHEPHERDS' GALLERY

Messrs. Shepherds' Spring Exhibition, now open in St. James's-street, aims, as heretofore, at bringing into greater prominence the work of some of the lesser painters of the British school, who are apt to be too much overshadowed by the great men who have made it famous. Singularly enough, the most remarkable picture in the collection does not belong to the British school at all, but is either Spanish or Neapolitan, the name of the painter being still uncertain. It represents the three-quarter length figure of a man looking into a hand-mirror, and is a very fine piece of work, full of strength and feeling and rich, beautiful colour. Another picture not of the British school which is very interesting and charming, in a totally different manner, treated with porcelain-like freshness, shows a young girl in a straw hat, and is by Philip Mercier.

Turning, however, to the British painters, such an Exhibition as Messrs. Shepherds' must always be valuable and interesting to students of British art. The fact that Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, and Romney were not the only painters of the British school whose work deserves attention is certainly one which requires to be emphasised, and our need of a more complete national collection was recently touched on in these columns. For their own merits no less than on account of their importance and interest from an historical and technical point of view, because of what may be called their blood-relationship to the works of our greatest painters, the lesser men of the British school are worthy of attention.

Messrs Shepherd have been able to bring together at least one picture by each of the Norwich painters—Constable and old Crome, Cotman and Stark—by the latter of whom there is a delicately-treated study of sunlight in a woodland landscape. Prominence is given, too, to a large and certainly fine landscape by Wilson—an "Italian Lake;" and the exhibition includes an interesting and charming portrait—"A young girl with a rose"—by a little-known woman-artist of the eighteenth century—Catherine Read. Among the paintings under more famous names, one of the most interesting is perhaps the small but delightful sketch by Gainsborough of a favourite dog, on the back of which is written in the artist's hand, "Bumper, a most remarkable, sagacious Cur."

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IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

PRACTICALLY the past week has been devoted to holidays. Everybody left the City on Thursday firmly convinced that the markets would open on Tuesday with a boom. They did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, on Tuesday morning everybody appeared anxious to take a profit. The fine weather, so far from having filled people with confidence, seemed to have given them caution; only the oil enthusiasts remained serene. This is one more example of how contrary the Stock Exchange is. Since Tuesday we have had nothing but shocks. Mexico was to be annexed by the United States, the Rockefellers were going to wipe the floor with Kuhn, Loeb and Company, and every bull in the Home Railway market seemed determined to take his profit.

Naturally, no new issues have been made during Easter. The only person who was ever bold enough to bring out a prospectus in the holiday times was the inimitable Horatio Bottomley, who, if my memory serves me correctly, brought out his Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia during the Christmas holidays and secured an over subscription. But then Horatio Bottomley is a genius.

The Sungei Purun Rubber Company is going to make a market in its shares, and issues a notice for public information only. This is not the kind of thing we are accustomed to from high-class directors like Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Young. The Sungei Purun has an area of 1,119 acres, of which 615 acres are planted with young rubber, consequently the price to be paid is very high. Young rubber is not worth more than £10 an acre. But, quite apart from the price, it is a very bad precedent that high-class people should float companies in the way that this one is floated.

MONEY.—Naturally as soon as the holidays were over money became easy, and as a result gilt-edged securities hardened. If the bull account in Home Rails is seriously decreased this will relieve the Money Market, and as there is no demand for money anywhere the Bank Rate must fall. It is not of any practical consequence to the commercial world whether the rate is $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3. It only affects the price of gilt-edged securities. It is, of course, more difficult for banks to make money with the Rate at $2\frac{1}{2}$, and, on the whole, it might perhaps be better if we could keep our Rate steady at 3.

FOREIGNERS. There has been absolutely nothing doing in the Foreign Market. It remains completely idle, and beyond a few bargains in Perus and a few purchases of Tintos by the bear brigade there has not been a bargain going.

HOME RAILS.—Everybody has been taking a profit, and Great Westerns have felt the draught acutely. There is no disguising the fact that a big bull account exists in the Home Railway market, and contangoes are so high that it is impossible for any one to carry Home Rails profitably. Reasonable people have felt for some weeks that a reaction was necessary. I am still a strong believer in the future of English railways, but it would be foolish to ignore the technical position of the market. Most probably we shall see a decline of two or three points in all the stocks that have been so greedily bought during the past month. Then the public will again become aware of the fact that Home Railways, with money at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., are an excellent investment. Another boom will set in, and prices will go to a higher level. See-saws are inevitable on the Stock Exchange. Those who have paid for their stocks need not be in the least alarmed. Those, of course, who are carrying should close their accounts and buy in again later on. But stamps and fees are so heavy that it does not pay to be perpetually jumping in and out of Home Railways.

YANKEES.—The American position looks disagreeable. Kuhn, Loeb and Co. have been ousted from the control of Missouri Pacific by the Rockefellers. The whole thing is a disagreeable comment upon the nature of the American. As long as the Yankee is doing well he is the most amiable person on earth; but ill-luck or misfortune seems to develop all his worst qualities. I do not say that there has been treachery; but certainly I know that the Kuhn Loeb people believed themselves secure in the support of the Standard Oil when they decided to take up the Missouri Pacific deal. Quite apart from this little *contretemps*, general conditions throughout the Western States are decidedly bad. Prices of produce have been falling steadily, and the Western farmers, always extravagant in times of prosperity, see their profits fading away, and now talk in gloomy fashion. On the whole, it looks wiser to keep out of Yankees. The Steel Trust people have evidently unloaded most of their securities on Europe. At any rate, the list of stockholders read at the meeting showed this; but it may only mean that the Finance houses in Europe have lent money on Steels.

MEXICO.—The ghastly stories of battle that are telegraphed over from Mexico have scared the holders of Mex rails. This shows how little the Stock Exchange appreciates the size of Mexico. The Mexican Railway is hundreds of miles from the scene of the fight, and under no circumstances could be affected even if the whole State of Chihuahua were in flames. The story goes that when the Mexican "revolution" broke out all the leading financiers sent down representatives to Mexico to report, and that none of them could find any war going on at all; most of them came home and said that it was a newspaper revolution. The English appear to have an idea that it is a fight between Lord Cowdray and J. D. Rockefeller. Mexican officials in London remain placid and unmoved. They believe the whole thing to be a political move on the part of Taft.

RUBBER.—The Rubber market is absolutely without interest, and the jobbers are one after the other slipping into the oil market, which is their nearest neighbour. There is still a great deal of talk about rubber valorisation, and the Brazilians threaten all kinds of things, but nothing comes of it. The Highlands report was fairly satisfactory, but the Asiatic report was not liked. However, both shares are much too high. Ayer Kuning report was disastrous, and within nine months the company has to ask its shareholders for more money. This throws a lurid light on the dangers of rubber-planting in the East.

OIL.—The Oil market has been booming and prices have jumped in the most astounding fashion. Black Sea Oil-fields, which I mentioned as a tip when they were only 22s. 6d., are now nearly £2, and are talked much higher. Maikop Pipes are also a great feature. Indeed, all the Maikop companies have been bought. Some of them, such as Maikop Spies, are good, but no one should buy any Maikop shares except those that I have mentioned. However, I think that the oil market has taken the place of rubber. The public seem coming in, but those who bought at the bottom should take their profit.

KAFFIRS.—It is idle to talk about the Kaffir market, for nothing has been done. Reports come over, but they are colourless. Those who follow the workings of the Kaffir market declare that there is a large bear account and that working-costs will be considerably reduced in the present year. Personally I do not think that the public are interested in Kaffirs.

RHODESIANS.—The Lonely has been sending over the most astounding cables. In January last a new reef was discovered which has been assaying ounces to the ton. The old reef went about 22dwts. The extraordinary developments on this mine have given the whole Rhodesian market an entirely different aspect; as a consequence Lonelys are talked to £5. At the present time this mine has only a ten-stamp battery, but it has about 70,000 shares in reserve which Lewis and Marks will probably sell to the dealers at a very big premium. Incidentally the rise in Lonelys affects both. United Rhodesia and Mayo subscribed for 5,000 at par in this mine when it was floated. Chartereds are also being talked better, probably on the news that the Chartered Company will be represented at the Coronation.

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If the Coronation festivities can be so arranged that each holder of one hundred Chartered shares receives a ticket to Westminster Abbey the dealers in the market will be very pleased.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A.B.C. shares have had a nasty slump on the reduction in the interim dividend. It is evident that the new management is not quite so successful as the old. Vanguards have been bought on the news that the row between this Company and the L.G.O. has been settled.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S ASSIGNMENT OF COPYRIGHT IN 1726

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the recent Parliamentary debate on "Copyright" Sir Isaac Newton's books were referred to as works to be reverenced. It may, therefore, interest some of your readers to know that in 1726 (the year before his death) Newton assigned the third edition of his *magnum opus* to his publishers for the term of fourteen years. This was before the Copyright Act existed, which necessitated a Royal licence from George I. ratifying Newton's arrangement with his publishers. Among the State papers for the reign of George I. at the Public Record Office is the following petition, with copy of Newton's assignment:—

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty. The humble petition of William Innys and John Innys of London booksellers

"Sheweth

"That they have at great charge and expense printed a new and correct Edition of a Book intituled *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica Auctore Isaaco Newtono Eq. Aur. Editio Tertia aucta et emendata*, the Right of which Copy the said Sir Isaac Newton has assigned over to the said William and John Innys.

"Your Petitioners therefore humbly pray your Majesty will be graciously pleased to grant them your Royal License for the sole printing and publishing the said Book for the Term of fourteen years.

"And your Petitioners shall ever pray, &c.,

J° INNYS."

"A copy of Sir Isaac Newton's Assignment.

"Know all men by these Presents that I Sir Isaac Newton, Knt., for reasons me hereunto moving have assigned and do hereby assign and make over to William and John Innys the whole Right and Title to the Copy of my Book intituled *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* for the space of fourteen years next insuing, commencing the 25th of the Instant March. Witness my hand this 4th of March, 1725.

"Is. NEWTON."

The Royal Licence bearing George I.'s sign manual, and dated March 25th, 1725-6, is among the S.P.D. at the Record Office.

Lord Kelvin (as he afterwards became) brought out a facsimile of the above-named third edition of the "Principia" in 1879 at Glasgow.

CHARLES DALTON.

32, West Cromwell Road, S.W.

EDINBURGH VACATION COURSES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We would again respectfully invite the attention of your readers to the Edinburgh Vacation Courses in Modern Languages to be held for the seventh time in August next, within the University of Edinburgh. They are the only courses of the kind held in Scotland or the North of England for the benefit of British students of French, and for that of foreign students of English, and they have always been warmly appreciated both on educational and international grounds. Students and teachers of French who desire to improve their knowledge of the language on the easiest, pleasantest, and least costly terms will have the opportunity of being taught language, literature, composition, conversation, phonetics, &c., during three or more hours daily, by a staff of six distinguished Parisian professors and lecturers. Our Council of a hundred members, including the Principals of the four Scottish Universities, the Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, and other eminent educational authorities, are earnestly desirous of promoting both national education and international friendship, in both of which aims they have hitherto had a most gratifying measure of success. But as we possess neither funds nor endowments for the payment of expenses, we can only hope for renewed success, provided the attendance continues to be adequate. We need hardly add that no profit or emolument accrues to any one beyond the very moderate fees paid to our admirable and self-sacrificing staff.

Hoping that you will generously afford a little space for our appeal,

We are, Sir, your obedient Servants,

(Sgd.) REAY (Patron),

„ ALEXANDER DARROCH, Prof. of Education (Vice-President),

„ J. KIRKPATRICK, Emer. Hist. Prof. (Hon. Secretary).

BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

A Coronation Ode. By J. E. Pemberton. Cornish Brothers, Birmingham. 6d.

La Lyre d'Amour: An Anthology of French Love Poems from the Earliest Times down to 1866. Selected and Annotated by Charles B. Lewis. Frontispiece. Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

Masterpieces of Lyrical Translation. Selected by Adam L. Gowans, M.A. Gowans and Gray. 6d. net.

Pilgrim Songs on the King's Highway. Selected by W James Wintle. Illustrated. John Ouseley. 5s. net.

The Songs of Old England. Selected by W. James Wintle. Illustrated. John Ouseley. 5s. net.

A Wayfarer's Treasures. By C. O. G. A. C. Fifield. 3s. 6d. net.

The Unfading Light. By Caroline Davonport Swan. Sherman, French, and Co., Boston, U.S.A.

Fancy's Guest, and other Verses. By H. Houston Peckham.

Dartmoor Mist, and some other Fancies told in Rhyme. By B. A. Bruen Corkran. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d.

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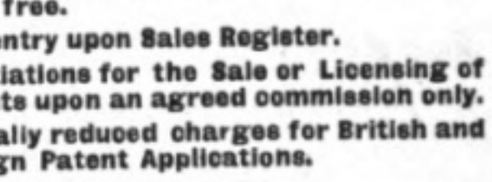
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All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

Do the Government really suppose that their hectoring, bullying, non-compromise attitude is improving their prospect of passing the Parliament Bill into law ? Their Bill will go to the House of Lords in its original tyrannical shape. It will not in the House of Commons have been subjected to any thorough revision. It will have been passed, thanks to the thwacks of the mailed fist. There will have been no display of statesmanship. The House of Lords is to be called upon to swallow an ill-assorted, undigested mass with the pistol to its head. The nation, however slow to move, cannot remain impervious to the spectacle that the Opposition and the House of Lords are not receiving fair play, and if the people become convinced of that fact, there will be sufficient encouragement to the House of Lords and the Opposition to do their duty and resolve to reject the Parliament Bill. The condition of the front Ministerial bench in the House of Commons is a calamity for the due conduct of business, as well as for the interests of the State. Mr. Lloyd George's continued absence not only throws the national finances into confusion, but also is a serious blow to the good conduct of business in the House. With all his financial inability, he is yet a figure who, in other spheres of policy, speaks with authority and—in the House—with decorum. The House, led fitfully by Mr. Asquith in dogmatic, obstinate, and splenetic manner, is not in the mood to deal quite worthily with its business. In Mr. Asquith's frequent absences the leadership falls to a lieutenant who, by temperament, is peculiarly unfitted to occupy the position. The net result is that a revolution is intrusted to the guidance of a front bench which is not really fitted to control a Chamber even in times of peace and tranquillity.

We have received copies of the "Wednesday Review," published at Trichinopoly, and the "Indian Review," issued at Madras, for March. The latter, a monthly paper, is especially up to date and interesting in its treatment of current topics, and does not confine itself solely to Indian affairs. There is a well-written article, for instance, on "Bloated Armaments," deprecating the "exaggerated Navy" of England. Needless to say, we do not agree with all the writer says, and we are inclined to remark that in an Indian paper such an argument seems rather curious. Mr. Valentine Chirol has the place of honour with a closely-reasoned plea for a field of common endeavour in which "Englishmen and Indians" alike may labour for the welfare of the Empire. "So long as Englishmen and Indians have to live side by side in India," says the author, "it is eminently desirable that they should seek in their intercourse not the points of difference which political agitation must inevitably accentuate, but the points of contact which common economic interests always tend to produce." Such a sane point of view, wisely expressed, is calculated to do much good in these days of smouldering rebellion. A feature is made of extracts from the home reviews, the "world of books," and speeches on notable themes, and the interest is maintained at a high level by judicious editing. The "Wednesday Review," dealing with many serious matters, permits an occasional article in lighter vein; one entitled "The Humours of the Census" gives an amusing idea as to the difficulties of the supervisor and the enumerator in India. Leaving political questions out of consideration—since the writer of the "London Letter" seems rather at sea on two or three points—the March 29th issue of this capital weekly is well up to the mark demanded by both literary and commercial readers.

No particular infallibility in taste, we imagine, can be attributed to the various compilers of lists of the "hundred best books" who from time to time attract a modicum of attention; but when the area of selection is limited, as in the recent competition held by the *Catholic Times*, to the "Hundred Best Catholic Books" the result becomes rather curious. The list is divided into six portions—Devotional, Historical, Biographical, Poetry, Fiction, and Miscellaneous. Readers of THE ACADEMY will be especially interested in several of the names which have won a place. Mrs. Craigie, whose "Life" we recently reviewed, of course is represented by the "School for Saints" and "Robert Orange;" Mr. Hilaire Belloc leads off easily in the "Miscellaneous" column with his delightful "Path to Rome," and Mr. John Ayscough, whose name should be quite well known to our subscribers, has no fewer than four novels chosen by the competitors. We can commend their taste, but we are surprised that the clever study entitled "Mr. Beke of the Blacks" was not one of the books to be named. In poetry, Francis Thompson is at the head; to the surprise of those who organised the competition, Crashaw, Dryden, and Pope received too few votes for inclusion. The late Mr. Marion Crawford, Father Hugh Benson, Canon Sheehan, Sir William Butler, and other notable and familiar names figure prominently; altogether the lists, and the editorial analysis of them, form a most interesting page.

We announce with pleasure that a mass meeting will be held at the Albert Hall on May 23rd, which will be addressed by Mr. Balfour and Mr. F. E. Smith in furtherance of the Imperial Preference propaganda. This evidence of the vigilance and activity of the Tariff Reform League will be most welcome to all who have the unity and interests of the Empire at heart.

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PENANCE

"O Soul," the Spirit said, "thee, men shall call
A flower. Thy thoughts shall rock on summer wind;
Praised shalt thou be, and loved—yet deaf to all;
White, tremulous and ravishing—yet blind:
Fragrant as Eastern gardens, when at noon,
The sun doth all his mighty love confess,
Yet all thy perfume banned from thee. And soon
A death shall visit thee of bitterness
To bend thy stately height of yesterday,
Make havoc with thy petals hour by hour,
Till those who pass thy resting-place shall say:
'There lies among the leaves a withered flower.'
For thy few sins, these be thy sinless woes;
Go, blind and beautiful. Thou art—a rose."

W. L. R.

THE BENCH TRUST

We hear from time to time rumours that in certain eventualities 500 respectable gentlemen will attain to the goal of Radical felicity, and dress themselves in coronets and ermine. There will be no time for the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on the best method of selection. No advisory committees can be appointed, because the members would inevitably recommend their own claims, and the claims of those united with them by ties, which might be elusive if examination were attempted. Pending the carrying out of the heaven-sent scheme for attaining to the highest dignities, Mr. Asquith's leaders are clamouring because they are not appointed Justices of the Peace in battalions.

These gentry are very difficult to satisfy. When Lord Loreburn was appointed Chancellor he added many thousand names to the Commission of the Peace, the large majority of whom professed the Radical faith. To have gone further in this direction would have been to prostitute the Bench and convert it into a rabble of political placemongers.

Then arose a great upheaval. The Lord Chancellor, instead of "redressing the balance," positively in many cases appointed gentlemen of Conservative views on the entirely irrelevant ground that in his judgment they were the men best fitted to fulfil the judicial and administrative functions of a Justice of the Peace.

In September last we wrote:—

> Lord Loreburn has been the target for virulent howls from the Socialist mob, who are the rag-tag and bobtail of the once great Liberal party. His crime, as would be expected, is his honesty. He declines to appoint a street-corner politician to the Magisterial Bench simply because his heroics are directed against the foundations of Society. Lord Loreburn prefers to appoint a rational man, although in his eyes he labours under the disadvantage of being a Conservative. Merit appeals to him, not politics for profit.

These remarks apply to the period when, following the customary method, Justices were appointed by the Lord Chancellor on the recommendation of the Lord-Lieutenant.

As a concession to clamour a Royal Commission, composed of representative men, under the chairmanship of Lord James of Hereford, was appointed, and in the following passage the Report is almost nakedly unashamed:—

> Our Commission bids us labour to find a remedy for an evil assumed to exist. It is therefore our duty to suggest steps for securing the selection of Justices of the Peace unaffected by their supposed political merits.

"Assumed" to exist! Are we wrong when we say that the Commission was appointed as a concession to clamour?

In the Reference to the Commission are these words:—

> Whereas we have deemed it expedient that a Commission should forthwith issue to consider and report whether any and what steps should be taken to facilitate the selection of the most suitable persons to be Justices of the Peace, irrespective of creed and political opinion.

What a disappointing reference! There is no need to waste time in glancing at the action in the House of Commons of Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Agar-Robartes, or Mr. King; but Mr. Neil Primrose, as the son of a distinguished father, naturally arrests our attention. This young gentleman wrote a letter to the Lord Chancellor, to which no self-respecting Minister or man would deem any reply necessary. The ingenuous youth calmly ignored the whole trend—Advisory Committees and all and sundry—of the Report of the Commission appointed by his own party—a Report dated as recently as July last. According to the Commissioners—

> "The evils now existing in the system of selecting Justices of the Peace can, to a great extent, be remedied by removing political opinions and political action from the influences affecting such selection."

Not so!

> "A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
> O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!"
>
> [Mr. Neil Primrose (patronisingly)]: No doubt no fault can be found with the gentlemen who have been appointed, but *I* would venture to point out to your lordship that as good men, *with even better claims*, could have been found among the Liberals in that district [Isle of Ely], and that it has caused great dissatisfaction that the party which raised your lordship to the high position which you hold should be treated with this studied neglect.

The schoolmaster is indeed abroad—and armed with his birch-rod. The exquisite taste of ignoring all the labour of poor Radical Bob Reid in the House of Commons and the country, and assuming to himself, the Wedgwoods and the others the *rôle* of kingmaker is inimitable. If, however, the erring Chancellor is fittingly rebuked, the Royal Commission is entirely flouted:—

> [The Lord Chancellor] is the head of the Justiciary, and in that character is entrusted with the task of deciding what is best for the administration of justice. He is your Majesty's responsible adviser in regard to the appointment of Judges, and in giving such advice he does not act as a politician.

Clearly, therefore, Mr. Primrose, as a politician, has no right to question the action of the Lord Chancellor, neither has the Lord Chancellor, "not acting as a politician," any other resource than to view Mr. Primrose's action as youthful indiscretion requiring no notice, or alternatively as an instance of undiluted impertinence.

We adhere to the opinion we expressed in our issue of July 16th last with respect to Advisory Committees:—

> The small Committees which are proposed to be formed as advisers to the Lord Chancellor and Lord-Lieutenant on selection, are very much the sort of bodies or persons from whom those gentlemen receive advice at the present time. The only conceivable object in creating these representative Committees is as a tribute to the fussiness of the present day. It is a symptom of the prevalent rooted objection to leaving well alone, and in some way flaunting the perfectly obvious and already existent as a matter of grave importance, a discovery remarkable for its novelty. With respect to the desire to withdraw the political atmosphere from the region of judicial appointments, we are very sceptical whether the small Committees will prove to be of any special value. If the Lord Chancellor and Lord-Lieutenant are as open to political pressure as has been suggested, we see no reason to believe that these small advisory boards, composed of goodness-knows-who, will be any less likely to be open to similar pressure.

We do not believe any better result would have been arrived at if the Chancellor had been able to consult such a Committee in the case of the appointments to the Ely Bench

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SUPERABUNDANT SHAW*

CONSCIENTIOUSLY, but with intervals for refreshment, we have read through the five hundred pages of this tome, and feel strongly inclined to hide ourselves for six months or so in rocks and caves of the earth, where the blinding rays of Mr. Shaw's genius have not yet penetrated, where the craft of the assiduous biographer is unknown, and where a heavenly, peaceful silence on the subject of Shaw and all his works might soothe our troubled breast. Yet, on another page of this same issue of THE ACADEMY, Mr. Shaw is still to the fore—but the writer of that pleasant critique had not blazed his way through a forest of Shaw before attending "Fanny's First Play." We feel disposed also to link arms with Professor Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., and to inform him that there exist useful minor arts of condensation, discrimination, comparison, and elimination of which he seems never to have heard. Away back in the dim recesses of North Carolina he heard the siren voice of the clever, garrulous gentleman who is busily engaged in reforming England, and "conceived the idea" of writing a book—at first only a short book—entitled "G.B.S." Would that he had carried out his project of composing that preliminary volume, and ceased upon the midnight, for it would have been fifty times more readable and interesting than the present portentous effort.

However, assisted by Mr. Shaw's "abundant sympathy and encouragement," the ingenious lion-tamer investigated, grew more and more enthusiastic, and finally lost his head in sheer admiration of the beauty of his task. He came to England (at Mr. Shaw's invitation) to "study his subject;" he sat at Gamaliel's feet, and has here set down material sufficient to stay the appetites of Mr. Shaw's most eager disciples for many a long day. The unsophisticated reader of Professor Henderson's disquisitions will imagine that Shaw is a combination of Disraeli, W. S. Gilbert, Meredith ("a master of the comic spirit," says the ardent biographer), and several other world-famous names—this perhaps is because Mr. Shaw's voice rings loudly through the professorial megaphone; but on some of his pages Professor Henderson rather disqualifies himself as a critic of any value. The comparison of Shaw with Gilbert, for instance, though it has been made before by Mr. Walkley (and doubtless by others), strikes us as wrong. Sir William Gilbert wrote—alas, that we must use the past tense!—frankly to amuse, and his roseleaf irony scarcely ever reached the dignity of satire; Shaw writes grimly, with laughter as the handmaiden of his sardonic denunciation; it is the difference between pelting a man with bon-bons and bombarding him with explosive crackers, between a battle of flowers and a battle of swords. Much more reasonable would it be to compare Shaw with Henry James, despite the utter dissimilarity of styles and the infinitely greater depth of insight of our acclimatised novelist, since in the work of both authors the conflicts, crises, and in fact the whole interests centre not in any extrinsic events actually portrayed, but in the minds and souls of their characters.

It is perhaps inevitable in such a work as this that certain repetitious phrases should get upon the reader's nerves. On page after page Mr. Shaw "frankly confesses," "vehemently repudiates," "replies with quizzical disdain," "solemnly announces," "candidly avers;" he "once remarked to me," "smilingly reminded me," "continued impressively," and so on. We hear how Paderewski affected Shaw; how David Bispham, the De Reszkes, Gerster, Patti, Joachim, Ysaye, and the music of various composers affected Shaw; how Holbein, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Hogarth affected Shaw; and the question is forced upon us, What really does it matter to anybody? If a biography was necessary, why not have eliminated all this superfluous and dreary droning out of Shaw's opinions? Why not have written in clear, concise, pithy English a survey and valuation of the dramatic work which is undoubtedly of considerable worth, by which he has become so widely known? We confess we do not care two straws to hear that Mr. Shaw as a small boy could whistle whole operas and oratorios "from the first bar to the last" with the facility of a street urchin who whistles music-hall songs, or to be told how he "sang incessantly." There is far too much of the trivial in Professor Henderson's appreciation of his hero.

On the other hand, the chapters which tell of the rise of the Socialistic spirit in London, dating as it does from about 1880, of the genesis of the Fabian Society, and of various controversies upon economic matters, are capital reading and form valuable contributions to the history of the period. "Bernard Shaw," wrote "George Calderon" in the preface to that curious little play "The Fountain," "like Lloyd George and all those nurtured in the Socialism of the early 'eighties, still believes in the fantastic old Wicked Rich myth," and these particular chapters throw some sharp sidelights upon the progress of that myth. The illustrations, of which there are many, are as a rule very good. Another excellent feature is the portion of the book dealing with the brilliant Vedrenne-Barker seasons at the Court Theatre—seasons which made theatrical history rapidly and forced both the critics and the public to sit up and look about them. Again, the biographer can be a keen commentator when he permits his head to rise above the streaming flood of Shavian words, as this quotation shall prove. Referring to the plays, Professor Henderson says:—

> The vital defect in Shaw's women is that they are too blatant, too obvious, too crude. They are lacking in mystery, in finer subtlety, in the sub-conscious and obscurer instincts of sex, in the arts of exquisite seduction, of keenly-felt yet only half-divined allurement. The Life Force goes about its business, one would fain remind Mr. Shaw, not openly and with a blare of trumpets, but by a thousand devious and hidden paths. . . .
>
> Shaw's mistake consists in painting woman, not as she really, normally is, but as his preconceived philosophic system requires her to be. He planks down for our inspection less a life-like portrait of the eternal feminine than a philosophic interpretation of the "superior sex." . . .

After this, however, the author remarks:—"Of course, there is always the danger of taking Shaw too seriously." There is indeed. Can we take Mr. Shaw seriously, for example, when he writes that the real object of the modern system of education "is to relieve parents from the insufferable company and anxious care of their children," and that "children are nuisances to adults except at playful moments"? Professor Henderson has by no means escaped that pitfall of too solemn a judgment of his subject. He refers to an amusing little interview with Mr. Shaw which appeared in THE ACADEMY for April 30th, 1898, signed "C. R." (possibly Mr. Clarence Rook); we have looked it up on our files, and have been highly entertained. If Professor Henderson read it through, it should have warned him.

We need not say much more, although plenty more could be said. This premature 500-page biography has its interesting portions, its valuable chapters, its amusing interludes, but there is far too much of it. Professor Henderson will for a time, we trust, continue to elevate the intellectual standard of North Carolina without troubling his head about our clever, agile, persistent, entertaining, paradoxical social reformer. In the sunny, Shavian future of our earth, no doubt, when Mr. Shaw's plays are performed in the green gloom of Papua, when not only Dan and Beersheba, but Melanesia and Polynesia—yea, even to their outermost palm-crowned isles—shall ring with his name, some scantily-clad

* *George Bernard Shaw: his Life and Works.* By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of North Carolina. (Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.)

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unredeemed aborigine of those fortunate realms will send in to the London publishers his own notions as to Mr. Shaw; and the end will be at hand. For then our genius will sigh for fresh worlds to conquer, and, if Professor Lowell's fascinating theories have come true, "Man and Superman" may be purchasable in a cheap edition at a Martian bookstall, or in exchange for an obolus on the Lethean shore. You never can tell.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

AN OXFORD POEM BY HENRY VAUGHAN—III.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

A SECOND and more eligible R. W. is one Richard West, of the Northamptonshire Wests, sprung from the great house of De La Warre. A couple of years older than Henry Vaughan, he matriculated at Christ Church in 1636. He was certainly a "wit," a rattling one, and altogether as active, unquenchable, and conspicuous a collegian as his generation boasted. His name literally strews the pages of Oxford publications, issued without pause or fail upon the many "emergent occasions" of that not lifeless reign: in Latin or in English, in moods grave or gay, Richard West is everywhere, and everywhere gives evidence of a most masculine mind, satiric, observant, fearless, and trenchant. He himself is wholly unknown to our times; his many verses remain uncollected, and are hardly worth collecting, despite their characteristic power. He has at least one "conceit" which makes a grand line, almost Homeric, where he describes a huddled battlefield as a scene where

> The earth lay bury'd in unbury'd men.

In 1640 Richard West was chosen to make what was called the "Musick Speech," delivered in the old Music School. No better proof of his great popularity, the admiration with which the Oxford world of his own day regarded him, could well be afforded than the existence of a half-dozen manuscript copies, in the Bodleian and elsewhere, of this address. It was aimed rather especially at the ladies among the auditory, and gives one an illuminating insight into the state of a society generally considered decent and dignified, for the address is one long cross-fire of graceless and tasteless impudence, where implication and innuendo of the lowest sort serve for humour, and rough-shod didacticism for scholarly point. However, there seems no reason to doubt that this wild young orator was the same Richard West who, according to Foster, afterwards took Orders, and on the recommendation of the virtuous George, Lord Berkeley, was preferred to a living. West was a stout Royalist, and suffered for the cause, a circumstance which is commemorated in the fine Latin epitaph still to be seen near his grave in Shillingford, Dorset. He published one Assize Sermon, a vigorous effort. His youthful signature, 1636, and another of 1640, "Richardus West, Grad.," exist in the Bodleian Admission Books. He died after the Restoration, leaving a family.

Some circumstances go far to show that he may have been the R. W. in Vaughan's mind. One is that during Vaughan's residence at Jesus, Richard West (perhaps on taking a tutorship) transferred himself from "the House" to the Welsh College. A second is that he had his own direct connection with Breconshire. Lastly, the mention of Randolph (*obiit* 1634) in Vaughan's verses is not at random. "Much doctrine lies under this little stone." West, who adored Randolph's memory, and seems to have tried hard to be like him, calls himself, in a prefatory verse printed in the 1640 edition of Randolph's works, his "brother-in-law." This is an example of the happy looseness of the terms of kinship in that age. His real relationship to that splendid and now unappreciated poet it would be hard to define when stated: West's mother married, as her second husband, Randolph's father. The only other bard whom Vaughan places in his Elysium is Ben Jonson; but Ben with him, as with all his contemporaries, was a convention, a first principle: besides, he was Randolph's own much-venerated poetical "sire." For the rest, the tripping measure, the oddly mingled air of scholarship, revelry, and sincere affection, the rather haughty aloofness and indirection of Vaughan's rueful, idealistic little poem, wonderfully play into our scant but sure knowledge, won from his own pages, of Richard West of Christ Church, forerunner and kinsman of a whole dynasty of minor British poets bearing both his names.

Richard West had indeed "one mind" with Henry Vaughan: doubly so, if all that Vaughan says of his own rebellious youth be true. A bit of University legislation formulated at this very time, and quoted by Wood, reproves particularly the wine-bibbing Masters of Arts, "which should give younger Youths a better example." Such a caution may have gone not far wide of West and his admiring friend, while aimed at many like them. As for "arrests" by the predatory "sergeants," West's name does not appear in those old interesting MS. books, the archives of the Chancellor's Court (1); but we get there, under an acceptable date, a bare entry which looks corroborative:—

10 Maij: 1639.

Acta habita . . . coram venerabili viro Accepto Frewen.
Willelmus Taylor contra Henricum Vaughan. } *stet.*
Mylles [procurator]. }

Now, besides the young poet, there were two Henry Vaughans in Oxford in 1639. One was a City tradesman, unlikely to be sued in the University Court; the other, a consequential Welsh parson and don of Jesus College, may piously be considered disqualified, on other grounds. No alternative remains but to suspect that the Henry Vaughan best known to posterity is the subject of this suit for debt and consequent "mulct," the details of which go for ever unrecorded. It is a case of *aut Siluris aut diabolus*.

West and Vaughan, like most men of their generation, which was deeply religious under a foam of worldliness,

> Weary of [their] vain search below, above,
> In the First Fair [did] find the Immortal Love.

The wonderful Augustinian lines are Carew's, himself an example of ultimate conversion, and what Donne calls "a Christianly death." But in the summer months of 1640 there must have been slight promise of the young Welshman's reformation. Nor was R. W. one to egg him on towards the *aeterna securitas et secura aeternitas*. Mr. Thomas Vaughan, senior, far away at Newton in Llansantffraed, under the Brecon Beacons, may have come sorrowfully to that conclusion. Whether he was in any way spurred on in his action by the difficulties of keeping at College his elder hope, who, by his own confession, was not of an economical turn, we shall never know. Henry Vaughan, as we have observed, has nothing to say of educational, nor even structural, Oxford. If he were being "sent down," with his father's knowledge or connivance (a theory by no means absurd), the fatality would excuse a certain soreness towards the more tangible aspects of University life. Nay, more, it would entirely explain the curious and baffling lack of any mention of his Oxford nurture in "Ad Posteros," that poem professedly autobiographical which appeared in "Olor Iscanus," 1651. In any event, this we know, that at the close of his second year, the future disciple of "holy Mr. Herbert" received marching orders for London town: no doubt, to Richard West's tremendous regret and indignation. Perhaps just before the fatal day of parting the two comrades held their final orgies in the Cornmarket, while their hearts were full of grief, and full of dare-devil courage to bury the grief out of sight. Hence the slapdash valediction in metre to that "ingenuous friend" with whom the writer passionately wishes to share "one grave," with whom he prays thereafter always to "stay," drowning his oppressive "cares and discontent" in the medicinal waters of Lethe (2). And what

(1) In the old MS. Proceedings of the Mayor's Court, kept in the Oxford Town Hall, there are unfortunately no Christian names given. The fact that a West figures twice during October, 1638, in these recorded suits, and that a Vaughan appears rather frequently throughout the years 1638-9, counts for nothing one way or the other where full entries might have established or disproved definitely the point at issue.

(2) In Virgil, however, those who "stay" are in quite a different class from those who "drink." The latter, first washing away all former memories, have to go back into the turmoil of life again.

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more natural than that consciously, deliberately, with extreme wistfulness, the young Vaughan should have mirrored, in every facet of his mock-merry lines, the serene pastoral beauty of the academic scenes he has loved, and may call his no more?

REVIEWS

POETRY AND VERSE—I.

The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Songs of the Road. By A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

Clyde Songs and Other Verses. By J. J. Bell. (Gowans and Gray, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

Poems and Sonnets. By Percy C. Ainsworth. (C. H. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)

Chords of the Zither. By Clinton Scollard. (G. W. Browning. New York.)

The Muse who inspired Mr. Maurice Baring to write these "Poems" must surely be the most graceful and beautiful of the nine sisters. For her no crude, tempestuous emotion, no heat of inharmonious expression, no tinkling spangles and flashing paste; she must be served by careful labour among the mines of language, decorated with the long-sought diamond, the ruby and emerald cunningly arranged with "suns and silver stars." We emphasise the shining, spotless beauty of the poems, and note the calmness of their passion, and are lost in admiration at the delicacy of their workmanship; but the thrill which they bring is not that which comes from some vivid presentation of humanity or human emotions. It is rather the brilliant artistic and intellectual pleasure of a Greek medallion or a carved ivory pagoda. Not a passage in the whole book can move us as do some of the lines in "Love in the Valley," for instance, or a stanza of "Thyrsis," though perhaps these comparisons are a little unfair. But we will quote and discover Mr. Baring's secret:—

Like far-seen palms in the desert air,
  Like phantom isles hung over the seas,
Like glistening haze in the noontide's glare,
  Or webs of silver on twilight trees:
So thou seemest, a film of light,
  A baseless dream which at dawn must die;
Like dew of the morn or the snowflake bright,—
  Child of the moon, descend from the sky.

Come, for the darkness has risen from earth,
  And the moon has breathed o'er the sleeping sea;
We are weary of toil, we are sated with mirth,
  We are fain to dream, and our dream is of thee.
The moon and the stars and the lotus flower,
  The lilies and dusk are of no avail,
For thou art the dream of the twilight hour,
  And lotus and lily, O fair, O frail!

It will be seen that Mr. Baring's art is essentially pictorial. On page after page he delights us by flashing pictures, called up by unerring skill in the magic spell of words. He shows us a round world of beauty:

Lands ever golden with ungarnered corn,
And yellow roses teeming with brown bees. . . .

As when the moon, a luring sorceress,
Casting enchantment on the stealthy tide,
Compels the salt and bitter flood to creep
And nestle in the inlets of the world,
And fringe the darkling beaches with pale surf. . . .

The white sails of unnumbered argosies
Like flakes of snow upon the crimson seas.
  . . . and all the skeins of foam
Unravel softly on the vanquished sea.

A hundred other examples of this fascinating visualisation and command of imagery could easily be given. Naturally, excelling in this method, Mr. Baring does not make such an appeal to us in the longer blank-verse dramas of "Tristram and Iseult" and "Proserpine"; the lyric is his especial métier, and for his sonnets and lyrics we have nothing but praise as works of art—the only technical flaw we have discovered is the rhyming of "argosies" with "seas" in one of the quotations above.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wisely warns us, in a rhyming prelude, that his "Songs of the Road" are not to be regarded as making any high bid for poetic laurels. Some of them are suitable for recitation, and they are full of energy, terse, and often epigrammatic; we must, therefore, set these good qualities against what the verses lack in art. The story of the artist who threw his picture out of window in disgust at his ill success, and repenting, replaced it in his studio, to find himself hailed by the critic-visitor as an Impressionist, is exceedingly good. He took the hint, and now—

'Neath his sheltered garden wall,
When the rain begins to fall,
And the stormy winds do blow,
You may see them in a row,
Red effects and lake and yellow
Getting nicely blurred and mellow,
With the subtle gauzy mist
Of the great Impressionist.

With more complex themes the author deals occasionally, and reaches a much higher level than mere rhyming. In "Man's Limitation" the eternal puzzle is touched upon finely, though not solved:—

If you may sing His praises,
  For health He gave to you,
What of this spine-curved cripple—
  Shall he sing praises too?

If you may justly thank Him
  For strength in mind and limb,
Then what of yonder weakling—
  Must he give thanks to Him? . . .

There comes no word to tell us
  Why this and that should be,
Why you should live with sorrow,
  And joy should live with me.

"A Lilt of the Road," acknowledged as "the doggerel Itinerary of a Holiday," is out of place in this book. It is such poor stuff that we are surprised the author thought fit to include it.

Mr. J. J. Bell's "Clyde Songs" appeal to us more strongly than do his "Other Verses," for they are full of that hybrid life, neither wholly sea nor wholly river, which makes our great navigable estuaries so inspiriting to the thoughtful onlooker. Songs of tugs, of dredgers and hoppers and lighters, of tramp-steamers and ghost-ships, of mariners and nor'-westers—all these bring a touch of the salt sea-wind, and have a delightful lilt, which at times carries the very rhythmic beat of the engines. Therefore the songs of birds and flowers, and more gentle things which follow, seem a little tame, though we hasten to say that some of them are true poems.

Sincerity and depth of feeling, and the inclination to treat larger themes than those which form the stock-in-trade of the mere rhymester, characterise the "Poems and Sonnets" of the Rev. Percy C. Ainsworth, whose death has recently saddened many who knew his worth. A quotation will illustrate this; the poem is entitled "The Life Everlasting":—

It is not something yet to be revealed—
  The everlasting life—'tis here and now;
Passing unseen because our eyes are sealed
  With blindness for the pride upon our brow. . . .

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It dwells not in innumerable years;
It is the breath of God in timeless things—
The strong, divine persistence that inheres
In love's red pulses and in faith's white wings.

Many of the lyrics are full of fine, delicate thought poetically expressed; as a rule they are more pleasing than the sonnets, although the latter are technically correct and carefully wrought. A wistful note runs through all the book:—

No man loveth the land possessed
As he loveth the promised land,

wrote the author in a tender little poem entitled "Some Better Thing;" and we can only express our heartfelt regret that a man who saw life so sanely and had a true lyrical gift should have passed away at such a promising moment of his career.

There is plenty of graceful rhyming, but not much poetry, in Mr. Clinton Scollard's "Chords of the Zither." He celebrates, as his title suggests, that peculiar atmosphere known to minor novelists as the "glamour of the Orient," and celebrates it very prettily, with the aid of musical words and lilting stanzas. It is our own loss, doubtless, if we have to look up the meaning of "tettix" and "carob," but we appreciate keenly how handy the latter word must be when a rhyme for "Arab" is needed. In the magazines the author's verses are a charming variation from the hackneyed themes usually treated; collected in one volume they sound the one note rather too persistently. The poet, however, sings as he wishes, not as we wish, and if he would always sing as melodiously as Mr. Scollard the critic's mood might be less irritable.

THE AMAZING DUCHESS

The Amazing Duchess. Being the Romantic History of Elizabeth Chudleigh. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. Two Vols. 24s. net.)

MR. CHARLES E. PEARCE has the happy knack of extracting from his subject only the most salient and vital incidents. He has saturated himself in the period of the early Georges, not because he wanted to pick out one of its most extraordinary women and write a book about her, but rather because he has a natural leaning towards eighteenth-century times. We catch his enthusiasm. His gay, almost rollicking, style makes for no dull reading. From the first page to the last we are in for a very good time indeed. A book of this kind is far more entrancing than the average novel. It is charged with a hundred characters, a hundred scenes that stamp themselves clearly upon the mind. Over and above the masques and *bons mots* and brilliant scenes of revelry rises Elizabeth Chudleigh, amazing from start to finish of her extraordinary career. We may not find it in our hearts to love Elizabeth, or even to agree with all the chivalrous utterances of Mr. Pearce concerning her, but, nevertheless, she interests us profoundly, because she possessed a personality so strong and so original that she succeeded in climbing to the height of her ambition. She had a forceful character, unceasing energy, and a belief in her own powers, all of which were factors in the building up of her many triumphs. Other women of her period were hopelessly neurotic, subject to "vapours," given to intrigue and the spreading of petty slander, their lives spent in a restless search after pleasure. Elizabeth was a supreme opportunist. Present circumstances, however unpleasant, were by no means barriers to future attainment. She forced circumstance into the hot furnace of her desire, and by her very strength of purpose compelled it to serve her own ends. The pity of it all is that a woman with so much capacity, so strenuous, so alive to everything about her, should have been simply content to win social position, to amass wealth, to laugh at the Church, law, and convention generally merely to satisfy a vanity that was almost a disease. And yet we must take Elizabeth for what she was, and not for what we think she might have been. When we sum up the events of her life, and the comments of others concerning her, we are forced to admit, in agreement with Mr. Pearce, that the real Elizabeth is, and perhaps ever will be, a profound and fascinating mystery. Her maxim was to be "short, clear, and surprising." She was certainly surprising!

Elizabeth's first lover was the Duke of Hamilton. Quoting Miss Chudleigh's own remarks on the subject: "She returned his love with true affection, as deep as her nature would allow her to feel for any one." This was pretty candidly expressed. We are inclined to think that all Elizabeth's love affairs, from the Duke of Hamilton to her infatuation for the rogue Worta, were subordinate to her love of ambition, to her love of self. The little affair with the Duke of Hamilton came to nothing, in spite of the fact that "the young couple plighted their troth, at the same time swearing each other to secrecy." There was not much secrecy at a time when calumny was rife, when Walpole and others cultivated the pernicious habit of writing with zest about the latest scandal of the hour. Mrs. Hanmer intercepted the Duke of Hamilton's letters, with the disloyal intention of making arrangements for her niece to marry him instead. Elizabeth, no doubt, keenly felt the apparent neglect of her lover, and in consequence began to encourage a young naval officer, the Hon. Augustus Hervey. There was considerable passion on Hervey's side, nothing of the kind on Elizabeth's. This being so, it is difficult to understand why so shrewd a woman, with a keen eye to money, should have married an almost penniless naval officer, unless she did so as a stopgap or simply out of pique. The midnight wedding took place at Lainston, and everything was done to keep the whole affair a secret. Elizabeth was a Maid of Honour, a privileged position she had not the slightest intention of losing.

Two days after the marriage Lieutenant Hervey was ordered to the West Indies, and Elizabeth returned to her duties at Court, heartily glad to be rid of a man she so heartily disliked. Upon Hervey's return he persistently attempted to see his wife; but to no purpose. Elizabeth refused to meet him. This very strained relationship was suddenly relieved by Hervey being ordered to the Mediterranean. However, the relief was only of short duration. Hervey again returned to England, and all Elizabeth's tactics this time could not prevail upon her husband to desist from troubling her. He met her in her rooms in Conduit-street, and the scene that followed is best described in Mr. Pearce's own words: "Hervey's face flushed, a fierce light leaped to his eyes when he saw the woman, then at the zenith of her charms, and who was his wife by right and by law. That she did not love him was nothing at such a moment. He strode towards her. Alarmed at his appearance, and fearing bodily harm, Elizabeth turned towards the door. In an instant Hervey had bounded across the room, and she was locked in!" The sequel to this thrilling event was that some months after Elizabeth became a mother. The Hon. Mrs. Hervey was still known at Court as "Miss Chudleigh," and in consequence still maintained her position of Maid of Honour. Her temporary retirement to Chelsea was covered by the excuse that she needed a change "for the benefit of her health."

In these days of nude and semi-nude dances upon the music-hall stage we cannot, perhaps, appreciate fully the sensation Elizabeth caused at the famous Somerset House

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masquerade in the *rôle* of Iphigenia. Her lack of raiment awakened considerable comment, even at a time when modesty was certainly not in the ascendant. The King, however, was delighted, and, according to Walpole, often more piquant than truthful in his remarks, his Majesty was very much in love with the lively Elizabeth, to whom he gave a valuable watch, "discharged out of his private purse," and also made Mrs. Chudleigh housekeeper at Windsor Castle.

We need not go into detail as to Elizabeth's marriage with the Duke of Kingston, and all the scandals that preceded it at Tunbridge Wells and Knightsbridge, to say nothing of the storm of comment that followed later. From Thomas Whitehead, the Duke's valet, we get some curious and interesting sidelights on Elizabeth's character at this time. The picture drawn by Whitehead does not reveal a happy state of affairs, although we must remember that this man's letters on the subject were considerably biassed. The Duke of Kingston was apparently entirely under the control of his wife, and on two occasions she caused his belongings to be unceremoniously flung out of the carriage into the road. Whitehead remarks: "It was her usual custom in hot weather, while at table, to rise from her chair and fan herself by taking hold of her petticoats and well shaking them." The valet has something to say in regard to Elizabeth's abnormal appetite. He writes: "At dinner-time, and in company of a dozen or more, I have often known the Duchess rise from the table, having stuffed most immoderately, go into the adjoining room, leaving the door open, . . . presently returning to her company smiling and say: 'I beg your pardon, a fit of the gout took me in the stomach, but I am now much better.'" Further details follow, and we are not surprised to learn that "Her Grace was ever complaining of a pain in her stomach and head, ... for she never allowed nature sufficient time to digest her victuals. Between breakfast and dinner-time, while airing in the park, I have known her order the carriage five or six times, and take tea, chocolate, sweet cakes, and Madeira, or some other damper, every time she returned." Thus does the possible prototype of our modern Harriet expose the little weaknesses of Elizabeth.

After the death of the Duke of Kingston the will was disputed, old stories were revived concerning Hervey, now Earl of Bristol, and the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Court was brushed aside. Elizabeth was informed that she must return immediately from Rome to answer a charge of bigamy brought against her. She was tried in Westminster Hall, and Mr. Pearce gives a vivid description of the famous trial. Its result and the years spent at the Russian Court and elsewhere we have not space to discuss. In conclusion, we may add that Mr. Pearce has achieved a striking literary triumph. He has rolled up the curtain of the eighteenth century, and upon the stage of the past we see vividly before us the amazing Elizabeth Chudleigh.

PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA

Russian Flashlights. By JAAKOFF PRELOOKER. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.)

THOUGH this most interesting and thrilling work is mainly based on facts and terrible incidents that have unfortunately been only too common during the last ten years, it reads in many parts more like a sensational novel than sober truth. But those who are as well acquainted with the real life of Russia as the author of this work undoubtedly is need not have recourse to fiction to startle or rivet the attention of their readers; for the actual truth about the events that are continually occurring in the great Empire of the Tsar is more startling and more full of dramatic incident than any novel or play ever conceived by the ingenuity or imagination of man. When the long-drawn-out drama of the Russian revolution comes to be written, when all the details of that awful struggle between the ideas and ideals of the West and the East are made known to the English people, it will be seen that the short, sanguinary, fitful, and turbulent French Revolution was but child's play compared to this silent, grim, and protracted death-struggle that has convulsed the Russian Empire ever since the days of Nicholas I., when the ideas sown throughout Europe by the soldiers of the French Revolution and of Napoleon commenced to permeate the Russian people. On whatever side our sympathies may be, we must confess that the revolutionists described in these pages were men indeed.

The thousands who have cheerfully marched to the scaffold, to the dark, cold cells of the fortresses, there to find an early grave or a fate more horrible—the dark mines and frozen tundras of Siberia—are heroes without question. When the complete story of this terrible drama is known in free England, of the numbers who have been shot, sent to prison, or exiled for claiming those rights and principles which every Englishman regards as his sacred birthright, most of us will sympathise with the revolutionists in their great struggle, although we cannot always condone or admire their violent methods. The hairbreadth adventures of which this book is full read like sensational fiction, and had we not men living amongst us like Prince Krapotkine, Volkonsky, and others who have avoided these perils, we should say such things were utterly impossible. The account of the remarkable life and escape of Gregory Gershuni from the Akatui Prison in Eastern Siberia is the most thrilling of all. To escape from such a place, under the very eyes of the prison authorities, required not only marvellous skill and ingenuity, but nerves of iron and a contempt of death which is only equalled by the Japanese and the Mongolian races of Asia. But Gershuni was neither a Japanese nor a Russian, but a simple little Israelite, one of that despised race which has played such a foremost *rôle* in the struggle against the autocratic and bureaucratic rule of the Tsars. Even at his trial Gershuni's dignified conduct and powerful, statesman-like speech produced an extraordinary impression on all present. In fact, after signing the death-warrant, one of the Judges, pointing to the prisoner, said quite loudly, "Yes, this one is indeed a man!"

It is a grave indictment that such gifted men should be driven by the present state of affairs obtaining in Russia into capital crime, which, of course, must be punished by death or exile to Siberia. It is still a greater pity that the Russian Government cannot find some better use for many of the bravest of its sons and daughters than placing a halter round their necks. Russia has none too many men of intellect that she can afford to see the *élite* of her manhood and womanhood hanged, shot, or sent to eat out their hearts in the barren wastes among criminals and felons of the lowest type. Let us hope that these barbarous methods of combating modern thought, which have long since been abandoned in Western Europe, will soon be a thing of the past in Russia also. The mystery of Father Gapon, "Traitor or Martyr," is one of the most thrilling chapters of the book. Gapon appears to have been done away with by the revolutionists because he would not sanction their terroristic and bomb-throwing methods. He would not go far enough for the extremists, who therefore regarded him as a traitor, and he was cruelly put to death, notwithstanding his many services to the people. It was a case of "the revolution devouring its own children," as in France during the Terror. Rutenburg's cruel act cannot be justified, even if the plea be true "that he undertook the assassination of Gapon in

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order to establish the confidence of the revolutionists in himself."

The excesses and mistakes of such extremists as Rutenburg have done more to discredit and overthrow the Russian revolution than all the agents of the Government combined. The fact that a man like Mr. Prelooker, with his humane—one might almost say Christlike—ideals, should be a revolutionist, or entertain profound sympathy for the revolutionary cause, speaks volumes for the terrible state of the Russian Empire, since peaceful, Godfearing, cultured, and refined men of the type of the author do not become revolutionists without good cause. The life of the author of this work and his attempts not only to broaden out and reform the religious beliefs of his own Jewish brethren but to bring about a reconciliation between Jew and Christian, are almost as interesting as his account of the marvellous escapes of Russian revolutionists from Siberia. His painful attempts to acquire a University education, the struggles of this youth, full of energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm, his desire to do something great, something that would benefit the *whole* of humanity, are the key of this much misunderstood man's character. From such men as Prelooker the Russian has little to fear, if treated with consideration, tact, and courtesy, for their weapons are not the bomb and the knife of the assassin, which merely destroy the body but do not change the mind of those who are attacked.

Not the least interesting portion of "Russian Flashlights" is the light it throws on the author's own character and the difficulties he has experienced in maintaining his own independence. From its pages we see that he has many enemies, and it is a mistake to think that his path, even in England, is strewn with roses. He has met, and is still meeting, with plenty of attacks and bitter opposition. As the irony of fate would have it, the campaign against this reformer has been carried out not so much by outsiders as by the very people whose cause he is defending with devotion and ability, and whom he is helping not only with his pen, but with his purse as well. "Like Gapon, he does not go far enough;" did he live in Russia, with all its violence and acts of terrorism on both sides, he would probably meet Gapon's fate, notwithstanding all he has done and suffered for the cause of freedom, progress, and religious liberty.

It is evident that until the Russian revolutionists become more humane in their methods and less extreme in their views, they will never command sufficient sympathy in Russia or abroad to overthrow the present existing Government itself, for violence begets violence, and whether this infraction of the Divine law proceeds from above or below, the effects are equally disastrous on the State and the people belonging to it. It is high time that the extremists on both sides came to their senses. This will only be possible when men such as Mr. Prelooker are allowed to live in their own country and work for the regeneration of the ignorant masses and the amelioration of their hard lot. When we remember that fifty years ago the Russian people were mainly serfs, bought and sold like cattle, together with the land they tilled, we cannot expect them to be fit for those political rights which we have only obtained after hundreds of years of struggle and the slow methods of evolution. But that very much more could be done for the suffering [redacted]down-trodden millions in Russia than is at present the case is evident from a perusal of this enlightening work.

On reading it we come to the conclusion that the Revolution in Russia which is paralysing the energies of that great Empire will continue until the reins of power are taken from the hands of the police, the priests, the bureaucracy, and placed more in the hands of the upper and middle classes, or such representatives of the people who may be classed among the "intellectuals." It is no secret to those who are conversant with Russian affairs that the revolutionist agitators are still in full activity, and that all the hanging, shooting, transporting, flogging that has been tried by the reactionaries against the revolutionaries is useless. The latter are only awaiting an opportunity to spring into being, active and potent as of old, but far more cautious and experienced, for their follies and mistakes have taught them some bitter lessons. The gallows, the knout, imprisonment, exile, and physical torture cannot kill the movement or rob it of the enthusiasm of its adherents, as the pages in this volume only too clearly prove.

Want of space does not permit us to dwell more on this illuminating work. It should be subsequently published in two parts, and in a cheaper form, for, strictly speaking, the Life of Joseph Prelooker and "Russian Flashlights" are two separate subjects. Whether we agree or disagree with the aims of the author, we cannot fail to be enlightened and entertained by his notable and worthy book.

J. W. B. S.

THE CHURCH DURING THE LAST CENTURY

The English Church in the Nineteenth Century. By FRANCIS WARRE CORNISH, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. Two Parts, 7s. 6d. each.)

WE have in this book the conclusion of the series forming a complete History of the English Church, edited by the late Dean Stevens, of Winchester, and Dr. W. Hunt. There have been seven previous volumes. These last are a monument of patient industry, and represent an enormous amount of real hard work. No one who desires to possess a valuable book of reference to the questions which agitated the Church during the last century can dispense with the records in these volumes. The mass of materials at hand for so recent a period probably constitutes the historian's chief difficulty, and one which we are not quite sure has been satisfactorily overcome by this writer. So we have two volumes instead of one, as in the rest of the series. And for the ordinary reader we think one would have sufficed.

To begin with, the book is altogether over-weighted with long and elaborate accounts of ecclesiastical law-suits. For example, no less than eighty pages are occupied with the obsolete controversies raised by "Essays and Reviews" and the Hampden, Gorham, and Colenso cases. For present-day interest one-tenth of this space might well have sufficed. There are many other instances of disproportionate expansion. Mr. Cornish's work merits the highest praise from the point of view of remarkably painstaking research and most careful accuracy, but he is too minute in his record of unimportant details. Who now desires to know that "Dr. Christopher Wordsworth (1774-1846), Dean of Bocking, and afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, published a pamphlet in 1810 expressing objections to the intrusion of an undenominational society on the province of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge"? Or that an obscure Archdeacon had a quarrel with one Josiah Pratt over the rival claims of S.P.G. and C.M.S. at a meeting held in 1817 at the Octagon Chapel, Bath? Such trifles are unworthy of a great subject: they make the student impotent, and, further, they tend to withdraw attention from the development of aims and ideals, the historic sequences of causes and effects, the main principles and ethics of history. It is true that a good historian must apply a relentless scrutiny to every available historical document, paper, letter, or pamphet; and this we admit Mr. Cornish has well done. But it is equally true that the historian needs a very sound judgment as to the importance of the facts necessary to include or exclude in their relation to the general course of

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events. It is here, we think, that the author is somewhat deficient in a sense of proportion. Nor does he attempt to follow the methods of the scientific historian, "whose ideal is to state facts and causes, but never to pronounce sentence." Such a detached attitude is, however, hardly to be expected, seeing that the air is still full of the religious controversies of the nineteenth century. But Mr. Cornish's comments are rather extensive. Yet they are generally free, as he claims, from "the spirit of a partisan," with one notable exception. We cannot avoid the conclusion that he is, to some extent, biassed against the Tractarian Movement, of which he rightly gives a very full account. It is curious that so penetrating a writer should seem unable to distinguish with logical clearness between Catholic and Roman Catholic. There is no excuse for saying that "Tract 90 was meant to reconcile with subtle reasoning two irreconcilable positions—the Anglican and the Roman," however this statement may be modified by other assertions. For it was nothing of the kind.

In Tract 90 the writer says that—

> It is often urged . . . that there are in the Articles propositions or terms inconsistent with the Catholic Faith. . . . The following Tract is drawn up with the view of showing how groundless the objection is. . . .

Here it is obvious "Catholic" does not mean "*Roman* Catholic." Nor can we agree that Tract 90 "has in the event proved a breaking down of the hedge between England and Rome." Mr. Cornish falls into a not uncommon error when he speaks of the Thirty-nine Articles as Articles of *Faith*. In the Prayer-book their designation is Articles of *Religion*, which is a very different thing. Again, Mr. Cornish seems to regard the Articles solely as a barrier set up between the Anglican and Roman branches of the Church, apparently overlooking the fact that several are directed against certain Lutheran and Calvinistic doctrines. Newman, it is said, in Tract 91, "looks at the whole question in an unhistorical perspective," and makes "unhistorical distinctions."

This last assertion is provoked by the passage—

> The Articles are not written against the Creed of the Roman Church, but against actual existing errors in it, whether taken into its system or not.

Mr. Cornish's objection to this simple fact arises from that strange confusion of mind which places the Articles—a result of local struggle—on a par with the Catholic Creeds of Christendom.

We have written at some length on this point as illustrating the author's attitude towards a movement with which he is not in sympathy, and of which he evidently finds it difficult to form a broad and judicial estimate. The same spirit is shown in Mr. Cornish's comments on the struggles of the clergy for toleration and liberty of action and practice in matters now unquestioned or even admitted to be legal. He begs the whole question by calling these clergy "law-breakers." He does not understand the opposition of the clergy to Bishops. Nor does it occur to him to estimate the potential force of principle underlying a movement which has overcome the opposition, power, and influence of several generations of Bishops, and successfully defied the coercive legislation of the State. But such things an impartial historian is bound to observe in weighing the balance of cause and effect in the making of history.

There are a few omissions. Nothing of interest is said of the development of religious life and work of the Church in Wales, which, in view of attempts at disendowment, is surely of importance. There is scarcely any account beyond a passing reference of the relation of the Church to literature and art—a great subject worthy of careful treatment, considering the far-reaching influence of religion upon English literature and art during the nineteenth century. This is an oversight difficult to understand. Nor is there apparently even an allusion to the modern growth of what is called "Christian Socialism."

But, although we have offered these criticisms on Mr. Cornish's work, we are, at the same time, constrained to repeat that he has produced a standard book of reference to the events (important and unimportant) of Church life in the last century. And after all the scholarly student of history cannot but value deep research nor that minute grasp of detail which enables him to form his own independent judgment.

A HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The French Revolution. By HILAIRE BELLOC, M.A. With Maps.

Polar Exploration. By DR. W. S. BRUCE, F.R.S.E., Leader of the "Scotia" Expedition. With Maps.

Short History of War and Peace. By G. H. PERRIS.

Irish Nationality. By MRS. J. R. GREEN.

The Socialist Movement. By RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P. Illustrated.

The Stock Exchange. By F. W. HIRST, Editor of *The Economist*.

Parliament. By SIR C. P. ILBERT, Clerk of the House of Commons.

Evolution of Plants. By DR. D. H. SCOTT, M.A., F.R.S. Illustrated.

Modern Geography. By DR. MARION NEWBIGIN. Illustrated.

Shakespeare. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Williams and Norgate. 1s. net each.)

IT is, in some senses, not the most fortunate of titles to have chosen. It suggests pedagogy and text-books. It upcalls visions of cramming and mental strenuousness. Yet it was obviously not these things that Messrs. Williams and Norgate had in mind when they schemed their Home University Library. The names of its editors suggest confidence, for it would be difficult to select three men better fitted, taking temperament together with academic qualification, for the purpose of guiding the high ship of knowledge into the confined spaces of busy lives than Herbert A. L. Fisher, Gilbert Murray, and J. Arthur Thomson. This might have been postulated before a list of the books they proposed to introduce into their scheme had been decided on; but the list that is now before us assuredly makes their claim good.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc handles the "French Revolution" in characteristic and vigorous style. His familiarity with his subject is a pledge and earnest of his matter. But he has not sought to make his book a mere compendium of accepted opinion; he has couched his lance to warfare. In his interpretation of the eager beliefs that interpenetrated the philosophic wave which preceded and largely helped to evoke the Revolution it is impossible always to concur. Similarly in his estimate of the "Characters of the Revolution" it is difficult always to see eye to eye with him. And the whole chapter "The Catholic Church" awakes the critical mind. Nevertheless, all this goes to quicken the indubitable fire there is in the book; and it would be difficult to discover in any other short compass so complete a statement of "The Military Aspect" of the Revolution—a not inconsiderable portion of that momentous awakening. If

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Mr. Belloc was fitted to undertake the French Revolution, there are few men better able to undertake "Polar Exploration" than Dr. William Bruce. Knowing both Polar Regions, he writes not only with considerable learning, but with personal knowledge and experience. It is no small tribute to such a book as this to say that the historical portion is its least interesting phase. Yet it is well deserved, for he treats with extraordinary charm on questions of Arctic Flora, Animals, Meteorology, not to say the Coloration and Formation of Ice, and Magnetism. Mr. Perris has a somewhat more recondite subject in his "History of War and Peace." Seeing that he traces his history from the Euphrates valley to The Hague Conference, it will easily be gathered that he studies brevity with good effect, but it is not at the expense of his subject. Moreover, his book is a substantial addition to the cause of Peace.

The issues already mentioned are bound in red cloth; the next four volumes are bound in brown, to signify, doubtless, their homelier interest. Yet surely Mrs. J. R. Green was worthy of a more vivid hue; or, if not Mrs. Green, at least the "Irish Nationality." This is perhaps the most valuable of the whole series, and the most needed. It is a right understanding of a much misunderstood subject, and as such should be placed in all hands far and wide. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, in handling "The Socialist Movement," deals with a somewhat better-known subject, and his treatment is complete and exceedingly able; but he fails, rather, to distinguish between the Socialism of enthusiasm and the very much more crabbed affair of the Parliamentary tactician. The Editor of the *Economist* on "The Stock Exchange" makes somewhat drier reading than does Sir Courtenay Ilbert on "Parliament." But they both deal with organisations that were once agents, but which have now, by the increasing subtlety of their professional participants, become masters. It is interesting to hear Sir Courtenay Ilbert speak of the member who wishes to "declare his independence of party by declining to receive any party whip." "By so doing," he says, "he sometimes increases his chance of a hearing in the House, but usually endangers his seat."

In most such series as these Science predominates. It is a worthy sign of the times that in this series Science is relegated to secondary importance. Dr. Scott covers somewhat familiar ground in his "Evolution of Plants;" and if he does not succeed in saying much that is different to his predecessors in the popular botanical field, he gains in force by laying emphasis on the palæontological side of his subject. To those who recall dry-as-dust schoolbooks on Geography Dr. Newbigin's book will come as a revelation of interest and charm.

There is only one literary book in the whole series; and its subject is, very fitly, Shakespeare, which honour is consigned to the care of Mr. Masefield. His was undoubtedly a difficult task, considering the scope of the series; but he has not treated it with the success we should have expected from him. What he says he says well: the difficulty is rather in what he has elected to say. After giving some seven pages to Shakespeare's "Life," and another five to "The Elizabethan Theatre," the remainder of the book is occupied with a detailed analysis of each play, taken in conjectured order of writing. The result is not so much a book on Shakespeare dealt with as a whole as a pocket running commentary on his plays, in which he shows an over-disparagement of the read play as against the acted version. We have not seen any of the better plays that has not lost infinitely in acting.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate have rendered a considerable service in this series; and it is to be hoped that the public demand will compensate them. Newly-written books, well printed, neatly bound and daintily got up, at a shilling each, is a revelation indeed even in this day of cheap books. In point of fact, some of these books, as, for instance, that by Mrs. J. R. Green, deal with subjects that are not covered by books at five and six times their price. Commercial success should follow the venture, if only because it has already achieved the far higher success of supplying a genuine need.

FOR THE KING!

The Champions of the Crown. By Lucy Sealy. With Twelve Portraits. (Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Miss Sealy has chosen a capital subject, for there is plenty of interest in the careers of the men who were Charles I.'s chief supporters in the field against either the English Parliamentarians or the Scottish Covenanters. In these pages we have a series of biographical sketches of ten gallant and several of them very dashing nobles or gentlemen who figured conspicuously on the Royalist side during the great Civil War. Miss Sealy thinks that some odium attaches to the name of "Cavalier," and that many people on hearing it call up a vision of "roystering, godless soldiers, fighting solely for power, wealth or license." There may still be, perhaps, some benighted or prejudiced folk who hold that view. If so they will do well to peruse Miss Sealy's volume. She first introduces to us two "Champions of the North"—the well-known Marquess of Newcastle (on whom the author of the "Life of Sir Kenelm Digby" recently wrote an important book) and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, a "very lean and much mortified," but none the less extremely energetic, man, whom the Roundheads detested the more bitterly as he was a Roman Catholic. We are next presented with accounts of two "Champions of the West"—first, William Seymour, Marquess of Hertford, who in his romantic youth married the fair and unfortunate Arabella Stuart, and afterwards proved to be a very inefficient commander; and, secondly, doughty Sir Ralph Hopton, who was a far better soldier, one, indeed, who had carefully studied the methods of Gustavus Adolphus. Next a "Champion from the Fens" comes forward in the person of the right gallant Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, an able general, whom Charles at first appointed to be his Commander-in-chief, and who, had he not been overruled in favour of the headstrong Prince Rupert, might perhaps have won that battle of Edgehill at which he received the wounds from which he afterwards bled to death in Essex's camp from lack of medical attention. Following Lindsey comes another good soldier, Sir Jacob, afterwards Lord, Astley, the very type of an English Royalist, and here described as a "Champion from the Midlands."

At last there stands before us the "Champion of the Blood Royal," Prince Rupert, he who, in spite of all his *bravura* and a certain amount of military talent, was responsible, in our opinion, for more Royalist defeats than any other general of the period. Disastrous for the King's cause at many a time was that privilege which Rupert, in his overweening vanity, exacted that nobody, excepting Charles in person, should ever give him orders. Imagine Napoleon giving *carte blanche* to those great cavalry leaders of his day, Murat and Lasalle. In pleasant contrast to the impulsive and passionate Rupert appears the serene, high-minded and accomplished "Champion of the Constitution," Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, who was unhappily struck down at the first battle of Newbury. England could ill afford to lose such a "promoter of all endeavours of peace betwixt the King and the Parliament." In that connection, had Falkland lived longer, much might have been accomplished, perhaps, by his wisdom and his influence.

"A Champion of Adventure" is the name which Miss

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Sealy bestows on George, Lord Digby, a singular and contradictory nobleman of whom in a later century Horace Walpole wrote that, with great parts, he had always hurt himself and his friends; and that, with romantic bravery, he had always been an unsuccessful general. Very different was James Graham, the ever-famous Marquess of Montrose, who became the Royalist "Champion of Scotland." He was, we think, the very best leader of men serving on the side of the Crown throughout the whole Civil War. And he was also a strategist. On reading of some of the episodes in his long contest with Argyle one is reminded of the bold and skilful movements executed by Napoleon during the memorable Campagne de France of 1814. Montrose figures last, but certainly not least, in Miss Sealy's pages, and of all the biographical sketches which are there assembled that of him has seemed to us the most attractive.

The author's industry in gathering together a variety of interesting information respecting the personages who figure in her gallery is to be commended, but her book is not impeccable. This being the first time we have met her name we think that "The Champions of the Crown" may be, perhaps, her first serious literary effort. We would point out to her, then, that her style is susceptible of improvement. We could wish here and there for a somewhat lighter touch, and, in connection with such a theme as she has chosen, an occasional dash of vivacity. Further, there are times when she uses slipshod English. This may be due to excessive haste in composition, a besetting fault among many writers of the present time. But we must add that the construction of Miss Sealy's book is also somewhat unfortunate, as it entails no little repetition. For instance, after describing the conduct of one character at Edgehill, she subsequently has to describe that of another at the same engagement; then, farther on, that of a third, and ultimately that of a fourth also. Again, Marston Moor crops up repeatedly. Thus, while each individual sketch is satisfactory in itself, the *ensemble* of the book suffers. When Miss Sealy comes to Montrose she strikes fresh ground, and it is, perhaps, for this reason that we have found her account of him more to our liking than others. Still her book has its merits and its utility, for all the men in her gallery are interesting and some of them important personages. A portrait is given of each of them, as well as one of Elizabeth of Bohemia, whilst the frontispiece reproduces the well-known painting by Vandyke, showing Charles I. in three positions.

INFANTRY TACTICS

A Study of the Development of Infantry Tactics. By Colonel Beca. Translated by Captain A. F. Custance. With a Preface by Colonel Hacket Pain, C.B. With Plans. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d.)

Captain Custance has rendered a great service to students of military problems in this country by placing within the reach of all the views contained in this small book. Without necessarily agreeing with Colonel Beca (indeed, we disagree strongly with some of his conclusions), we must confess to having read with great interest this terse and clearly expressed study of infantry tactics.

With the present grouping of the great Powers of Europe, it seems likely that our next great war will find us fighting with the French as allies and the Germans as antagonists. Any officer who has read this book cannot fail to have learned much of the tactics of the French and German armies respectively, and for that reason, if for that only, it should well repay perusal. The Preface and Introduction to the book are necessary helps to the British reader, Colonel Hacket Pain explaining clearly the tactical tendencies of the French and Germans, while Captain Custance's diagrams show clearly the various formations which Colonel Beca alludes to in the course of the work.

The views of the author appear to be the very opposite of those held by most British officers after the late Boer war. He voices the opinion widely held abroad that only by sheer weight of men thrown into the fight opposite the point to be assaulted can an attack succeed, and that the preliminary disposition of troops for battle should therefore be of relatively great depth. In short, his tactics are those of penetration, not those of envelopment. The following quotation from one of the last paragraphs of the work well sums up his views:—

> It is therefore a formation of columns in depth which we find favoured nowadays in the decisive attack, and which in reality constitutes a reversion to Napoleonic methods; and in spite of the adverse criticisms of the advocates of the new tactics (chiefly British), who still maintain that they see in these methods only a sacrifice of human lives, but which were crowned with complete success at Plevna, and also in the late Titanic struggle in the Far East when the Japanese did not hesitate to push forward in masses upon masses.

The book abounds in information as to past military history, some of it of very great interest. Speaking of the causes of Prussia's success in 1866, he says: "One man, Moltke; one idea, decentralisation; one force, multiplicity of tactical units." He quotes the opinion of General Langlois as to the causes for our non-success at the beginning of the South African War. He says that the tactics adopted by the British Generals were characterised by:

A.—The absence of properly-organised protection.
B.—The want of knowledge of the duties of advanced guards.
C.—The total absence of the knowledge of the principles of manœuvring.
D.—The neglect of preparatory action.
E.—At once passing to the decisive stage along the whole front.

The author adds that our disasters must be attributed to our own shortcomings. We may perhaps take heart of grace from remembering the somewhat indifferent success of picked German troops in that same country against an enemy very inferior to the Boers.

As previously mentioned, the writer relates that the Japanese in their late war in Manchuria did not hesitate to push forward in masses upon masses to hard-earned but complete victory. Without taking the word masses too literally, this is true, but it is also true that the Russians at decisive ranges used volleys, were bad shots, and were armed with a rifle which, at short ranges, was not correctly sighted. On the whole, this is a most interesting book, and one to be read.

VISIONS

The Giants of the Earth. By C. M. Salwey. (Taylor. 1s. net.)

We have hitherto associated Mrs. C. M. Salwey with very excellent Japanese work. In the present book, however, she has given us a few prose studies purporting to be the visions she has received in regard to things spiritual. We have had many visionary books abounding in mystical references to Daniel, Ezekiel, and the Book of Revelation. The majority of these volumes have had the depressing effect of not enlightening the reader, but leaving him dazed and bewildered. Mrs. Salwey, however, is a true mystic, whose aim is not to mystify, but to set down in simple,

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forceful, and poetical language the knowledge that has been vouchsafed to her. Her message rings true because it is so eminently sincere. She approaches the Kingdom of God in the spirit of a little child, and not as Omar did, in the spirit of a blustering and wine-tossed man. This is not a sealed book hedged about with adepts, astral bodies, and Theosophical phraseology, to be comprehended only by the initiate. It is the message of a mother treading softly down the ways of the world, communing with the big, strong creatures of wealth and storm and warfare, and finding at the end of her spiritual adventures that Love is the key to all mystery and the one true form of eternal happiness.

The Giants are the Gods of Gold, Iron, Nature, and Fire. In addition there is the Goddess of the Sea, or the Angel of the Waters. Of the God of Gold Mrs. Salwey writes:—"His throne was of gold, the kopje in which he rested on the mountain-side was refulgent with the same precious metal." Kopje was certainly the wrong word to use. It suggests the Boer war, and even a god cannot rest in but on a kopje. From Giant to Giant the inquiring woman passes. Mrs. Salwey is most successful in "Monarchs of the Forest." Here her prose is touched with poetry, and suggests the Buddhist conception of the oneness of all life. The trees seem to be mingled with the presence of spirits, and the soft murmur of the branches is the sound of their voices. Thus speaks the Monarch of the Forest:—

> As a child you held in your hand a plaything dear to you, made of our substance. We formed the comforts and luxuries of your home as well as its necessities. Your hands have often touched us. Your arms often encircled those of our community who flourished near your birthplace. You rested your tired limbs in the shade we flung. You culled the flowerets we had assisted to rise and live; and when life had run its course of those dear to you, we preserved their frail bodies from sudden decay. Yet from that moment we were dearer to each other than by any previous alliance, for we became part of each other. We claimed them as our ally, to work out the mysterious will of Nature indorsed by the Will of God.

When the woman has desired above everything a love that shall extend to all parts of the world, to all races, she comes in contact with the God of Fire. Then it is that she receives a quickening influence that banishes all dross and leaves the soul shining and pure, filled with the joy of giving a love that has its fountain-head in the Divine Himself.

This little book, so full of spiritual charm, so touched with poetry, concludes with the waking of the wandering woman. She sits at an open window looking out into the garden. Her little son stands by her side. Thus he speaks:—"'Mother . . . there has been a storm, but it is over now. I am quite safe—don't be afraid: *we* are together. I am sure God has taken care of all my sparrows—and, see here, in the storm God came down into my little garden and in a great hurry He picked for you my tallest lily!'"

SHORTER REVIEWS

Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. net.)

This small dictionary will be appreciated when travelling. It appears to be accurate and to compress into a small space a very large number of words with their shades of meaning lucidly explained. The little work of some four hundred pages cannot fail to be extremely useful. If dictionaries of modern languages are to follow, compiled on the same lines, we think that they will be of even greater value and convenience, because a dead language is more often studied in the library, where complete dictionaries are to be found on the shelves, while a *vade-mecum* of modern languages is convenient to every one on his travels.

"The Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel. A Guide to Home and Foreign Resorts, 1911. (Horace Cox. 2s. 6d.)

"'The Queen' Newspaper Book of Travel" is a very thorough guide-book, which all people suffering from the modern mania for change should have on their bookshelves for reference. We specially appreciate the fact that the places dealt with are mentioned in alphabetical order, as no time is lost hunting up counties, districts, &c. The several chapters entitled "Practical Hints" should prove useful; as also the common-sense advice given about the clothing needed for different tours. The work appears to us, after a cursory examination, to be very complete in all respects, and—a fact which is not to be disregarded—it is written both simply and comprehensively.

FICTION

A Fair House. By Hugh de Sélincourt. (John Lane. 6s.) If this is not a great book, it is an excellent book, and, what is more, it is a book penned in a pure and lovely spirit. Mr. De Sélincourt is not a writer of great books, but he is a very individualistic writer. There are perhaps not many whose work can readily be detected; but he is certainly one of them. It is not a question of style, for he cannot boast a style in the high sense of the word: it is rather a question of manner, a certain way of looking at life. To call that a philosophy would be to err, at least in the general acceptance of that word. For example, he is in war against morbidity of any kind, and in morbidity should be included the affectation after mere cleverness that is so prevalent in some quarters. In this very book the only disturbing element is caused by a writer, one Selby Parramore, who is the author of books that are bitter and clever and brilliant. Even at his expense Mr. De Sélincourt does not indulge in diatribe or harshness, regarding him as more a loser in his own soul than a creator of trouble in the souls of others. This is the conception of the book. Of plot it has little or none. Its very characterisation is slight and sketchy. Not that the chronology is a matter of a week or so, a short space of time that does not enable him to give sufficient attention to his characters: in point of fact, it covers no less than twenty substantial years. The opening chapter discovers John Camden in gloomy and passionate rebellion over the death of his wife at the premature birth of her first child. His friend Toby Warren discovers him so, and seeks to rouse him from his gloom and deadness of emotion, taking him finally off for a week's walking tour. Mr. De Sélincourt depicts his spiritual recovery of himself, and his absorption of interest in his child—the child that he had seemed to be so listless about in his grief—very finely. After that the story is concerned with their mutual lives—her education, her development, and his development with her and through her, and the nature of their affection the one for the other. It is not much to make a story about, but it is a very beautiful picture. If it be didactic to expose the wrongness of wrong, and the folly of lovelessness by the presentation of loveliness, then this book is didactic: didactic or not, it is beautiful. Whether there is sufficient in it for the purposes of a book is quite another matter. It is not perhaps often that a reviewer desires to say that a book is a frail, sketchy,

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and inconsequential thing, but is withheld from his word by the fact that the frail thing was written in a very lovely spirit. This is such an occasion, anyway. There is only one moment of keen interest, and that is when Selby Parramore tampers with the pure, innocent affection of Bridget Camden; but that hardly arrives when it is over. Mr. De Sélincourt can do bigger things than this. Why does he not set himself to them? He knows surely that Colossus has his own virtue independent of exquisiteness.

Adventure. By JACK LONDON. Coloured Frontispiece. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

IT is not often that the title of a story is any real criterion of what the story consists. In this instance Mr. Jack London, dealing with love between whites amidst head-hunting cannibals of the South Seas, introduces the stay-at-home reader, surfeited with the usual insipid fare, to phases of adventure of a distinctly exciting and novel kind. The heroine is an American girl. Not one of those named Sadie or Mamie, dressed in the latest Parisian confection, who talks Yankee slang and is for ever "bossing" her Poppa. Oh, dear no, not at all. The damsel is named Joan, and over heavy braids of brown hair she wears a cowboy Stetson hat (occasionally called a Baden-Powell also), while on her hip hangs a long-barrelled 38 Colt's revolver in its holster, and this is accompanied by a full cartridge-belt of slender girth, as one might expect when it encircles the female form divine. She knows how to use her gun, too, and does not exactly shut her eyes when firing it off. She can steer a whale-boat through the dangerous surf, and, better still, command and navigate a schooner, the only woman on board; and recruit bloodthirsty cannibals, whom everybody else is afraid of, for work on the plantation.

The hero, a Britisher, she nurses through a fever, to which, but for her, he would most assuredly have succumbed. But when convalescent he can find nothing better to do than to be shocked—as most Britishers generally are—at such "goings on," and to tell her that she must not do this and must not do that, for "What would Mrs. Grundy think?" out in the South Sea Islands! The way this solitary white girl deals with hordes of rebellious, vindictive, and treacherous savages seemed to us marvellous until we read the other day how a Mrs. Roby journeyed into Central Africa, and prior to that into other wild parts of the globe, entirely "on her own" and without mishap. Joan is apparently afraid of only one thing, and that is matrimony. But after many thrilling adventures—which our readers should hasten to make themselves acquainted with, and they will not regret it—this delightful young lady embarks on the greatest adventure of all, the "excellent mystery," when she "nestled in the circle of his arms, saying softly, almost in a whisper—'I am ready, Dave.'"

And 'twas thus the Stars and Stripes struck to the Union Jack away out in the Cannibal Islands. We have purposely left Dave, the Britisher, in the background, for he naturally takes somewhat of a back seat all through the story, until the *finale*. But he loses nothing by it, for he wins in the end the sweetest Yankee girl it has ever been our privilege to meet, and we thank Mr. Jack London for introducing us to her. And all for two shillings, with a most alluring coloured frontispiece thrown it!

Mrs. Thompson. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

MR. MAXWELL has achieved an unusual triumph in this story by taking as his heroine a woman of the mysterious age known as "over forty," proprietress of a large general emporium in a provincial town, and interesting us so deeply in her career that we were unwilling to put the book down unfinished. We had the good fortune to select the adventures of "Mrs. Thompson" for reading during a journey from Devonshire to London, and the author must take it as a high compliment when we say that we could have wished for another half-hour in the train in order to complete the pleasant task of perusal.

Mrs. Thompson is "the best business man in Mallingbridge," and a widow who lacks no suitors; until the young cad Marsden enters her employ and rouses by his sheer masculinity the passions which her weak, insignificant husband had never evoked, she resists all offers. Marsden, however, takes her by storm, artfully, and marries her; then begins her downfall. He saps by his excesses the vitality of the huge business she has so splendidly built up; but he never breaks her spirit. By a magnificent *coup* she joins forces secretly with "Bence's," the rival house on the opposite side of the street, and in due course packs Marsden off, a disappointed and disgusted scoundrel, to the other side of the world. With her romance is combined the love-story of her daughter Enid, who, however, is a much less convincing character. There are some excellent scenes in the book, notably the gathering at the office of Mr. Prentice, the solicitor, where the secret alliance of the two businesses is disclosed. "Mrs. Thompson" is not so psychological as "The Rest Cure," but it is a much stronger story, and one which we heartily commend to our readers.

Fedora of the Halls. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

HITHERTO the name of Mr. Arthur Applin has been invariably associated in one's mind with the more lurid-covered, cheap reprints which bespatter the railway bookstalls. In fact, after a hasty glance at them, they were left severely alone. It would seem to be an unreasoning prejudice which caused such sorry treatment to Mr. Applin, for on reading "Fedora of the Halls" the conclusion arrived at inevitably is that the author writes in such an interesting manner that one is compelled to read to the end. "Fedora" is a novel showing the music-hall artiste both before and behind the footlights, in her "diggings" in provincial towns, and in her intimate dealings with Jew agents—scoundrels of a pronounced order. The heroine is a charmingly impulsive young girl, who, left penniless with a brother and sister by the death of her father, eschews the idea of the belittling life of a governess or a companion, and stakes her all upon making a success on the variety stage. Possessed of a strikingly beautiful figure, she provides herself with the necessary "dresses" for a Salome dance, and is rushed off to a small provincial hall. Her various adventures, the friends she makes among her fellow artistes, and the final success and result are vividly told, but two points strike the reader with a certain amount of force. The first is how is it that a girl who, as far as one can judge, has never in her life danced on the stage, makes an instantaneous "hit," even before provincials? Perhaps this is one of Mr. Applin's little sarcasms. Secondly, it is remarkable that in her dealings with the opposite sex she takes to individual members of it as a duck takes to water, generally without being introduced. Apart from these little features, which, after all, only make one desire to read more of this unique creature, the plot is skilfully unfolded, and the result is good.

The Coil of Carne. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MR. JOHN OXENHAM'S latest story is told with the same smooth charm of style which we have been led to expect

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from him. The not very closely applicable title refers to a predicament which existed when at one time it seemed impossible to discover which of two children was the legitimate heir of Denzil Carron, who was a Pre-Victorian blade and son and heir to Sir Denzil Carron of Carne. The author gives us some effective description of the beautiful stretch of sandy sea-shore adjacent to Carne and of a reed-rimmed mere near at hand. But the characters are not motive to our sight. The evil that men had done shows its effects in the story and makes up the plot, but whenever the evil-doers appear themselves their blemishes have faded and they are as good as any one else. A young curate invalided from the East End of London (we did not know that slum-work dated from so early in the Victorian era) becomes a good influence at Carne. He is altogether too up-to-date an ideal with his Cambridge Blue and his muscular Christianity. What with the abstraction of modern goodness and the smoothing over of contemporary wickedness—charitably cloaking it with the excuse that it was "of the time"—the author manages to preserve in his story almost everything except the air of reality. There is a spirited description of the scene of the Crimean campaign; but throughout variety of character is sacrificed to good-nature, and artistic truth to pleasantness.

Trevor Lordship. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

Eleanor, the heroine of this book, which is essentially a girl's one, loved and was loved by a clever young literary man, who, through force of circumstances, is compelled to go abroad and colonise. The engagement, however, holds through the fifteen years of his exile, although he almost forgets her, and she looks upon him as a man who was in love with her in another life. Her entire individuality has been killed by her egomaniacal father during this time. At last, however, the death of the man's parents brings about his succession to the estate and title held by his father, and he returns. Honour compels him to marry Eleanor, whom he has never released from the engagement, and she falls in with the arrangement, simply because it seems to her that there is nothing else to be done, and because she cannot get out of it. They marry and settle down in their house, Trevor Lordship, he immersed in his books, she keeping the house and servants in order. The rest of the incidents in the story leads up to the awakening of these two curious dead people and the new birth of the old love in their hearts. As a character-study of this odd couple the book is not without interest, and there are one or two slight surprises in the pedigrees of the subsidiary characters, which help to carry it to a happy ending.

The Princess Virginia. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen and Co. 2s.)

To tell the truth, we do not think that the present new romance by the well-known Williamsons is worthy of their well-earned reputation. It is founded on the somewhat hackneyed theme of a German reigning Prince, whose marriage area is limited, falling in love (as it was intended by the lady he should) with what is his embodiment of a perfect mate; but all that he can offer, under the stern eye and tongue of his Chancellor (made after the most approved German model), is a morganatic marriage, declined with scorn, as the lady the Princess Virginia, masquerading as Miss Howard, is really the chosen bride for him.

Given these materials such able constructors of modern fiction make the most of them. There is a motor-car, but it is only employed under normal conditions, and the story does not revolve with its wheels. Some parts of the book remind us of "The Golden Rose," by Mrs. Fraser, written on a somewhat similar theme, though treated differently.

"The Princess Virginia" is a readable story, but not, as before mentioned, up to the standard we have justly given to the authors' fiction, although in fairness it should be said that the price is only 2s.

THE THEATRE

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

At the first performance at the Little Theatre of this quite amazing play the audience and the laughter and the enthusiasm resembled those which were often to be found at the Court Theatre in the old glad days. Packed into the small space of Miss Kingston's most charming Wedgwood-like room were all the brain and intellect of what may be called the Shavian society. Miss Lillah McCarthy has pretended to withhold the name of the author of the piece, which is called "An Easy Play for a Little Theatre." If there were any secrecy as to its authorship it was dispelled five minutes after the rise of the curtain. The men and women who were discovered in the dining-room of a Denmark-hill house were creatures of Mr. Shaw's well-known brand. If Sir W. S. Gilbert had never perpetrated the "Bab Ballads" Mr. George Bernard Shaw might have remained a dramatic critic. In all human probability he would have employed his spare time as a Labour member in the House of Commons, and would have spasmodically amused the Unionists and outraged his own party until his constituency replaced him by a mere typical demagogue, with the usual lack of intelligence and the usual strength of lung.

It may be said at once that in "Fanny's First Play" Mr. Shaw has justified himself. In his recent productions, when he endeavoured to write really serious work, he bored us consumedly. When writing "Fanny's First Play," however, it was indeed good to throw back our head and shout with laughter at his spontaneously idiotic jokes, his exquisite verbal fireworks, his characteristic philosophy, his acute characterisation. He gave us an introduction, a play in three Acts, and an epilogue. The introduction was only mildly funny, and far too long. It contained three shrieks of laughter. The play itself did not contain one word too much, and may be placed side by side with "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell." The epilogue was the most exquisite piece of impudence of which Mr. Shaw can boast, and boast he will.

To tell the story of the thing would be a waste of time. You might as well set out to describe the antics of a tadpole. There were, however, several moments in the play which must have surprised even Mr. Shaw for their truth to life—moments which were charged with emotion and the best kind of drama, and which fitted into his comic scheme like diamonds in a tinsel crown. We defy any one to sit unmoved and listen to the conversation between a mother and a daughter, which takes place in the second Act, in which the girl describes and defines her emancipation from the dull round of sham peacefulness and happiness of her home-life. The grief of the religious mother was most painful and very beautifully interpreted by Miss Cicely Hamilton, who is an actress of peculiar power. To pick out the gems of this play and discuss them seriously is to imitate the impudence of Mr. Shaw himself. When we have said that "Fanny's First Play" is Mr. Shaw's tenth or

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eleventh play we have said everything. It goes without saying that it is brilliant work, and it should attract to the Little Theatre all those who must be sick to death of ordinary theatrical fare. There is more genuine wit in ten lines of this play than in all the three Acts of those others which are apparently produced by the commercial actor-manager because he believes them to be works of art. For the benefit of playgoers and the prestige of the English stage we wish that Mr. Shaw had not made "Fanny's First Play" an easy play for a Little Theatre, but that he had read the introduction and the epilogue to his personal friends, put them both back into his drawer and produced the play itself at a big theatre. Shorn of its wilful eccentricity, it is exactly the thing that the public wants. The public does not go to Little Theatres; it suspects them. It does not know where they are, and will not take the trouble to find out. It prefers those places of entertainment in main thoroughfares in which there are orchestras and an absence of the sudden three dumps before the rise of the curtain. We congratulate Miss Lillah McCarthy on having been privileged to produce "Fanny's First Play," and we greatly appreciate the perfection of her production. We wish her enterprise every success. But if this play could be seen by the great ordinary public we are sure that it would have the effect of raising the standard of entertainment, and of making such dreadful stuff as "A Fool There Was," "Baby Mine," and others too numerous to mention impossible of production; and the actor-managers who have control of nearly all the theatres would be obliged, however much they disliked it, to put on the work not of the bagman dramatist, but of the man who knows how to write and has something to say.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw will doubtless be amazed that we should take him so seriously. He will certainly affect horror at our desire that he should begin the renaissance of the English commercial stage. It is obvious that so long as he is content to entertain and interest and give memorable afternoons just to the few daring people who are not afraid to venture into back streets and precious places, his inimitable work will remain altogether unknown to the English public—to the English public's great loss. Only when Mr. Herbert Trench produces a play is the English public enabled to see acting so suprisingly excellent. It may be said that not one member of the cast of "Fanny's First Play" is ever engaged by the ordinary actor-manager if he can help it. And yet, from Miss Lillah McCarthy down to the actor who played the servant, the company was so admirable that it would open the eyes of the loyal but discontented playgoer who continues to manifest an intermittent interest in the theatre, and who does not believe that English acting exists. There is hardly a name in the cast which will be recognised outside Little Theatre audiences, members of the Stage Society, the Playgoers' Society, and the enthusiastic supporters of side shows. How often, for example, does one find the name of Miss Lillah McCarthy in theatre programmes? And yet here is an actress of very remarkable gifts, endowed with a beautiful personality, and of wide and even extraordinary experience. Then there is Miss Dorothy Minto, who as Dora Delaney would draw all London if it knew where to go. Her portrait of a typical little cockney demi-mondaine is simply exquisite. To the smallest detail she is perfect. Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, Miss Gwynneth Galton, Mr. Arnold Lucy, Mr. H. K. Ayliff, Mr. Shiel Barry, and Mr. Claude King are good enough to rank with the famous actors of the days of Bancroft. Then there was Mr. Raymond Lauzerte, whose performance of Lieutenant Duvallet was inimitable. How often are any of these actors included in the casts of the all too frequent London productions? Their work is well known to, and greatly admired by, the same handful of people who, alone among the English race, support the intellectual drama. All we can do is to exhort those people who have deserted the theatre because they have very naturally come to regard it, generally speaking, as something beneath contempt, to make an exception in the case of the Little Theatre. And when they hear the characteristic things which Mr. Shaw has put into the mouths of his faithful portraits of some of the dramatic critics, they will discover the other reason why the London stage offers them so little attraction.

"THE BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

When the curtain rises on the third Act of the new play at the Globe Theatre, written by Mr. Edward Hemmerde and Mr. Francis Neilson, you find yourself in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, Court II. Mr. Justice Burroughs is on the bench. He is biting the end of his quill pen, and listening with keen attention to the cross-examination of little Mrs. Admaston by Sir Robert Fyffe, K.C., M.P. The court is packed to suffocation. The Home Secretary, Mr. George Admaston, is seated almost within arm's length of his wife, who stands in the witness-box wearing an uneasy and half-defiant smile. The beautiful Lady Atwill can be seen, and there are Lord Ellerdine, many members of what is called the Smart Set (to whom all the parties of the case are known), and Roderick Collingwood, the co-respondent.

Mrs. Admaston's leading counsel has just sat down, and Sir Robert, with the blandest of smiles and the most persuasive of voices, is on his feet. Piece by piece you learn that little Mrs. Admaston has spent far too much of her time away from her busy and ambitious husband, that she has fallen into the hands of an entirely pleasant but quite characteristically callous and immoral set, and that her favourite is Roderick Collingwood, a man of infinite leisure and more than a sufficiency of means. The point is whether this girl, careless of appearances, ignorant of the insidious methods of men of the world, has been unfaithful to her husband, and whether there are any grounds for his obtaining a divorce on account of the intimacy of Collingwood. You learn that Mrs. Admaston, Lady Atwill, Ellerdine, and Collingwood left London to make a stay at St. Moritz, that the luggage of Mrs. Admaston and Collingwood was unregistered, and that these two state that they got into the wrong train by accident, found themselves in Paris by accident, stayed the night in the same hotel together, in which they shared a sitting-room out of which, by accident, was Collingwood's bedroom, and that the girl spent nearly an hour in her dressing-gown with Collingwood alone in the sitting-room. To all of this Mrs. Admaston agrees, but she maintains on her oath that, although such conduct can certainly be called foolish and careless, it can come under a heading no worse. You believe her, not only because you have seen these two typical worldlings in the Paris hotel, but because you can see that the girl is not an inherent liar. What Sir Robert Fyffe wishes to know is this: How came it that the luggage was fortunate enough to find itself on the wrong train with its owners? Why Collingwood's room led into Mrs. Admaston's sitting-room, and why Collingwood stated to Admaston over the telephone that Ellerdine and Lady Atwill were also in the hotel? In answer to these questions Mrs. Admaston had only one answer, "I do not know." Was it true that Collingwood was making passionate love to her at the moment when the husband rang up? Yes. Was this the first time that Collingwood had made passionate love? Yes.

Sir Robert Fyffe would see. There was a place called Salby, belonging to Lord Ellerdine. Mrs. Admaston agreed

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that she had stayed there. She further agreed that once when Collingwood was motoring her to that house the car broke down and they were obliged to spend the night at the same inn. Did she write a letter to her husband stating that, notwithstanding the breakdown, she and Collingwood arrived at Selby in time for dinner? She did. Sir Robert Fyffe, bending forward and speaking with a rasp in his voice, put it to Mrs. Admaston that not only did they not arrive in time for dinner, but that, in a dressing-gown even more attractive and flimsy that the one in which she appeared before Collingwood in the Paris hotel, she sat with him in this country inn alone until the small hours of the morning. Mrs. Admaston agreed.

Sir Robert Fyffe implored Mrs. Admaston to be careful. In his most earnest manner, and with the air of a man who holds all the picture-cards, he asked Mrs. Admaston if she wished his lordship and the jury to believe that on these two occasions she had remained faithful to her husband. Sir Robert demanded the truth. The poor little butterfly then bursts into a tirade. What is the use of telling the truth when everything she says is twisted and turned against her? She has been foolish, yes. Collingwood has made passionate love to her again and again, yes. She has gone out of her way to keep the facts as to her carelessness from her husband, yes. It is her habit to take off her things and come down in a dressing-gown; but she has never been unfaithful to her husband, never, never, never.

A smile runs through the court. One of Sir Robert's devils leans forward. Admaston shoots a quick glance at his wife's distorted face. His lordship bends down kindly. Mrs. Admaston is not doing herself justice when she does not confine herself to the questions asked by Sir Robert.

Sir Robert makes it clear that owing to an anonymous letter written in a peculiar handwriting to Admaston's sister, in which it was stated definitely that Collingwood and Mrs. Admaston had planned to get into the wrong train and pass the night at the Hôtel des Tuileries alone, a detective was employed to watch them. Mr. McArthur, K.C., Mrs. Admaston's leading counsel, springs to his feet. He protests that this letter is not evidence. His lordship agrees with Mr. McArthur, but desires that the letter shall be handed to the party in the witness-box. The girl glances at the letter, the writing of which is utterly unknown to her, and cries out that she has been placed in a trap, a monstrous and abominable trap. His lordship requests that the letter may be handed to him. He does not, of course, look with anything but suspicion upon anonymous letters. Nevertheless, he thinks it best to read it to the jury, together with another anonymous letter in the same handwriting which has been received that day by Admaston's sister, in which the writer begs that the first letter may be withdrawn. The second letter purports to come from an old and faithful servant of the family.

There is a rustle in court. The heads of the jury—honest taxpayers who are the unwilling witnesses of little Mrs. Admaston's torture—move together. Collingwood rises to his feet and makes an incoherent protest. He is hushed down. And then Sir Robert bends forward once again. His bland smile has given place to an expression of triumph. He points his guns at the little trembling figure, down whose cheeks the tears are running, and fires a very volley of overwhelming evidences of guilt at her head. He proves that his victim has lied again and again. He proves beyond question that the trip to Paris was planned. In the face of all these things he wishes to know whether Mrs. Admaston still maintains that she has not been unfaithful to her husband, and whether she can ask his lordship and the jury to believe that she is merely a careless and foolish young woman.

And then the butterfly on the wheel, badly broken, with nearly all the beautiful colours of her wings rubbed off, bursts into a very torrent of appeal and reproach and agonised condemnation of the system under which she is being tortured beyond endurance. At the end of it she breaks down utterly and bursts into terrible weeping. His lordship, like every one else in Court, including Sir Robert. is somewhat moved, but he notices with some relief that the hands of the clock have passed his luncheon-hour. "I think, gentlemen, that we will now adjourn." He rises, and the curtain falls.

This is the scene, admirably written and carried out and very perfectly acted, which should draw all London to the Globe Theatre. There has certainly been nothing so faithful to life of its kind put upon the stage within memory. It is not possible to imagine a more convincing or powerful K.C. than that portrayed by Mr. Norman McKinnel, or a typically careless but innocent society girl more touchingly and beautifully played than by Miss Madge Titheradge. When it is said, too, that Mr. Collingwood is played by Mr. Lewis Waller, the Ellerdine by Mr. Sothern, the Judge by Mr. Stanley Turnbull, and the Lady Atwill by Miss Beryl Faber it may be imagined how well the authors are served. Mr. Lewis Waller is not seen in this play in the part of one of the many over-heroic heroes of romantic drama with which his name has been so long associated. He plays the man of the world with such ease and charm, however, that it is to be hoped that he will not revert to sword and high-heeled shoes again for a considerable period, but that when a successor to "A Butterfly on the Wheel" is needed, and we do not think that he need be anxious as to a successor, he will give London the opportunity of seeing him in other modern plays.

GEORGE BORROW—I.

George Borrow is a paradox. His own assertions, in speech and in writing, prove him to have been stolidly conservative, bound by strong affection to the traditional laws, proprieties, and politics of his country, and yet in the books he has left to the world he has portrayed a life that is nomadic, untraditional, and quite irreconcilable with his professed opinions. He bent back for his materials to the remnants of old races, old customs, old faiths, and old superstitions, and he has given an intense emphasis to life's undercurrents.

Many of his opinions contradict one another. His very works in their broadest conception show this inconsistency. He who wrote "Lavengro" also wrote "Wild Wales," and more unlike works from one and the same author cannot be named. It is not that they differ in quality, that one is good and the other bad, for they are both great books, each a work of genius; but they do not appear to be the work of the same genius. Borrow's experiences were so varied, his knowledge of men was so extensive and so out of the way, that he was able to meet with and to appreciate such opposite types as Jasper Petulengro and the preacher Williams; and yet nearly all those who knew him have some tale to tell of his abrupt manners and surly, unsociable temper.

He combined the narrow-mindedness of the street sectary with the tolerance of the agnostic; he possessed the parochial instinct of the Celt with the imperial conception of the Saxon. He had great knowledge, and yet was strangely ignorant. He knew thirty languages; but, in spite of some very dogmatic assertions, failed to appreciate what was best in them. He was moved throughout his life by many strange impulses, yet was lacking in some of the most primitive emotions.

Perhaps the explanation of his character lies in this last fact. To some extent he seems sexless. Where usually

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emotions might be expected, prejudices are found. In that greatest test of a man's nature, the attitude towards the other sex, he presents an almost sphinx-like inscrutability. With a solitary, although great, exception, he never drew a woman's character sympathetically. The exception is, of course, Isopel Berners, and in adding her to the gallery of immortal women he has succeeded in acquiring an unenviable reputation for heartlessness. The whole episode, although humorous in treatment, is really a fragment of a tragedy, but whether Borrow himself realised this is doubtful. If Shakespeare had told the story he would have made it clear whether Lavengro was only a half-hearted lover, or a man of Mephistophelian intellect, dealing in terrible irony at a woman's expense. No matter how the incident is viewed, Borrow comes out badly. He fails to substantiate the claim to large-mindedness which he is at some pains to establish throughout "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye."

In all probability Borrow felt largely and nobly towards his fellows, but in doing so he had no feeling of sex. He lacked knowledge of the intimate and intricate emotions and mental differences that exist between men and women, and he was, therefore, able to treat with perfect and bitter irony that subtlest of all emotions, a woman's love.

A casual glance at the story of Borrow's work reveals yet further paradox, for, having attained fame comparatively early in his career, he lived long enough to know himself discredited, and he was so far forgotten that the news of his death came as a surprise to many who were under the impression that the literary lion of the 'forties had long passed away.

Borrow first attracted attention with "The Zincali," after some years of hack-work, as described in "Lavengro," and he sprang into fame a year or two later with "The Bible in Spain." Ten years later he dimmed his contemporary reputation with "Lavengro," and when in 1862 he published "Wild Wales," it seemed that his literary fame was quite extinguished. The eclipse did not begin to pass away until his death drew attention to him once more. The cult of Borrow was then born, and the number of those who call themselves Borrovians is now legion.

Yet another strange evidence of the atmosphere of contradiction which invests Borrow is the fact that he who to-day seems the most lovable of men, and who shares with Johnson and Byron a personality which lends lustre to their works, was peculiarly adept at ruining friendships. Perhaps the Borrovians would not have loved the man so much in the flesh. He possessed those traits which always tell against a man's personal reputation. He was self-opinionated, and so aroused instinctive opposition; he was self-conscious, and consequently unnatural; and he was jealous, and thus estranged sympathy.

His life, indeed, is a record of fragmentary friendships. He knew many famous people intimately for short periods. His works attracted men, but the rough edges that seemed so delightful in reading were a little too rough for real life. His response to Miss Strickland's offer to send him her work, "The Queens of England," was not calculated to breed favourable opinions. "For God's sake, don't, Madam," he said, "I should not know where to put them, or what to do with them." He could hardly have propitiated Thackeray by telling him that *Punch* was a periodical which he never read. Even his friendship with that most placid of men, Edward FitzGerald, wore out. It must take a Boswell to bear the repeated shocks of such a man.

Borrow has many faults, both of the man and of his work, which cannot be ignored, for a mere list of his virtues will only leave a flavour similar to that left by the endless procession of famous Scotchmen of whom no one ever heard out of Scotland. Merely to enumerate his virtues is to dub him "worthy," and so set him on the threshold of oblivion.

He was, to take the faults of the man first, more bigoted than even the rising antipathy to the smug self-satisfaction of the day demanded; he was possessed of a temperament so jealous and sensitive that he could detect an insult in a commonplace remark and a condescension in a courtesy; and he was so vindictive and spiteful that he could never forget an affront. He always endeavoured to overwhelm the offender with a vituperation that robbed him of all his dignity. Nevertheless, he possessed sterling qualities. Splendid grit, indomitable patience, a generous nature where his prejudices were not roused, and detestation of cant made him estimate the unco' guid, and also those of the ultra-fleshly school, at their true value.

He had other traits, which, while illuminating the man, may not receive such great approbation. He could knock a man down; drink an almost unlimited amount of beer without disturbing the respectabilities; break the ice to bathe at seventy years of age; and live an irreproachable life in rather questionable circumstances. There is in these qualities stuff for the cynics, but there are other people who will consider them a magnificent tribute to the man's worth.

DOVER STRAITS

To the travelled Briton, hurrying homeward or reluctantly leaving the Old Country on service and exile, Calais is still the gate of England. Such a traveller watches with quickening pulse the white walls looming up on the horizon as the steamer which bears him Northward-ho! from that port dips her nose into the breakers. The complete circle of years ago perchance is but a number of segments now. There are gaps in it which can never be filled this side the grave. Those he left children have grown to be men and women; snow will have fallen on the heads of folk he last saw in the prime of life. The transitoriness of earthly things sounds its insistent note in his ears. The traveller himself perhaps does not feel a day older than when he left England; nevertheless the world-without-end conviction of the unresting foot of Time is borne in upon him. He has been, let us say, successful beyond his best hope, and has experienced the exhilaration of service. He, when little more than a boy, has learnt to play his part in the scheme of government, unhampered by control. He has "bossed the show" in India or a colony, and the youngster who does that for the first time adds a cubit to his stature. "At home" things will drop back into truer perspective, for there he is still "one of the boys." To the man who is flying South the white walls are a background of regret and old memories. He realises that life is no longer all "beer and skittles," and that he has to face the game and play it. It will be his fate, perhaps, now and then to shuttle backward and forward across the narrow Strait. Every time he does so—it may be unconsciously from the force of events—the tireless movement of Fate will bring home to him its lesson :—

> "Nativity, once in the main of light,
> Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd
> Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
> And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound."

The Straits of Dover are the bond that links us to a past transcendently remote. There we once joined hands with the Continent of Europe; yet even from that age of grey antiquity the relics of men have come down to us. They and the animals who were then their earth-mates, but who have now disappeared from the scene, once passed over the vanished bridge of chalk, which has fallen into the sea of oblivion. Man showed his dawning intelligence by his superior cunning as a beast of prey. The mammoth and the

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cave-lion and the woolly rhinoceros pitted brute strength and ferocity against the instincts of the human hunter and trapper, and in that contest strength and ferocity went under. The present writer possesses the molar of a mammoth found by the navvies working in a diving-bell on the bed of the sea when the Admiralty Harbour at Dover was under construction. What a record does that bit of fossilised bone bring to light!

The Straits of Dover did not exist at a period as recent as the human type. Science strains her eyes to trace the dawn of man upon the earth. She finds a few scattered relics in gravel-beds, where once great rivers flowed. As those rivers sawed their way down they left successive terraces behind them, and, in those pebbly terraces, stranded at higher levels than those of to-day, flints shaped by men lie scattered. Those crude weapons were missiles, and the brain behind the hand that hurled them gave the primitive savage race "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

Dover Straits in the light of history are but of yesterday. To imagine their formation we must go back to a period when icefields of stupendous extent lay across North Western Europe. In England the southern edge of the icecap skirted from the north of London, and thence across the midlands to Bristol. Run a sweeping line to the eastward across the Netherlands and North Germany, and away towards the Arctics once lay a vast glacier-field. The North Sea at its southern extremity was a *cul de sac*. The reindeer roamed in vast herds as far south as the Pyrenees.

To this ice-locked desolation came a change of climate. Floods of inconceivable violence rent and sculptured the face of the earth. Gravel beds were swept away, valleys chocked up by moraines, vast areas scoured and tormented by a plague of swollen waters. Thus were the Straits of Dover forced. The impounded waters, welling up, broke through the chalk dam and burst their way into the sea beyond. Great Britain became an island. Wave on wave of wild men from the South were destined to beat upon our shores, but from henceforth they must commit their fortunes to the boisterous ocean, crossing the storm-swept Strait. The white walls faced one another across a gulf. Many a race of primitive men, when they reached that watery barrier, must doubtless have been baulked in their onward march by the "salt, estranging sea."

Thither, at last, came Cæsar with his beaked triremes. The white walls were made to be scaled, for the tide of the Roman Conquest knew no petty barriers. Where his expeditions landed will be discussed for all time. In default of a better guess, let us say that it was near Sandwich that the Roman legions first gained foothold on our shores. Through morass and swamp and primæval forest the great roads were driven—missionary roads, along which might made right. How ruthless soever was the all-conquering tramp of the Roman mercenaries, and however brutal the methods of their captains, the waste was tamed, and with the process of the suns men grew to yield obedience to a higher law.

Let it not be forgotten that Dover was still a link in the imperial chain which stretched between London and Rome, when the power of the Roman arms dry-rotted and chaos fell upon their British province. Be sure that henceforth Dover held its place whenever invasion or foray was planned on either shore. At last the wild sea-rovers of the North swept down. Careless of life, they landed wherever they willed. At the Norman Conquest they were masters of the Danelaw, which men now call East Anglia. A sea-wolf was every mother's son of them. Let any man be niddering and his fate was sealed; they would not cumber their craft with such human raffle. So that strange crusade swept over Europe. The conquest of the Normans, in comparison with all these remote comings and goings, appears a modern movement. They brought in their wake detestable cruelty, intolerable wrong, but nevertheless the root of ordered governance was planted, and by slow degrees men yielded homage to the fruit it bore.

As the years have crept on and the stream of business and pleasure has flowed and ebbed across the Garden of England to the Continent and a land beyond, Dover has held her head high. She has not escaped invasion. We know from the pages of "David Copperfield" how the slogan cry of "Janet! donkeys!" was the signal for the invasion of local rights and how prompt were reprisals. With that exception the ancient borough has slumbered scot-free from hostilities.

Had the Channel Tunnel been built we should doubtless have experienced a foreign invasion of holiday-makers on a growing scale; but happily, alike for the intending shareholders and the country, the Tunnel remains a scheme on paper. The national premium against panic risk which it would have entailed would have been too severe. Now Dover has its great harbour. A square mile of deep water is enclosed, but the opinion of Navy men on it as a rendezvous is unfavourable. The force of the currents across the entrances is extreme and the risk to warships in entering and leaving correspondingly great. Moreover no dock exists at Dover in which a disabled ship could be repaired. If a squadron lay there in war time it might conceivably share the fate of a rat in a trap. And so, from the bare white cliffs of past ages we trace the sophisticated Dover of to-day.

THE LATE SIR ALFRED LYALL

The sudden death of the Right Honourable Sir Alfred Lyall on April 10th is a great loss to literature. He had, doubtless, other claims to distinction; he had held high offices in the Indian Civil Service, that school of statesmen and administrators second to none in the world. To mention only his latest and highest posts, he was Foreign Secretary to the Government of India during the second Afghan War of 1878-1880, when the despatches drafted by him and embellished by Lord Lytton were masterpieces of style and substance, though the Viceroy found that the Secretary saw everything from so many points of view that he had difficulty in making up his mind. He was Lieutenant-Governor of what were then called the North-west Provinces, which are now the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. In the latter capacity he procured the creation of a Legislative Council and the establishment of the University of Allahabad, both of them important measures. But, though pre-eminent in ability, he failed to gain the confidence or affection of his subjects—native or English. His politics were too profound for general comprehension. He was more in his element as member of the Secretary of State's Council for fifteen years, and he was wise in declining the Governorship of the Cape. He had leisure to devote to literature, in which he had already made his mark while still in active employ. His "Verses Written in India" should be widely known. "The Old Pindaree" (1866) is full of vigour:—

My father was an Afghan, and came from Kandahar;
He rode with Nawáb Amir Khan in the old Maratha War.
From the Dekkan to the Himalay, five hundred of one clan,
They asked no leave of prince or chief as they swept thro' Hindusthan.

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His "Theology in Extremis," in which "moriturus loquitur," is some revelation of his own mind:—

Here stand I on the ocean's brink;
Who hath brought news of the further shore?
How shall I cross it? Sail or sink,
One thing is sure, I return no more;
Shall I find haven, or aye shall I be
Tossed in the depths of a shoreless sea?

"The Land of Regrets" could hardly refer to his own successful career, but has often been applied to the cases of his less fortunate colleagues in the service:—

He did list to the voice of a siren,
He was caught by the clinkings of gold,
And the slow toil of Europe seemed tiring,
And the grey of his fatherland cold;
He must haste to the gardens of Circe;
What ails him, the slave, that he frets
In thy service? O Lady *sans merci!*
O Land of Regrets!

These were his lighter *jeux d'esprit:* his more serious efforts were in prose, always philosophical, sometimes quite poetically expressed. His style in itself afforded pleasure to the reader apart from the matter. In his "Asiatic Studies," first collected in one volume, and in 1899 expanded to two volumes, he wrote of the Religion of an Indian Province; of the Origin of Divine Myths in India; on Religious Policy; Natural Religion in India; besides political papers on the Rajput States and Permanent Dominion in Asia. They showed great penetration into the religious and social facts which he probed with singular acuteness. But he found time for historical and biographical work also. He wrote Lives of Warren Hastings, Lord Dufferin, and Tennyson, and contributed to the narrative of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration. "The Rise and Expansion of the British Dominion in India," which has run to five editions, is, though not correct in every detail, the best philosophical history extant of the British period. His contributions to literature are too many to enumerate. They, and his general career, gained for him the Oxford D.C.L. and the Cambridge LL.D., and his nomination to the Privy Council. His last important office was as President of the International Congress for the History of Religions held at Oxford, late in the summer of 1908. Thus for some years he had obtained a unique reputation, not only as the best Anglo-Indian writer, but also as a literary authority of acknowledged merit, judged by the highest standard. His Indian work brought him to the front; it never submerged him. He held his own in literary circles by his depth of thought, his originality, his perception, his power of style and expression, all the qualities which go to the formation of literary genius, The country is the poorer for his death. By its awful suddenness he was spared much that he would have felt mentally as well as bodily.

THE PROVINCIAL PERFORMANCES OF WAGNER'S "THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG"

THE primary importance of the recent presentation in Leeds, Manchester, and Glasgow of Richard Wagner's tetralogy "The Ring of the Nibelung" relates to its musical aspect and to the musical state of the country. Not far removed from this, however, are the dramatic, scenic, literary, and humanist aspects. The laws which make for the success or failure of such an undertaking are not merely those of the music of the people, but of their artistic, and therefore of their higher life generally. The musical condition of the districts lying around these great cities, though far from being ideal, is such as to form a good soil upon which the enthusiast who knows may sow his seed of interest and curiosity. The actual materials for the production of a great musical work are probably more suitable in Great Britain than in any other country in the world. British vocalists and instrumentalists, as individuals, are generally admitted to be unsurpassed, while the former have shown lately that they are by no means lacking in histrionic ability. The dramatic sense of the people is perhaps not so keen either by nature or training as is their musical feeling. What there is of it has certainly been neglected or distorted since pageants have taken the place of plays. Still less or worse is the general artistic sense of the average Englishman. Art is not a sufficiently vital force among the commercial and working communities to be accepted by them as a complete and inseparable entity. Each art is to them a separate thing arising only from the direction of the taste in pastimes. They do not realise any common source of all arts, and therefore fail to grasp the possibility of any expression of thought or life through a combination of them all. *Ars una, species mille,* they do not recognise, but rather regard art and kind as equal in number and proportion.

Yet these performances have proved the conditions to be not quite as bad as many would have us believe, and have done a really great work in assisting to better them. Incidentally they have done much also in showing the capabilities of individual artists, and affording opportunities of experience of which there are too few. They have also served to introduce to a district where his genius will be amply appreciated a truly great conductor in the person of Hofkapellmeister Michael Balling. So far as sheer achievement is concerned the outstanding feature of the whole undertaking has been the conducting of Herr Balling. To take a single but important point, he showed the old idea that the orchestral writing of Wagner necessarily drowns the voices to be utterly fallacious, and this without the aid of a covered well such as exists at Beyreuth and Munich. With an orchestra numbering over eighty scarcely a single note of the vocal part was missed, and the mutual support of stage ond orchestra was nearly perfect. Even to those whose knowledge of Wagnerian methods was limited to the last degree the association of voice, gesture, scene, and orchestra was helpful, and this fact may be taken as a tribute to the all-round excellence of the representation, as well as to the effectiveness of the manner in which the association is brought about.

The particulars in which the work most nearly failed to make an appeal to the British audiences were the long recapitulations of what has gone before, and the lack of choral items. Why the latter should be a detriment to the appreciation by so utilitarian a race as that of our islands it is difficult to say. Presumably it is on musical, not dramatic, grounds that it is so, but that the condition does exist the careful observer could not fail to see, although applause, except at the end of each Act, was not permitted.

The essentially British character of the audiences was somewhat striking, especially in Leeds and Manchester, where German and Jewish elements in the population are considerable. It almost appeared that the proportions of British and foreign elements were about the same in the audiences as in the body of people engaged in the production. Though the conductor, assistant-conductor, and stage music conductor, as well as the promoter, were all Germans, yet the production was more British than Teutonic. The thirty-four characters were presented by some twenty British artists, and the orchestra consisted mainly of members of the Scottish Orchestra, of whom few, if any, are immigrants. The individual triumphs of Madame

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Gleeson White as "Brynhilda" (who was quite equal to Miss Agnes Nicholls, who had previously appeared in the part), of Mr. John Coates as "Siegfried," Mr. Frederic Austin as "Wotan," and Miss Edna Thornton in four minor parts, including those of "Erda" and "Flosshilde," cannot be passed by without a word of highest praise; and the stage management under Mr. T. C. Fairbairn, though not flawless, must be acknowledged as having overcome in a praiseworthy manner difficulties of an exceptional character.

Persistent rumour has it that Herr Denhof is making arrangements for the formation of a more permanent institution with the object of presenting this and other Wagnerian works on an adequate scale in the provinces. After the highly successful issue of his latest undertaking, this will surely be a desirable consummation of his efforts.

CROMWELL'S HEAD

By Montagu Wood

A goodly number of correspondents have charged into print the last few days to express their enthusiasm on the discovery of Cromwell's head, which has been picked up by somebody somewhere and is guaranteed as a genuine curio. One writer, however, has surpassed all others, and probably himself, in the eloquence and exuberance with which he capitulates the merits of the great Protector, and denounces the barbarity of a bygone generation which it is the duty of this generation to redress—the barbarity consisting in the fact that subsequent to Cromwell's decease the said head was summarily dissevered from the rest of Cromwell. The enthusiast in question, however, seems singularly to overlook the circumstance that posthumous decapitation, though designedly uncomplimentary, is by no means a barbarous, and is certainly a painless, process of penalisation. On the other hand, the victim of this comparatively innocuous operation did not hesitate to remove the head of his leading antagonist from off his shoulders when the antagonist was in an animate condition, a procedure that can hardly commend itself to the humanitarian or to the anti-vivisectionist.

Cromwell was undoubtedly a great Englishman, one of the very greatest Englishmen these islands have ever evolved, and hence it was only meet and fitting that a statue should be erected in his honour a few years back in the metropolis of the Empire, save that by a strange freak of irony and defective humour in its promoters it was established under the very walls of the House of Commons, whose existence he had used armed violence to suppress. Cromwell was in fact a typical Radical. He posed as a faithful soldier of Parliament, and his earliest exhibition of power was to compass its destruction. He posed as a Brutus and an ally of liberty, and he had no compunction in evincing himself to be a Cæsar and an unconscionable trampler upon freedom. Above all, he originated as a fiery vituperator of the methods of Strafford, probably the first statesman of his century in Ireland, while he himself applied to that distressful country a ferocity of treatment unequalled in its annals. He was thus a very congenial prototype of the Radical party to-day, who talk glibly of the voice of the people and gerrymander its utterance, who vilify the peerage and scramble over one another for its honours, who thump tubs to belaud the sanctities of the Constitution, and are agog to tear it in pieces to serve the purpose of the hour. There have been two great outrages on the independence of Parliament in history: one the arrest of the five members, and the other the disbanding of its components by Cromwell; but the worst and least remediable is the one which will now come to pass, if it is to come to pass, when the first items of a squalid regiment of ignoble noblemen slink into the Upper Chamber to degrade it equally by their presence and their votes. There is no need to pay any very special ceremonial reverence to Cromwell's head, though doubtless it has a considerable value to any collector of anatomical bric-à-brac; but if it should be decided to deposit it with much devotional circumstance in Westminster Abbey, then would it not be as well, in the same spirit, as a pendant to Cromwell's statue standing sentinel to the House of Commons, to erect an effigy of Mr. Asquith smirking at the House of Lords?

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

VIII.—THE GREAT MAN

To the people who do not write it must seem odd that men and women should be willing to sacrifice their lives in the endeavour to find new arrangements and combinations of words with which to express old thoughts and older emotions, yet that is not an unfair statement of the task of the literary artist. Words—symbols that represent the noises that human beings make with their tongues and lips and teeth—lie within our grasp like the fragments of a jig-saw puzzle, and we fit them into faulty pictures until our hands grow weary and our eyes can no longer pretend to see the truth. In order to illustrate an infinitesimal fraction of our lives by means of this preposterous game we are willing to sacrifice all the rest. While ordinary efficient men and women are enjoying the promise of the morning, the fulfilment of the afternoon, the tranquillity of evening, we are still trying to discover a fitting epithet for the dew of dawn. For us Spring paves the woods with beautiful words rather than flowers, and when we look into the eyes of our mistress we see nothing but adjectives. Love is an occasion for songs; Death but the overburdened father of all our saddest phrases. We are of those who are born crying into the world because they cannot speak, and we end, like Stevenson, by looking forward to our death because we have written a good epitaph. Sometimes in the course of our frequent descents from heaven to the waste-paper basket we feel that we lose too much to accomplish so little. Does a handful of love-songs really outweigh the smile of a pretty girl, or a hardly-written romance compensate the author for months of lost adventure? We have only one life to live, and we spend the greater part of it writing the history of dead hours. Our lives lack balance because we find it hard to discover a mean between the triolet we wrote last night and the big book we are going to start to-morrow, and also because living only with our heads we tend to become top-heavy. We justify our present discomfort with the promise of a bright future of flowers and sunshine and gladdest life, though we know that in the garden of art there are many chrysalides and few butterflies. Few of us are fortunate enough to accomplish anything that was in the least worth doing, so we fall back on the arid philosophy that it is effort alone that counts.

Luckily—or suicide would be the rule rather than the exception for artists—the long process of disillusionment is broken by hours when even the most self-critical feel nobly and indubitably great; and this is the only reward that most artists ever have for their labours, if we set a higher price on art than money. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the artist is fully rewarded, for the common man can have no conception of the joy that is to be found in belonging, though but momentarily and illusively, to the aristocracy of genius. To find the just word for all our emotions, to realise that our most trivial thought is illimitably creative, to feel that it is our lot to keep life's

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gladdest promises, to see the great souls of men and women, steadfast in existence as stars in a windless pool—these, indeed, are no ordinary pleasures. Moreover, these hours of our illusory greatness endow us in their passing with a melancholy that is not tainted with bitterness. We have nothing to regret; we are in truth the richer for our rare adventure. We have been permitted to explore the ultimate possibilities of our nature, and if we might not keep this newly-discovered territory, at least we did not return from our travels with empty hands. Something of the glamour lingers, something perhaps of the wisdom, and it is with a heightened passion, a fiercer enthusiasm, that we set ourselves once more to our life-long task of chalking pink salmon and pinker sunsets on the pavements of the world.

Last week I met an Englishman in the forest that starts outside Brussels and stretches for a long day's journey across the hills. We found a little *café* under the trees, and sat in the sun talking about modern English literature all the afternoon. In this way we discovered that we had a common standpoint from which we judged works of art, though our judgments differed pleasantly and provided us with materials for agreeable discussion. By the time we had divided three bottles of Gueze Lambic, the noble beer of Belgium, we had already sketched out a scheme for the ideal literary newspaper. In other words, we had achieved friendship.

When the afternoon grew suddenly cold, the Englishman led me off to tea at his house, which was half-way up the hill out of Woluwe. It was one of those modern country cottages that Belgian architects steal openly and without shame from their English *confrères*. We were met at the garden-gate by his daughter, a dark-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen, so unreasonably beautiful that she made a disillusioned journalist feel like a sad line out of one of the saddest poems of Francis Thompson. In my mind I christened her Monica, because I did not like her real name. The house, with its old furniture, its library, where the choice of books was clearly dictated by individual prejudices and affections, and its unambitious parade of domestic happiness heightened my melancholy. While tea was being prepared Monica showed me the garden. Only a few daffodils and crocuses were in bloom, but she led me to the rose-garden, and told me that in the summer she could pick a great basket of roses every day. I pictured Monica to myself, gathering her roses on a breathless summer afternoon, and returned to the house feeling like a battened version of the Reverend Laurence Sterne. I knew that I had gathered all my roses, and I thought regretfully of the chill loneliness of the world that lay beyond the limits of this paradise.

This mood lingered with me during tea, and it was not till that meal was over that the miracle happened. I do not know whether it was the Englishman or his wife that wrought the magic; or perhaps it was Monica, nibbling "speculations" with her sharp white teeth; but at all events I was led with delicate diplomacy to talk about myself, and I presently realised that I was performing the grateful labour really well. My words were warmed into life by an eloquence that is not ordinarily mine, my adjectives were neither commonplace nor far-fetched, my adverbs fell into their sockets with a sob of joy. I spoke of myself with a noble sympathy, a compassion so intense that it seemed divinely altruistic. And gradually, as the spirit of creation woke in my blood, I revealed, trembling between a natural sensitiveness and a generous abandonment of restraint, the inner life of a man of genius.

I passed lightly by his misunderstood childhood to concentrate my sympathies on the literary struggles of his youth. I spoke of the ignoble environment, the material hardships, the masterpieces written at night to be condemned in the morning, the songs of his heart that were too great for his immature voice to sing; and all the while I bade them watch the fire of his faith burning with a constant and quenchless flame. I traced the development of his powers, and instanced some of his poems, my poems, which I recited so well that they sounded to me, and I swear to them also, like staves from an angelic hymn-book. I asked their compassion for the man who, having such things in his heart, was compelled to waste his hours in sordid journalistic labours.

So by degrees I brought them to the present time, when, fatigued by a world that would not acknowledge the truth of his message, the man of genius was preparing to retire from life, in order to devote himself to the composition of five or six masterpieces. I described these masterpieces to them in outline, with a suggestive detail dashed in here and there to show how they would be finished. Nothing is easier than to describe unwritten literary masterpieces in outline; but by that time I had thoroughly convinced my audience and myself, and we looked upon these things as completed books. The atmosphere was charged with the spirit of high endeavour, of wonderful accomplishment. I heard the Englishman breathing deeply, and through the dusk I was aware of the eyes of Monica, the wide, vague eyes of a young girl in which youth can find exactly what it pleases.

It is a good thing to be great once or twice in our lives, and that night I was wise enough to depart before the inevitable anti-climax. At the gate the Englishman pressed me warmly by the hand and begged me to honour his house with my presence again. His wife echoed the wish, and Monica looked at me with those vacant eyes, that but a few years ago I would have charged with the wine of my song. As I stood in the tram on my way back to Brussels I felt like a man recovering from a terrible debauch, and I knew that the brief hour of my pride was over, to return, perhaps, no more. Work was impossible to a man who had expressed considerably more than he had to express, so I went into a *café* where there was a string band to play sentimental music over the corpse of my genius. Chance took me to a table presided over by a waiter I singularly detest, and the last embers of my greatness enabled me to order my drink in a voice so passionate that he looked at me aghast and fled. By the time he returned with my bock the tale was finished, and I tried to buy his toleration with an enormous *pourboire*.

No; I will return to that house on the hill above Woluwe no more, not even to see Monica standing on tip-toe to pick her roses. For I have left a giant's robe hanging on a peg in the hall, and I would not have those amiable people see how utterly incapable I am of filling it under normal conditions. I feel, besides, a kind of sentimental tenderness for this illusion fated to have so short a life. I am no Herod to slaughter babies, and it pleases me to think that it lingers yet in that delightful house with the books and the old furniture and Monica, even though I myself shall probably never see it again, even though the Englishman watches the publishers' announcements for the masterpieces that will never appear.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

"SINGAPURA"

BY SYDNEY M. ENGLISH

"SINGAPURA" knows many travellers; they come and go, pass into her gates and pass out again. But Singapore herself remains unchanged. Ceaseless the swirl of her rivers, changeless the tide of her seas, unsilenced the peal of her bells; she will remain, undaunted, the Lion-City for ever.

In Penang, and later at Port Swettenham—that perfervid port we visited for our sins—we caught our first glimpse of

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the East; or, stay, was it not as we wended our slow way along the Canal, as we viewed the red hills of the desert, in sight of that long line of dauntless pilgrims, marching, ever marching, to the goal of their desire, or the death which may overtake them on their way?

But Singapore is not the East to us; it is not still enough. To and fro, to and fro swarm those units from the boats, crowding the streets, and filling the hotels. Time is of value in Singapore; tide and ships—even cargo-boats—when once their business is concluded, wait for no man.

"How long will it take me to see Singapore?" I asked my friend and guide. He looked at me doubtfully; he knew the East fairly well himself.

"You can see it in a couple of days," he said, at length, "or if not in that time, it will probably take years. I have been in Singapore three years myself and I do not know the place yet."

"Do as you will with me," I returned, "only show me what is real. The boat leaves again in three days' time."

So we did Singapore. Not as the average tourist "does" a place. Why should we? We had no time to waste. First—for we left the boat in the afternoon—we had tea at the cricket-club; then, as the hour grew near, we drove in rickshaws to that summer rendezvous of the residents of Singapore situate along the beach at Katong. Dinner here, underneath the cocoanut-trees, and then the lonely drive back again through the cocoanut plantation into the dark grove of banyan and mango trees. . . .

No lights on either side, only the elfish flames of fire-flies and glow-worms, like will-o'-the-wisps, illuminating this corner, now that, leading us on one moment but to leave us in a greater darkness the next. All is silence about us, a silence filled with mystery and life, broken here and there by the hoarse barking of a giant bull-frog, or the amorous call of the lizard.

Looking back, our faith must have been great in our sure-footed rickshaw-pullers who seemed to find their way along the rough path by instinct, or long habit, rather than by any sense of sight or hearing. Once on the open road again I sat up. "Where to now?" I asked. My guide smiled. "To China Town. I think it will interest you. It is—well, the real thing."

It was indeed. From Lavender Road—what a sweet name for so undeserving a district!—we made our way into the native quarters. It was growing late, though but few shops had shut yet. The smell of flaring oil floats mingled with aromatic joss-sticks and the lights from the spluttering wicks fell on the up-turned faces of Chinaman, Kling, Malay, Arab, and Parsee, giving an expression of almost ferocious grotesqueness to their usually expressionless countenances. And, as I tramped those uneven streets, finding my unaccustomed way over cobble stones where at home would be well-paved crossings, stepping blithely over wooden planks and railings, came my first vivid sense of the reality of the East. For the first time since my departure from the old country I could put out of my mind the artificiality of trumpery villages, streets of cardboard shops, and tinsel mosques offered for our enchantment at so-called Eastern Exhibitions at home; electric-lit Earl's Courts and coloured-fountained Shepherd's Bushes—comic operas of emerald-hued canvas and the like. The East, China and Japan, forsooth! This was something different.

"Oh," I sighed, "now I know. I can feel it——"

"What?"

A party of young Englishmen turned and glanced at me as I lifted my face. Very plainly I heard them say, though I do not think that their lips moved: "Out from home; a new chum."

"You are not disappointed?" asked my friend searchingly.

For a moment I did not answer. "Are people generally?" I returned then. But I knew his answer.

"I think they look for the wrong things. Come——"

And he dived into a native store, hung with rich, silken embroideries of every hue and design. The men in the shop eyed us lazily. "Don't they want to sell anything?" I whispered, when we had passed round the store unsolicited. Apparently they did not; or, at least, were accustomed to the ways of the overpowering white race who so casually turned over their goods with no intention of purchasing.

We next visited a working-jeweller, and admired the skill with which he manipulated the most primitive of tools no less than his quiet ignoring of our presence by his side. Here I was first initiated into the mysteries of the abacus, that wonderful counting-board used by the Chinese in their reckoning. Perhaps during my passage through China Town what struck me most was the lack of enthusiasm shown by the busy workers, their infinite patience and unflagging industry. So they go on day after day without rest, without holiday, save for that great festival the Chinese New Year.

Now out into the crowded road again, dodging rickshaws, motor-cars—generally driven and owned by Chinamen—and expert bullock-drivers, investigating the hawkers' stalls, so unlike anything we have ever seen in Western countries, on which dried particles of vegetables, meat, or fish, strung on a stick, are exposed for sale. Or steaming pots of other curious and unappetising concoctions, the contents of which we think it wiser not to investigate too closely. But at the corner of the road is gathered a larger crowd. Some one is doing a big trade there to-night, and as we make towards that group of eager shoppers our nostrils are assailed by an overpowering odour quite indescribable.

"Durian. . . ." muttered my companion. I looked at him, inquiringly. "Is that it?" I asked, thinking of all that I had heard about this wonderful fruit of the East. "But how can one ever like it?"

He shook his head. "Oh, it is an acquired taste and the fruit is not so bad when it is out of its shell, I believe. In fact folk say it is delicious when once you get used to it."

I was willing to take his word for that and quickened my footsteps, leaving that unsavoury corner almost at a run. We were just passing a Chinese temple and I asked eagerly if we might not enter one and see what it was like, but my companion overruled the suggestion.

"Not to-night," he said. "To-morrow we will go up to Johore, and you will see the celebrated place of worship there. Now I am going to take you to the "Europe;" I promised. And you will, besides, have an opportunity of sampling some of the strange beverages indigenous to this part of the world in particular."

At the "Europe" there was a ball in progress. A party of friends from another hotel soon joined us, and we found ourselves studying the cosmopolitan crowd of men and women gathered together—men of all nations, women of all climes. Even at hospitable little Monaco I have never met so many species of differing characteristics. Having already sampled a *Number Dua*, I resolutely refused the counter-attractions of *Stengahs*, *Pahits*, and the like, accepting instead what is commonly called by the American fraternity a "soft drink"—in this case a mild lime-squash. Those who have visited the East are no doubt familiar with these terms, and may have been, as I was, equally struck with their number and variety.

The next day we took the train to Johore. Here is the great Mosque visited by so many travellers; here are also the gambling-dens frequented by the Chinese and quite a sprinkling of the white population. An account of the

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games of chance practised would require an article at least, if not a volume, of considerable length.

From the primitive little station of Woodlands we boarded the ferry which takes one across the narrow strait dividing Singapore from the Malay peninsula. Enthusiastic sportsmen will tell you that tigers have been known to swim this strait and land on the island, thus becoming a mark for their unerring guns. Be that as it may, I preferred to take their word for the presence of the tiger and the invincibility of our doughty sportsmen. I found my present experiences varied enough. As we approached the verandah of the Mosque a thrill of anticipation set my nerves tingling, and this was intensified later by the ceremony which must inevitably follow before permission is granted to tread those sacred floors.

"Remove your shoes," whispered my companion to me. And as I stopped to perform this act of homage the thrill that had struck through my being mounted until it pervaded my senses, filling me for a space with a strange sensation as of mental detachment. My bared feet touched the cold marble of the floors and a shiver ran through me. For a brief moment my thoughts turned longingly to the brilliant sunshine outside those walls, the blue of the skies and the free air. Then I recovered myself and marched forward at the bidding of the priest.

It was wonderful, of course, but it was also wonderfully disappointing. The effect of our surroundings was partially lost; the almost superstitious awe that seized us upon entering was fast evaporating; even the kneeling figures of the devotees praying to their Allah lost something of their impressiveness before a feeling of helpless weariness that now cooled our once ardent expectation. We glanced with something akin to despair at the tawdry decoration of the building, the tinsel, the cut-glass chandelier—imported from either Birmingham or Germany—clashing, how vividly, with the Oriental splendour of other portions of the Mosque interior.

An inquisitive inspection of the altar and incense-burners was not permitted, for the priest hurried us up the modern spiral stairway to the parapet of the roof above. From the dome of the building we caught a magnificent bird's-eye view of the surrounding country, including the Straits and Singapore. Here we also had a good sight of the Sultan's palace, and in the distance the Union Jack flying over the Residency was plainly visible. Just for a moment I fancied myself back in the old country again; a longing for England and home possessed me. Then a word recalled me to the present; slowly we made our way down the staircase again, donned our shoes, and entered the white, sun-baked streets once more.

Whilst sitting on the verandah of the hotel, before taking the ferry back to Singapore, we witnessed another interesting spectacle. A magnificent Mercédès car proclaimed the presence of the Sultan himself. The Sultan of Johore is a familiar figure, well known both East and West; as a man as well as a potentate he is a fine specimen of his race and worthy of notice.

But sight-seeing for the time being had nearly come to an end. Hot, infinitely weary, yet with a pleased sense of many pleasant memories stored for future sifting and appraising, I took farewell of those friends I had made on the island. The following morning, before re-embarkation, I devoted to shopping in the more civilised part of the town, and very good shops are to be found in Singapore. With renewed interest I marked the progress of the Chinaman at this great Doorway of the East, a progress as steady as it is unquestioned.

There is little doubt that had the Chinese been allowed to settle on the Rand, and had they been given equal liberty there, as in Singapore, they would have done in the Transvaal what they have done in this place—they would have crowded out the native in business as in labour, and, stepping over the heads of the white and black man alike, they would have acquired for themselves the monopoly in matters commercial. For Singapore is essentially a Chinese town to day; theirs is the capital and the labour, and Europeans do no fail to recognise this fact.

"Would you like to stay in Singapore?" some one asked me as I was leaving to join the boat *en route* for Hong Kong.

"Does any one ever like to stay in the East?" I asked. "Do they not come here to make money; to do the work of the moment, then return *home* to live and die?"

As I spoke I cast a last look round the old town, its white streets and uneven bizarre-looking buildings, picturesque even in unloveliness; its dark-skinned, gaily-clothed native population; its white-robed, white-skinned men and women. . . . "How tired one must get of white in Singapore—sometimes!" I thought. And at length I turned my gaze seaward. "Singapura," I murmured, "great City of the Lion"—for that, I believe, is the meaning of its ancient name"—"her gates are always open. Hers are the gates of the Far East, stretched wide to speed the parting guest, ever open to receive him when he comes back again, as assuredly he must one day."

For we all come back to Singapore, sooner or later.

FRENCH REVIEWS

"Le Mercure de France"

There is an abundance of good reading in the two April numbers of this well-written and enterprising review. Already in September last it printed many previously unpublished letters from Mérimée to his English friend Sutton Sharpe, and the issue for April 1st contains a further large batch of this vivacious correspondence which brings Mérimée so vividly before us. It shows him under all sorts of aspects—ordering English works on Architecture, setting out on one or another journey as Inspector-General of Historical Monuments, arranging dinner-parties with celebrities of all kinds, airing his dislike of Thiers, whose "History of the Consulate and the Empire" he declares to be so much "humbug" (*sic*), and in almost the same breath commenting on the policy of Earl Grey and Lord Althorpe and opening a secret credit of £20 on behalf of a feminine friend, in order that Sutton Sharpe may buy her a mantle and some stockings! We notice, by the way, that the name "Hawhins" frequently appears in these letters; we have not been able to identify the person referred to, but "Hawhins" must surely be a misprint for Hawkins, and the error should be rectified if the correspondence is reprinted in a volume.

Among the many able papers in this same number of *Le Mercure* is one by M. Serval appealing to all students of Balzac. It is the fruit of much investigation into the latter's novel, "La Rabouilleuse," most of the persons and places mentioned in which it identifies, thus showing how largely Balzac drew from the life. In the "Revue de la Quinzaine" there are several amusing anecdotes of Renan, of which here is a brief specimen: When Eugène Manuel was a candidate for the French Academy his worthy spouse made the usual visits to solicit the support of the members. "It will kill him if he is not elected," said she to Renan, who thereupon charitably promised her his vote. Manuel was not elected, however, and directly a fresh vacancy occurred his wife

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again called upon the Academicians. "Excuse me, madam," said Renan, rubbing his eyes when he saw her; "but I could have sworn that Monsieur Manuel was dead."

In *Le Mercure* for April 16th M. H. D. Davray, its reviewer of English literature, takes occasion to say some very kind things of THE ACADEMY, and to praise the independence of its literary criticism; in which connection M. Davray advises all his French *confrères* to read Mr. Cecil Cowper's recent "judicious and witty article" on Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, "whom people have tried to present to us in France as an interesting author." We will not quote M. Davray's own opinion of Mr. Oppenheim; our readers will find it for themselves in *Le Mercure*. To the same number of the review M. Paul Louis, who has long made the economic side of Roman history his special study, contributes an important article on "Le double Prolétariat antique," while other interesting papers are M. Borély's "Visite à J. H. Fabre"—the great but long unrecognised master of entomological science—and M. Marcel Fosseyeux's account of Abbé Blache, the priest whose name occurs so often in connection with the poisoning plots of the reign of Louis XIV.

"LA REVUE BLEUE"

In the issue of this popular periodical for April 1st M. Jacques Lux gives his readers a skilful *précis* of the interesting article on Olive Schreiner and her work which Mr. Frank Harris lately contributed to THE ACADEMY; and M. F. Caussy resumes the publication (begun last December) of Voltaire's letters to members of the Florian family, with which the great writer became connected by the marriage of one of his nieces. Although Voltaire describes himself in several of these epistles as a poor, bedridden old man suffering from fever, gout, and a convulsive cough, they abound in sprightly touches, showing that his wit remained as vivacious as ever, in spite of his increasing infirmities. "The English do not compose as many songs as we do," he writes on one occasion, "but they do their business a great deal better. The King of Prussia (Frederick the Great) does his better still." At another time he says, "There has been a 'revolution' in Luchet's fortune. . . . I am waiting for the 'revolution' at Paris. . . . A dog belonging to a Genevese has come and killed fifteen turkey cocks and six fat pullets in my farmyard. Those are the 'revolutions' which one experiences in the country." We should like to quote a good deal more, but have not space to do so. Still we will add that these letters abound in materials for a study of the real Voltaire such as no scholar has yet given us.

In *La Revue Bleue* for April 8th, M. Paul Louis, to one of whose contributions to *Le Mercure de France* we have already referred, supplies an illuminating sketch of class struggles in republican and imperial Rome; while the number for April 15th contains the first part of a recent lecture by M. Raymond Poincaré, of the French Academy, in which he rightly rehabilitates the formerly contemned Jules Ferry, who was really one of the ablest statesmen the Third Republic has possessed. In the same *Revue Bleue* M. Paul Matter, who has undertaken the attractive task of showing how much many great men have owed to their mothers, gives a delightful account of Adèle de Sellon, who became the mother of Cavour. It is certain that she greatly influenced him for good in the crisis of his early manhood. She roused him from the despair into which he was plunged by an unhappy infatuation, and weaned him from an inordinate passion for gambling; and his letters show that, in after-life, when he was accomplishing great things for his country, he attributed to her affection, influence, and teaching all that was best and worthiest in him. Happy the mothers with such sons, and the sons with such mothers!

E. A. V.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE EMPIRE AND WORLD POLITICS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

ATTENTION has recently been drawn to the need for a free interchange of ideas with our Dominions beyond the seas, aimed at shaping what is termed an Imperial Foreign Policy, and the Government have been urged to give full facilities for a discussion on the subject at the coming Conference. It is suggested that some concrete scheme should be prepared which would enable Colonial Governments to keep constantly in touch with the Foreign Office. Proceeding even farther, Mr. Guinness, during the debate in the House of Commons, boldly advocated the creation of a portfolio of Imperial Affairs. The Government believe that the subject will arise naturally in the course of the debate on the question of Imperial Defence, and they have given a promise that no useful information shall be withheld from the Conference. It is obvious that a discussion of this kind must be conducted under the cloak of secrecy. Therefore, to a large extent, the assurances of the Government that the matter will be adequately dealt with must be accepted. Unless, however, a permanent plan be devised for the admission of our Colonies to the confidential deliberations of Downing Street, then the forthcoming Conference will have failed in its most important duty.

At the same time it must be confessed that the obstacles to be met with in the elaboration of an Imperial foreign policy are more formidable than would appear to be the case at first glance. The gathering of Premiers at intervals of four years in the capital of the Empire would not in itself seem to provide the ideal medium for an exchange of views on high policy. To all who are acquainted with the sensitiveness of diplomacy it is clear that extreme care must be exercised in devising a means of discussing this supremely important subject over so wide a sphere as the Empire. Among the various solutions suggested has been the raising of the status of the Agents-General to something like that possessed by Ambassadors or Ministers Plenipotentiary. At present their mission, which is to promote commerce between the Mother Country and her colonies, is not without its less tangible, though equally important, objects, and their zealous services are undeniably of great value to the cause of Imperial unity. But we may with reason doubt whether our international relations would benefit by the presence in the capital of a sort of Advisory Council of Colonial Diplomatic Representatives such as that which is proposed in some quarters. It is not so much any antagonism that may exist in the minds of our official class in regard to so startling an innovation into diplomatic procedure as the possible effect it might be calculated to exercise upon our relations with other countries that must be carefully weighed.

A wise and accepted rule of statecraft decrees that nothing shall be done to impair the authority of the Minister of the Crown who is responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs. Other countries realise that in negotiating with Sir Edward Grey, or whoever may occupy his office at the moment, they are dealing with a single individual in whose personality is reposed the interests of the British Empire, and whose word is that of the British Empire. Moreover, they communicate to him information on the understanding and with the knowledge that it shall not pass outside the portals of Downing Street. The Foreign Secretary has, of course, a staff of departmental advisers—men possessing expert knowledge of the problems of different parts of the world—and to this staff it might prove distinctly advantageous to add a number of permanent Colonial advisers. But it is

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beyond question that the raising of Agents-General to the diplomatic status would be looked upon abroad with something akin to dismay. Similar objections are to be urged against the creation of a Minister for Imperial Affairs, whose principal task, it is understood, would be to act as a medium for bringing foreign policy into line with Colonial sentiment. The functions of such an office could not fail to clash with that paramount authority which must be secured to the Foreign Secretary if, as representing the British Empire, he is to pursue a safe and, at the same time, a consistent course of action. Yet there is urgent need that something be done to serve the aims of Imperial unity by devising a method of giving effect to an Imperial foreign policy. The utterance of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who stated that "one did not want to say beforehand what would be of interest and what would not, but one could imagine that South Africa was not particularly interested in Servia or Montenegro," does not disclose a remarkably enthusiastic attitude towards the coming Conference. Were Great Britain to become involved in complications over the Near East, then it is sincerely to be hoped that South Africa would be very much interested in that part of the world. No greater disservice could be rendered to the cause of patriotism than to preach the doctrine of "water-tight compartments" as applied to Imperial interests. Were this principle to guide the administration of our over-sea Dominions each Colony would be for itself, and the dismemberment of the Empire would become imminent.

It is the maintenance and the development of the true Imperial idea, the interdependence of Great Britain and the Colonies, that should be advocated. The British Government must recognise that the Colonies have a stake in our foreign policy, and are anxious to be given an opportunity of taking their part in its fulfilment. If their wishes in this respect are met, then they will realise that the heart of the British Empire, of which they are the limbs, lies in Europe, and their views will broaden so as to enable them to show a lively interest in the affairs of Europe—affairs which directly affect themselves because they are of concern to England—the headquarters of Empire. Nor, with a more intimate exchange of opinions, will it be possible for Downing Street to overlook the trend of Colonial policy. There is, unfortunately, abundant evidence that at present our conduct of foreign relations is utterly at cross-purposes with Colonial legislation. Speaking at Toronto in 1907, Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that—"Our diplomatic relations carried on by the British Government have not been so successful as we could have wished them to be. If we take the record of diplomacy of Great Britain, so far as Canada is concerned, it has been a sacrifice of Canadian interests." As the aspect of the question to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier alludes is of supreme importance, and, owing to the limitations of space, cannot be satisfactorily dealt with here, I will return to the subject next week.

FEZ—AND AFTER.

Anarchy once more reigns in Morocco. A French flying column is marching on besieged Fez, where, anxiously awaiting relief, there are a number of foreigners, including several English ladies. The German Press has seized upon the occasion to indulge in captious criticism of French policy. Happily, however, the German Government takes the sane view that, where foreign lives are imperilled, military measures, within the provisions of the Act of Algeciras, are fully justified. France has been expressly invited by Mulai Hafid to take action. Having once entered the field on his behalf, it will not be easy to restrict the sphere of operations. To restore anything like a state of widespread and abiding tranquillity such as to render the Sultan's throne secure would be a long, hazardous, and expensive undertaking. The French forces will, of course, relieve Fez in a few days, but the question may well be asked: "After Fez, what then?" The German attitude is that of "waiting to see."

DAVID RICARDO*

Professor Hollander's monograph is in many ways a valuable contribution to a better understanding of a remarkable worker in a science little known to the world in his time. It specially emphasises the notable fact, with many admirable instances, that the output of David Ricardo's labours in economic research was drawn from the actualities which crowded round him in his capacity of financier and business-man. This point is the more important to remember in these days, as the tendency of many a party-ridden controversialist is to stigmatise—even as it was in the time of the Father of the Deductive Method—any chamber-philosopher, however accurate his conclusions may be or however closely his reasoning may be corroborated by the observations and records of the workers in the fields of industry and commerce. The author has done well, in view of the wrong impression which has so long prevailed concerning Ricardo's mental equipment, method, and attitude, to divide his book into three distinct yet illuminatingly interlinked sections—the life, the work, the influence of the great thinker. Each of these essays is indispensable for a just and correct interpretation of the man, of the writer in some degree, or at any rate of what should be the world's estimate of his labours.

Nevertheless it should be borne in mind that Professor Hollander, though a careful and conscientious critic, is in some sense the intellectual victim of the very mistaken conclusions of the teacher he so eloquently upholds. That Ricardo thought soundly and clearly on most points any one with an unfettered conception of the economic laws and their subtle workings would unstintingly admit. It must not be overlooked or ignored, however, that Ricardo, like many another valiant searcher after truth of his own and other times, suffered under the domination of the Currency Theories, even as many economists, in other respects sound, suffer to-day. Professor Hollander, though in the course of his work he is not slow to point out one or two minor mistakes committed by Adam Smith, fails to draw attention to the one fatal, though forgivable, fallacy for which that great master of the science was responsible—namely, the statement that the prosperity of a country depends on the circulation of the "currency" or money, a statement which has led to endless confusion and paved the way to the retrogression from which we suffer to-day. Of course, had Adam Smith lived in these days he would probably have never allowed himself to be sponsor to such a palpable error, for he would have seen that "currency" or "money" plays the least significant part in the workings of financial, commercial, and industrial activity, and that it would play even a paltrier part in relation to credit—that most potent instrument of production—if the arbitrary State prohibitions and restrictions in all civilised communities regarding credit and banking were removed. It is natural enough, in the first instance, that such a fallacy should have been committed and, to a certain extent, pardonable that it should have been perpetuated. But are we to be ever the slaves of authority-worship and to allow ourselves to endorse the mistakes of our greatest men because of their infallibility in other

* *David Ricardo: a Centenary Estimate.* By Jacob H. Hollander, Professor of Political Economy in the Johns Hopkins University. (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. $1.)

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respects? The time has surely come when such an error should be expunged for ever from the text-books, and the general bewilderment it has engendered set at rest.

Had Professor Hollander broken away from this dominating error in economics, he would have saved himself much trouble and his readers greater puzzlement in facing the long drawn-out and meticulous arguments on a variety of subjects running through his book—a work which is characterised by a sound spirit of research, a thorough mastery of a mass of data, and, wherever dubious points are avoided, written throughout with a praiseworthy clearness.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE account which has just ended has not been altogether pleasant. Indeed it has brought many disappointments. We cannot always go on buying shares and never paying for them; sooner or later the money-lender steps in. As a result some of those whose credit was weak have been squeezed out. In many stocks the fall has been serious. It is quite possible that we may see the liquidation continued through another account. Yet everybody is confident that the set-back is only temporary.

The Morocco question has cropped up again, and assumes, as usual, that mysterious air which is so inseparable from Eastern diplomacy. It is difficult to get at the exact truth, but it is quite clear from the tone of the German papers that the despatch of French troops will be made the excuse to extort favours from the Quai D'Orsay. Although nothing serious is either expected or intended, the incident is disquieting. It has had the effect of causing nervous people on the Continent to sell Consols, and it has also created a bear account in our premier security.

The Supreme Court again declined to give any decision in the Trust cases, and this kept the Yankee market dull and lifeless. Americans do not now influence the City, but there is usually some business doing, and this has quite faded away. The Rubber Sales added to the depression, and the bears seized the opportunity to hammer the leading shares, without gaining very much by their courage.

There has been a variety of new companies put before us. The much-talked-of Porcupine issue has been made. The policy of giving no details in the prospectus and relying upon the prestige of the promoters and those associated with them may prove profitable, and we are told that very wonderful news is ready to be published as soon as the allotment is made. This is a curious method; we shall watch the effect with some interest. The British Empire Trust have brought out their Lumber Company, and, as Sir William MacKenzie is on the board, it will probably go; but the security is vague, and no one can say that a debenture is the proper name to apply to such stock. Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell and Company have given us the Cotton Merger, in which Dominion Textile plays a leading part. These people are clever, and will probably make Canadian cotton go. The Papua Produce Company was an absurd concern, over which we need waste no words. It had not one good point to recommend it.

There are a few companies being prepared, but they do not require any mention. The Cessnock Collieries failed to meet with any favour, and the Grahame White Bleriot Aeroplane Company also returned its money. Whilst on the subject of aeroplanes I may mention a private company in which the Marquess of Tullibardine, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Colonel Capper, and others are interested. These subscribers found money for Mr. Dunne to build an "automatic stability" aeroplane, which was tried before Orville Wright and Griffith Brewer and secured a testimonial from them. It is claimed that this machine remains stable in the air, and that the stability depends not upon levers, but upon the geometrical shape. The members of the syndicate now propose to increase their capital and build machines. The public are not, however, invited to assist; but I mention the company because, perhaps, some day the Dunne Aeroplane may be heard of, and because the names of the subscribers are not people usually associated with company matters.

MONEY is now becoming much easier, and as soon as the Government releases the public funds we may expect to see a long period of cheap money. This will have a great effect upon the Stock Exchange, and prices of all securities will rise. Consols have been kept down through the fancied trouble in Morocco, but when that cloud has passed they will go up.

FOREIGNERS, at any rate as far as the London Stock Exchange is concerned, have been without movement. There have been a few bargains done in Perus, but nothing else. Russians are quite lifeless. Japanese Stocks were moved up a shade on the settlement, but it was not a concerted move, merely the automatic adjustment of the account.

GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO.—The excitement in these bonds culminated in a big rise. Mr. Cooper has come home from New York and has brought good news. He will now have the backing of a strong American banker, and behind this banker will stand the American Government. The bondholders in this railway have suffered many disappointments, but they now look as though they had got upon firm ground.

MEXICAN RAILS have been sold and bought just as the news from Mexico is good or bad. But the fluctuations show that holders are very nervous, and as there is a great deal of stock pawned with the banks a fall seems to me much more certain than a rise. People buy Mexican Rails as a gamble, and they therefore desire to take a profit sooner or later. As a rule such gamblers all try to get out at the same moment.

HOME RAILS.—The bull account here is still much too large, and the dealers have been busy shaking out the weak bulls. Brighton A, which is of course a great gambling counter, has suffered severely, and there has been a heavy fall. But all Railway Stocks have been weak the whole of the account. Dealers have been short, and they have again and again bought back. This has kept the market much firmer than it would otherwise have been had not a professional bear account existed side by side with a huge public bull account. I do not think that the fall has ended yet. Intrinsically all our leading Home Railways are sound investments, but intrinsic merits have nothing to do with the fluctuations of the market. Those who wish to secure sound 4 per cent. gilt-edged investments—such as London and North Western, Great Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire—must wait a few weeks, when they will be able to buy at some points lower down than if they bought to-day.

YANKEES are flat, stale, and unprofitable. The big houses are now saying that they think the time has come to buy. But I do not think that there is any hurry. The news from New York is not reassuring. There is plenty of money for sound securities, but none for speculation. The trade in the West is not good, and although many people are talking big, they are only the notorious optimists who always "talk good." The wise and cautious are not so confident. The Missouri Pacific fiasco has done much to destroy confidence. Kuhn Loeb and Co. are a house of the highest standing. They have been treated with great discourtesy, to put it mildly. I cannot help thinking that they will one day take their revenge. Steels are dull because people have got it into their heads that New York has unloaded on Europe. But probably most of the stock is only pawned, and will go back to Wall Street when required. It is hardly likely that such a huge transference could have taken place as that which appears on the books.

RUBBERS have been as dull as ditch-water, and so dull did they appear on Tuesday that the bear brigade banged the

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market as hard as they could. This brought in Mincing Lane, and the result was a small battle, in which the Lane won. But prices in the rubber market are still a few shillings too high. The reports as they appear each day are good, but not brilliant, and the public is beginning to see that those who talked of working costs being got down to 6d. and 9d. were talking without knowing what they said. The Consolidated Malay report showed that costs are going up, not down. As labour becomes scarcer, so will costs rise. There is a huge labour supply in the East, but wages for efficient men have a tendency to rise all the time. However, the time is coming when the rubber market should be watched. It will soon be the time to buy.

Oil.—The Oil people have been busy. The account shows a bull account, but this will not stop the oil gamblers, and prices are very steady. But they cannot push Black Sea Oilfields over 35s., and probably Tweedy is placing shares at this price. His company is one of the best on the Maikop field, and now that he has the chance of getting as much money as he wants he will be able to make the Black Sea Oilfields the premier producer. It has good wells, and should have good management, for Tweedy knows oil from A to Z. Great care should be used in buying Maikop shares, and I do not like to advise any but Black Sea, Maikop Pipes, and Maikop Spies. I should also add that purchases to-day on the top of a bull market are likely to show a loss.

Kaffirs are very tired, and holders do not care to average. There have been many heavy losses both here and in France. But the weak bulls have been shaken out, and if the magnates could only combine we might see a rise. But I am always saying this. The reports as they arrive are not bad. I wish I could be more enthusiastic, but I cannot. The Knight Central has had a shortage of labour, but if it can get hands it may do better this year than last. The shares are cheap, the life of the mine is long, and as a lock-up Knights Central has attractions.

Rhodesians have been banged by the market upon every occasion, and there is not a dealer who is not short. For this reason I fancy we may see a rise. First, Lonely was put up on good news coming upon the top of a short supply of shares. Then we get good news from Shamva, which was considered a low-grade mine, and has now one-ounce stuff. The Rho X circular was also reassuring. Jumbos are also cheap at 10s. This mine will soon be out of its poor zone and into the rich ore. The Rhodesian Market may amuse us one day by a big jump.

Miscellaneous.—It looks very much as though the bottom were out of the Omnibus boom. The settlement between L.G.O. and Vanguard has been agreed upon, and this gives no one anything to go for now. Therefore the bulls want to get out as quick as they can. Cements have also been weak. But here the market is in such strong hands that another rise may be engineered.

Raymond Radclyffe.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POWER OF GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—Attention has lately been called in several cases to the despotic action of Government Departments. It has been the comfortable belief that Departments worked by permanent officials would be sufficiently independent not to be materially affected by the political opinions of their temporary Ministerial chief; and, with the difficulty at the present time of getting attention given to detail, Acts are passed giving wide powers to Departments in the pious hope that judicial discretion would be exercised in their practice.

Apart from Ministerial influence, there is a dangerous growth within Departments in their attitude to the public. The Departments should exist for the service of the community; but now a Department considers it exists for itself and the community is subject to it. The same spirit that caused Empson and Dudley to be execrated in the time of Henry VII. (and brought them to the block in his successor's reign) exists now in our Inland Revenue; but the axe is put away in the Tower. The Commissioners' attitude is that they exist to collect taxes, but they do not in the least care to what expense, worry, and trouble people are put to in the collection. Yet they yield when pressure is strong enough. (As an instance take the facilities given to the Stock Exchange for stamping documents compared with the powers available to other persons.)

A new danger arises out of the provisions relating to super-tax. The Act gives power to the Commissioners to require every person to make a return of the whole of his income from all sources. In the debate it was stated that the clause was not intended to be for inquisitorial purposes, that persons enjoying £5,000 a year were pretty well known, and returns would only be required of these. But the Act does not say so; and the Commissioners this second year are now feeling their way, not for the purpose of levying super-tax, but for the compilation of a great Domesday Book of personal estate. Such a record would be too vast a matter to do all at once. A beginning was made in 1907, as usual insidiously, in the guise of a benefit to people earning income. Before that time a man made a return of his earned income, but the revenue had no record whatever of his income from investments taxed at their source. The Revenue wanted this; so when there was a chance of reducing income-tax from the war-rate the reduction was confined to earned income on the condition that the whole income was under £2,000, which involved the disclosure of the amount of income from investments. Now the Revenue Commissioners are beginning to use the super-tax powers to force disclosure by persons who either do not earn income or otherwise do not avail themselves of a claim to the rebate. It is rather significant that they are starting with old people. In my own limited circle there have been three cases—two widows and a man, all over seventy years, living retired lives, comfortably, but very quietly. Any inquiry would have dissipated the idea of these old people having £5,000 a year. Yet each has received a registered letter requiring a return to be made, and their attention drawn that a penalty of £50 a day may be imposed, and that a misstatement is punishable by imprisonment without the option of a fine. These good people were at first fairly frightened until relatives took their returns in hand.

The object of the Revenue is clear. High death-duties tempt old people to make gifts—the Commissioners mean to know what the income now is. Therefore, to guard against a possibility of there arising an intention of evasion—not an actual evasion—they worry old people, and put them to expense besides, in compiling a statement of their income under different heads. The authorities will have all the matter of the official form. No declaration of total income will do, no offer of examination of account-books or bank-books is tolerated.

It will probably be said that details of investments will not be required, only the total sums of income received under various heads. This is so—at present; but the Commissioners expressly reserve the right to have details. To demand everything at once would clearly cause too great an outcry, and the Commissioners can only gradually increase their staff. But it will come in time, and meanwhile the total sums under different heads are serviceable for worrying executors with inquisitions.

So far complaint has only here been made on the ground of expense, trouble, and dislike to inquisition. But there is politically a great danger ahead. Tyrannies are always vindictive, whether tyrannies of kings, oligarchies, or democracies. We have seen how the brewery trade, because they became too identified as supporters of one political party, were marked down for excessive and punitive taxation by the other; so with landlords. When the Domesday Personal Property Book is compiled, it will be open to any Chancellor of the Exchequer to see how the well-known wealthy supporters of the other side have invested their wealth. Is it fanciful to fear that where there are large holdings so held in any industry these will also be marked for taxation? To confiscate the investment of an opponent is no new maxim to an autocrat. The President of the Board of Trade has already proclaimed his ideal is to know how a man's wealth is acquired.

We are comfortably assured of oaths of secrecy, and no general disregard thereof is here imputed. But apart from the genial, unconscious gossip, and that other man vain in the possession of accurate information, and loving truth too dearly to let misstatement pass, the chances of leakage are not few. It is not the case of one office where really confidential papers come before the heads alone. Every Surveyor of Taxes has his staff, and these are loose units held together by no bond. But it is these

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thousands of clerks all over the kingdom, as well as at headquarters, before whom come the confidential papers of income-tax returns. Familiarity always produces indifference, and what is in the daily round seems trivial and of no importance, yet vital to the individual. However honourable the body as a whole, it is contrary to human experience to expect that none will be found wanting, whether from carelessness, forgetfulness, or pressure, or merely just to oblige.

The crude attempt to destroy by legislation that which has grown and become regarded politically as an evil often results in concentrating the evil. The avowed aim now is to disperse "capital;" but, granted that a trust by its wealth, influence, and skilled agents can get information as to private resources, what a strengthened position it would hold in a fight for a trade monopoly against individual traders in any district. To know what the other side has in reserve by way of private investments beyond ostensible trade capital would be the key of the problem of attack, and such a key would be forged by the new Domesday Book of Personalty.

It would be of interest to know what directions have been given as to persons to be required to make a return, or whether the Super-tax Commissioners are their own rule-makers.—Yours obediently,

W. E. Tyer.

5, Brunswick Gardens, London, W., April 21st, 1911.

A QUERY.

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—At the suggestion of Mr. Campbell, a brother of the preacher in the City Temple, London, I venture to write you to make inquiry whether or not an old book in my possession would have special value as an old work in the London market.

It is a commentary of Martin Luther on the Epistle to the Galatians. Enclosed you will please find a type-written copy of the title-page. On another sheet are the size of the end and side of the book. It is in its original binding—tanned leather. The letters of the title-page are ordinary English, but the book is in Old English letters. Evidently it has not been used much; it is perfect, not damaged in any way.

I have knowledge of another book, A.D. 1564. Its side size and title-page you will find enclosed. It is a little thicker than Luther's book, and is bound in vellum, binding and text good. It seems in no way damaged.

I shall count it a great favour if you will indicate the value of each of these books as old works in the London market.—Very truly yours,

E. M. Saunders.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, April 8th, 1911.

A COMMEN

TARIE OF M. DOCTOR

Martin Lvther vpon the Epistle.

of St. Paul to the Galathians, first collected and gathered word by word out of his preaching, and now out of Latine faithfully translated into English for the vlearned.

Wherein is set forth most excellently the glorious riches of Gods grace, and the power of the Gospell, with the difference betweene the Law and the Gospell, and strength of Faith declared; to the joyful comfort and conformation of all true Christian beleeurs, especially such as inwardly being afflicted and grieved in conscience, do hunger and thirst for instification in Christ Iesu. For whose cause most chiefly this booke is translated and printed, and dedicated to the same.

"My power is made perfect through weakness." 2 Cor. 12. 9.

London,
Imprinted by Richard Field dwelling in the Blacke-
Friers by Ludgate,
1603.

"MARRIAGE AND COMMON SENSE."

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—The Academy's reputation for the excellence and fairness of its reviews is so universally recognised that any exception to the rule calls for some comment. I venture, with all due deference to the ability of your reviewer of Mr. Cecil Chapman's book, "Marriage and Divorce," to suggest that his strong and wholesale condemnation of the book in question is both uncalled for and unfair. I pass by the personal references to the writer, such as "he talks freely of immorality as if he knew what it meant," and "Who is Mr. Chapman to dismiss Islam and China and Japan as nests of immorality? One may strain the jurisdiction of Metropolitan Magistrate too far"—only remarking that it is, I am glad to say, the exception rather than the rule for a reviewer to enter into personalities. Mr. Chapman makes reference to the fact that amongst the Jews of Bombay there is absolute freedom of divorce by consent for both sexes, and its effect upon conduct is such that divorce never, in fact, takes place. Your reviewer calls in question Mr. Chapman's conclusion that because such freedom exists amongst the Jews of Bombay divorce amongst them is practically unknown, and summarily dismisses such reasoning as a *reductio ad absurdum*. He seems to me, however, entirely to fail in establishing the logic of his own reasoning. I venture to believe that the majority of your readers will be disposed to give colour to Mr. Chapman's argument, certainly without the merest attempt at calling it "extremely vicious." I do not hesitate to say, too, that Mr. Chapman's further suggestion that "greater individual freedom invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility," which your reviewer characterises as equally ridiculous, is an established fact which is generally recognised by all who rightly understand the meaning of both freedom and responsibility respectively. Even in the case of the most unlettered one constantly sees how, given individual freedom, there almost always is discernible in the possessor of it a simultaneous recognition of the personal responsibility which it involves.

I must not encroach further upon your valuable space, and I do not attempt to touch upon the pros and cons put forth for establishing greater facilities for divorce. My one object in writing was to take exception to your reviewer's criticisms, which liberty I presume you would allow to any reader, and to say that I do not consider any other reader of the book in question would arrive at the same conclusions, and so summarily dismiss the author's arguments as being devoid of the first principles of common logic.—Yours, &c.,

R. W.-S.

Royal Societies Club, April 24th.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

The Land of Promises. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

The King Over the Water; or, The Marriage of Mr. Melancholy. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

The Bread Upon the Waters. By Georgette Agnew. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

Two Girls and a Mannikin. By Wilkinson Sherren. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Justus Wise. By Alfred Wilson-Barrett. Frontispiece. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.

Oh! for an Angel. By Marguerite Curtis. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.

The Green Wave of Destiny. By Philippa Bridges. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.

A Charity Girl. By Effie A. Rowlands. Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.

The Price of Empire. By E. Hobart-Hampden. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.

Bushland Stories. By Amy E. Mack. With Coloured Illustrations. Angus and Robertson, Sydney, N.S.W.; and Australian Book Co., London. 3s. 6d.

The Last Galley: Impressions and Tales. By A. Conan Doyle. Illustrated. Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.

Mon Oncle Benjamin. By C. Tillier. Coloured Frontispiece. T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.

Paul et Virginie. By Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Coloured Frontispiece. T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.

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What Matters. By Mercedes Macandrew. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

The One Way Trail. By Ridgwell Cullum. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

A General Sketch of Political History from the Earliest Times. By Arthur D. Innes. Rivingtons. 6s.

George Bernard Shaw: his Life and Works. A Critical Biography. (Authorised.) By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D. Illustrated. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.

Irish Affairs and the Home Rule Question. A Comparison of the Attitude of Political Parties towards Irish Problems. By Philip G. Cambray. With an Introduction by the Marquess of Londonderry, K.G. John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.

John Burns: the Rise and Progress of a Right Honourable. By Joseph Burgess. With Portraits. Reformers' Bookstall, Glasgow.

Histoire Critique de la Grande Entreprise de Christophe Colomb. By Henry Vignaud. Vol. I., 1476-1490. Vol. II.,1491-1493. H. Welter, Paris. 30fr. the 2 volumes.

A Woman of the Revolution: Théroigne de Méricourt. By Frank Hamel. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.

Nouveaux Récits des Temps Révolutionnaires d'après des Documents Inédits. By Ernest Daudet. Hachette and Co. 3fr. 50c.

English Elements in Jonson's Early Comedy. By Charles Read Baskervill. Published by the University of Texas, Austin, Texas, U.S.A.

Karl Lebrecht Immermann: a Study in German Romanticism. By Allen Wilson Porterfield, Ph.D. Columbia University Press, N.Y.

The Shakespeare Revival and the Stratford-upon-Avon Movement. By Reginald R. Buckley, &c. Illustrated. George Allen and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

The Amazing Emperor Heliogabalus. By J. Stuart Hay. With an Introduction by Professor J. B. Bury, Litt.D. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.

Ruskin: a Study in Personality. By A. C. Benson. Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

The Life of George Joachim Goschen, First Viscount Goschen, 1831-1907. By the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot. 2 Vols. With Portraits. Longmans, Green, and Co. 25s. net.

A Popular Story of the Church of England. By G. H. F. Nye. George Allen and Sons. 1d.

The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer. By William Archer. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

La Jacquerie. By Prosper Mérimée. With Notes, &c. (Siepmann's French Series.) Macmillan and Co. 1s.

Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Pont. By Alphonse de Lamartine. With Notes, &c. (Siepmann's French Series.) Macmillan and Co. 1s.

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An Eastern Miscellany. By the Earl of Ronaldshay, M.P. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.

Prosperous Agriculture and Home Life: What it Means to the Nation. By F. W. Wateridge. Illustrated. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d. net

Triumphs and Wonders of Modern Chemistry. A Popular Treatise on Modern Chemistry and its Marvels, written in Non-Technical Language for General Readers and Students. By Geoffrey Martin, B.Sc. Illustrated. Sampson Low and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries. An Examination into the Authenticity of certain Documents affecting the Dates of Composition of Several of the Plays. By Ernest Law, B.A., F.S.A. With Facsimiles of Documents. G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

Éléments de Phonétique Générale. By Léonce Roudet. Illustrated. H. Welter, Paris. 10f.

Chrysanthemums. By Richard Dean, V.M.H. Illustrated. London Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.

The Common Sense of Home Rule. A Reply to Lord Hugh Cecil by John M. Robertson, M.P. P. S. King and Son. 6d. net.

The Pocket Gladstone. Selections from his Writings and Speeches compiled by J. Aubrey Rees. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, P.C. Mills and Boon. 1s. net.

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St. John and his Work. By the Rev. Canon Benham, D.D. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6d. net.

Connection between Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. G. Milne Rae, D.D. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6d.

VERSE

Contemporary Belgian Poetry. Selected and Translated by Jethro Bithell. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.

The Gardens of Gray's Inn, and Other Verses. By Christian Tearle. Longmans, Green and Co. 5s. net.

PERIODICALS

Atlantic Monthly; Indian Review; United Empire; Mind; Smith's Magazine; American Journal of Mathematics; The Literary Digest; Ainslee's Magazine; Cambridge University Reporter; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Edinburgh Review; Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay; Book Buyer.

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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Chronicle of the Noteworthy Publications of March, with a Reviewing Commentary.

THE PERIODICALS. Contents of some April Reviews and Magazines.

Illustrated Supplement: BOOKS OF THE DAY IN PORTRAIT AND PICTURE.

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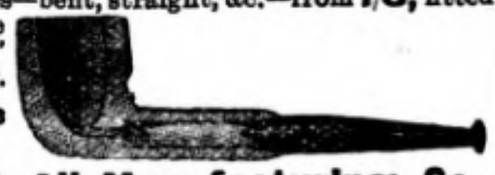
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Academy is published by Messrs. Odhams, Limited, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

The inauguration of the Anglo-German Friendship Society, which took place at an influential meeting held at the Mansion House last Monday, may be regarded as a great step forward in the policy of promoting cordial relations between the two countries, which we have consistently advocated in these columns. Nearly three months ago we wrote upon this subject: "There is no inherent antagonism between the German and English natures," and the speakers at Monday's gathering realised this fact; their tone was characterised by sound common sense. The Duke of Argyll, President of the Society, spoke some timely words of warning with regard to the scaremongers, who are to be found both in Germany and in England, and observed that no hostility to any third country need be implied in thus seeking peaceful relations with another Power. Sir Frank Lascelles emphasised the necessity for more frequent opportunities of intercourse between the people themselves as a factor in lessening the suspicion which still, to a certain extent, exists; and Lord Avebury referred to the commercial aspect of the matter—Germany being almost our best customer, it was quite unreasonable not to be on friendly terms with her. Fine speeches, it may be said, are of little avail; but in this case the words will echo through Germany, and do much to convince the doubtful ones that rivalry does not necessarily mean enmity. The Council of the Anglo-German Friendship Society, consisting of 600 distinguished men and women, will be a potent force on the side of peace. Peace is in the air just now, and although we by no means hold with the "peace-at-any-price" theorists, the maintenance and encouragement of harmonious intercourse between two Powers who have so much in common, so many sympathetic and interdependent interests, as England and Germany seems to us a very desirable task indeed.

In another column of the present issue we comment upon the enormous number of paid appointments created by the present Government, in obedience to the Socialistic ideal that no service to the State can be worth having, or can be of any account, unless the person who renders it be remunerated with a comfortable salary. We are sorry to note that the Government, and the various sections upon which they rely for their majority, have had this pet theory so rudely overset by the answer which Mr. Winston Churchill found himself compelled to give to a question put by Mr. Watt in the House of Commons on Tuesday last. Mr. Watt inquired "whether the Commission set up to investigate the statements of the London police in a recent trial was remunerated for its services," also if the Taxicab Commission was to be recompensed. Mr. Churchill bore high testimony, in the following words, to the manner in which Mr. Cave had conducted the inquiry referred to:—"The hon. and learned Member for Kingston, who was good enough to hold the inquiry into statements of certain police witnesses at the trial of Morrison, has not received any remuneration for his valuable and laborious service to the public. The members of the committee on London taximeter-cabs are also giving their time and labour gratuitously." In these days when members of Parliament are to be paid, and Radical aspirants for the distinction of Justice of the Peace are showing a somewhat suspicious anxiety to be elevated to a position at present unsalaried, it is well to remember that certain services, believed to be of excellent value, rendered freely to the State in times gone by, have recently been found in the murky glow of Socialistic enlightenment to be worth nothing at all.

The announcement that Mr. Pierpont Morgan has acquired the only perfect copy known to exist of Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," printed by Caxton, and that he has given £8,560 for it, will make all collectors of rare editions, accustomed as they are to hear of large payments by devotees, open their eyes in astonishment. It also emphasises the point that there are several ways of collecting books. One man desires old-fashioned, exquisite bindings, and will handle a volume lovingly for the sake of its "feel" and its chaste appearance, hardly daring to let it pass for more than a moment into the hands of admiring friends; another cares only for first or special editions, and scorns the upstart moderns with their innumerable and distracting issues. A third is unmoved by beautiful bindings or historic publishers, and gathers together the works of a few favourite authors. To him the book is a thing to be read, not to be looked at, and possibly his is the purest joy of all; for in his travels he has many pleasant surprises. He "picks up" a worn copy of Meredith on some tiny bookstall at a wayside station, and is suffused with quiet happiness; he has glorious "finds" at country villages and gloomy curio-shops. But if he should by chance light upon a Caxton (not that such an event is possible in these days) he probably would not know its value—which is where the acute collector of rarities scores heavily. The expert is aware that there are volumes in the world worth thousands, and is on the alert when he hears of their disposal. Whether it is wise to make literature a field for financial speculation is questionable; it means the running up of prices, and the creation of fictitious values, and such processes make the onlooker wonder what will happen when Mr. Pierpont Morgan's sixty-three Caxtons come into the open market—if they ever do.

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LISABETTA

Coil of wintry thoughts had I,
But they all are done;
Spring has caught them on the sly
Since—an hour agone—
Lisabetta wandered by,
Singing in the sun.

Loose and all unbonneted
Shone her burnished hair,
And behind her shapely head
Gleaming aureoles, where
Amber fleecy cloudlets sped,
Emphasised her fair.

Daintily her tripping feet
Pressed the daisies down,
That a tyranny so sweet
Were full fain to own;
Fluttered in the breeze her neat
Hyacinthine gown.

In her rounded arms she bore
Largess of the Spring—
Daffodils—perhaps a score—
Of her pillaging;
At her slender throat she wore
Violets clustering.

With her pure, adoring face
Upturned to the blue,
Sang she with a simple grace
All the joy she knew,
While a lark remote in space
Joined the anthem too.

So she passed, nor e'er divined
Where I stood apart
Brooding in my anxious mind
On a bitter smart,
But in passing left behind
Spring within my heart!

PHIL. J. FISHER.

RETRENCHMENT AND REFORM.

IT is scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion that the Government, conscious of impending doom, are deliberately riding for a fall. They are ostentatiously flouting every time-honoured Liberal principle. Retrenchment, Reform, Open Competition—the knell of nepotism—all—all have gone. Retrenchment is a byword, economy is non-existent, sound financial policy is unknown. The education of the community in the principles of Socialism has struck a deadly blow at the most cherished tenets of Liberal policy. Political jobbery has reached a climax. Not only have an army of officials been appointed at vast expense to the taxpayer, but they have been appointed without examination or assured proof of their fitness for the duties cast upon them. When it is added that the legislation which has necessitated the appointment of these officials is condemned by at least one-half of the free and independent electors of the country the cup is seen to be full and the measure running over.

The Socialist ideal of a State run solely by paid officials, snug berths for all and sundry, irrespective of capability or character, is on the high road to realisation. Its consummation must of course be accompanied by the municipal and national appropriation of the land and industrial concerns and the exercise of the unlimited taxing powers of the State. We are not stating a fanciful proposition, we are quoting from the text-book—"The Socialists' Budget."

Mr. Lloyd George, if he returns to the House of Commons, will have an opportunity of fulfilling a task which in retirement he declares will be a congenial one. It will be open to him to explain the advantage which has accrued and which is likely to accrue to the State as an equivalent for the increase in the expenditure on the public services from £47,300,000 in 1905-6 to £71,800,000 at present. We shall be surprised if he can explain the fact otherwise than as the price paid for excursions into Socialistic legislation, tempered with the inevitable concomitant, expensive provision for wounded or recalcitrant members of the Liberal family-party in the sanctuary of the Civil Service.

The practical Socialism of the Chancellor is, however, rather too perfervid even for the official professors of the creed. Mr. Philip Snowden, an avowed Socialist of the dogged Yorkshire type, cannot assimilate the appointment of Sir Ernest Soares to the post of Assistant-Comptroller of the National Debt Office. The only points in connection with the appointment which are clear are that Sir E. Soares, being admittedly innocent of actuarial knowledge and the qualifications for appointment, was forthwith installed over the heads of the officials who devoted their lifetime to the work of the Department. These officials were publicly declared by the Chancellor's *locum tenens* to be incapable of filling the position; hence Sir E. Soares was the last resort of a harassed Minister.

Mr. Snowden has another explanation of the appointment, and it is that it is an insult to the whole of the permanent Civil Service and a gross instance of favouritism and nepotism, and he is further of opinion that it is a disgrace to Liberalism that it is silent whilst its party is guilty of such abuse of patronage. When log-rollers fall out, what sort of men, we wonder, will come to their own.

Other appointments, it is said, will receive examination in the House of Commons, and we would urge Mr. Snowden to reserve a portion of his forcible vocabulary, because we think he will need it.

It is understood that the reply of the Government of sea-green incorruptibles will assume the familiar form of *tu-quoque*, a form, we submit, which is scarcely fitting for use by men of all the virtues. We pity Ministers—the Lord Chancellor excepted—that their defence habitually assumes the form that the prisoner in the dock is at least equally rascally as they are. The standard of ethics is so high; the acknowledgment of calculated lapse under temptations so unabashed. We pass with a sense of relief

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from a sordid chapter—a chapter unhappily which may with time be developed into a Pentateuch.

The main point we wish to enforce on an electorate largely inoculated with the virus of *laissez-aller* is that they are paying a heavy price for results such as we have glanced at. We give the net total from a list compiled by Mr. Douglas Hall, which is not now *nearly complete*, of new appointments made—*the usual Civil Service examination being dispensed with*—by the Government since 1906. The Government, it may be said, refused a return, but Mr. Hall succeeded in obtaining reliable information. The number of new appointments without any safeguards as to efficiency number 873, with total salaries of £239,775.

Next, please, payment of the members who have been parties to these proceedings, and the creation of battalions of stipendiary magistrates to replace the unpaid, who do their work at least as well.

Is the Income-tax payer still slumbering?

His back is nearly broken.

The rude awakening of the future will be for a different class of taxpayer—the dupe who now shakes hands with himself in the fond belief of his own perpetual immunity.

We have left no space to deal with the Government in the aspect of reform, but none is needed, because reform is not concerned with destruction only, but demands capacity for construction.

BAVAI

By H. Belloc

The memories of the Roman Empire and the material relics of the first four centuries strike the mind, wherever the traveller may come across them, with something of the same impression. It is as though he had chanced upon a great figure which looked at him in silence, standing immovable as he passed: a figure quite real and yet not of this world, and greater in stature than are living men.

Everywhere, I say, this impression that one is watched by an old power is the impression of Rome, whether it comes upon us in the African uplands or on the moors of Northumberland, or in the heart of great cities, as in the gates of Treves or Rheims.

Whether the place is completely lonely like the wall above Corbridge or the mighty Prætorium of Lambèse in Numidia, whether it is frequented like Arles or Nimes, there is the same sensation of aloofness and of silence. I am not sure that this feeling of a gulf—a curious cross-feeling of a gulf of time with no gulf of space to correspond with it—is not strongest in the towns that are still towns, but are dwindled and no longer capitals or great. In these the magnitude of Rome is felt more subtly than in the deserts, and is yet revealed more fully than in the great cities; and in their homely market-places one seems to look across the centuries and to see them bridged with an unbroken though a declining tradition. Of this sort is Autun, though it is still rather large; of this sort is Chichester; but most typical of all, I think, Bavai.

Bavai was once the capital of the Nervii. In some way of which no record remains it grew to be a centre of government apparently, and of communication certainly, in north-eastern Gaul. Why such a site should so have reached Imperial importance we cannot judge. The town stood, and still stands, diminished, upon a bare enough upland. The fields slope up towards it very easily from the north, somewhat more steeply from the south; but it is not a town upon a hill. It has nothing of natural fortification about it. Its site is no more than a roll or rise of land. No considerable river is in its neighbourhood. The Scheldt is far to the north, the Sambre some miles to the south. No stream runs within the walls nor even close outside them; in the shallow valley below an insignificant brook trickles northward. Round the place in a sort of ring, beyond its wide, empty fields lie the great forests. Notably the thick wood of Mormal cutting off the whole of that country-side from the pleasanter and warmer country of Avesnes, and the high road from Paris to the Netherlands. Perhaps it was something sacred about the place, no strategical or commercial advantage, but mere religion, which first founded this capital of a great tribe. Certainly it was so with Chartres: it may have been so with Bavai. Perhaps some great chief died here, or loved the place because it was his birthplace or his inheritance.

At any rate Bavai became that great thing of the Empire, a nucleus for the marching roads and a market for all the east and the north. It held this high and regal place century after century. It saw the coming both of the barbarians and of the Faith. It dominated the transition between the full civilisation of Rome and the dark ages. . . . And then, unexplainedly, it very slowly indeed declined.

That decline is the mystery of the town. By an accident we happen to have no history of Bavai, nor, I think, any historic allusion to the stronghold. Had something come down to us, written, which could tell us of the city's greatness, Bavai would be to-day among the famous little towns of Europe. But there is no document; only the map with its great star of roads, the fragment of a temple, and great blocks of Roman wall, decayed, witness to what the place was. No one visits it. You find its name in no book, and the very people of the place are astonished if a chance traveller comes in to peer about him.

There is no high place left in Bavai, but from one or two roofs, and best of all from the tower of the church, near the bells, you can look round on every side over the hedgeless fields and see the seven great roads, each darting out mile after mile towards the boundaries of the Empire on the one side, and the inward parts of Gaul upon the other.

That straight line which goes diminishing and unswerving dead north-east runs to Utrecht; *ad trajectum*, the last crossing of the Rhine. That other, next to it, more easterly, points to Cologne; beyond it, a third, dead east, leads to Treves.

Southward two others run spread out like two stretched strings; the easterly one darts for the crossing of the Sambre for Vervins, for Rheims, and for the Catalanian plains, and so south onward for the Morvan, for the schools of Autun, for Lyons, for Rome. It was the high road of all. The westerly one strikes for the Ile de France, and branched upon the Oise (or rather in its valley) to Noyon, to Compiègne, to Paris, to Rouen. A fifth road ran and runs south

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of west for Amiens; a sixth, just north of west, makes for Arras for Boulogne, and for the crossing of the sea. The seventh is the northly great street, which sprang for Tournai, for Courtrai, for the Batavian Island, and the mouths of the Rhine and Meuse.

They say it was the lieutenant of Augustus who, twenty years before our Lord was born, traced out these strict lines for their miles and miles of going. For 1,800 years there stood in the market-place of Bavai a milliary—a stone which set forth the nature of these great roads and their direction. Weather and time turned it into something blackened and formless enough; but it grew to be worshipped, and great stories gathered about it.

The people came to say that this stone had been set up by a King who desired to govern the whole earth, and so had driven to the very ends of it these seven great roads. The story went on to tell that this King put the roads under the protection of the Seven Planets, and under seven tutelary gods, three good, four malign; that, in pursuance of this plan, he paved these roads three in white marble and four in black, and that by their magic he had power over all countries. So much did those roads weigh upon the minds of men that the fantastic tale arose just as I have written it, and was enshrined on the dark stone.

The armies of the Revolution who, to the right and left of this town, fought their enormous fights at Wattignes, at Tourcoing, at Fleurus, at Jemappes, detesting ancient symbols, threw the stone down. The Restoration set up another stone. Thirty-nine years ago that second pillar was restored and the names of the towns to which the Seven Roads drive were inscribed upon its seven sides; on the summit of the pillar there was put (then or earlier) a statue of the Frankish Queen who in her time restored and maintained these Roman ways.

The whole thing is very typical of Gaul. Chartres has just the same succession of a monument incredibly old, overthrown in the violence of '93, set up again in our time.

That pillar is the only little boast that Bavai makes, and it is made so low and so humbly that no one hears it. There are people not forty miles from Bavai who have never heard of Bavai. Yet every time I look at the map of that region for one purpose or another—for the story of a battle or for the planning of a holiday—the seven great lines, streaming out like lines of force from this citadel of Roman power, stand out from the sheet, as it were, and have a meaning separate from everything else that is printed upon it.

It seems impossible that they should be empty and that no files should march along them any more.

They run, now a paved high road, now a footpath, now a narrow alley through a wood, then lost in the undergrowth, then suddenly a paved high road again, they run so unceasingly their stage after stage of marching days, and they have silent experience of the past, especially of battles.

One in particular—the great road to Cologne—is crammed with such memories, and if you will follow it through its changes, pierce the woods with it, try to discover it where it is lost at river crossings, piece it together from stretch to stretch—if you will so recover it, I say, starting from Germany and making for Bavai as you go, you will have on either side the names of innumerable fights—Landen and Neerwinden, Fleurus, Ligny, and Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, and lastly, just as you enter the fields of Bavai, a hamlet off your road is Malplaquet.

REVIEWS

THE LIFE OF LORD GOSCHEN

The Life of George Joachim Goschen, First Viscount Goschen, 1831 to 1907. By the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot. With Portraits. In Two Volumes. (Longmans, Green and Co. 1911. 25s. net).

By Sir William Bull

[First Notice.]

Barely four years have passed since Lord Goschen died, and yet we recognise sadly that most of us require reminding of his great services to the Empire, so fast does the world live to-day.

We happened to be colleague with Mr. Elliot during the last six years of his Parliamentary career, and, having known him slightly, we cannot help feeling that there is a good deal of Mr. Elliot in the book We do not mean to imply for one moment that he has obtruded his personality unduly into the biography. No author who had taken an active part in the movements in which his subject was involved could have shown more self-effacement; but it is inevitable that, having known him, we should feel his powerful but quiet personality all through the book.

The book might have been called "The Penultimate Whig by the last of them," whilst the second volume could have had as a useful sub-title, "The History of the Liberal, Unionist Party."

It has been compiled with painstaking care. The author has entered into the spirit and views of Goschen when, as a young man, he was an advanced Liberal, when he became a Minister in Liberal Governments, and when he became a member of the Liberal-Unionist party after the great split. His views and actions on Home Rule and Free Trade are admirably pourtrayed; at the same time, we feel that Goschen's character itself is a somewhat faint etching. Judging from what we read and know, it must have been a character rich in colours, and yet we never seem to get to know the man. We can judge of his strength of character, his firmness, his courage, his self-denial and devotion to duty; but there is no light and shade, there are no contrasts, no weaknesses, and no mistakes. We are never intimate with him. Without undue eulogy, he is always on a pedestal or at a distance. However, let us deal with the book as we find it, for with the above reservation it throws a great deal of light on a character that is little known.

Many persons who ought to know better would say, "Oh, Goschen—he was a German Jew, was he not?" As a matter of fact, we find the family was Lutheran, and could trace its pedigree back to a "worthy parish clergyman" in Saxony, who was living in the year 1609. For one hundred years the family followed the learned professions and then engaged in mercantile pursuits.

It is probable that Lord Goschen's Life of his Grandfather will live after the statesman's memory has faded, for it was a labour of love which gave genuine delight to so able a critic as Lord Morley.

As a publisher in Leipzig—

> He published the first collection of Goethe's scattered writings; he was for a time the housemate of Schiller; he was the bosom friend of Wieland, once the patriarch of the German world of letters; he was in constant correspondence with many other stars in the brilliant Weimar constellation and with the famous scholars of the University of Jena. Gifted with a striking and often picturesque pen, his letters throw interesting sidelights on the celebrated personalities with whom he came in contact, not only as a writer but as a man.

It was the publisher's third son, William Henry, who came to England "in the year of peace and Waverley"—1814—

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to settle, where he married an English wife and founded the English branch of the family.

He came into contact with a Bremen merchant named Frühling, and together they founded the great banking house of Frühling and Goschen, which soon became a power in City financial circles :—

> My father [wrote Lord Goschen] had prospered in London by means of intense industry, great commercial insight, and corresponding thought—but no bread-winning labour, however intense, diminished the brightness of his intellectual powers or blurred his vision of all the wider aspects of the world.

It is clear that in this frugal semi-German household young Goschen was trained most carefully from his earliest years. He had a German governess, who gave him a careful grounding under the evident superintendence of his parents. He then went to the Blackheath Preparatory School at nine, and from thence to Germany at eleven, with the idea of following a mercantile career; and Lord Goschen seems to have thought that he was handicapped by the three years he spent in Germany when he was subsequently sent to an English Public School and University. We venture to doubt this, for it is clear that when he was at Meiningen the boy's exceptional powers of mind were developed, and "a solid foundation of mental material had been laid," although it may be true that he was ill-equipped for the special style of classical work in English schools.

The father of the Reviewer was slightly Goschen's senior at Rugby, and we remember his describing Goschen as a quiet, shy boy, who did not mix much with his schoolfellows for the first two or three years. Goschen says: "My father's ambition for me at all times was indeed almost a passion. He staked an infinite and pathetic amount of happiness on my success." His father seems to have made up his mind from the first that Goschen was a boy of exceptional ability; he trained him like a racehorse for the highest stakes. He never seems to have doubted, from the time he sent him to Rugby at the age of fourteen, that he would become a leading figure in the world, and the boy responded to the call with all the force of his keen and industrious nature. In this part of the book there is no mention of his brothers and sisters, both parents appearing to have concentrated their attention on George.

The next few pages are one long catalogue of his success at Rugby and Oxford. He became Cock of the school. Dr. Tait wrote:—"He is one of the best heads of the school that I have known during my Headmastership." "Goschen made a very eloquent and brilliant speech," wrote Jex-Blake, "about the Papal Aggression in the Oxford Union the other day, and on the right side too. He is far the most eloquent person I ever heard anywhere." As a young man he had a curious love of analysis; he was always pulling his own mind and his own opinion to pieces. Both sides of every question were usually very clear to him, and the reasons *pro* and *con* ranged in well-ordered regiments on either side. This habit of his went far, and it is obvious from Mr. Elliot's description that it continued with him throughout life. His conclusions were not determined till after he had very carefully pondered and weighed them. In later years and in matters of administrative detail he often surprised his friends by postponing till the last moment a final decision. Yet in matters of political principle, and as regards broad lines of action, no statesman was ever less vacillating or more firmly consistent

This trait is skilfully pourtrayed throughout the book. The Queen; Lord Granville in foreign affairs; his colleagues during the Home Rule troubles; Lord Salisbury during his career as Chancellor; the great financiers during the Baring crisis, and his followers during the Tariff Reform agitation, all turned to him for advice, and he never failed them. His advice was always clear and to the point, and those who sought it felt that it was the result of much clear thinking. All through his long life he gave his country of his best.

After taking a Double First at Oxford he went into his father's firm, where he took an active part, throwing his whole soul into the business. "In business he was never an amateur"; his father dubbed him "the driving-wheel of the machine."

In 1854 he fell in love with the lady he subsequently married, and his father, not altogether approving of the match, shipped him off to New Granada, where the firm had business interests. It was a strange life in a primitive country for the Oxford Double First, for whom every one had predicted a brilliant public career; but young Goschen never complained—he obeyed his father until the elder Goschen saw plainly that the marriage was inevitable. In the year 1856 he returned to England; he married a year later at the age of twenty-six, and no husband and wife were ever better suited. For forty years she rendered him the greatest assistance in various ways, and gave him the happiest of homes.

At twenty-seven he became a Director of the Bank of England, and in 1861 he wrote the "Theory of the Foreign Exchange," which in a very few years ran into many editions and gave him at once a wide fame.

In those days the City of London was distinctly Liberal, and in 1863 Goschen was invited to stand, on the death of Mr. Western Wood. His views were considered advanced. He entered the House of Commons pledged to Parliamentary Reform, the Ballot, abolition of Church rates, and the removal of religious disabilities. Mr. Goschen soon made his mark with such excellent qualities, and he was withal so painstaking that he was bound to come to the front. He spoke on "the abolition of Tests for Academical Degrees at the Universities," and gave an interesting account of an interview he had with Palmerston, who had selected him to second the Address in 1864. The old man instructed him very fully as to what to say about foreign policy, and when Goschen asked him with becoming indifference about domestic affairs and legislation, "Oh," he gaily replied, rubbing his hands with comfortable satisfaction, "there is really nothing to be done. We cannot go on adding to the Statute-book *ad infinitum*. Perhaps we may have a little law reform or bankruptcy reform, but we cannot go on legislating for ever!"

A correspondence next took place between Cobden and the young Parliamentarian, in which he warns Goschen against an independent attitude and many-sided criticism. He avers that, in the long run it leads to isolation in which no man can accomplish any important object.

On certain subjects Goschen sympathised with advanced Liberalism, but he was ready from the very first to cross swords with the Manchester School, and their attempts to set class against class.

His next step upwards was his acceptance of the offer of the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade, and here his father wisely decreed that his work was finished for Frühling and Göschen. "Henceforward he must work for the nation." He became President of the Poor-law Board, and then First Lord of the Admiralty in Gladstone's great Ministry of 1868, and from that time was always a first-rate Minister to whatever Government he became attached.

Whilst in opposition he was commissioned by the Council of Foreign Bondholders in London to protect English interests in Egypt, a position which he accepted on condition that it should be "entirely honorary," and which he carried out to the entire satisfaction of all parties.

When Gladstone came back to power in 1880 Goschen opposed the extension of the county franchise, which made

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it impossible for him to join the Cabinet, but Gladstone was so eager to employ him that he offered him the Viceroyalty of India, which for private reasons he felt compelled to decline. His next work was to be in the Near East, where trouble was brewing over the Turkish-Greek Frontier Question. Goschen became Ambassador to Constantinople. It was while occupying this position he met Bismarck, who said to him, "I rather envy you English statesmen the excitement of the House of Commons. You have the pleasure of being able to call a man a damned infernal scoundrel. Now I cannot do that in diplomacy." This part of the biography is admirably told. What struck Goschen most about Bismarck's methods was the degree of absolute independence with which he did his work. No obligation to communicate with a single colleague; no desire for a moment's quiet reflection. In the presence of the British Ambassador he dictated straight off an important circular to the German Ambassadors at Foreign Courts.

How he satisfactorily carried out his difficult task of preserving the peace of Europe is fully described.

Mr. Goschen, curiously enough, was generally outside all the difficulties and questions which troubled Gladstone's Government of 1880—Majuba, Bradlaugh, and the Land League.

On the retirement of Speaker Brand Mr. Gladstone offered him the Speakership, which he declined on the score of his failing eyesight. The first volume ends with the premonitions of Home Rule and "the Hawarden Kite" on the subject which Herbert Gladstone caused to be inserted in the *Leeds Mercury*. The important part which Goschen was to play in the momentous events which followed we must leave to our review of the second volume. Never was a man of the temperament and training of Goschen more needed in the crisis that followed. His clear-headedness, his patriotism, and the way he influenced his colleagues is described in a masterly way.

POETRY AND VERSE—II.

The Moonlight Sonata. By M. A. B. Evans. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

The Unfading Light. By Caroline Davenport Swan. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston, Mass. $1.25.)

Dartmoor Mist. By A. Bruen Corkran. (Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Naiad, and other Poems. By A. D. H. Allan, M.A. (John Ouseley, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Gardens of Gray's Inn, and other Verses. By Christian Tearle. (Longmans, Green and Co. 5s. net.)

Medea and Circe, and other Poems. By Arthur K. Sabin. (Temple-Sheen Press. 4s. net.)

The scheme of embodying in rhyme a series of pictures suggested by Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" is quite pretty, but is hardly justified by its results in the case of Mr. M. A. B. Evans; the moods of the music, calm and storm, hope and despair, are suggested, but without much strength or command of language. Most of the lyrics and irregular poems which follow are open to the same criticism; but when the reader comes to the last fifty pages, which are devoted to the French verse-forms, a pleasant surprise is in store for him. The author is at his best when forced to concentrate his thought within the rigid boundaries of the *ballade* and the *rondeau*. Only once do we rebel at a rather pronounced punning refrain on p. 149; but immediately opposite this *rondeau* is an excellent specimen, in which the opening phrase—"Would Fancy thee direct, what bliss were thine"—is carried to its ingenious conclusion most happily:

> Her face and figure naught amiss:
> She'd sing and play, past scorn or hiss,—
> Bright, cheerful, wise, and never tart,
> A paragon! Nay, do not start—
> Art thou quite sure a maid like this
> Would fancy *thee?*

In the various *ballades* the author is quite at home; the "Ballade of Fashions," with its refrain, "Where are the styles of long ago?" and the "Ballade of the Eighteenth Century" are quite on the classic models. In fact these fifty pages of clever rhyming, often on charmingly conceived themes, more than compensate for the disappointing quality of the previous portion.

Devout and sincere as the sonnets and lyrics of Miss Swan undoubtedly are, they sound one note so persistently that the reader will be apt to find them monotonous. The devotional mood is unfortunately not conducive, as a rule, to good poetry, and, from a literary point of view, the two or three stanzas in which the writer sings of earthly beauties without moralising or obtaining a hymn-like effect are much to be preferred.

In spite of his rhyming "draw" with "more," "palms" with "arms," "back in" with "lacking," and (a triumph indeed!) "Himalayas" with "prayers," Mr. Corkran has much that is pleasant in his collected verses. He smites the reviewer neatly between the joints of the harness by a stanza of his "Envoi," which we quote:—

> Some sneering critic comes to scoff
> At what we think we've done so well;
> And puts the True Believer off
> The wares we want so much to sell.

We do not blench at this onslaught, for Mr. Corkran forgets—if he ever knew—that the true critic praises when he can, and finds fault when necessary; but never "sneers," though it is permitted him on occasion to be judiciously ironic. The best verses in this volume are the simplest, as when the author addresses the "Jolly little English boy playing on the sands," or sings quaintly of the adage, "Two's Company, Three's None," or writes of "Polly and the Pixies," a pretty little rhyme of the heathery moorland.

Mr. Allan seems to be an eminently "safe" writer of verse—he can be depended upon to rhyme "maiden fair" with "golden hair," to talk pleasantly of "Autumn's golden fruit" and the "virgin snow-clad peak;" his very "safeness" renders some of his stanzas ordinary which with a little courage in seeking and using a less trite adjective or phrase would have crossed that difficult boundary-line between mere versification and poetry. Even as it is he has given us some delicate and arresting lines—such as the opening of the sonnet entitled "The Countess":—

> Frail as a wind-flower in the beechen shade
> Within the church she knelt. . . .

A curious instance of how carelessness may spoil an otherwise really good poem occurs in "The Lover's Seat." The two middle verses we quote:—

> A glimpse away to the heathland of the East;
> And the bracken is rustling in the breeze!
> 'Tis good to be here, in the haunt of bird and beast,
> Where squirrel, jay, and stoat do as they please.
>
> A glimpse away to the blue haze in the South;
> And a salt wind comes blowing over-seas!
> Far off, a murmuring in the Channel's mouth,
> Hard by, a droning of the honey-bees.

Here the terrible fourth line and the very weak third completely ruin a set of verses which might have brought a

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breath of summer from a Cornish headland to the least poetic soul. Some excellent translations are included which do something towards compensating for our disappointment in many of the preceding efforts.

We have had occasion before to comment favourably on the work of Mr. Christian Tearle, and in this volume of capital ballads and rhymes very few flaws can be found. One of the best things in the book is a little poem entitled "My tears would have their way;" it is simple, strong, and very near to human nature. "The Rochester Coach," a rollicking song of the old days, pleases us with its infectious gaiety and its galloping lilt:—

Well on our way in the fresh of the morn,
Over Blackheath and in sight of the corn;
Peter the guard gives a rouse on his horn—
Peter is stalwart and merry!
Breasting the hill, with a pause at the top;
Dashing to Welling with never a stop,
Stretching away from the land of the hop,
White with the bloom of the cherry.

Easy enough to write, perhaps, but not easily kept up for several verses with such a fine swing and genial, open-air, rousing effect as is obtained by Mr. Tearle. His clever elegy on a poor starved cat which sought shelter and found a home in Gray's Inn is a very pretty achievement in mingled pathos and humour, and the lyrics and ballads of olden days contain many stanzas which we would willingly quote for our readers' pleasure had we space. Altogether Mr. Tearle's "Verses" are exhilarating, and a splendid antidote to a melancholy mood.

"Medea and Circe," a blank-verse poem of six hundred lines, deals with the visit of Medea to her sister-enchantress on the far-famed isle of the Grecian Sea. It shows a notable mastery of words, but we can hardly go so far as to say that "the poet has mastered the grand style of epic poetry," as does the writer of the introduction. One passage, descriptive of the landing of Medea, will illustrate the style:—

Meantime Medea from the yellow strand,
Pearl-scattered, slowly passed; and took her way
Beneath a mighty-towering forest's gloom,
So dim that Slumber there her ancient reign
Held lonely, scarce disturbed by any song
Of deep-voiced bird: and never was there known
The wild wind's riot; but low-bubbling rills
Adrowse crept on; and through the perfumed air
Stole murmurs of the ever-moving main.

The glamour of Mr. Stephen Phillips seems to pervade this; we remember a certain "odorous, amorous isle of violets," and "poplars shivering in a silver dream." A sonnet of which we give the sestet will show the author in his weakest, most sugary mood:—

Thou dost lean o'er me, singing through the night.
Wild is thy song, Beloved, wild thine eyes;
And lo! the witchery of thy moon-kissed hair
Falls round me with its nameless, shadowy light.
O Love-born miracle sublime and rare! . . .
We hand-in-hand move on through Paradise.

They *will* do it, these gay dogs of poets. We wonder why? How many wild-haired and wild-eyed youngsters who imagined themselves in love have gone into the moon-kissed-hair business, and walked hand-in-hand with Her through Paradise? Let us have Meredith's Marian, for a change:—

She is steadfast as a star
And yet the maddest maiden;
She can wage a gallant war
And give the peace of Eden.

And she is a great deal more to our taste than the lady who leans over people and sings a wild song all night. Some of Mr. Sabin's poems come perilously near the definition of "nothing prettily said;" *per contra*, we have a perfectly charming "Ballade of Poesy," and some pleasant lyrics. A little less sweetness, a little more energy, would improve Mr Sabin's work, and that we consider him to be worth improving may be taken for granted by the amount of space we have given him. It is rather a pity, by the way, that in so neat a volume the misspellings "wierdly" on page 15, and "beseiged" on page 28, should have been omitted from the list of errata.

EVERYMAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Creative Evolution. By HENRI BERGSON. Authorised Translation by ARTHUR MITCHELL, Ph.D. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

Matter and Memory. By HENRI BERGSON. Authorised Translation by NANCY MARGARET PAUL and W. SCOTT PALMER. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

TRUE genius is the ability to exploit the simple things of life; it is the deification of the commonplace. Surely the genius of the inventor of the fountain-pen is on a higher and a truer plane than that of the chemist who discovers a new element. The latter, like the searcher after hidden treasure, digs and quarries into the recesses of his own little world and perchance discovers a new series of compounds which will be a worry to future generations of students; the former, ignorant of scientific method, but possessing that inexplicable instinct of the dowser, has unconsciously developed far greater powers of observation—he has the ability to see what is to be seen. Can we hand down to our successors a story, whether true or untrue, with a more glorious moral than the story of the youthful James Watt? The youth who, sitting at his father's hearth, saw visions of a steam-engine in the cloud of condensing water vapour which was emitted from the spout of a two-shilling kettle, possessed a genius which has made almost as great an impression on modern civilisation as all the teachers of the Christian era. To a great extent social reform, the elevation and education of the masses, can be traced to the invention of the steam-engine. As in the world of work so in the world of play; the great billiard-players are great because they are so elementary; the young amateur is amateur because he is so complex. We are reminded of the explanation of choking by a writer whom every one must quote now that he has been recently rediscovered. The process of swallowing as performed by the human being is so natural, is such a part of the organism, and therefore so little understood, that the slightest deviation from the ordinary leads to disastrous consequences. Samuel Butler, in "Life and Habit," says:—

> The new-born child cannot eat, and cannot drink, but he can swallow as soon as he is born; and swallowing appears to have been an earlier faculty of animal life than that of eating with teeth. The ease and unconsciousness with which we eat and drink is clearly attributable to practice; but a very little practice seems to go a long way—a suspiciously small amount of practice—as though somewhere or at some other time there must have been more practice than we can account for. We can very readily stop eating and drinking, and we can follow our own action without difficulty in either process; but as regards swallowing, which is the earlier habit, we have less power of self-analysis and control; when we have once committed ourselves beyond a certain point to swallowing we must finish doing so. . . , And if we get into a difficulty we choke, and are more at a

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loss how to become introspective than we are about eating and drinking.

In Professor Henri Bergson's "L'Evolution Créatrice" we have the philosophy of the common man; in contradistinction from the complexities and abstractions of the so-called simplications known as philosophical systems we have a *logos* with its foundations on man himself. The English-speaking race, as well as Professor Bergson, owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Mitchell for his translation, which preserves the charm and spirit of the original, and can only be the work of a sympathetic and believing disciple. The philosopher who makes bricks without straw will not readily find a place for "Creative Evolution;" but the man who *lives* will live again and again in the pages of this wonderful work. And why do we say wonderful? Because here is no closed system of thought; nowhere is humanity depicted as the solution of a mathematical equation; the recognition of the complex nature of organised matter seems so simple that we wonder why we have had to wait until the twentieth century for it. If Professor Bergson is most daringly original, if the prevalent ideas of science and philosophy are ruthlessly thrust aside, if we undergo a "mental catastrophe," so much the better for us. We are brought back to the heart of things.

In another way we must frankly praise Professor Bergson. The human organism is very frequently led away from itself because of its complexity; the mind describes a circle round itself; like the pseudopodia of the amœba, the off-shoots of the mind are so varied and so numerous that any excessive development of one of these tendencies produces a serious twisting of the integrated outlook. It is like the motion of a body in a non-resisting medium; it goes on for ever unless killed by its own conceit. Take the political analogy. One section of the political wire-pullers tells us to shout for Free Trade, but has that cured all our ills? Another set of prophets whispers "Tariff Reform is the only panacea;" the Socialist says "Vote for Me and the Millennium;" another calls for a Business Government. These all represent tendencies. The great statesman, who lives for his country and not for his party, will be he who chooses most wisely the good things from each of these sections. Great men are springing up, and they are endeavouring to place for us various antitheses in the correct relations to each other Sir William Crookes has tried to show us where physical science and psychical science are dependent upon each other, and also where they are independent. It is useless attempting to make either of these the basis of the other; but it is possible to outline a *via media* wherefrom the fringes where the two meet can be the better distinguished. Is not this preferable to the old idea that belief in one of these signified the negation of the other? Similarly Sir Oliver Lodge has attempted to reconcile a basis of religious faith with the teachings of pure science.

And now Professor Bergson essays to place philosophy and science upon correct terms with each other. He attacks the vendors of abstract ideas, who deal in logical systems of thought or in materialistic laws. He sees life as it is; the old philosophers lost the thread of life in the intricacies of their mental machinery:—

> The history of the evolution of life . . . shows us in the faculty of understanding an appendage of the faculty of acting. . . . Hence should result this consequence, that our intellect, in the narrow sense of the word, is intended to secure the perfect fitting of our body to its environment, to represent the relations of external things among themselves—in short, to think matter. . . . Our concepts have been formed on the model of solids; our logic is, pre-eminently, the logic of solids.

If this is true, what is the use of going further? It follows that our thought is not capable of realising the full nature of life; created by life for the definite purpose referred to in the quotation, how can it be applied to life itself? Professor Bergson points out that "the evolution that ends in man is not the only one." There are other forms of consciousness, though not so self-contained as the human intellect, which, nevertheless, also express something of importance to the evolutionary movement. Each individual is a manifestation of the original impulse, and therefore contains within him the whole secret of life. The intellect, with its geometrical and utilitarian training, cannot solve this riddle. It must look deeper—to intuition, to instinct":—

> Together they may solve by a method more sure, brought nearer to experience, the great problems that philosophy poses. For, if they should succeed in their common enterprise, they would show us the formation of the intellect, and thereby the genesis of that matter of which our intellect traces the general configuration. They would dig to the very root of nature and of mind. They would substitute for the false evolutionism of Spencer—which consists in cutting up present reality, already evolved, into little bits no less evolved, and then recomposing it with these fragments, thus positing in advance everything that is to be explained—a true evolutionism, in which reality would be followed in its generation and its growth.

Professor Bergson does not give us a completed philosophy; he defines the method, and allows us a glimpse of the possibilities of its application. He shows us that the solutions of the intellect—mechanism and finality—both miss the true conception of time, "the stuff the psychical life is made of." Unlike the philosophical systems, this task is not for one man. Such a philosophy will not be made in a day; it will require generations.

Dr. Mitchell was fortunate in receiving the friendly interest of the late Professor William James, who had intended to introduce the work to English readers in a prefatory note. Bergson's philosophy has much in common with pragmatism, so much so that some one has called Bergson the true father of the pragmatists.

"Creative Evolution" is a theory of life and intellect with a charming simplicity of style and wealth of illustration that make the reader forget that he studies deep philosophical problems. The author's previous work, "Matière et Mémoire," which is now translated by Miss Paul and Mr. Scott Palmer, deals with a specific problem, and is more technical. Here again Bergson discovers a sort of *via media* between idealism and realism; he puts us at a point where idealism and realism become partial aspects of a greater truth. He affirms the reality of spirit and the reality of matter, and strives to determine their mutual relations by the study of memory. Once more he realises the dualistic tendencies of the common man:—

> Matter, in our view, is an aggregate of "images." And by "image" we mean a certain existence which is more than that which the idealist calls a *representation*, but less than that which the realist calls a *thing*—an existence placed half-way between the "thing" and the "representation." . . . For common sense the object exists in itself, and, on the other hand, the object is, in itself, pictorial, as we perceive it: image it is, but a self-existing image.

The translation of "Matter and Memory" is a masterly one, and includes an introduction specially written for the English translation by Professor Bergson. We heartily recommend these two works to all with introspective inclinations; they will fill many an aching void of the intellect; they preach a living philosophy; and is not a living philosophy life itself?

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MR. YEATS' NEW BOOK

The Green Helmet and other Poems. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. (The Cuala Press, Dumdrum, Ireland. 10s. 6d. net.)

WE have here but a slim volume, a matter of some thirty-three pages only, printed and bound in the chaste fashion which the Cuala Press is like to make famous; yet it arouses many strange and various thoughts. There is a quality in Mr. Yeats' work that has made the matter of his progress of considerable interest. In his prose he has avowed the belief that poetry should exist merely for its own ends; that it should spurn moral ends, and should exist for the sole purpose of exhibiting a high and chastened beauty. Precisely what this means it is difficult to see, though it is sufficiently obvious what it is meant to convey. It is as though one should say that religion should exist for its own ends merely, and abjure moralities. If we are to understand that poetry, in becoming didactic, steps off its lustrous throne, then that is, or should be, a self-evident thing. But that is not to say that pure poetry disavows morality or that high poetry is unmoral.

Mr. Yeats' intellectual ancestry, in fact, dates from a school that received its impact of inspiration from Walter Pater. But Pater himself did not maintain the attitude suggested by certain passages of his "Renaissance." He progressed from that vision, and enriched his work immeasurably thereby. Therefore Mr. Yeats aroused interest. Hitherto he has clung to his attitude, an attitude that would judge beauty to be an entity rather than an attribute. Yet the volume of his work hitherto achieved has caused many to wonder what his next move would be, for it seemed to suggest that it had sung to its finish. It is impossible to make many volumes of "The Wind Among the Reeds."

In this present volume, however, there is a poem that suggests this mood of his. It runs:—

> All things can tempt me from this craft of verse,
> One time it was a woman's face, or worse,
> The seeming needs of my fool-driven land;
> Now nothing but comes readier to the hand
> Than this accustomed toil. When I was young
> I had not given a penny for a song.
> Did not the poet sing it with such airs
> That one believed he had a sword upstairs,
> Yet would be now, could I but have my wish,
> Colder and dumber and deafer than a fish.

It is better to let a poet explain himself by apt quotation and collation than to throw a mist of words about his meaning. Therefore against the poem already quoted let this other be set, and let them rub a light between them:—

> The fascination of what's difficult
> Has dried the sap out of my veins, and rent
> Spontaneous joy and natural content
> Out of my heart. There's something ails our colt
> That must, as if it had not holy blood,
> Nor on an Olympus leaped from cloud to cloud,
> Shiver under the lash, strain, sweat, and jolt
> As though it dragged road metal. My curse on plays
> That have to be set up in fifty ways,
> On the days' war with every knave and dolt,
> Theatre business, management of men.
> I swear before the dawn comes round again
> I'll find the stable and draw out the bolt.

Between these two poems his present mood is easily discoverable. He who once would "not have given a penny for a song" (did not the poet imply that he had immediate business on hand of earnest purpose, "a sword upstairs"?) and who turned away scornfully from so empirical a muse, is now finding two things assail him. One is, that the difficult thing becomes more and more attenuate, and that the fascination of its pursuit is drying the sap out of his veins. The other is, that the old empiric business of the world is assailing him. "Theatre business, management of men." Between one and the other his muse is losing fire; it must now needs "shiver under the lash, strain, sweat and jolt." He swears he will flee it all.

He is right: his muse is losing fire. There was a music that sung through "The Wind Among the Reeds" that is missed among these lyrics. They are often of a dry quality, lacking the sap that made his earlier poems of such haunting significance. They are no less difficult to attach definite meanings to, but are now brittle, losing that winsome charm that sang their younger fellows to affectionate memory. Sometimes their meaning is bare and hard. Sometimes they are couched in a simplicity that defeats itself, being pellucid truly enough as to speech, but very elliptical, either in syntax or idea. Not only as to women, but no less as to verse, he is a lover of that

> beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
> That is not natural in an age like this,
> Being high and solitary and most stern.

The drama that gives its title to this volume is a versified form of "Golden Helmet." Plot and incident are the same in both; and a careful collation of them furnishes a light interesting enough as to Mr. Yeats' method of work. Compare, for example, the following speech in one and the other! It is Leagaire who speaks; and he speaks of Cuchulain:—

> I wish he would come for all that, and put quiet and respect for those that are more than she is into that young wife of his. Only this very night your wife and my wife had to forbid her to go into the dining-hall before them. She is young, and she is Cuchulain's wife, and so she must spread her tail like a peacock.

In the present form it runs:—

> I would he'd come for all that, and make his young wife know
> That though she may be his wife, she has no right to go
> Before your wife and my wife, as she would have done last night
> Had they not caught at her dress, and pulled her as was right;
> And she makes light of us though our wives do all they can.
> She spreads her tail like a peacock and praises none but her man.

Sometimes the correspondence is closer, sometimes looser. But it is always interesting. It is Mr. Yeats' curious method of work to pass a poetic drama through an initial prose stage; and here we see the process in achievement. As to the verse form, it might perhaps be called a free alexandrine—free in the sense that a disyllabic often becomes a trisyllabic foot. It cannot be called a success, however, though it is an interesting experiment. For this is a drama that is full of action, while an alexandrine, by its very length, forswears action. Its nature demands a slow chant, and consequently a heavy movement. A matter and a manner that war with each other at the threshold of workmanship spell doom to beauty of achievement.

There are some who thought that this next book of Mr. Yeats' would be full of interest. It is; yet not quite the interest that one had thought to find. That is put at a yet further remove. Nevertheless, there is interest here, deep interest; there is beauty here, and there are thoughts that rove through the whole business of Art.

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MONSIEUR BERGERAT AND PARIS

Souvenirs d'un Enfant de Paris—Les Années de Bohème. By Émile Bergerat. (Fasquelle, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

This is not the Monsieur Bergeret who came to Paris late in life, when the iron of a French provincial town, tempered by conjugal infidelity, had entered into his soul. It is "Mayer mit a," as they say in Bavaria, not "Meyer mit e." For one thing, M. Bergeret at Paris is an accident; the unheroic hero of the "Histoire Contemporaine" loses a great part of his interest in leaving his sorrows and annoyances behind him and in coming to Paris. M. Émile Bergerat, on the other hand, belongs to Paris—he connotes Paris. He has no need of the "spirit of adoption" as so many other Parisians. He has lived in Paris all his life, not in the bare literal sense of renting a flat somewhere inside the fortifications, but in the sense that he has known and loved all that was best in the "Ville Lumière" during the last fifty years of its history. We trust we shall not be putting ourselves outside the pale when we say that we prefer M. Bergerat to M. Bergeret—"à Paris." And we prefer him to M. Arthur Meyer, whose recently published "Ce Que Mes Yeux Ont Vu" is yet of most poignant interest. "La Bohème" has more to do with literature than has the Bourse or even the Palais Bourbon. And the "Bohème" of these recollections is not that of Murger; it is a sane practical existence of looking the world in the face, and of trying to better it, or at least to keep the best of it alive—which is, after all, the wiser part—and of never forgetting that the first duty of a Frenchman is to be gay.

From the opening chapter, headed "Mon V. H.," and opening with the significant words, "V. H., c'est Victor Hugo," to the closing scene, where Théophile Gautier takes his cat upon his lap, bids a silent farewell to his daughter and to his new son-in-law, M. Émile Bergerat, and flies for consolation to the country of dreams, there is not a page that we could have spared. It is journalism, perhaps, but inspired journalism. "Souvenirs d'un Enfant de Paris" is as much a work of art and fancy as an autobiography; it is from this standpoint that we have ventured to compare it favourably with "M. Bergeret à Paris." Being an autobiography, chronology naturally presides over its arrangement, but without excluding a very clear and symmetrical division of the materials. Part I. begins, as we have already mentioned, with Victor Hugo, whom the author brings on the stage in characteristic fashion. The prophet of Liberal Romanticism was finishing his term of exile in Guernsey; his adorer was prosecuting his studies at the Lycée Charlemagne. Hugoism and Liberalism were part of the air they breathed at this establishment; in their play the boys represented Camille Desmoulins at the Café Foy. The young poet was inspired to address an ode to the banished seer; Hugo's letter acknowledging this effusion became the object of a lottery. It was only six years later that M. Bergerat learned from the best possible authority that the coveted treasure was not written by Hugo at all. The winner of the lottery had started on a career of autograph-collecting on the strength of his prize, and he was charitably allowed to keep his illusion, with the gem of his collection.

Coquelin and M. Paul Déroulède are among the intimates of the early period. The juxtaposition of these two names gives point to a charming and fantastic anecdote about the latter. Hearing that Emile Deschanel was about to deliver a lecture, containing a certain amount of unfavourable criticism, on de Musset, he took two of his friends, one of them M. Bergerat, to the lecture-room, and awaited developments. The moment the lecturer passed from the chapter of merits to that of defects, M. Déroulède was on his feet—"Non, Monsieur, Alfred de Musset n'a pas de défaillances. Il est impeccable et parfait." After a short exchange of repartee the professor had to abandon the lecture. We are not so sure that the true principles of literary criticism were not present beneath these unorthodox-looking methods. We cannot refrain from quoting a story about Coquelin Cadet before his adoption of the actor's profession. Having served a term in England as drawing-master at a girls' school, without knowing either English or drawing, he was asked how he had managed to escape exposure. He explained that he used to pause thoughtfully before the sketch of each of his pupils, take up a pencil, hold it before him for a moment, with one eye closed, say "Wery well," and pass on.

Of Part II. we cannot speak, though it contains some of the best pages. It is the story of the Année Terrible, the defeats, the siege, and the Commune. We see how against the arrows of adversity there is no weapon of defence like the laughter of brave men. It is a new reading of Horace's

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae

M. Bergerat regretfully emits the opinion that the disasters of that time have left a permanent mark on the French character in diminishing the national fund of gaiety, and in inculcating a belief in "the power of gravity."

Part III. is concerned almost entirely with Théophile Gautier—no new subject, of course, for his nephew, "Caliban." We have abundant confirmation here of the fact that he who was called "the faultless poet," in the same way that Andrea del Sarto was called "the faultless painter," was the most lovable of men. The story of his declining years is a most wholesome and refreshing chapter, in modern literary history. His acts are as much works of art as his poems; the "geste" of a good Frenchman is always there to season a noble action. Paris is about to be besieged; old and infirm Gautier speeds thither—"On bat maman, j'accours." But perhaps the gem of his "gestes" is this: to show his esteem for his old friend and frequent hostess, Princess Mathilde, he had been in the habit of making for her, each time he was invited to Saint-Gratien, one of his jewel-like poems. As a supreme homage he had a single copy of these collected poems printed and bound with elaborate care, and then had the type broken up. Thus he was able, usurping the painter's privilege, to offer the gift of a work of genius that had no double or counterfeit on this earth.

SCOTTISH HISTORY

Annals of the Reigns of Malcolm and William, Kings of Scotland, A.D. 1153-1214. Collected, with Notes and an Index, by Sir Archibald Campbell Lawrie, LL.D. (James MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow. 10s. net.)

The talented author of "Early Scottish Charters Prior to A.D. 1153" continues his valuable work in this important collection of the Annals of Scottish History during a troubled period. The relations of the Kings of England and Scotland were complicated by the feudal obligation of homage, which, as Bishop Stubbs pointed out, "was one of those diplomatic knots which are kept unsolved by mutual reservations until the time comes when they must be cut by the sword." Malcolm was compelled to do homage; and during the long reign of Henry II. William the Lion was practically his vassal, and had to submit to the most abject terms when he was defeated and captured after the Earls' rebellion. Anent this capture, Sir Archibald Lawrie gives a graphic picture of the news reaching Henry in a passage cited from Jordan Fantosme. The Chamberlain at first refused to allow the King to be disturbed. But the messenger's persistence

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roused the King, who, overjoyed, woke up his barons, saying—

The King of Scotland is taken, so it has been told me for truth,
Just now the news came to me, when I ought to have been in bed. . . .
This night seemed very fine to King Henry.

Although Richard, in the general sale of offices to raise money for the Crusades, released William from the obligation of fealty for 10,000 marks, King John enforced personal homage, and eventually at the Treaty of Norham in 1209 exacted a fine of 15,000 marks, and carried off William's two daughters as hostages. So William had to borrow money, and a memorandum states:—"The total of the debts owing by William, King of Scotland, to Aaron, the Jew of Lincoln, by ten charters, £2,776; for which Earl David made himself surety by holding an agreement regarding the charters."

But besides the affairs of the Kings and matters political there are a great number of incidental facts of interest in these annals. We may read of the founding of Abbeys, such as Glenluce and Dryburgh; of the tithes of fishing and of mills; of the land-tax, *Hydagium;* of the custom on weighing goods, *Pessagium;* and of the refusal of the Bishops, Earls, and Barons of Scotland to give a tenth of rents and movables for the crusade preached by Archbishop Baldwin and Gilbert, Bishop of Rochester, to Henry II.'s Council at Geddington in 1188. The importance of the Prince Palatine Bishops of Durham appears in the wars and struggles of the marches, and the sieges and surrender of their great castles. In section lxvii. an account is given from the Annals of Ulster of an unsuccessful attempt to reunite Iona to the Irish Church (A.D. 1164). The name of MacFoircellaigh, chief of the Culdees, is "the sole mention of a Keledean institution in Iona," Sir Archibald Lawrie says in his note *in loc.*

He might, however, have added that "in Iona, in a valley between Dunü and Dunbhurg, are the foundations of a cell measuring about 16ft. by 14ft., called the Culdees' Cell," as pointed out by Dr. J. T. Fowler. In section cxli. we have the charter of King Richard granting the King of Scots escort to and from the English Court, and fixing his daily allowance, *inter alia* the exact amount of candles, pepper, and wine. This charter is witnessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, eight other Bishops, several Earls, "et multis aliis;" while just twenty years afterwards we read "how King John permits King William to buy fifty or sixty lampreys on January 1st, 1214. There are, as might be expected, innumerable references to Church affairs, letters and bulls of Popes to Bishops and Abbeys, questions of vacancies and appointments; and during the interdict in England in 1208, it is interesting to notice that the Bishops of Salisbury and Rochester went to Scotland and were maintained by King William, who assigned them "octoginta celdras frumenti, et sexaginta sex celdras de brasio et octaginta de avena."

Sir Archibald Lawrie has made his selection with careful discrimination: throughout the book he gives most useful and scholarly notes, and there is a capital and exhaustive Index. The student of history will find in these annals a copious and interesting work of reference. There ought to be a tabulated list of the original sources, and a longer and more complete historical introduction would have added to the value of this work.

SENTIMENTAL BIOGRAPHY

The Gay King—Charles II.: His Court and Times. By Dorothy Senior. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Gay King," as applied to King Charles II., is somewhat of a misnomer—at least with respect to our modern meaning of the word "gay." "The Philosophical King" would perhaps describe more accurately the person and character of the third Stuart King of Great Britain and Ireland. He was a man with many sides to his character, who made the best possible use he could of his opportunities, and never grumbled. He was neither a bigot nor a hypocrite, but he adapted himself to his varying circumstances with admirable equanimity. He was sincere and open-hearted, and admired goodness quite as much as beauty. He was just the sort of man to be misunderstood and misrepresented.

Miss Senior, in her preface, has succinctly summed up the character of her "Gay King" in four words: "he had no illusions." She brings out, in this handsome volume, very pleasantly and readably the story of the saddest and merriest monarch in the long line of our kings. Perhaps the author has cut and carved a little too arrogantly the stirring and affecting incidents in the King's life and times; doubtless she had in her mind her special public—many of us Paul Prys and Diderots. "I like," said the latter, "to see nudities well enough, but I do not like any one to show them me!" Perhaps De Grammont's causeries are nearer the mark than Dorothy Senior's carefully sifted gossip. Anyhow she has a very pretty way of making the best of a compromising situation, and so her book need not bring a blush to the over-prudish.

The best chapters in "The Gay King" are "The House of Bondage" and "Ladies More Fair Than Wise"—these were the limits of Charles' sadness and his happiness. "How hard he is!" some said, speaking of his exile; "How weak he is!" others replied, criticising his amours. Buoyant, amorous, and good-looking, Charles was every woman's sweetheart—they all made love to him. Cupid's fetters were more to his liking than the conventions of the Covenant; but when Royal Princesses looked askance he consoled himself with beauty on the spot. Our author has told us guardedly the loves of Charles, at least some of them, but she names, and hardly more, Catherine Pegge, Elizabeth Killigrew, and Eleanor Needham, "the King's seventeenth mistress abroad," as Pepys calls her.

The difficulties the exiled King met with in his matrimonial proposals put off his marriage for many years, and then one of the most insipid and most ill-favoured of Princesses—Catherine of Braganza—accepted the *rôle* of Consort. Her persistence in wearing unsightly Portuguese costumes displeased Charles; her toilet offended his sense of beauty. The ladies of the Court boycotted the poor Queen. "Fair Barbara" was the worst, for she insisted upon making a third party whenever the King and Queen were together. But then Cleveland had her match in Portsmouth, and these two redoubtable Duchesses fought out to a finish the position of *maîtresse-en-titre*. Barbara was Charles' "Minera," Louise his "Flora," but both paled before the effulgence of an orange-girl, Nell Gwyn, "the indiscreetest and coldest creature that ever was at Court," as Burnet dubbed her.

Staider citizens were shocked at the carryings-on—"Women painted, spotted, and masked skylarking with the smarts." Still, the Court and times of Charles II. were the natural corrective of the hypocrisies of the Commonwealth, and men and women, unprejudiced, do not hold up Charles to scorn and ignominy. Dorothy Senior's story is one of those books which make the reader want to know more not only of the times and people described, but also of her own handiwork. Sentimental biography is a deal cleaner and sweeter than sensual fiction. The illustrations in "The Gay King" are very interesting, and the volume is well printed and well got up. It should meet with a ready sale.

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NAPOLEON AND ST. HELENA

The Tragedy of St. Helena. By Sir Walter Runciman, Bart. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

When Lord Rosebery, in the Preface of his "Last Phase of Napoleon," asked, "Will there ever be an adequate Life of Napoleon?" he propounded a question of which there will never be a final solution. The "Bible" of Napoleon is already as big as, if not bigger than, that of any other man—divine, mythological, or human.

Sir Walter Runciman—than whom no writer was more adequately equipped by enthusiasm, erudition, and endeavour to tell us facts concerning the "man of mystery"—has, in his tersely composed volume, "The Tragedy of St. Helena," stated the case for our hero quite emphatically and convincingly. Certainly he has travelled on the lines of Lord Rosebery, and their two compilations exhaust all that can be said about the prison and the prisoner of St. Helena. This is a plain, unvarnished story, written by a level-headed, warm-hearted sea-dog and land-hog, and yet he has succumbed to the worship of his hero, in that he regards him as "a wonderful being," and "the ideal of human greatness."

What a tremendous contrast is this consensus of Rosebery and Runciman to the words of Lord Wolseley, whose sentimental papers in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* caused searchings of heart! The Field-Marshal has hardly a good word for the greatest ruler of men the world has ever seen—the greatest commander of all time. It may be a truism "Never get a man to write about an associate greater than himself;" but, alas! Wolseley's harsh judgments have had a baneful sequence. However, "no impartial student of the part played by Napoleon," writes Sir Walter, "during twenty years of warfare will deny that the institutions he founded, the laws that he made, and his mode of Government wherever established were beneficial. . . . His dictatorship was wielded with a wholesome discipline . . . he distinguished between eternal justice and tyranny. . . ."

Speaking of his defeat at Waterloo, Napoleon was accustomed to say, "It must have been fate, for I ought to have succeeded: one must never ask of fortune more than she can grant." This is where Napoleon erred. In one of his day-dreams at St. Helena he exclaimed, "Ah! if I could have governed France for forty years I would have made her the most splendid empire that ever existed." This is where Napoleon failed. Such errors and such "failures" are of the essence of fame and success. But we have to do specially, in Sir Walter Runciman's goodly volume, with the "last age which ends this eventful history," "the abode of darkness" as he calls it. The fallen Emperor's last abode on earth was his "Inferno." Lord Bathurst was the *diabolus ex machina*, and his congenial spirits were Liverpool, Eldon, Castlereagh, and Sidmouth, not one of whom added any lustre to the "Story of the Nation." They were a sordid crew, ever stifling the more generous instincts of the Crown and people. Hudson Lowe did their dirty work. Of him Wellington said, "He is totally unfit to take charge of Buonaparte." These men murdered Napoleon in cold blood—a drawn-out tragedy. By an inversion of the truth Napoleon came to be regarded as the "bogey" with which to frighten babies.

Napoleon was not a "good" man; neither was he a bigot nor a hypocrite. He was not mad either; he was a genius so much above the ordinary ruck of men that ordinary magnanimity could not reach his level. Hence came the pettifogging tyrannies of Longwood—unsanitary quarters, unwholesome food, unsympathetic supervision, shabby clothes, restricted relaxations, &c. In short, everything was meted out to the "Ruler of Europe" with miserable parsimony on purpose to hasten his death and relieve his unworthy gaolers of their embarrassments.

The chapters of Sir Walter's book entitled "The Man of the Revolution" and "The Oligarchy," are excellent reading, and he gives a succinct Bibliography and a good Chronology. We very cordially recommend this addition to the Napoleon "Bible" to the attentive consideration of impartial readers. Extremists, too, may benefit by its perusal.

SIBERIA

Siberia: a Record of Travel, Climbing, and Exploration. By Samuel Turner, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Baron Hey King, and Forty-six Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

In the stricter meaning of the word education is a very rare thing. In a day of rapid and vapid journalism it is becoming impossible to discover the actual state of affairs with regard either to public event or notorious happening. It is so with regard to events in England; how much more must it be so with regard to matters outside England! A strike will occur that bids fair to paralyse commerce, and the zealous student of the daily press will find his paper full of street affrays and police-court happenings, but no word or hint as to the cause of the trouble. Even the very desire to learn is being sapped out of the average man—which is the most terrible thing of all.

Such reflections are stirred in one by reading this book of Mr. Turner's. For Siberia is a land much in the thought of people; and that thought is generally occupied with convict-settlements and snow blood-stained from the knouts of Cossack convict-drivers. It is a habit of thought not alone common to the vulgar: it rules with more than sufficient power in circles that would protest their culture with considerable indignation. Yet how remote from truth this habit of thought is let Mr. Turner's book declare. Not that we altogether adopt his urbane acceptation of a smiling exterior. It is sufficient to say that the exterior is indeed smiling, and not malign, whatever abnormalities proceed beneath the smile.

While he calls his book a record of travel, climbing, and exploration, it is worthy of note that Mr. Turner's primary reason in visiting Siberia was business. He went as the representative of a British firm of provision importers to search out the possibilities of future business, and to open out business where convenient. This being so, we expect to find him with a keen eye to the business potentialities of the country. Nor are we disappointed in such a prognosis, for the second chapter in his book is given up to the dairy industry of Siberia.

He goes into the question with considerable detail, and it is obviously out of the field of a review such as this to dwell on the subject. But the fact itself is more than ordinarily interesting. In the first place, the mind refuses at first to associate Siberia with the succulent matter of dairy-produce. And that the mind is not to be censured for this aversion is obvious from the fact that settlers in Siberia never thought of this possible connection till the early nineties. Even then it was left to an Englishwoman to conceive the idea and to put it into execution. Since then the notion has spread; and Mr. Turner's statistics and subsequent facts are evidence of the degree to which it has become almost a staple industry of

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the country. To such an extent, indeed, is it practised that in the furthest and most remote regions it forms the centre of activity. Another industry that one would be little inclined to associate with the country, but which prevails nevertheless, is agriculture.

While Mr. Turner speaks of his book as being occupied with Siberia, it is perhaps necessary to point out that it does not treat this wide country in any sense of completeness. Probably one of the first towns a fairly well-informed reader would expect to have treated in detail would be Irkutsk. Its festive life has made it the subject of peculiar attraction to readers of Siberian life. But he does not even mention it, and for the exceedingly simple reason that his business purposes did not take him so far. In other words, his book is an account of Siberia within the limits of the business requirements of a few months' visit.

There is, however, one qualification to the last sentence, and this qualification is not unimportant since it accounts for the centre and apex of this book. That is to say, having arrived at Byok, the utmost limit of his business necessity, he proceeded with laudable purpose to ascend "Belukha," the highest known mountain in Siberia. It is in his account of this that he achieves a special zest of interest; and incidentally tells us of the people and of the country that do not lie within the scope of the general run of books on Siberia. It is of course impossible to treat of his climb in detail, though every paragraph of his account is vital with interest, particularly to any who have any experience of "peak-bagging," but his mention of the Kalmurks—the aboriginals of that part—quickens a peculiar interest. Anything to do with any part of that very extraordinary race that inhabits the centre plateau has an absorbing interest. The following account of a Russian bath, too, given on his passage south, is of more than passing interest. He says:—

> It was along this road that I made my first inspection of a Russian bath. This was a small hut, erected at some distance from the dwelling-house. It contained a roughly-constructed stove, in which wood is burnt until the stones of which it is composed are nearly red-hot. Water is then thrown on the stones, the steam thus generated filling the room. In some baths a raised platform is erected, which is reached by a series of steps, and is flanked by wooden benches. This is called the "polka," and, owing to the superheated steam ascending to the top of the room, is a very hot corner. The method of using the bath is to raise some soap-suds in a bucket of hot water. A bundle of birch-twigs with the leaves still on it, called a "veynik," is dipped in the hot soap and water, and the body soundly thrashed with it. The heat of the "polka" is so intense that the Russian peasant frequently thinks nothing of coming outside *in nudibus*, and rolling in the snow."

Within its limits "Siberia" is an admirable book, and more than well worth reading. Its illustrations are not the least part of its excellence.

THE MISSIONARY IN BRAZIL

Through the Wildernesses of Brazil by Horse, Canoe, and Float. By William Azel Cook. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Of late an unusual number of missionaries have taken the public into their confidence to the extent of publishing the accounts of their journeys in various lands. The majority of these have been commendable for their restraint and for the modest veiling of their author's personality behind the scenes of native life and landscape with which the volumes dealt. A North American missionary, Mr. Cook, now adds his contribution to this pile of valuable literature. His production cannot claim the unqualified approval with which the rest have met. It resembles the famous egg of the curate. In parts it is excellent; in others unduly militant, in spite of the earnest spirit displayed. The book, in fact, may be divided into two sections, the one descriptive of Indian adventure, the other of wordy warfare with the Brazilian priests and others whom the author very frankly terms idolators. In his dealings with these two subjects the author displays a dual personality. His descriptions of the savage aboriginal life are sympathetic and of intense interest; his account of what he suffered at the hands of white and coffee-coloured wearers of trousers and the general garb of civilisation is instructive in another fashion, but is decidedly not sympathetic. So widely does the tone of the two phases differ that it is difficult to believe that the book is the work of one man.

Mr. Cook started out from Rio de Janeiro filled with good intentions and loaded with many Bibles and a cornet. Let it be clearly understood that we wish to criticise the methods of this itinerent enthusiast in no spirit of irreverence. The American missionary was the agent of a good work, and undoubtedly acted up to the dictates of a rigid conscience. He was a bold man, moreover, as indeed he must be, who, endowed with a revivalist spirit and with a strong fear concerning the damnation of his theological opponents, parades through the priest-governed villages of rural Brazil. Apparently the author had never before come into contact with the cruder forms of Roman Catholicism, and that which he saw and heard roused him to the keenest fighting pitch. There was reason for his disgust. We know well enough that the majority of Brazilian rural priests are soiled signposts to a voluptuous heaven of their own creation. We have met with many who were notably lacking both in spiritual and personal cleanliness. Yet we should be loth to brand the entire priesthood of the country as servants of the devil and trebly damned. Mr. Cook, however, appeared to hold no uncertain views on the point. The result materialised in conflicts between the outspoken minister and the jealous, unwashed priests—collisions that were renewed with the regularity of clockwork in each village at which he made a halt.

It was magnificent—but it was war! What else could have been engendered from such an overflow of mutual pity! The courageous author passed from village to village through the flames of battle, armed, as he says, with the "sword of the Spirit." All the way he distributed tracts, sold "fine large Bibles," and sounded his cornet with a triumphal note that was not to be marred even by the physical attacks fomented by those "moral lepers" the priests. His progress was pacific alone through those regions devoid of local spiritual advisers, and here, at least, he came into contact with a certain number of "devout heathen," as he terms the more pious Roman Catholics. The fact that the personality of the author enters so largely into the interesting narrative must excuse the personalities indulged in by the reviewer. Mr. Cook, as a matter of fact, represents a type. His character, as revealed by his book, is exactly akin to that of so many other earnest and unbending North Americans, who are now, for the first time, taking an interest in Central and South America.

It is a rather curious fact, and one that may not be without its future political significance, that the human temperaments of no two continents are farther apart than those of the Northern and Southern halves of the Americas. The methodical and direct curtness of the North American is admirable in its way; the grave and stately Iberian courtesy is equally to be commended in its own place. These characteristics, naturally, are universal in neither continent, yet they form a very weighty element in both. When the owners of these respective temperaments are

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brought into contact acute antagonism by no means follows; but an astonishingly complete want of mutual understanding is inevitable. Mr. Cook is very honest. He blows his cornet, distributes his sheaves of tracts, and says (not in the book, by the way):—"There is only one path to heaven, and I have got the map of the route—right here!" The North American politician is not equally honest—since all the world over that which is a virtue in a missionary is a vice in a politician. Yet he surveys the great Southern continent in a sufficiently straightforward fashion, and expresses himself with a conviction that equals that of the missionary. There is only one safeguard for the Republics of the South, he explains, and that is the Monroe Doctrine with which he has already endowed them. The attitudes of both Mr. Cook and his Government towards the Brazilians are in many respects identical. They are both assured that they know exactly that which the country requires. It is probable that their views are perfectly correct—up to a certain point. But whether they will succeed in instilling a corresponding belief into the South Americans is quite another matter. As it is, the South American shrugs his shoulders, and accepts both doctrines—so far as it suits him to do so. The extent to which he will go beyond his own inclinations still remains to be put to the test. When the moment arrives it cannot fail to be instructive.

Mr. Cook's journey is typical of much that may happen on a larger scale. His staunchness and resolution do not appear to have failed him in the most trying circumstances. Crediting the coffee-coloured mulatto of the interior with the temperament of the New England schoolboy, he wielded his spiritual club with sincerity and fervour. Yet, knowing the inhabitants, we cannot refrain from the belief that he would have achieved more by the tickling force of a feather and a smile! It was in the theologically virgin field of the Indian tribes that the author undoubtedly felt most at home. Here the missionary made light of very real hardships and perils, and mingled with the hordes of naked savages as easily as a duck takes to water. It is a feather in his cap, moreover, that the aborigines apparently returned his regard. The pages that deal with these portions of his travels are by far the most interesting in the book. Reading them, one is tempted to hope that Mr. Cook's next journey will be effected from the United States direct to the remote swamps of Indians—say by aeroplane!

ASIA IN A NUTSHELL

Eastern Asia: a History. By Ian C. Hannah, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

In the preface to his "Eastern Asia" Mr. Hannah takes the reader into his confidence with much frankness. He confesses that the criticism that most impressed him of the original edition from which the present volume has been evolved was to the effect that it contained too many facts to the square inch. For this later and more important volume he claims a nicer adjustment of matter. Nevertheless, were facts packed more closely together than they are even here the reader might well run the risk of becoming a little giddy from the force of the tremendously rapid procession of events.

However, it would be an ungracious thing to grumble at a full quiver of fact, even if it be rendered in a somewhat potted form. From a chronological point of view the tendency errs on the safer side. This particular form of treatment, moreover, could scarcely have been avoided in the space allowed, when the history of Asia, from the earliest known dawn to the present day, is compressed within three hundred pages. The result is a conscientious catalogue of reigns and wars, rises and falls, rather than an introduction to the more intimate points of cause and effect that stamp the long history of the great continent. The pages of the volume are curiously innocent of that glamour of the East that is part and parcel of so many similar works. Indeed, for the author's purpose there is no need of any romance of the kind. The book is invaluable in its own way. As an historical survey of Eastern Asia, simply and clearly written, it is of serious practical utility, and must prove of considerable service to those desirous of following the threads of dynasty, religion, and progress, more especially in China, Japan, and India.

In the course of such comment as he allows himself the author, very rightly, demonstrates a strong sympathy with Eastern ideals. Like the majority of such enthusiasts, he is bitter in his condemnation of the unscrupulous European aggressions that have gone so far to upset the ancient philosophy of the continent. His charges are occasionally a little too sweeping. The Portuguese, for instance, scarcely merit the full blame that he throws upon their early rule in India. Although the results of the reckless intermarriage were lamentable enough, the procedure was only in accordance with the general Portuguese policy throughout the world, that had for its aim the blending together of races by ties of blood. The fanatical cruelties of the priests, moreover, must be clearly dissociated from the actions of such efficient and benign rulers as Albuquerque, to whom, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hannah pays a just tribute.

The opinions of the author are expressed at greater length towards the end of the book when dealing with the present involved situation in China. In common with many other authorities, he is loth to believe that the yellow peril will assume a military form. It would, indeed, be strange were the deep-seated philosophy of ages shattered in the course of a couple of generations from the mere force of the introduction of modern arms.

SHORTER REVIEWS

From Hausaland to Egypt, through the Soudan. By H. Karl W. Kumm, Ph.D. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 16s. net.)

The expedition across Africa of which Dr. Kumm furnishes an account was performed by him during 1908 and 1909. He was no novice in African exploration. As long ago as 1899 he visited the southern oases of the Lybian desert. Two years later he was in Nubia. In 1904 he went southwards from Tripoli. Later in the same year he penetrated Northern Nigeria and formed the Soudan United Mission. Finally, on October 10th, 1908, Dr. Kumm set out on the expedition of which the present volume is one of the results. His principal business was connected with the work of the Soudan United Mission; but when he had completed it he struck due east, and, after many adventures, arrived at Khartoum on December 3rd, 1909. Dr. Kumm has been successful in constructing an interesting narrative of his venturesome journey. As a gift-book the attractiveness of the volume is much increased by the very numerous illustrations with which its pages are embellished. Interspersed amidst an interestingly written narrative of his journey across the African Continent are to be found many items of far more than mere popular interest. Thus turning the pages over casually one finds this character-sketch of one of the great natural leaders of the Africans:—

> The inky black eyes of the great chief (Sinussi), when turned on some of my headmen and personal boys, looked

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> as if they might drill holes through them. A lord and leader of men, I could see, sat by my side, who, during the last twelve years in devastating the regions surrounding his territory, has shown that the lives of men and women are to him but as dust under the soles of his feet, to be trodden down or scattered at will. He is about fifty-five years old, and seems to be implicitly obeyed by his people.

The contents of the volume are, however, very varied. On another page we learn of tame crocodiles, the least expected of domestic pets. So tame are they that the women of the village wash and disport themselves in the pond in close proximity to these dreadful denizens of the water.

There is an immense amount of miscellaneous information to be found in the appendices to the book, although but a portion of it can be considered of general or even of particular interest. The Beri-beri proverbs are interesting, but there are very few of them. The vocabularies of Bagirmi and Sara are very lengthy, but are not likely to be consulted by any of Dr. Kumm's readers. The next appendix contains a number of meteorologieal observations. Then follows a list of zoological specimens collected by the explorer, and finally he furnishes a detailed statement of the outfit with which he undertook his journey. The volume may not be one displaying great learning, but to the general reader, and especially to those who take an interest in African exploration, it should prove attractive. It is to be hoped that the reading public will not be deterred by its abnormal (avoirdupois) heaviness.

The Lord Chancellors of Scotland from the Institution of the Office to the Treaty of Union. By SAMUEL COWAN, J.P. Two Volumes. Illustrated. (W. and A. K. Johnston. 21s. net.)

IN the present work Mr. Cowan, a well-known writer on Scottish history, has essayed to deal with a phase of it in the form of a series of biographies. This method often has its disadvantages, especially when the biographies are bald, brief, and disconnected. To the specialist in Scottish history, however, this work should prove invaluable, for Mr. Cowan has collected into one book all the known but disseminated extant information on his subject. The first of the Scottish Chancellors the author traces in John, Bishop of Glasgow, who was appointed by David I. in 1124. The records of these early years are exceptionally meagre in parts, and in consequence Mr. Cowan underwent considerable difficulty in constructing even brief biographies of the early Chancellors. The second Chancellor, "Herbert the Chancellor," the author identifies with Herbert Maxwell, an ancestor of Sir Herbert Maxwell, the well-known contemporary writer and ex-M.P.

Mr. Cowan prefaces his biographies, which, he is careful to point out, are not intended to be more than outlines of the official careers of their subjects, with, first, a Kalendar of the Lord Chancellors of Scotland, and, secondly, an introductory chapter in which the immediate objects of the book are introduced. Previous to the Reformation the holders of the office were without exception High Church dignitaries. With that epoch, however, came a change; the place of the clerics was taken by laymen. In this later period the Chancellors presided as a rule at the Scottish Parliament, the General Assembly, the Courts of Justice, and the Court of High Commission. Interpolated in the introductory chapter is a dissertation on the Lord Chancellorship of England, with especial reference to Thomas à Becket and Queen Eleanor. The latter, we are reminded, was Lady Chancellor, that is to say fulfilled all the functions of Lord Chancellor. When her husband was abroad in Gascony the Great Seal was left in her charge. She sat as Judge in the Aula Regius, and when the City authorities were remiss in paying to her what she considered her dues she did not hesitate to commit the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to prison. Queen Eleanor was by no means a popular favourite, and in the end she had to take refuge from the hostility of the citizens. The two volumes are illustrated with a number of excellent portraits.

Cloud-rifts over Cottonopolis: A Series of Sketches. By AN OBSERVER. (Sherratt and Hughes. 1s. net.)

BY means of some pithy dialogues carried on during a series of visits to the mean streets of Manchester, the author of this volume manages to impart to his readers in pleasant form a clear notion of the problems which are inseparable from every crowded working-class population; he also tells of the work which is being done by various devoted persons with the object of increasing the happiness—in some cases we might rather say lessening the misery—of these dark places. Hopeless enough such work may seem, but if it is to succeed at all the characters of this book are setting about it in the right way; the "goody-goody" element is scorned, and the methods adopted are those of practical, hard-headed men, not those of the ubiquitous and loquacious "social reformer" whose "reform" too often induces restiveness and social upheavals. The opening study, "A Sunday Evening in the City," contains a very neat presentation of a typical North-country man, who was "guiltless of using trouser-stretchers, while his office manner was so blunt that persons calling for subscriptions grew nervous as they climbed his stairs," but who was a real good fellow. Among the conversations many shrewd remarks are to be found. Says Rentoul, who believes that the Churches have never frankly faced the problem of amusement:—

> "We have lost the art of cathedral-building, and it seems to me that we are also losing conviction and fervour and reverence."
>
> "I cannot agree," said Barlow; "no doubt there is some trouble and confusion in the process of transition, and the tenderer souls receive some shocks. . . . Conviction, in the sense of absolute certainty about a dogma, may be less common, but happily so is cant. Words count less and realities more. If external reverence is on the wane, there is a growth of respect for things that really matter. If God is less often discerned by an odd prophet here and there to be present in a burning bush, He is more adequately realised by the man in the street to be immanent in human life."

The hard common sense and relentless logic of the non-churchgoing artisan are amusingly exhibited in many wordy encounters; in fact, the whole book is full of keen humour and cogent argument, and will open the eyes of many to the possibilities latent in our immense and crowded provincial population.

Bushland Stories. By AMY E. MACK. Illustrated. (Angus and Robertson, Sydney.)

IT is not often that we have the pleasure to welcome from Australia a book of so many charming short stories as are contained in the volume before us. Miss Mack has evidently a great appreciation of nature and her charms, and cares more for the flowers that grow "in the bush by the creek" than for any of the choicer blooms of hothouse growth. She

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appears to be thoroughly acquainted with all the haunts and habits of the birds and fishes of Australia, and weaves around many of them a dainty and prettily-told story, at the same time not forgetting to point, although in no laboured or objectionable way, to the moral of it all, which consists in many cases of advice to cultivate the spirit of content. "Bushland Stories" should be a somewhat original and welcome addition to the large and excellent assortment of children's books which already exist in vast and ever-growing numbers, and it will also possibly be enjoyed by many who can no longer claim to be children with regard to years.

Cyclist's Touring Club British Road Book. New Series. Vol. VI. North-West England. Edited by T. B. SANDFORD, M.A. Maps. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

UNDER the auspices of the Cyclist's Touring Club Messrs. Nelson and Sons have now issued Vol. VI. of the "British Road Book," which deals with the North-west England District. Mr. L. B. Sandford, in his editorial note, is very apologetic about the wares he has to offer. But we do not think from a cursory glance through its pages that he need have any fear with regard to the value and utility of the book. Each route is well and clearly defined, the names are boldly marked, and the hills and valleys indicated. By the side of each route is a short description of the places of interest which the cyclist will pass on his journey. There are in all 110 maps, not including those in a rather lengthy Appendix. In dealing with the villages, the editor reminds his readers that the church is usually the most interesting object to be found there; but we are not sure that all tourists will appreciate his advice when he tells them that before leaving they should make it a practice to "look for some almsbox."

FICTION

The Patrician. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT once said, in a series of ACADEMY articles, since re-bound under the title "The Truth about an Author," after referring to the utter worthlessness of the mass of novels, "there remains the work of the true artist, the work the reviewer himself admires and enjoys: say one book in fifty, or one in a hundred. The reviewer reads that through." Such a book is "The Patrician," the work of a true artist, the book we certainly read through with admiration and enjoyment.

It is a distinguished book, by reason of its style and because of the exactness and perfection with which the portraits of the characters are worked in upon the brain until the reader is confident that not merely would he know them if he met them in the street, but would recognise them by their voices in another room. Lord Miltoun, the eldest son of the Earl of Valleys, *en route* to the House of Lords, proposes to pause until that time comes in the House of Commons, where it is rightly expected that his marked abilities and family influence will give him both place and authority. He is of the highest personal character, a High Churchman, an instinctive aristocrat, who takes to politics naturally and seriously. But this is not a political novel, though working itself out in a political atmosphere. There is a woman in the case, and therein lies the human interest.

Down in the country, within his father's sphere of territorial influence, a by-election is taking place, and although Lord Miltoun's supporters regard his chances of success as practically assured, every vote is wanted. The rumour gets abroad that Lord Miltoun is attached, in some way better not described, to a lady living down there in a separateness understood to have been obtained in the Divorce Court. An assault is made one night upon one of Lord Miltoun's opponents, Charles Courtier, and Lord Miltoun emerges with Mrs. Audrey Noel from her little house to his rescue. The fat promptly blazes in the fire. Courtier is her great friend, and regards her with the tender and protecting interest of a brother. But Lord Miltoun is deeply in love with her. "He had reached the age of thirty without ever having been in love, leading a life of almost savage purity, with one solitary breakdown. Women were afraid of him. And he was perhaps a little afraid of women. She was in theory too lovely and desirable—the half-moon in a summer sky; in practice too cloying or too harsh." Theirs was a chance meeting, due to an accident to the little boy of a tenant he was visiting. Audrey Noel was carrying the child home. He found out her name. "Some days later, passing by the village green, he saw her entering a garden-gate. On this occasion he had asked her whether she would like her cottage re-thatched; an inspection of the roof had followed; he had stayed talking a long time. . . . Thus from a chance seed had blossomed swiftly one of those rare friendships between lonely people which can in a short time fill great spaces of two lives." The Vicar informed him that she had been the innocent party in the divorce suit. He decides to marry her, goes to London to inform his father, who is naturally not too enthusiastic, travels back through the night, and, without considering for a second the relation of the hour to the task, arrives so early that she greets him, "So you have come to breakfast. How nice of you!"

. . . . .

He neither sat down nor suffered her to sit, but stood looking intently into her face, and said:

"I love you."

. . . . .

And suddenly, panic-stricken, lest he should take back those words, she put her hand up to his breast and said:

"And I love you."

. . . . .

"When will you marry me?"

She hands him a paper containing this paragraph:

"Apropos of the outrage on Mr. Courtier, we are requested to state that the lady who accompanied Lord Miltoun to the rescue of that gentleman was Mrs. Lees Noel, wife of the Rev. Stephen Lees Noel, Vicar of Clathampton, Warwickshire."

When he had read the little paragraph there followed one of those eternities which last perhaps two minutes.

He said then:

"It's true, I suppose?" And, at her silence, added "I am sorry."

. . . . .

At last he spoke:

"I have made a foolish mistake, it seems. I believed you were free."

Her lips just moved for the words to pass. "I thought you knew. I never dreamed you would want to marry me."

"Is there no release?"

"None. We have neither of us done wrong; besides with *him* marriage is—for ever."

The story of that crisis is told in chapter xv., one of the most wonderful chapters in this memorable book. We shall pursue the story no further; we leave our readers to perform that joyous service for themselves. We have said enough to indicate our opinion that they will be richly rewarded.

The Unknown Lady. By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN. (Ward Lock and Co. 6s.)

To a large extent Du Maurier has rendered the Latin Quarter and the art students of Paris peculiarly his own—

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Trilby, Peter Ibbetson, and the Martian have "made a corner" in student life. On picking up "The Unknown Lady" and finding that Mr. Forman deals also with the painters of pictures in the Quarter, we felt that he was a trespasser, a poacher even, and we were consequently prepared to treat him with scant politeness. Dodor, Zouzon and Gecko joined with Little Billee, Trilby and the others in frowning upon us for entering Julian's in the escort of strangers, "nouveaux." Gogo and Mimsey looked their reproach and whispered to each other in Frank-Ingle. Barty Jocelyn and Bob deliberately turned their backs and went off in indignant silence. But, after expressing our profound apologies to all these old friends, we read on in the intruder. Little by little, however, as we progressed the newcomers made themselves so charming and delightful that the angry looks of the old favourites disappeared, giving place to smiles of welcome, until finally they were all sworn friends for life. Nothing could have been more to our liking. "The Unknown Lady" occupies as warm a corner in our heart as Trilby, Mary, Duchess of Towers, and Martia.

It is certain that Mr. Forman owes much to Du Maurier. The whole essence of his book is Mauresque, though "The Unknown Lady" is by no means an imitation of any of her three forerunners. The delightful chapters of the childhood of Bill Castle and Henry Trent in their New England home, their little adventures and, later on, their life in Paris, accompanied by the bursts of French throughout the book, are all reminiscent of the three Du Maurier novels. Even the haunted Henry who dreams as a child of the little girl "Grey Eyes," and who grows up with this dream companion, strong in the conviction that somewhere in the world she is waiting for him to come to her—even that bears a shadowy resemblance to Peter Ibbetson, and his beautiful intercourse with Mary, Duchess of Towers. There is a delightful intimacy and breezy self-criticism in the book which sweeps away prejudice and makes for instant friendliness. Bill Castle is one of the very best, while the Bart, Laplace, and even little Mennier are all delightful companions. For Henry Trent it is impossible to feel the same degree of feeling. He is somehow outside our friendship. He stands alone, with L'Introuvable in the background, demanding only our sympathy and, if possible, help. We admire him both for his dogged and incessant pluck and his charming character, but we never really know him to the same degree as Bill Castle, jovial, Bohemian, good-hearted Bill Castle. Little Lady Mary finds her way instantly to our heart from the moment that she holds up her face to be kissed, and remains there ever afterward, however she may coquette and tarry. Poor Naila, the voiceless nightingale, filled with silent love and broken ambitions, makes us feel like a Sir Galahad, big with chivalry and the protective instinct. The life in the studio in the Rue d'Assas, with the sad little incident of the poor old lady and her doll, with the occasional jaunts to Scotland and Grez-sur-Loing, are full of sunshine and delightful *camaraderie*. In a word we offer our sincere thanks to Mr. Forman for his addition to our library.

A Man with a Past. By A. St. John Adcock. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Crime and criminals bulk somewhat largely in Mr. St. John Adcock's new novel, but it is not a tale of horrors, nor does the work of the inevitable detective provide the main interest in the book. The story begins by telling how a certain swindler—one Austin Leroy—was forced to make a hasty escape from justice on the day of his marriage. Later, he returns to blackmail his bride and her two aunts, time-worn old creatures, who are much more human characters than we expect to find in books of this sort. In spite of their memories of past glory, their black bonnets, and their rheumatism, they have much more in them than the common and conventional old maid of fiction. It is, indeed, when the author gets away from the atmosphere of the Newgate Calendar that he shows us his best work, and his best is well above the average. When the elder and more feeble of the aunts decides to save her niece by poisoning her persecutor it looks as if the desire for a dramatic situation had overcome all the laws of likelihood, but the flight of the terrified and remorseful old woman is well pictured, and we soon learn that the blackmailer has survived, gaining yet another advantage over his victims. Perhaps it is rather difficult to bring such a story to a convincing conclusion, but it counts for much that a true note should have been struck in many of the chapters. Pathos and burlesque are often to be found on the same page, and this combination of sentiment and humour is made with a skill which suggests that the author has learnt some lessons from Dickens and his novels. It is only the better part of the book which is needed to condemn the weaker and more melodramatic portions. Should any reader happen to possess the name of the villain or one of his accomplices, he will find both apology and excuse in an amusing preface which Mr. St. John Adcock has deemed it a wise precaution to insert. Copyright in names is a distinct hardship for novelists.

The Laws of Lefflo. By the Author of "Miss Molly." (John Ouseley. 2s. net.)

Lefflo is described as a colony in Africa, the founders of which left England, "settled there, made their own laws, and then pulled down a curtain between themselves and the rest of the world." John Durnford and his sister Agatha chance upon this quiet and peaceful region one day after they had journeyed for days through a forest and had completely lost their bearings. They are both at the last stage of exhaustion—John in fact being in a state of utter collapse—when help is brought to them by their native guide in the person of Hildegarde, a nurse, who lives with her brother Paul, a doctor to the inhabitants of the strange colony. John recovers his health; he and Agatha are both kindly treated and remain a year with the doctor and his sister, during which time they learn a great deal about the laws of Lefflo, which were compiled by their founder to bring peace and happiness to his followers, and, like many other laws, achieve very little of their original intention. On reaching the age of eighteen every person has a choice of marrying and becoming a good citizen; no one has any money, and if any one rebels and refuses to be a good citizen he is outlawed and lives in a house apart. Murder and adultery are punishable by death. The disturbing element in the community is caused by Tristram, who refuses to be a citizen, in Lefflo's acceptance of the term, and essays to be an artist, and Serena, who poses for Tristram's pictures and ends by loving him with the passion of her life. The story is very well told, and many of the characters, when not too good, are quite human and interesting. The idea is quaint and the tragic note is forcibly struck at the conclusion by the self-sacrifice of Hildegarde, who, according to the Book of Lefflo, is able to give her life to save the guilty couple.

The City of Shadows. By Charles Beadle. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

Mr. Charles Beadle has written a well-constructed and highly readable tale of rebellion and political intrigue in Morocco. The hero, Paul Towers, joins a Baron de Bouche,

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of uncertain nationality, in a scheme to supply the Pretender with arms and ammunition and money in return for concessions of land in the South, where the Baron dreams of making himself a monarch on his own account. The arms are landed by an American yacht in the charge of some typical novelistic specimens of the "yew"-ing, "guess"-ing, and "anyway"-ing Yankee. The fortunes of the Pretender are neatly woven in with those of the individual characters. There is plenty of vivid description, including a forcible sketch of a Moroccan prison, into which Paul is thrown by the machinations of the Baron, who proves rather a tough customer when Paul has the misfortune to quarrel with him. Paul meanwhile has fallen in love with a Moorish girl, the occasion of several pretty scenes, and in the end he rides off with her, snapping his fingers at ambition. The Moors are all well done, particularly the Pretender, and a certain handyman of Paul's, who talks a weird and slangy English, and is altogether quite amusing. We feel compelled to utter a word of protest against the portrait of the Moorish girl on the cover of the book; despite a properly Oriental background, it contains rather too much suggestion of a prize-costume at a servants' fancy-dress ball.

Young Life. By JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON. (Wm. Heinemann. 4s. 6d. net.)

MISS HERBERTSON'S straightforward love-story of character introduces us to some well-defined and interesting people. We meet a musician, an artist, a literary man, two business men of different types, a cold woman, who somewhat suddenly develops a tender maternal instinct, and a natural little heroine, half-child, half-woman, innocent without ignorance, and pure without iciness. From the first it is easy to foresee her inevitable mate.

There is a growing tendency to marry heroines to men old enough to be their fathers. A slight disparity of age perhaps makes for happiness, since there is commonly an uneven development between men and women of the same age. Twenty-six years, however, is too great a leap; especially as Stephen Garfield is represented as having felt an admiration half filial, half passionate, for Hester Stanton's grandmother!

The artist of this story is the least successful of the male characters, although it is evident that the authoress has taken more trouble with him than with the others. He is the repellent, irresistibly attractive type, full of potential wickedness and undeveloped good, who is so common in fiction and so rare in real life. Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester is the grandfather of this type—if imagination does not boggle at the thought of Mr. Rochester as a grandfather—and he has, at this day, a great multitude of lineal descendants.

Nina. By ROSALINE MASSON. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

"NINA" is a story of that gentle, domestic type whose events seem to have a precise relation to the blooming times of flowers. Nina is the child of a union which, at first deemed an immoral one, proves in the end, not unexpectedly, to be legal. She is brought up by a "pawky" Scotch spinster, and, after a career as a dazzling housekeeper's niece, with charms and manners above her station, she turns out to be a lost heiress, and comes to her aristocratic own. We do not think that we do the author any injustice in divulging this consummation, as every reader worth his salt will guess it at once. Nina becomes unwillingly engaged to a horribly blameless curate, who shows the latent inhumanity of his character by trying to school her out of all the pretty ways that caused him to fall in love with her. The engagement is broken off in the end, Fate having other plans for Nina. Two of the chief characters of the story are a dour Scotchwoman of a sort one does not mind in fiction, but could not for a moment tolerate in real life, and a most lovable Dean, who sheds all about him the fragrance of noble churches and old-world courtesy. Miss Masson writes more than nicely, and we do not at all resent the lack of anything new in her story, either of plot or manner. Half a century ago, in the hands of a fine writer, such a tale might have been almost a classic; but in this age of vexed problems it can only be a pleasant diversion.

The Glad Heart. By E. MARIA ALBANESI. (Methuen and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

"THE GLAD HEART" is a pleasant, sentimental story, with somewhat lovable characters, bright and lively conversations, and a happy ending—a type that lies by hundreds upon the small drawing-room tables of the feminine supporters of the subscription libraries.

We suspect that Madame Albanesi wrote it because she prefers cream-cakes to bread and butter for tea, with other things in proportion, and finds the writing of dainty novels an agreeable method of compassing this end. The book has really no other justification for existence, unless it be the inclusion among the characters of two or three natural and delightful children.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY—I.

PAST banks of white flowers that gleamed and swayed in the shadows, through an atmosphere warm and heavy with many perfumes, the crowd made its slow progress into the halls sacred in theory to the cause of Art. "Private View Day" retains, and probably always will retain, its distinction as a Society function, a pleasant ceremonial neither too solemn nor too frivolous; where conversation, light badinage, and comments critical or uncritical may be exchanged, and where the goddess of fashion may flaunt her colours and her charms in the pale, sculptured faces and the still, passionless portraits which surround but cannot overwhelm her. It is not a day, therefore, to exercise the ability of the art-critic too severely; rather is it a day for the student of human nature to move amid the gay throng, noting here and there a familiar face, here and there upon the packed walls a blaze of wild crimson or dazzling blue or unrestrained green, musing in the rare moments of pause before some canvas, less imposing than those which attract their admiring circles, that may give him a glimpse into realms far away from this Babel-land of delicate voices.

Sauntering, hesitating, threading our way with many a moment of terror at the threatened dresses of some brilliant cordon of dames and damsels—for, alas! trains are coming into mode again—we selected an occasional picture for preliminary comment—a task difficult enough at any time, since every critic who ever wrote has railed at the methods of hanging the accepted work. But what are the authorities to do, with nearly two thousand items to show? Relentless limitation of their favours would seem to be the only solution of the ever-present hanging problem, and that would make for the extinction of the great, clever "unknown," who even now are wellnigh in despair.

What impressive canvas, we wonder, will the daily papers seize upon and announce as "the Picture of the Year," for the benefit chiefly of our country cousins from Phrygia and

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Pamphylia and the parts about Cyrene? "Impressive," we say, meaning in respect of superficial area—since never was any small picture, as far as we are aware, however true to art and irresistible to the skilled observer, chosen for that questionable distinction. The huge study of a lady on horseback in Gallery II., entitled "The Amazon," by Mr. John Lavery, may gain the notoriety; if so it will, in our opinion, be more justifiably selected than were the "problem-pictures" which seem going out of fashion. The lady carries a spear upright, and thus daringly divides the picture into two halves, yet not unpleasingly. Mr. J. J. Shannon is represented in this room by a notable portrait of "Sholto and Angus, sons of Douglas Vickers, Esq;" there is also an "Interior: Carmichael, Lanarkshire," by Mr. Patrick W. Adam, which exhibits delightful qualities of perspective and quiet colour.

Mr. Arthur Hacker's impression of "A Wet Night at Piccadilly Circus," in Gallery I., received considerable attention. Its suffusion of yellow light gives it a Turneresque effect, and we may emphasise the comparison by stating that it is one of those pictures which need contemplation before they surrender their full value to the onlooker. A glance, and it is negligible; five minutes' study, and it becomes wonderful. Next to this London study, in one of those tremendous contrasts which the Hanging Committee bring about with diabolical joy, is a purely beautiful landscape in dark, subdued tones—the "Moonrise, Pas-de-Calais," by Mr. Hughes Stanton. Two portraits in this room—one of General Sir Neville Lyttelton, the other of Bernard John Seymour, second Baron Coleridge, hung just where the eye is obliged to see both at the same time, clash rather badly by reason of their differing tones of red. On the whole, Burlington House hardly shines for its portraiture this season. Sir Hubert Herkomer's portrait of Admiral Lord Fisher is one of the most natural—the likeness is caught admirably, and there is little suggestion of the pose about it. We may be pardoned, too, if we remark that Mr. Sargent's "Waterfall" (Gallery II.) is a more important work than any of his other three contributions. Landscapes, on the other hand, excel in this year's collection. In Gallery VI. is a very beautiful picture by Mr. George Harcourt, which deserves more attention than it seems likely to receive, entitled "An Evening in June." In a little wood are several children hanging Chinese lanterns on the trees, and the face of a woman, pale, exquisitely calm and pure and happy, as she holds a lit lantern and turns as though called by one of us who look on, is the making of the picture. The golden light just outlines her throat and chin, and against the gloom of the leaves the effect is altogether charming. Akin to this in spirit, and full of poetry (though the upper portion of the picture is somewhat hard) is a classical treatment of "Dawn," in Gallery IV., by Mr. Frederick G. Swaish—a fantasy which gave us quite a poetic thrill; the contrast between the brilliance of the sunlight above and the departing figures of mist and shade below is most effective.

In the general confused patchwork of colour one is in danger of missing individual impressions, and we recommend a search for No. 478, "Twilight at Dordrecht," by Ethel Kirkpatrick—an unobtrusive study of Dutch fishing-boats creeping up harbour with the tide; it is full of calm poetry and evening softness. Mr. John R. Reid's "Haven under the Hill," Gallery XI., has Polperro for its original, if we mistake not, and expresses the quaint appeal of the Cornish village admirably.

The Black-and-White Room is an oasis of calm on Private View Day, but we cannot now do more than mention a few of its many items—some of which might have been omitted with no risk to the name of Art. Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, who exhibits some fine portrait studies, may regard praise as superfluous, and the names of Frank Short, Mortimer Menpes, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, and Sir E. J. Poynter need only allusion. Among less famous contributors Miss M. K. Hughes has a neat etching of the "Old Houses of Parliament, Dublin," which is worth examining carefully for its line and fine drawing, and Mr. A. Hugh Fisher's "Hong-Kong Harbour" is notable for a certain clean and spacious effect which comes from the clever elimination of superfluous detail—a factor of success which too many exhibitors of etchings forget.

For a future article we must reserve all comment on the Lecture-room and its sculpture, and a further consideration of some other noteworthy pictures among the crowded galleries.

THE THEATRE

"THE MASTER OF MRS. CHILVERS" AT THE ROYALTY

Vedrenne and Eadie, as they have asked to be called, have commenced operations at a theatre quite unrecognisable. The dingy little Royalty, begrimed with dust and recently in the hands of one whose ideas did not assimilate with public taste, is now pure white and a richly blushing red—perhaps a trifle too red. All that portion of London which finds a certain amount of excitement in being present at first nights crowded into unsavoury Dean Street to see what Mr. Jerome K. Jerome had prepared for them, and whether his latest play would be likely to attract the so-called fickle public to a little theatre long out of popular favour. Curiosity was the one all-pervading feeling, although it may be said that perhaps only 5 per cent. of the audience believed that any play, however brilliant, would draw people away from the circle of lights into the heart of the French slum district. Critics rubbed shoulders with actors, and actors jostled with that easily recognisable body which drops down upon a reopened theatre like a crow. There was one representative of Society present wearing a curiously self-conscious smile, and trying not to look patronising.

The proceedings began as they used to begin at the Court Theatre in the old glad days. A sort of orchestra played very classical and very untuneful pieces. A very pleasant note of originality was then struck by the playing of the National Anthem, which brought a surprised and somewhat annoyed audience to its feet. Finally the curtain rose, and disclosed a very charming room, duly Adamised, at 81, Russell-square, on April 10th, at 3 p.m. We gathered that it was Lady Mogton's house, who was evidently the widow of a Liberal Knight and President of the Women's Parliamentary Franchise League. The room was more than occupied by a Miss Elizabeth Spender, also obviously a Liberal, and appropriately dressed in green—a curious tight-fitting woman who walked with a suggestion of a Hampstead Heath swing, and who shot cynical glances here and there and rapped out enigmatical sentences from time to time. She was the very embodiment of a sneer in a tight collar, and we expected her to draw a knife from some secret pocket and bury it in the bosom of a rival. She was joined at once by Miss Phoebe Mogton, a rather flamboyant girl, who, although Organising Secretary of the W.P.F.L., and a past mistress in the art of making stale jokes about men, was palpably dressed by Lucile and hatted by Zyrot. Then came an earnest-looking girl, attired in the South Kensington Artful manner, called Janet Blake and, although still in her teens, the Joint-Organising-Secretary of the W.P.F.L. Much enthusiastic ribaldry and Suffragist badinage followed. Whereupon Lady Mogton herself appeared, a woman of

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great decision and some business faculty. She at once gave us a more serious interest and respect for the W.P.F.L., which up to her entrance we had regarded, naturally enough, as the pastime of schoolgirls. The important meeting was not yet, however, complete, the Vice-President and the Honorary Secretary not having arrived. In course of time they put in an appearance.

The former, a Mrs. Mountcalm-Villiers, was a suburban person of doubtful summers, who had evidently spent a series of fortnights as near Paris as Le Touquet; and the latter, the Mrs. Chilvers of the title, was a rather nice, rather vague, rather affected, rather incoherent woman who had cultivated the curious trick of giving you the impression that she walked in her sleep. The ardent women, ruled over and kept to the point by the silver spoon waved by Lady Mogton, then listened to the pleasant gabble of a smarmy-headed young man in the right sort of clothes, who, as Honorary Secretary to the Men's League for Extension of Franchise to Women (hereafter called the M.L.E.F.W.), had come to put them up to what he called a "very corkin' sort of gibe," or words to that effect. A lunatic had been allowed to vote. Now, as women in the eyes of the law had been classed as lunatics, not without immense justice, here was the chance for fun, advertisement, and possibly police-scrums for eager suffragists. We fail to see why or how, but when it was said that a by-election was to be fought in the East of London, the ladies seemed to think that they could run one of their members, and chose Mrs. Chilvers. Was this play to be a bright satirical comedy on Gilbertian lines then? Evidently. Enter Chilvers, a nice-looking, perfectly composed, youngish man, with no sense of humour. He was one of the numerous members of Parliament for whom a grateful Cabinet created a lucrative post at the ratepayers' expense, and his acceptance of it necessitated, according to Mr. Jerome, a new fight for his seat. Once more the touch of Gilbert, but very amusing and harmless, all leading up to a situation of an affectionate husband putting up against a loving wife. The first curtain fell upon a good Act, giving promise of much excellent fun and whimsicality. Everything pointed to the fact that we were not requested to take the plot, the people, or the idea seriously, and we were all quite glad.

A curious feeling of growing disappointment crept over the house, however, from almost the rise of the curtain on Act II. The play took on a seriousness which was altogether out of keeping with its inaccuracy to life. The whole of Act II. was laid in the Liberal Committee-room, East India Dock Road, and after a fine, broad comedy scene between a billposter and a girl called "Ginger," who came from nowhere, settled into discussions in newspaper English, the reception of an inadvertently comic deputation, and a quarrel between the rival candidates—husband and wife. Act III. fell away from comedy to an even greater extent, and became almost hopelessly absurd. The picture of the Town Hall on the night of the counting of votes was wholly out of drawing. All the characters behaved like lunatics. Act IV. was lifted into a sort of dignity and value from the fact that it contained a very beautiful and moving scene between Chilvers, the defeated candidate, and an old woman. The play ended with a touching reconciliation between Chilvers and Mrs. Chilvers, and the whole argument of the play ended where it had begun.

Mr. Jerome had, it was found, chosen a subject unattractive for stage purposes, and, having chosen it, had treated it without the requisite knowledge of detail or the courage of conviction. Put on admirably, and played for the most part to admiration, it may achieve a certain measure of success. The odds are, however, very greatly against it. This is all the more to be deplored because managerial new blood is needed desperately at this time. It is to be hoped that the next Vadrenne-Eadie venture will contain greater elements of attraction. The success of the evening was made by Miss Sydney Farebrother, whose sketch of the old woman was perfectly exquisite. Mr. Edmund Gwenn as the billposter was a joy. Of Mr. Eadie and Miss Lena Ashwell we are only able to say that they repeated performances often seen before in their characteristic manner. Miss Ashwell, as usual, was often quite indistinct.

PEER GYNT" AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE

THE version of "Peer Gynt" which was presented by members of the energetic Ibsen Club on Sunday evening last—the second performance of the play in England—might not meet with the unqualified approval of the purist, but it must be remembered that Ibsen's lyric drama has difficulties of production enough to disturb the equanimity of the most philosophical stage-manager. These difficulties were cleverly overcome by Miss Catherine Lewis, who arranged and produced the play in a manner which calls for high praise. True, the "scenery" was elementary—or rudimentary; canvas curtains, unpainted, and the essential chair, tree-trunk, and bed were practically all the accessories. But what of that? For once there were no distractions. "The play's the thing," and eye and ear worked in harmony; the beauty of the lines was unsullied, the general scheme evolved itself unspoiled by lengthy intervals or mysterious rumblings; the actors held the field.

Honours must go to Miss Pax Robertson for her splendid interpretation of the arduous part which makes or mars the play. With the utmost verve and energy she carried it through from beginning to end; her address to Solveig in the Third Act was delivered with a manifest appreciation of the poetry of the lines, and the mystical moments at the death-bed of Ase were full of power. It is impossible to mention all the members of a lengthy cast by name, but Mr. Maurice Elvey (who appeared by permission of Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry) scored a great success as the "Lean Person," bringing out the humorous aspect of his part wisely and not too waggishly. Mr. Townley Searle, as the "Button-Moulder" and as "Aslak, the Smith," made good use of his sonorous voice, while Solveig and Solveig's Mother found capable interpreters in Miss Peek and Miss Brazalgette. The action of the stage-crowds when the village festivities were in progress was excellent.

During the intervals Miss Ethel Rayson, A.R.C.M., gave pianoforte solos from Greig's "Peer Gynt" suite; especially fine was her rendering of the "Death of Ase," upon a piano which was not ideally responsive to her skill.

The whole performance emphasised the fact that it is possible to convey to an audience the true spirit and poetry of a certain type of piece without elaborate and luxurious scenery. The most beautiful and altogether satisfying presentation of one of Shakespeare's plays which the writer ever witnessed took place *en plein air*, in the private grounds of a Midland residence. It is true that there was scenery of a sort—perhaps the best sort—trees, grass, and a deep twilit sky; but the note of artificiality which comes in when the attempt is made to transfer these "woodland effects" to an indoor stage was pleasantly missing. In "Peer Gynt" never for a moment did we need to be reminded that we were "On the Road to Hegstad" or "Up in the Mountains." Imagination did its work secretly and well, and went hand in hand with the true poetic feeling of the *artistes* to achieve a success upon which the Ibsen Club is to be congratulated.

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GEORGE BORROW—II.

BORROW's most marked fault as a literary craftsman is unevenness. This is to be particularly noted in "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye." In "The Bible in Spain" the inequalities occur principally when he recollects that he is distributing Bibles, but, luckily for the charm of the book, these recollections are of short duration. He is very soon moralising, in his epic prose, on "flinty, indomitable Spain; land emblematic of your fathers," or reproducing the semi-Moorish atmosphere of Seville. In "Lavengro," and more particularly in "The Romany Rye," however, there are some very tedious chapters, and others that begin well and end badly, or end well after a bad start. Then, again, he makes almost too frequent use of apostrophe, magnificent though some of it be, and he is not altogether innocent of giving utterance to platitudes. On other occasions there are distinct traces of a slovenliness and makeshift which suggest that the labourer's task, known to have been protracted, was continued after the fire of his imagination had burnt low. Perhaps these were moments when he tried to harness a too impossible fancy to an improbable fact.

For "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" are autobiographical fiction. They are the offspring of the marriage of Truth and Fancy. Efforts have been made to unravel the fact from the fiction, but the weaving is too cunning. Such efforts, too, are as purposeless as the Schoolmen's dissertation on the angels crowding a needle's point. The reader is led through strange adventures which take place, quite credibly, amid the most emphatic evidences of convention and civilisation. The whole fabric of society totters as Borrow ploughs his way through mid-June, dewy meadows, or as he drops down into Mumpers Dell to drink tea with Isopel. He is saturated with the Ishmaelitish instinct, and if after these incursions into odd corners where life is a hundred years behind the times, and where, left to itself, it has developed along quite original lines, the reader does not long to sleep out of doors and get wet through, he is no true Borrovian.

Borrow draws chiefly on life's underwash for his pictures, or rather vignettes, of life. He is familiar with those remnants of races which, in spite of petticoats and trousers, still recollect a life beneath the sun and stars, and still find a charm in the blue smoke and crimson flame of a wood fire on the purple heath. The men who pass in dramatic procession across these pages are those who, shunning the stress of existence, turn their energies to some single purpose, or those who feed under certain conditions the criminal classes. Borrow is versed in obscure literatures, tinctured with folk-lore and strange superstitions, relics perhaps of bygone, primeval beliefs. Laggards in the race of life; mystic turning in bitterness from the "light half-believers in their casual creeds;" the vagabond, the outlaw, and the rebel—all have place in this amazing shadow-show. Borrow is never happier than when he is among men and women whose education has been necessity, and whose conception of ancestry and posterity is bounded with their grandparents and their grandchildren.

Among these strange and interesting types stand two supreme characters—Jasper Petulengro and Isopel Berners. Fiction contains no more mysterious man than the former, and no more romantic woman than the latter. Both characters convey the same impression, but in different ways. They both compel the conclusion that civilisation is a shell; that underneath it rushes life's crude and wholesome materialism; that man and mud are one ancestry, both descendants of the great god Pan. Mr. Petulengro is as human as any poet; he pushes his hand against the wall of Death, and turns from it to find consolation "in the sun and the stars, brother," and in "the wind on the heath, brother." Such transcendent philosophy needs no creed. The heart leaps as the head thinks of the swart gipsy's joy when he feels his horse's flanks between his knees.

Isopel brings home the evidences of the natural life rather differently. She is an Eve-like woman, the proper mate for Adam. She can strike a blow for him, and rear a "lusty progeny." All men of normal feeling must read her story with amazement. If she is real, how could Borrow have *let* her go? If she is a creation, how could he have *made* her go? The question will remain unanswered to the end. Even Mr. Petulengro was puzzled.

The prevailing atmosphere of these two books is a wide-awake consciousness of life; a sense of thorns amid the roses; of firm, serviceable flesh beneath the filaments of fancy; of hills amid the mists, and good gold gravel beneath the changing surface of the stream. The books are as bracing as sea-spray to inland folk; they stir the mind and set the blood flowing; the tedious nervousness of life vanishes before the apostrophe to the Bruisers of England, or the description of the Flaming Tinman's onslaught. The reader begins to wonder why he is content to let a rain-drop or two trickle down his neck when he might be a savage and stand naked to the sweet, warm rains.

Similar experiences have gone to the making of "The Bible in Spain;" but here the author is less concerned with recording his own feelings. He has endeavoured to convey the atmosphere of Spain to inhabitants of a foggier land. There are those who say that the real Spain is quite innocent of the mystery in which Borrow has wrapped it. Certainly the schoolday, geographical impression is of a land of sand and sun, with orange groves in Seville; while the historical impression is one of overbearing and cruel pride, as in the days of the Armada, or of unworthy allies, as in the days of the Peninsular War. There is also a vague impression of a Spain subject to the Moors; but probably few readers of "The Bible in Spain" could say whether the subjection lasted two days or two hundred years.

Borrow, however, has pictured Spain as wrapped in romance. It has become a vast, mountainous, craggy land, full of historical charm, set about with Moorish and Gothic remains, and inhabited by a people that yet retain grand and courtly manners, and still speak a noble, sonorous language. What Ruskin did for Venice, an easier subject, Borrow has done for Spain. He roused admiration for her old-time grandeur and stirred up pity for her degradation.

A word about "Wild Wales" will not be out of place. Its genius and the extraordinary difference in texture between it and Borrow's other works have already been alluded to, but it cannot be pretended that it possesses the human interest of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," or of "The Bible in Spain," to which it in some ways approximates. If, however, the reader wants a closer acquaintance with what may be called Borrow's building materials he must read "Wild Wales." He will find there, in a crude state, the infinite wealth of circumstantial detail which is the brick and mortar of Borrow's art—the dry and almost unconscious humour, the strong, clean diction, the lucid descriptive power, and the cold, half-priggish, and nearly sexless personality of Borrow himself. He will also find other things of intense interest; but to the critical student "Wild Wales" must be the revelation of the foundations and main timbers of the author's methods.

It may be asked wherein Borrow's genius lies, and the answer is once more paradoxical, for it lies in the fact that Borrow was an imitator so original that his work cannot be compared. Although Steele and Addison, Swift, Defoe, and Fielding, and above all, Laurence Sterne, have left their influence on Borrow, yet he has produced works that were quite impossible for any of these writers, either in style or

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substance. He has, indeed, vested the almost faultless eighteenth-century prose with the warmth and mystery of romantic poetry. And this is the greatest paradox of all.

(*Concluded.*)

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

IX.—THE FAILURE OF THE CROWD

It is a regrettable fact that nearly every one objects to spending money on the beautiful when it is not disguised as some form or other of the useful. People are willing to purchase old chairs that they dare not sit on, or grandfather's clocks that have stopped for ever, but they will not buy a book of modern verse, not even to throw at a cat. In England we are apt to suppose that they do these things better on the Continent, but it is not true. I am told that the artists of Belgium have to go to Buenos Ayres to sell their pictures; I dare not ask the name of the place where the painters of Buenos Ayres find a market. But the fact remains that in the advanced state of civilisation which we now enjoy the man who knows how to carve hat-stands will find it easier to make a living than the man who knows how to carve flesh and blood out of rocks. When reactionary æsthetes like myself object to this condition of things, they are met with the argument that a nude statue is of no use as a hatstand; but this is only true because our hats are atrociously ugly.

We all know the collector of pictures who tells them apart by the prices he has paid for them; but, while we find him amusing, we must remember that the majority of men and women always ask the price when they are shown something beautiful, and that their judgment on its merits is largely affected by the answer to their question. I have often pondered on the possible experiences of a man who should steal half a dozen Old Masters from the National Gallery, and should try hawking them round the suburbs at 5s. each. Unless he happened on the one man in ten thousand who knows something about Art, I believe he would starve to death before he succeeded in selling an unframed picture of real merit for 5s. in Tooting or Raynes Park. All of which is merely a long-winded method of stating the impression that it is only the very exceptional person who cares about beauty at all.

I found striking evidence of this at a great fire which occurred at Brussels two or three weeks ago. I was down on the boulevards interpreting for Easter-lost Englishmen when I looked up and saw a red bud breaking in the midnight sky. It was clearly too late for a sunset and too early for a dawn; so, with what I understand to be journalistic *flair*, I took a tram to the scene of the conflagration. An enormous stone town-hall, built in the elaborate style of the *Renaissance flamande*, was burning cheerfully from one end to the other; but what lent special piquancy to the spectacle was the fact that the whole building was closely enmeshed by blazing scaffolding-poles, so that it looked like a huge set-piece. Every now and then one of these poles seemed to leap up like a monstrous rocket, to fall fifty feet or so on to the pavement below. I have seen many fires in London, but I have never seen anything nearly so beautiful as this. The firemen would have pleased Mr. Max Beerbohm, for there were enough of them to be picturesque, while it was palpable that nothing they could do would make the smallest difference. When I had watched this noble pageant for an hour, while the fire burnt ever brighter and brighter, I felt that I should choke if I did not express my enthusiasm to somebody, so I poured it on to my neighbour in the crowd. He listened to my praise with a look of horror on his face. "Mon Dieu! monsieur," he cried, "it will cost a hundred and fifty thousand pounds!"

For a moment I could hardly believe my ears; I could hardly believe that any one would be so cynical as to weigh the price before that palace of leaping fire and under those heavens gladdened with a miraculous birth of stars. Then with a sinking heart I became aware that the whole crowd was assessing the cost of the spectacle in millions of francs, and that I was probably alone in realising that we were face to face with the ideal beauty, that elusive goddess whom some of us fare so far to meet. When I picked up the newspapers next day and found them all weeping francs, it became clear to me that the town-hall of Schaerbeek had burnt for me alone, save that perhaps here and there in the crowd there had been a small boy or two young enough and wise enough to know that this loss was really a tremendous gain to those whose eyes were not blinded by cupidity. How often our pleasure in a fine play has been marred by the stupidity of the audience!

It has been proved clearly enough that the fire was due to the spirited action of an incendiary, but there is no particular reason to suppose that his identity will be discovered. I imagine that it will be ascribed in turn to the well-known malignancy of the Jews, the Jesuits, the Socialists, the Flamingants, and the Pan-Germanists; but if I were concerned for the discovery of the miscreant I should advise the police to search the ranks of the artists. Or perhaps it was an amateur musician, some mute, inglorious Nero—in any case I should say that there is one man in Brussels who feels that he has been a success where so many fail. He has achieved the creation of the beautiful, and, though the child of his spirit only lasted a few hours, he doubtless knows that beauty is not to be measured in terms of years.

The crowd is not only unable to appreciate beauty when it meets it—that, if you will, may be held to call for a special education—but it is not even capable of knowing when it ought to laugh and when it ought to weep. I have been studying the audiences at cinematograph theatres lately, and I have been uniformly horrified by their emotional cynicism. The so-called pathetic dramas at these entertainments are as utterly remote from life as anything could very well be. They are like the tales a morbid child invents for its own amusement, and while they are perhaps in doubtful taste, they certainly do succeed in exhibiting the more artificial sorrows of civilised society in a humorous light. Grief wears a fantastic mask, and the world is turned upside down to add to its excesses; but the audience never fails to weep at these audacious parodies. On the other hand the so-called comic scenes are little tragedies presented with a remarkable realism. They uniformly represent the sufferings of the individual set down in an unfortunate environment, and with psychological accuracy they emphasise the fact that the failure of one man imperils all society. A thief, perhaps, is pursued by justice and in his flight brings ruin to a hundred honest tradesmen; another man in his efforts to escape from a false position brings a whole city toppling about his ears. I confess that when I hear a crowd of men and women screaming with laughter at these spectacles I am repelled by such perversity of feeling. Surely it is permissible to laugh at our own misfortunes, but not at those of other people.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the crowd never laughs at itself. There is a hydrophobia scare in Brussels at the present moment, so when a dog entered a *café* the other afternoon, and, after running round half a dozen times, dived into the cellar with a cascade of bottles, I was granted a delicious picture of fifty men and women clambering on to chairs and tables. This is where the laughter would have begun at a cinematograph entertainment, but I noticed that nobody laughed. Later on, when two *gendarmes* armed with swords

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descended into the cellar to deal with the culprit, the mirth was uproarious. Yet it seemed to me that the situation was not very amusing either for the *gendarmes* or the dog, and that the men and women in the *café* would have been more discreet if they had waited to get their colour back before indulging their curious sense of humour.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE MAGAZINES

As might have been foreseen by no very prescient mind, the question of the ascendance of Japan is beginning to usurp attention; and the very apt question is now being asked, Were we wise, morally or empirically, in greeting our alliance with Japan and that country's victory over Russia with such exultant glee? In the *Edinburgh Review* for April there is a *critique* of Mr. Putnam Weale's book, "The Conflict of Colour" (which has already been noticed in these columns). By the very nature of the case a review cannot deal fully or independently with the subject. It is this fact, by the way, that so mars the old type of magazine, such as the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, which restrict their columns to reviews of books. The article under consideration does but give us the writer's point of view at second hand, through disagreement or acquiescence with Mr. Putnam Weale. Thus it is that the writer frets one, without substantially advancing the reader farther in the matter; and it is for this reason that we turn with some keenness to Mr. Lancelot Lawton's article on the same subject in the *Fortnightly*. The title of his contribution—"The Powers and the Far East"—gives it its scope. That is to say, he does not restrict his attention merely to Japan, nor to that country's victory and the fruits resulting from it; he gives the whole aspect from the international point of view, and he makes it quite clear that Japan has been guilty of a serious breach of faith. That his view on the question should properly be understood, his article in the *Fortnightly* should be linked with one by the same pen in *Nash's Magazine* entitled "Japan or Russia?" They both deserve, and should receive, careful attention. It cannot be too clearly remembered, as in the two articles he points out, that Japan is as brutally barbaric in her way as any aboriginal tribe—more so because of her mimicry of Western civilisation—and that it was by chicanery that she enlisted our sympathies in her late encounter with Russia, a chicanery she has made apparent by the sure and inevitable methods she has employed to avoid the tacit pledges she gave of observing the principle of the Open Door in the Far East. Yet, when Mr. Lawton gives us the choice of "Japan or Russia" he puts before us indeed a very undesirable brace of alternatives. It is not at all necessary, since we have leapt into the fire from the pan, that we should be compelled to scramble back into the pan. A happy alternative surely would be to recognise America as a Pacific power (in more senses than one), and to adopt an Eastern policy in unison with her. Such a union would possess as much of a moral backing as is usual in high diplomacy. But the first step would, of course, have to be to remove the weakest Foreign Minister that England has been saddled with for many years.

In the *Fortnightly*, also, Mr. Roger Fry has an article on "Post-Impressionism" that shows a truer power of thought than has actuated anything we have yet read on that perplexed subject. He is no mere apologist: he is a clear and careful thinker; and so he compels self-respecting, earnest meditation. For the first time he gives us a real hint by which we can trace the line of descent of the Post-Impressionists from the Impressionists; and, seizing on his suggestion, we discover that when the latter sharply emphasise the distinction between light and shade, throwing one back and bringing the other forward, they obviously gave their successors the opportunity of discarding chiaroscuro, and thus, in providing the moment for the dismissal of depth, they drove them back on linear vision. "The Religious and Moral Status of Wagner" is the title of a contribution by the lady who signs herself as Vernon Lee. It is a very excellent article; it is also an exceedingly true, and in many ways a vividly true, article; but, remembering her previous manner of writing, we can but wonder what Carlylean cataclysm has swept on her. Or has her somewhat tempestuous subject affected her? Whatever it be, it is at least interesting to see a somewhat didactic, and even maturely dignified, moraliser swept into this tornado of humour. It is refreshing also. Maxim Gorky writes on "London" with a quite lovable affection; whereas, on the other hand, Mrs. John Lane takes up one of London's most miserable objects, and either seeks to make us imagine that he is more richly contented than those who abide in comfort, or does not seek to do so, and in any case alienates our sympathies by endeavouring to make a pretty article out of an ugly subject. The mind that sees joy or comfort in a London sandwichman is surely distorted.

Lord Acton's "French Revolution" receives double attention. Mr. Hilaire Belloc deals with it in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, and Mr. W. S. Lilly in the *Dublin Review*. Each treats his subject in characteristic fashion: Mr. Belloc driving swiftly and straightforwardly at the matter before him, Mr. Lilly in a more leisurely, circumambient manner bringing into his article some of the cognate subjects treated by Lord Acton in his essays on Liberty. There is something very academic in the latter article, even as there is something very empiric about the former one. Seeing that Lord Acton's method of procedure was itself highly academic, it may be thought from this that Mr. Lilly would the better illuminate his subject; whereas the fact is that we derive from Mr. Belloc the truest insight into Lord Acton and the matters that he treated of, even for the same reason that it takes steel to strike sparks from flint. In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. and Mrs. Whetham have a very statistical article on "Eminence and Heredity," and, in the way of diverse interest, Mr. Bram Stoker deals with "Irving and Stage Lighting." In the *Dublin Review* Mrs. Meynell avails herself of the appearance of M. Dimnet's recent book on the Brontë sisters to write an article on Charlotte and Emily Brontë. There are few writers that can be more gracious and illuminating than Mrs. Meynell, and this article is no exception to the usual style of her critical work. An article that one would expect much from should be "Fairies—from Shakespeare to Mr. Yeats." Unfortunately Mr. H. Grierson but wanders on the fringe of its possibilities.

One of the best articles in the magazines this month is by W. H. Hudson. It is in the *English Review*, and is entitled "An Old Thorn." This is one of those articles that defy narration, and must needs rest on recommendation. And certainly it wins recommendation. Another excellent article in the same magazine, but one that lends itself more to analysis, is "A Drama of Youth," by Mr. Richard Middleton. It is full of a humour that is tinged with irony without ever being ironical. Also it is the keener indictment of a ruthless method of education because it never seeks to indict. It just depicts the simple horror of a sensitive mind to the ordinary herding process of education. Mr. A. C. Benson describes "The Musician;" but, very fortunately for musicians, qualifies his description by limiting it to his acquaintance. Are they quite so insipid and fatuous a body of men? Or is this the result of college windows? We imagine that Beethoven and Wagner, tempestuous souls, full of boisterous humour both of them, would very much vex Mr. Benson's conception of the simple-

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minded, placid, humourless musician. Mr. Yoshio Markino adds to his portraiture of "John Bullesses" by a treatment by sketch and script of Suffragettes. It is sufficient to say that both sketch and script excel themselves.

The article that drew our foremost attention in *Mind* was "The 'Meaning' and 'Test' of Truth," by Alfred Lloyd. We cannot think that a remote terminology is ever necessary to the discussion of abstruse questions. Bergson has proved to us surely that thought can be conducted under purity of language; and what can be done in French can be done in the far richer tongue of English. This same fault (a fault, we are convinced, of mental sloth and confused perception) underlies Mr. Schiller's article on "The Humanism of Protagoras." Despite this, however, both articles repay careful reading and subsequent thought. Indeed, this is always the distinctive note of the articles in *Mind*. Noteworthy articles in the *International Journal of Ethics* are "The Meaning of Good and Evil," by Mr. J. S. Mackenzie; and "The Spencerian Formula of Justice," by Mr. Ralph Barton. Both are clear in thought and convincing in manner.

There has been wanted for a considerable time a collection of remote Jacobite songs. These have now been collected together and presented in the *Scottish Historical Review*, by no less a person than Professor C. H. Firth. The *Cornhill* will not be able to do itself justice while it endeavours to grapple with not less than two serials in so small a magazine. Perhaps it is because it is thus overweighted that its literary flavour is not very pronounced this month. The best article is by Gerald Cumberland, and deals with "Charlotte Brontë's Street in Brussels;" but the magazine needs vigour. Among the literary magazines we generally expect good things from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and this time we are not disappointed. It is all good, the best being "The Embarrassed Eliminators," by E. V. Lucas, and a long, and very patchy, article on "Criticism," by Anne Hard. It is strange how pedestrian and uncreative American criticism is. It seeks to make up for this by distributing evidences of portentous reading. In the *Eugenics Review* there are two cognate and exceedingly interesting articles. One is by Arabella Kenealy, and is called "A Study in Degeneracy;" the other, by Dr. Goddard, is entitled "Heredity of Feeble-Mindedness." Both are worth reading, even if they suggest a wealth of opposite arguments.

MUSIC

THE BIRTH OF THE SEASON

When May begins, with its usual British severity, musical people ask themselves what will be the outcome of the musical season in general and of the Opera season in particular. This year curiosity is keener than in ordinary years, for in the Coronation we have an enigmatical element. Will it mean increased brilliancy and opulent exchequers, or will music suffer from the incalculable number of other attractions? Experts are divided in opinion, and the shrewdest are inclined to a policy of caution. The Covent Garden authorities have been cautious in their programme, but have braved the wrath of the more progressive lovers of music in announcing only two new works. Their line of argument has (it is semi-officially said) been as follows. Even the most indefatigable opera-goers will have but little energy left for serious music. They will prefer the works they know, which demand no effort of intellect on their part. The bulk of the audience will, in all probability, be drawn from the Colonies and the Provinces. Hearers of this type will find even "La Traviata" and "La Sonnambula" exciting novelties. The reasoning seems financially sound, if artistically it leads to a blank negation. The two new works promised us are Massenet's "Thaïs" and Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," and the latter will be heard in ten days or so, and we shall see whether London agrees with the American press, which does not like it, or the American public, which apparently does. "Thaïs" has been chosen because of Mme. Kousnietzoff, who is said to be marvellous in the part, and the "Méditation" is a fetish of all those who love musical sugar-plums. In the last few days there has been a rumour that we shall hear Wolff Ferrari's "Il Segreto di Susanna," a one-act work which Germany and New York have applauded, which deals with a newly-married wife who smokes cigarettes unknown to her husband, who has a sharp nose, and suspects the unwelcome presence of a male smoker. The music is said to be full of Mozartian gaiety, and we are told that the chief parts will be played by Signor Sammarco and Mme. Edvina.

The Opera will make a bold new departure, or, rather, will revive an old custom. The ballet of the Opera of St. Petersburg is to come—lock, stock, and barrel—and bring with it a selection of its repertoire, which includes music by composers of undoubted greatness. We are not promised any sensational new singers; but the question is, Are there any to be found? The Syndicate seems to think not, and neither the name of Amato, nor that of Chaliapene, with both of whom rumour has been busy, appears in the prospectus, which is rich in promise of what we already know. A new thing, of which not quite enough has been made, is the presence of some young English ladies in the chorus, which is a great gain from the points of view both of music and of spectacle.

The season has now been under weigh for about a week, and a welcome merit has been the excellent smoothness of all the performances. Ten years ago it would have been unthinkable. The only person to regret it is the diner-out, who is thus deprived of a very useful source of cheap jesting. Signor Campanini and Signor Panizza have undertaken the French operas—so far without loss of any peculiar Gallic characteristics which are valuable. Some there were who sighed for a little more anæmia in "Pelléas et Mélisande"—but then we have never had Debussy conducted by a Frenchman here. They also said that Mme. Edvina was becoming too solid and two little elf-like; but she sang like a true artist, and M. Warnéry was almost ideally childlike. M. Huberdeau has a splendid voice, reminding one of the old tag about oil and velvet, and yet not sentimental.

Mme. Tetrazzini has dazzled her audiences as of yore, but she changes less than any other artist of equal rank. What was said of her three years ago is equally true to-day (or untrue). Mme. Kirkby Lunn, on the other hand, is always doing better. When we heard her Delile, in 1909, we could hardly have believed that it could develop into the perfectly balanced and artistically perfect creation it is now. As far as singing is concerned, it stands by itself. Another thing which silences criticism, and which we have seen developing gradually under our eyes, is the Rigoletto of Signor Sammarco. He has never sung or acted it as he does now. As Renato in "Un Ballo in Maschera" he triumphs, too. His "Eri Tu" is masterly. It was in the "Ballo" that we heard the only new singers—Mme. Wittkowski, a contralto with a remarkable voice, Mme. Bland, of Vienna, a capable dramatic soprano, and Mme. Wilna, an English singer with a sweet voice and a style of some charm. In the same opera also Signor Basso returned, full of fervour and singing well, but occasionally with strident tones.

In the realm of lighter music, Mr. F. C. Whitney has made another attempt to revive real Opéra Comique, and his production of "Baron Trenck" made a bold bid for the suffrages

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of those who are weary of musical comedy. The plot is not fresh and is not very skilful, but it is full of movement. The humours do not wander from the story, but they are (or were on the first night) very tenuous. The singing and acting of Mr. Walter Hyde were a real pleasure, and should suffice to draw all London. Miss Caroline Hatchard, too, was very pleasing. Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Walter Passmore, and Miss Marie George may be trusted to make the humorous elements stronger in time.

ALFRED KALISCH.

THE QUEEN'S HALL

ON Wednesday of last week Messrs. Eugene Isaye and Raoul Pugno gave the first of a series of three recitals in which they propose to deal with the whole of Beethoven's Violin-and-Pianoforte Sonatas. Apart from the Kreutzer, none of these Sonatas rank very highly in Beethoven's work, and the reason is not very far to seek. For the Sonata form is obviously one that demands development of theme and amplification of treatment. But this, again, in its turn demands preoccupation of energy. In his earlier Sonatas, in the first two Sonatas of this very programme, Beethoven does indeed attempt to achieve this preoccupation, and thus to work out the form he has chosen in the way best expressive of its genius. He very soon becomes aware, however, that this is impossible. The violin and the pianoforte refuse to work in concert; and so sensitive an artist as Beethoven very soon has his preoccupation of energy destroyed by a realisation that his two several instruments are at war with each other. Therefore amplification of treatment is inhibited at the very threshold of work, and the musician has to turn his attention to engendering a warfare rather than to developing a theme. He is caught perplexed. The true Beethoven manner—the manner of the Symphonies and the later pianoforte Sonatas—is upset; and thus, in hearing the work that results, the hearer's mind must needs be restless and ill at ease.

For this reason none of these Sonatas have that imperial gesture so characteristic of Beethoven. His very energy was thwarted; for the more he developed that energy, the greater was the opposition he threw into his two instruments. He sought at first to make this the basis of development; that is to say, he sought to make his development proceed on the lines of internecine warfare. But this meant a very slender theme. It was opposed to the genius of his art form, and it was opposed to his own genius. Latterly he did manage to work his instruments in concert, and so succeeded in working out his development.

This was most noticeable in the third Sonata. The programme consisted of the first three Sonatas, and the ninth, the famous Kreutzer. The very un-Beethovenesque limpidity of the first two produced a weariness of attention. In the second movement of the first Sonata, the *Tema con Variazione*, all that has been said above was seen in progress. In the first, second, and third variations Beethoven is working his instruments more and more together. In the fourth variation an almost accord is achieved, and the attention is gripped with interest. In the third movement this accord is broken up again; though, since this movement is a *Rondo*, this, perhaps, was to be expected.

It was, however, in the third that the interest was really caught. Those who find more excitement in a fanfare of trumpets, and the very obvious use of percussion in Strauss and the Straussians, than, for example, in the effortless strength of Elgar's Concerto, will probably be wearied even with the *Adagio con molto espressione* of this third Sonata. True passion chooses the strings for its expression; it is the counterfeit passion of the æsthetic bully that wields the drumstick like a war chieftain. And in this *Adagio* Beethoven's passion, in the use of his two instruments, never sinks their diversity, but wins unity out of it. For in music, as in much else, it is unity that is strength, not diversity.

The Kreutzer has, unfortunately, won an unhappy fame from Tolstoi's unhealthy book named after it. It is, of course, a work written by a man full of passion, but we would not be ready to read sex into it if Tolstoi's hero had not set the fashion by virtue of his inflamed and prurient mind. There is probably no suggestion of sex in it at all; but if there is, it is like the prime question of sex itself in all its wonder: healthy and pure to all healthy and pure minds, and farmyard to all farmyard minds. At any rate, the Kreutzer Sonata as a piece of music was a pure delight to hear again, and purifying and exalting to the mind.

It is needless to say that Messrs. Isaye and Pugno realised almost perfect accord one with the other. This was merely a matter of practice. The accord achieved by continuous practice can nearly always be sounded by the ear. It was the far more important accord of temperamental fitness. M. Pugno's playing made the basis for M. Isaye's larger excellence; but this was as it should be, and part of the essential matter of the music. And it was to M. Isaye we looked for the bigger music and the more soulful power; this was also partly a question of the writing. It was also that M. Isaye has a passionate power that lifts him to the foremost place among living violinists. He should be careful, however, not to let this passion cause him unduly to shorten his *tremolo*, particularly in *Adagio* movements. To M. Pugno was left the finished *technique* that must form the basis of passion.

MY DICTIONARY

WHEN, the other evening, a friend who is noted for his candid expressions of opinion on things in general dropped into my rooms to borrow a match, he caught me with the dictionary open before me, and paid me an unexpected compliment. He remarked that surely a dictionary was not of much use to me, and hinted kindly that he had always considered me to be one of those heaven-born geniuses who invariably knew whether "accommodation" had two *m's* or one, one *c* or two; whether "development" and "judgment" should have the *e* docked or not—who could, moreover, explain the difference between "antimony" and "antinomy," "Acady" and "Arcady;" who never—well, hardly ever—used "transpire" when "happen" was meant, and who could say offhand whether the "asymptotes" were a tribe of Indians or a mountain range in Greece, and so on. When I suggested, after duly thanking him, that my dictionary was a most interesting book, and that it made an agreeable diversion from the pile of novels "with the publisher's compliments" which had been my mental fare for two days, he scorned me openly, and presently left with a couple of the aforesaid novels tucked under his arm. I pressed the dictionary upon him, but he would not take it.

Yet as a matter of fact I had been spending a most amusing and instructive hour in the company of the editor of that mighty tome. Impartial, non-committal, stolid, and level-headed observer of words as he may be, he cannot keep his personality out of his book; no author (and in one sense he must be regarded as such) ever can. For example, he is a humorist, for he calls an accordion "a portable musical instrument," and an animal which shall here be nameless "a well-known wingless insect of great agility." He also

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states that love is "nothing in tennis and some other games," which shows that he is not infallible.

He is a student of human nature, for he defines "society" as "the civilised body of mankind." Two or three times his passionless placidity vanishes completely and the man himself emerges, as when, after defining "Zolaism" as "an attempt at a so-called realism claimed to be a proper scientific view of human nature," he adds gratuitously, "In effect Zola's books are dull and dirty, and his realism is not reality." One wonders if he read many of them, and if so, whether in the original or in translations? And does he not exceed the limits of legitimate dictionary-making in such comments?

He is punctilious, anxious above all things that his readers shall be perfectly clear in their minds as to the meaning of a difficult word. A few days ago I chanced upon the term "lycopodiaceæ" and fled to the dictionary in despair; what did I find? "A class of isoporous vascular cryptogams, having mostly a dichotomous form of branching." That is the sort of thing to inspire confidence in a man; no ordinary person would have bothered to state the case with such meticulous care.

He is not absolutely up to date, for "aviator," "aeroplane," and "suffragette" are not recognised as belonging to the English language (perhaps they do not, and never will); and although "taxis" occurs, the term has nothing to do with the taxis which buzz along the roads. But he is often suggestive; for when he informs us that the word "abyss" comes from the Greek *a*, "without," and *byssos*, "bottom," we discover that the mountaineer who estimates the depth of an abyss to be, say, 500ft. is perpetrating a joke, and that the novelist's favourite "bottomless abyss" is really tautological. Persons who coax the gay nasturtium over their trellis-work will be astonished to learn that the only meaning attached to "nasturtium" is "the watercress," and that the word is derived from two Latin roots signifying "to twist the nose."

It is pleasant to dally with these pages lazily, and light upon strange, uncouth words here and there which no one would ever suspect of belonging to our mother-tongue. Strictly speaking, they do not, but have forced their way in by the back door. Surprises await us at every turn. "Myomancy," for example, means "divination from the movements of mice." As a profession it seems to offer the advantage of being at present uncrowded. Here is a curious passage which seems to reflect in rather uncomplimentary fashion on the editor:—"Zoanthropy—a form of mental delusion in which a man believes himself to be a beast; the devout divine, Simon Browne (1680-1732), under this belief, devoted himself to the making of a dictionary. 'I am doing nothing,' he says, 'that requires a reasonable soul: I am making a dictionary.'" Thus candour and a magnificent indifference to public opinion may be added to our list of attributes of the man behind the book.

Other unfamiliar terms are there by the score, and the art of polite conversation might easily be gathered by a study of the synonyms for common things—polite, but somewhat stilted. If you are suffering from earache the fact may be dignified by announcing it as "otalgia"—it sounds worth an extra guinea on the doctor's bill; and "ptosis" denotes "inability to raise the upper eyelid;" evidently there is a name for everything if one can only find it. And the tricky little points in language, such as the shade of difference between "pence" and "pennies"—they are not neglected; it is not easy to catch the clever man napping.

Altogether, my dictionary is not to be disdained as a dry or uninteresting collection of words: it is much more than that. It is, as some guileful reviewers say, "distinctly a book to read;" and, in the same phraseology, it is to me a volume "to pass very pleasantly an hour which might otherwise be tedious." And the best of it is that one cannot possibly read it through; there always remain pages one never remembers seeing before.

PAPILLON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BRITISH INTERESTS IN PERSIA

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE outcry that followed the meeting of the two Emperors at Potsdam, and the premature publication, shortly afterwards, of an agreement between Russia and Germany, will still be fresh in the memory. Pessimism is the sleeve card of the professional scaremonger; and so it is not surprising that such an occasion should have been dexterously manipulated by certain writers in order to create gloomy forebodings concerning the virility of the Triple Entente. In this respect Dr. Dillon went considerably farther than most publicists. Boldly he announced that Russia had cynically abandoned her partners, Great Britain and France, and that the Triple Entente, never, in his opinion, very much alive, was now quite dead and done for. Yet, at the time, the only accomplished fact which by the wildest stretch of imagination could be regarded as in any degree warranting this prophetic despondency, consisted in an undertaking given by Russia to link up any railway system she might build in Persia with the Khanikin-Sadijeh branch of the Baghdad line. In the nature of things the agreement carried with it an expression of respect for mutual interests in the regions covered. In vain did M. Pichon, who was then Minister for Foreign Affairs in France, and Sir Edward Grey protest vigorously that the balance of power in Europe remained undisturbed. Their assurances were regarded merely as a manifestation of that convenient optimism which may be likened to the shield in the armoury of diplomacy.

The pertinent questions were asked, Why should Russia, who in the past had proved so uncompromising in her opposition to the Baghdad Railway, now lend willing support to the scheme? And what consideration could induce her to consent to establish a connecting-link with the German system, more especially as such a link would replace a trade route now largely used in the transit of British merchandise? It will be recalled that, a few weeks ago, I discussed the matter at some length in the columns of THE ACADEMY. It was shown then that German pressure had begun to make itself felt in Northern Persia, and that if Russia desired uncontested enjoyment of benefits accruing to her within the sphere of influence secured under the convention with Great Britain, it was imperative for her to arrive at some satisfactory arrangement with Germany. Now that the main outlines of this arrangement are known, it does not appear that the realisation of the Baghdad scheme has, in consequence, been furthered to any appreciable extent. On the other hand, however, Russia has gained very considerably, inasmuch as she is free to pursue her own way in Northern Persia without the probability of German interference.

As far as the Baghdad line is concerned, the position has undergone change in no single detail to which Great Britain could have legitimately objected. The Company has been granted the privilege of constructing a branch line to Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean, where it has also been given the right to make a new port. Undoubtedly these concessions will assist materially the growth of German power within the Ottoman Empire. But however much we

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may deplore the circumstance, we cannot obviate it. Turkey is at liberty to dispose of her resources as she pleases; and the most we are entitled to in the present instance is indulgence in a futile regret that it is not British enterprise that is singled out for exceptionally favourable treatment. Among Englishmen it is a common error of the day to imagine that whenever another Power gains a foothold in any part of the world, even though the means employed be those generally acknowledged as fair, our interests have been deliberately assailed, on the one hand, and wantonly sacrificed on the other. No action on the part of British diplomacy can prevent the ultimate fulfilment of the Baghdad scheme within the borders of territory that is indisputably Turkish. Nevertheless, as a nation we have the power, should occasion justify, to delay the project by withholding financial support. It is true that in the past our inclination has been towards too great a readiness to advance money to commercial rivals, the consequence of which has been, of course, detrimental to British interests. In this connection I cited recently the case of Japan, and another notable example is that of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank - a "British" institution operating on a large scale in China, in which the Germans have a not inconsiderable stake. There are, however, distinctly encouraging signs that the public is beginning to shun those avenues of investment where the enemies of the nation lie hidden in ambush.

Within the last few weeks the pretensions of the Baghdad Company to control the last section of the line—the Gulf section—have been abandoned. In the event, however, of a new company being formed for the construction of a railway to the coast it is provided that the Germans shall have participation on an equality with that enjoyed by any other nationality partaking in the project, and that such new company shall compensate the Baghdad Company for the cancellation of its rights. In an arrangement of this kind Great Britain would not have a deciding voice. She would merely hold a fourth share in the enterprise, the remaining three being in the hands of Turkey, Germany, and France. But it must not be forgotten that the agreement is one to which only Turkey and Germany are consenting parties. The claims of Great Britain in the territory under discussion are based upon obligations we have entered into with the Sheikh of Koweit, and also upon our interests generally in the region of the Persian Gulf. While the right of Turkey to grant concessions to the Baghdad Company within her own dominions is beyond question, the matter assumes a totally different complexion as soon as she attempts to devise plans for the Gulf section. No agreement she has made on the subject with Germany can be final. The attitude of Great Britain will alone be the deciding factor. As the situation is at present it would seem that Turkey has framed the constitution of an undertaking which she has no right to originate without our consent, and she has pledged this undertaking to give compensation to Germany for the surrender of rights which in reality never existed.

Calm reflection makes it more than ever apparent that the result of the Potsdam interview has not been to stiffen Berlin policy in the Middle East. Indeed this policy required no stiffening. The Baghdad scheme always had behind it the whole-hearted determination of the German people. And this determination no human agency, save perhaps it were the sword, could thwart. Russia is in very much the same position as that in which Great Britain finds herself. It would be improper for her to interfere in an affair that is a matter of arrangement simply between Germany and Turkey. As far as the Gulf section of the line is concerned, she is not at present called upon to express an opinion, but should it be required of her she would be found loyally supporting the attitude of her partner in the Triple Entente. For the rest, face to face with German activity in Northern Persia, she has had no other alternative than that of consenting to link up the Persian railways with the Baghdad system.

In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Lynch points out that "Ocean steamers from Great Britain and from India discharge their goods at Busrah, and these goods are favoured as far as Baghdad by the magnificent waterways of the Tigris, up which they are conveyed by a British and by a Turkish service of large river steamers. Of these British and Indian goods, the proportion destined for carriage into Persia, after passing through Baghdad, alone amounts to an annual value of about a million sterling." It will be realised that if the merchandise destined to be forwarded by this route were to pass from the Gulf over a railway to Baghdad under the control of an international syndicate (in which Great Britain held only a fourth share), and from that point, first by a German railway and then by a Russian railway into Persia, trade might be unduly hampered. Apart from the fact that to some extent the communications would be in the hands of our commercial rivals, we would, as Mr. Lynch observes, be sacrificing the advantages of water carriage on the Tigris as compared with carriage over a railway. For the rest of the way into Persia a trade route which we have done much to open up would be substituted by railways under foreign control. In the course of a Parliamentary debate on the whole question Sir Edward Grey intimated that in these circumstances it was for Great Britain to seek alternative routes. Once more the critics fell to wailing. It was declared that in the mind of the Foreign Minister no definite project existed of a nature calculated to compensate us for the sacrifices we could be called upon to make as a sequel to the "railway linking" agreement between Germany and Russia, and the suggestion was renewed that the Triple Entente had mildly retreated from the Middle East at the bidding of Germany. The writer then declined to share these gloomy forebodings, and plainly stated, and repeated the statement, that time would prove that Russia and Great Britain were co-operating to mutual advantage.

Now comes the interesting news that Great Britain has applied to the Persian Government for an option to construct a railway from Kharmosseh, a point at the head of the Gulf south-east of Mohammerah, northwards along the valley of the Karun river through Ahwaz and Thuster to Khoramabad. It is significant that this application should have been tendered with the full knowledge of Russia. At first it was thought that British rights in the matter were based upon explicit promises given by the Teheran Government that as soon as railway concessions were granted to other Powers in the north Great Britain would be similarly favoured in the south, and furthermore the assertion was made that justification for our action was to be found in the circumstance that Russia was seeking the privilege of building a line from the capital to Khanikin. According to a later despatch from the *Times* correspondent at Teheran the British request for an option for a line to Khoramabad was not made in any sense dependent on the granting of a concession for the Teheran-Khanikin line to Russia. The same authority added the very interesting information that "Russia has hitherto made no request for this concession, and whereas the proposed English line would be highly advantageous to British trade, the advantages of the Khanikin line to Russia are very problematical. Complete harmony between Great Britain and Russia appears to prevail in the matter." Whichever version be true of the negotiations now in progress, the suggestions of the alarmists that Russia has acted in a manner inimical to our interests is palpably false. If Russia is in no hurry to build the Teheran-Khanikin line,

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then her agreement to establish a connecting link with the Baghdad system is virtually a dead letter. In that event her unselfish support of British claims at the present moment is a gratifying proof of real friendship. It is certainly quite reasonable to suppose that Russia, within whose Empire illimitable resources are awaiting development, should be not over anxious to embark in Persia upon railway enterprises of a more or less speculative nature. The Potsdam understanding may have committed her to connect a Teheran-Khanikin line with the Baghdad system, but it is unlikely to have included any provision determining an abitrary period for completing the undertaking. Meanwhile Russia gains relief from German intrigue in Persia. And the Potsdam trumpetings will result in Germany being left to derive what satisfaction she may out of a paper promise! British interests certainly could not suffer in a transaction of this kind!

Ultimately Russian railways are destined to stretch south from the frontier to Teheran, and from Teheran to Khanikin. By the time that these projects, together with the extension of the Caucasian system, now in preparation, have been carried out the Baghdad Railway and the newly proposed British line in Persia will probably be completed. Then it will be possible to reach the Persian Gulf from Europe by two direct railway routes—*viâ* Teheran Khanikin and Baghdad to Koweit, and *viâ* Teheran Khoramabad to Kharmosseh. It should be explained that a connection between the British and Russian railways in the region under discussion is in contemplation. Thus, even were Russia to decide against deferring her undertaking, our trade is still protected.

The importance of recent developments in relation to the whole problem of the Middle East cannot, therefore, be minimised. British merchandise, instead of entering Persia by the Baghdad Railway, a circuitous route under foreign control, would proceed directly northwards over communications largely in the hands of British management. It is believed that, with an adequate expenditure of money, Kharmosseh can be converted into a commodious and well-protected harbour, vastly superior in every respect to Bushire, the existing port for trade in this region. Apart altogether from what might be termed regular traffic, the British enterprise engaged in the Karun oil industry will profit by the realisation of the project. Viewed in a broader sense, our interests generally must gain by the introduction of the civilising influences of a railway into a territory which has ever been the seat of tribal warfare.

The political importance of this later proposal lies in the fact that, by providing for an alternative and a better route, it does away with the complaint that the contemplated connection between the Baghdad line and the Russian railway in Persia threatened irreparable injury to British trade. Doubtless Germany will insist upon the construction of the last section of the Baghdad line to the port of Koweit. In view of our recent "move" at Teheran there does not appear to be any reason why we should go out of our way to advance this project, more especially when it is considered that there is seemingly no disposition to give us a controlling share in the suggested international syndicate. Sir Edward Grey has certainly shown an admirable initiative in practical statesmanship, and if his plans are successful and he accomplishes the removal of British interests from that absolute dependence upon the Baghdad Railway which at one time seemed inevitable, then it will be said of him that he did all within his power in a complicated situation of exceptional difficulty. Now it is apparent that Russia and Great Britain are working hand in hand in the Middle East, those critics who prematurely announced the demise of the Triple Entente are effectually rebuked by its very presence, living and robust.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

I THINK that we are less virile than we used to be. We grow tired very quickly. We began a small boom in Home Rails in February, and we casually stirred up the Rubber and Oil Markets. Really we did nothing remarkable. The effort would have been as nothing to a genuinely greedy man. Yet for the past three or four weeks we have been quite tired. The Stock Exchange was closed upon May Day to enable the jobbers to dance round the Maypole on Brighton Pier and allow the brokers to crown peroxide blondes with gardenias at the Café de Paris or the Rat Mort. One would have thought that both broker and jobber would have returned to business like immortals whose veins were filled with ichor. Nothing of the kind! They come back flabby and idle. They have just enough energy to keep prices steady. But they could not start a new rise. They were happy and hopeful, but no more.

These new issues don't go. We have had a dozen Canadian issues, all well underwritten, all with fine promises. But they fell flat. Can it be that we have had too much Canada? I hear queer stories of how the Canadian banks decline to lend any more money. I hear curious tales of stock pawned with moneylenders. It is the fashion in Canada to make what they call "mergers." That is to say, they collect a few competitive industrials and add the capitals together, double the common stock, and allow the British investor to apply for the debentures. Then they market the common stock in London. If Canada continues to grow as fast as she has hitherto grown, this common stock, which is, of course, promoters' plunder, will become valuable. But if Canada gets a set-back we shall see all this stock assessed. The companies are all registered in Canada and the boards are Canadian. There is a definite danger in this wild scramble for English money. I hear of hundreds of companies ready to be floated in London. Canada is a great and prosperous colony, but, like all new countries, she may run away from her original solid basis and get into a quagmire of financial trouble. Some very serious people in Montreal have warned us of the trouble impending. Canadian issues require to be most carefully scanned.

There are many companies promised us in the future. Oil companies, one of huge dimensions, dealing with California, to be promoted by T. S. Marshall; one to be brought out by George Macdonald; rubber companies good and bad (Parry has one of sound quality in the Malay, with Zorn and Leigh Hunt as brokers); a Canadian silk combine, of which I don't hear great things; a motor-'bus company to run the new Daimler omnibus, in opposition to the London General Omnibus Company. But the gilt-edged loan market is flat and the bankers decline to underwrite any more after the Queensland loan fiasco.

MONEY is more or less plentiful, but it will not grow much cheaper until the Treasury allows its huge hoard of fifteen millions to come out. The Stock Exchange wants cheap money, but the banker is only too glad to see large sums locked up and kept off the market. We shall not get any reduction in the Bank Rate for some weeks.

FOREIGNERS do not require any comment, for Perus remain the only stock in which there is any movement. I am assured that Peru preferences will continue to rise, but if I were a bull I should take my profit. A tip has gone round to buy, and this means that the clever people desire to unload.

HOME RAILS are wonderfully steady. A bull account exists in almost each security, yet the fall from the top is but a few points. This shows how confident buyers are that the dividends on the present half-year will be increased. I hardly like to advise a purchase, because I think we ought

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to get a reaction; but the market is much stronger than I could have believed possible, and I may be too pessimistic. In any case a purchase of London and North Western, Great Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire cannot do much harm, for here we are on safe ground. The smaller gambling counters may go back, and the Southern lines are specially dangerous.

YANKEES are being supported from New York, where the bankers desire to keep a market in order to sell short-dated notes and bonds. The American railways will want tons of money in the next few years, and they are now so carefully managed that lending upon bonds or notes is as safe an investment as the most careful man can desire. Of course Paris is the one desire of the American Finance House. If Yankee railways could tap French gold they would be secure from all trouble. The French, however, do not like American railway finance. They cannot forget the old methods, which, by the way, are now completely exploded.

CANADAS have soared to new records. There are many reasons. The Montreal buyers are rich and pay for their stock. The English holders are greedy, and, as they got in well below 175, they see no reason why they should sell at 10 per cent. stock. The Wall Street gambler, who really makes the market in Can Pacs, has only a limited amount of stock in which to gamble, and a bear can be squeezed with sublime effect. This is shown in the recent rise.

RUBBER does not seem happy. If the Para people are really unable to hold up their stocks we might see a nasty slump. Brazil must see the danger of lending unlimited money on rubber with the Malay States monthly output growing so fast. The big financiers are not so eager as some people make them out to be. They also see the danger of backing up a market in face of a large hidden stock. On the whole I am inclined to think that Brazil will keep back her stock until the river falls, when she may be able to raise the price. The contracts for the new season are made in July and August, and the dealers will try and push down prices in order to force the Amazon to sell at low rates. It is an amusing but complicated battle, and no one knows which side will win. The actual market for shares in the Stock Exchange is a see-saw, which moves backwards and forwards as the bears or the bulls go up or down. It is quite safe to buy on any relapse, and still safer to sell on a rise.

OIL is the talk of the City. Do not misunderstand me. I say "talk," and I mean it. The promoters are desirous of selling all the shares they can. Therefore they talk oil. I have often told you the best shares to buy. I need hardly repeat that, as reasonable gambles, Black Sea and Kern River are good. Most of the Maikop companies are dangerous. California and Burmah are sound but over-priced. Spies are also good, but not cheap. Shells are too dear in view of the oil war.

KAFFIRS are not in favour. Yet some shares are cheap. However, no one wants to buy Kaffirs, and people will not invest in Rand shares. They want them as a gamble. This is not quite wise, for a careful man can purchase to pay 10 per cent. and still be able to amortise his decreasing lives. I will one week give a list of the cheap Kaffirs.

RHODESIANS.—We are not inclined for mining gambles, otherwise we should be tempted by the excellent reports that come in each week from Rhodesia. This is a country of small mines, but there are half a dozen mines like El Dorado, Giants, Cam and Motor, Falcon, Hay Mines that should do well for some years to come. The cheap shares are Jumbo and Rhodesia Consols.

OMNIBUS shares have been badly mauled. The bulls have counted upon a monopoly. Why they should have imagined that so simple a thing as an omnibus was beyond the scope of a promoter I can't conceive. Any one can build, any one can run an omnibus. Whether even the London General can make one pay is another matter. 'Bus stock is to-day much over-priced and should go lower on intrinsic merits.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"MARRIAGE AND COMMON SENSE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some of your readers who are familiar with Mr. Arthur Machen's prowess as a logician are doubtless anticipating a pungent reply from him to the letter of "R. W.-S." To cast aspersions on Mr. Machen's logic is, indeed, to beard the lion in his den, to pull the prophet's beard, to invoke the Jovian thunders! Meanwhile, another point suggests itself to me on beholding the prize-ring of the correspondence columns thus thrown open. Here we have Mr. Machen, good man, entrenched in his citadel, directing the fire of his artillery on all and sundry who happen not to be as rigid in their adherence to the letter of the law as he is, concentrating it especially upon Mr. Cecil Chapman in that he has dared to write a book which presents another side of the question; and here we have Mr. Chapman equally confident, in his possibly wider experience of the rough-and-tumble of humanity, that the spirit of the law is better served by a certain laxity, in view of modern stress and change. Between them we have a spectral "R. W.-S." gently remonstrating with Mr. Machen for his undue dogmatisms. My idea is that argument on such a subject is futile. Argument does not invariably "clear the air"; it occasionally increases hostilities or brings matters to a deadlock, especially when the disputants are both ultra-confident in the correctness of their views. The only reasonable way of arriving at a decision would be for each to state his case clearly, coolly, and concisely, and for a third party—the reader—to form his own opinions. It is not much use instancing the procedure of the "Jews of Bombay," as does Mr. Chapman; nor is it of much avail to argue as though the population of England consisted wholly of church-going Christians, as Mr. Machen seems to do. We are a mixed crowd, and the *via media*, if there be one, will not be discovered by such methods.—I am, Sir, etc.,

MARJORIE.

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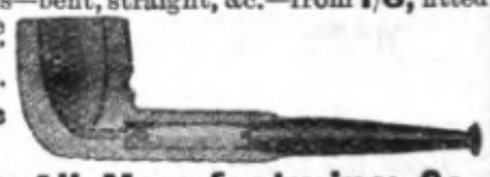
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

With next week's ACADEMY we shall issue an eight-page "Empire Supplement." Articles by contributors of special knowledge, experience, and authority will appear, and will deal in an interesting manner with affairs of the Colonies and the British Empire generally.

MR. JUSTICE WARRINGTON'S decision in the recent action brought to test the validity of "Form 8" is another blow to that marvellous and—according to Mr. Lloyd George—perfectly simple measure, the People's Budget. "Form 4," which was so simple that its originator was obliged to have repeated consultations with specialist authorities in Downing Street, eventuated in a somewhat ignominious position of affairs. Those to whom it was sent were informed with regard to certain questions that they might partly answer them, that they need not answer them at all, or that they could give what answers they liked. It reminds us of the inquisitorial question which husbands were at one time required, under this Bill, to put to their wives, as to the amount of their income: an inquiry which caused much domestic dissension, and which was eventually disposed of by the suggestion that a blank "I don't know" might be the reply. Probably in some cases words of additional embellishment were added. At any rate, "Form 4" fell down the hill to oblivion, and "Form 8" comes tumbling after.

Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare and the old Globe Theatre, are familiar associations of personality and place; but the linking of Shakespeare's name with Whitehall is less frequent, save perhaps to the student specialising upon Elizabethan affairs. The connection was emphasised in a pleasant manner on Saturday last by the meeting of the London Topographical Society at the Board of Trade Offices, under the presidency of Lord Rosebery. Several curious points with regard to the London of olden days were touched upon in the various interesting speeches. Mr. Ernest Law, for instance, mentioned the fact that when the "Great Hall," situated in what is now Horse Guards' Avenue, was required for other purposes, plays were occasionally given in the "Cockpit," the site of which is at the back of No. 10, Downing Street; and Lord Welby put rather startlingly the contrast of past and present when he remarked that on that actual site stood now the rooms of the Permanent Secretary and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Some of the old Cockpit buildings, said Lord Rosebery, existed well into the nineteenth century, and now that we have learned to recognise Shakespeare as Groom of the Chamber in Whitehall Palace, "we may look out for further revelations as to his close connection with the Court." The subject is inexhaustible, and there will be evidently plenty of room in a year or two for more volumes on Shakespeare—even apart from the literary side. Incidentally, Mr. Law gave an intimation of Shakespeare's early fame which completely eclipses the exploits of Mr. Somerset Maugham or Mr. Shaw. "There was a record," he said, "of eight plays being given in one week, and thus we have King James anticipating Sir Herbert Tree 298 years ago by giving in His Majesty's Theatre, only a few yards from where His Majesty's Theatre now stands, in the Haymarket, a cycle of Shakespearean plays in the dramatist's own lifetime."

We welcome with great pleasure the appearance of the first number of the official organ of *The Land Union*. Unlike most, or at all events many, official organs, it is quite readable, and it is packed with material which will be appreciated by all of those who waged such a just and gallant fight against Mr. Lloyd George's People's Budget. The first contribution, "The Broad Case Against the Land Taxes," is an admirable short article by Mr. Harold Cox, who so successfully and humorously exposed the grotesque absurdity of the proposal to tax ungotten minerals. Many of the other articles contain warnings which will be extremely useful as cautions to those whom the Land Taxes are calculated, if they were not devised, to bleed to death. We have before described the policy of the Government ever since they assumed office as a prolonged conspiracy against employment. No wonder that they are now proposing measures to support in idleness those whom their reckless legislation has deprived of their means of subsistence! Mr. E. G. Prettyman has a forcible article, entitled "The Badge of the Tribe." In the Supplement will be found Parts I., IV. and VII. of the Revenue Act of 1911, with explanatory notes. We think that the new journal, *The Land Union*, should be found in every estate-office, and any one who is subject to be plundered under the Act of 1911—and who is not?—will do well to expend, however difficult he may in these days find it to do so, 3d. weekly in the purchase of an advisory journal which may conceivably save him many times that sum.

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SONG FORSAKEN

When I went forth singing,
  Then all things made me glad,
Flower, star, and songbird,
  Such joy I had.

Ah, the dreams I cherished,
  The songs I fashioned then,
You shall find them treasured up
  In quiet homes of men.

The wise man came and counselled me
  Gold to win, to keep,
I heard his evil counsel,
  I put my soul to sleep.

I have a silver tankard,
  A golden finger-ring,
But my soul withers in me,
  I have no songs to sing.

ETHEL TALBOT.

FELO-DE-SE?

Is it conceivable that the House of Lords, fearing death, will, at the bidding of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, perpetrate suicide? Suicide on the most irrational grounds, and at a juncture when courage to live would be sublime, refuge in self-slaughter a reproach to the heirs of glorious traditions—of battles fought and won for the freedom and progress of the people?

The existing members of the House of Lords are but trustees for the nation of an institution which has deserved well of it, and which holds a secure position in its esteem and affection.

Why and wherefore all this twaddle about reform, which is no reform at all, but revolution thinly disguised? Why flight from the path of duty when the country on appeal has lately endorsed the action of the House in referring to it the so-called Budget of 1909? What possible defence of flouting the registered decision of the country can be alleged?

There is but one halting palliation, and the House of Lords should be the last body to advance it. True, the country condemned the Budget, but the House of Commons, as the result of a bargain in defeasance of the verdict of the country, upheld it.

Why should the House of Lords argue thus—the country condemned the Budget; the House of Commons by a device overruled the decision of the electorate; are the Lords to argue, *ergo*—"We hold ourselves condemned, hurry to array ourselves in sackcloth and ashes, and rush to revolution. We cannot even possess ourselves in patience until the Government—coercing their antagonistic elements—can produce a plan of reform, as they admit they are bound to do. We must smooth their path, we must show that the best plan we can produce covers us with contumely and ridicule, and we must provide them with a powerful argument for declining any attempt to redeem their promise to the electorate"?

Prince Arthur, with a sure and cruel death in front of him, bravely essayed an attempt at freedom and existence—

"As good to die and go, as die and stay."

Cannot the House of Lords, if die it must, meet its doom with dignity and courage?

What an inscription with which to blazon the degeneracy of the successors of the haughty Barons who upheld the honour and freedom of England in peace and in war!

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Certain members of the House of Lords have been accustomed during the last two decades to promote academic discussions on reform of the House; amongst them the foremost has, of course, been Lord Rosebery, the most brilliant and the least practical of politicians. Others who have been proud to tread in his footsteps, not endowed with his Northern caution, have endeavoured to outstrip him in the race. Lord Rosebery dwelt, according to custom, in an atmosphere of resolution—or shall we say irresolution? In very eloquent language he shadowed forth aspirations and, satisfied with applause, relapsed into indolence. His imitators proceeded to the logical conclusion. They formulated measures wrapped in mantles of nescience. They pricked the bubble, and the liberated gas asphyxiated their reputations.

We are sorry that Lord Lansdowne has failed to profit by observation and experience, and has produced a scheme which, if it were the progeny of any other man, we should not hesitate to describe as grotesque, but in deference to the noble Marquess we will only designate as negligible.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—less urbane than ordinarily—once remarked, if we are not mistaken, "Enough of the foolery." We do not wish to suggest that any such expression would be courteously correct or properly applicable to the scheme of the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords. We do, however, say—and we say it after a long experience and one or two laborious and futile excursions in the same region—that the House of Lords cannot be tinkered into an amorphous mass which is not the House of Lords at all, and which would be a byword amongst Legislative assemblies.

Having admitted that the hereditary principle is indefensible, by what sort of logic can you retain so much of it as is convenient for manipulating a majority for yourselves? Then, again, as members of the House of Commons are not honest and independent enough to recommend names to the Lord-Lieutenant for appointment as Justices of the Peace, by what sort of logic will they be possessed of all the virtues when participating in the election of 120 Lords of Parliament? Every one is apparently to be eligible for election to the "House of Lords." Our old friend the working man who never works may display his vast abilities in the morning on the reconstituted Bench, and, as Lord Shirker, deliver polished orations from the red benches in the evening. We draw a veil over a painful vision.

If proof were wanted that the House of Lords cannot be transformed into something which is not a House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne has conclusively afforded it.

The responsibility of proposing a reformed Second Chamber rests with the Government. Let the Opposition leave them "to stew in their own juice," and exclaim with Macbeth—

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword?"

CECIL COWPER.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN IRISH POETRY—I.

"SHALL I be thought fantastical," asks Charles Lamb, "if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse."

That is one way of saying that the poets whose names he found sweetest were, in a sense, a discovery of his own, and therefore, whatever their particular merits, they had for him a personal and intimate meaning not offered by the great masters whose words are on the lips of all. It is easy to

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admire the poets who the critics tell us are to be admired; it is more difficult to persuade ourselves that the admiration is wholly sincere and spontaneous. For most of us it is a rarer pleasure to find something to admire "all by our own selves," as the children say. There is nothing more refreshing at times than to leave the broad and beaten highway of fame, trodden flat by the feet of devout pilgrims, for a by-path of literature where there is at least a possibility of some new and exciting discovery. It is true the path may be uneven, and the overhanging branches may at times render it obscure, but here and there the wanderer is rewarded by a glimpse of some retired and delicate beauty whose sudden freshness appeals more to the heart than the obvious glories of the open road.

It is, in other words, a delight to have an opportunity of forming one's own opinions and of reading poems which have not had the doubtful advantage of explanatory prefaces and learned, copious, and distracting footnotes. The works of the minor poets of the new Irish school are sufficiently unknown to offer a delightful field to the ignorant and unprofessional critic, a still untrodden byway to the amateur explorer. I should recommend any such to beg or borrow them, if they will not buy: to steal them is not worth while, for among many other merits they possess that of cheapness. They issue from the press in little square and oblong booklets, costing from a shilling to half-a-crown. Not for them the scarlet and green and gold, the tooled morocco and padded russia of those who have "arrived;" but instead, sober suits of brown or green or grey paper, or, at best, of linen with a twisted Celtic border.

I am not going to speak of the leaders of the movement in Ireland; they are too near the high-road and the finger-posts of fame for a rambling excursionist with no settled itinerary. The books which prompt the following remarks have been picked up at random, and there must necessarily be many gaps in their ranks; but it is possible to learn from them "which way the wind blows" in Ireland to-day.

I am told that in France, where men seem to have a natural *flair* for literature, the critics hold that Ireland is the scene of the only considerable literary movement of the present time. However this may be, it is obvious even to the most casual of amateurs in literature that there is in progress some sort of renaissance—a stirring of life after long and barren years. The Irish Press has issued, I should suppose, more volumes of verse in the last decade than in the previous half-century, and though quantity is not quality, it too has its significance. We may be watching the beginnings of a great literary rebirth, or but a passing phase of fashion—impossible as yet to say which—but even fashions have their interest, and the Irish movement has still the undoubted charm of novelty.

In the poetry of modern Ireland there are naturally very varying degrees of merit, and very wide divergences of style and treatment; but there are also such strongly-marked general characteristics as give to the separate volumes of verse a more than individual interest, and mark them as not merely the outcome of isolated or sporadic impulse, but as the outward sign of some hidden process in the life of the nation.

The most striking of these common characteristics, and one not to be ignored by the most careless reader, is love of country. The dominant note in every instance is "Ireland." Throughout her history Ireland has always inspired a passionate love in her children; she possesses for them an inexplicable, a potent charm—a fascination which even strangers sometimes feel:—

> Not the slopes of Rhine with such yearning are remembered (1),
> Not your Kentish orchards, not your Devon lanes.

(1) Stephen Gwynn.

Never has that yearning found more fervent expression than in the poetry of to-day. The poets of the Young Ireland of the nineteenth century were patriotic too, but their feeling took a more belligerent and at the same time a more stereotyped form; it was a political principle rather than a conviction of the mind, and they expressed it in symbols which had in them little that was characteristically Irish. To-day love of country seems to be the very breath of the poet, and in passing it may not be out of place to say that a feeling so spontaneous and so unanimous is not likely to be, as some would have us think, the swan-song of an exhausted and expiring nation, but rather the happier impulse of one "musing her mighty youth," and inspired by youth's divine and rhapsodical fervour.

Where the poems do not deal directly with love of country they are full of Irish names and of allusions to Irish story. For almost the first time Irish writers are seeking their inspiration at the well-springs of their national literature—Helen is superseded by Deirdre, and Achilles gives place to Cuchullin. Take at random any of the volumes, and you shall find such titles as these:—Clan Lir, To the Leanan Sidhe, Irish Hymn, Tir na n-Og, After Aughrim, Grainne after the Death of Diarmuid. This concentration on native resources seems to me to be an indication of strength—as borrowing is a confession of weakness; it is a kind of Sinn Fein policy carried into the realm of letters. There is enough material in the ancient literature of Ireland to furnish forth a hundred poets, and the men of to-day are in some sense the heirs of the bards of a thousand years ago.

They have inherited with their stories some of their main characteristics, and of these one of the most arresting is their love of Nature. This love is distinctive of the early Irish tales, and it is equally prominent in the poems of the twentieth century. There is in them a passion for the unspoilt country-side, the clean air of mountain, wood, and field. In these days of complicated and tortured psychology, of self-conscious probings into the problems of the unnatural life of towns, it is a real refreshment to dwell in spirit with men for whom—in their books, at least—such problems do not exist; men who are content to watch "the little wind that laughing across the water blows" (2), or to wander where

> The mists of bluebell float beneath
> The red stems of the pine; (3)

Or to see in the bending poplars an image of the dead

> Swaying in some sad dance by shady Acheron (4).

What Seosamh MacCathmaoil says of himself might be said with equal truth of many of his fellow-poets:—

> I am the mountainy singer—
> The voice of the peasant's dream,
> The cry of the wind on the wooded hill,
> The leap of the fish in the stream.

Here and there we come on touches of description that, with a rigid economy of words, yet bring a poignantly clear picture to the eye:—

> When rooks fly homeward
> And shadows fall,
> When roses fold
> On the hay-yard wall,
> When blind moths flutter
> By door and tree,
> Then comes the quiet
> Of Christ to me (5).

(2) S. O'Sullivan. (3) T. Boyd. (4) S. O'Sullivan
(5) S. MacCathmaoil.

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Again, we find an expression of feeling for Nature that is almost personal in its intensity :—

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal ;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul (6).

One and all they go to Mother Earth for inspiration :—

And the old brown woman answers mild,
" Rest you safe on my breast, O child.
Many a shepherd, many a king,
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.
Gwenever's heart is bound with dust,
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,
But the bugle moulders, the blade is rust,
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.
Little and lonely,
Knowing me only,
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd boy ? (7).

WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The publication of Wagner's autobiography has been looked forward to very eagerly and very keenly discussed, and, as is usual in such cases, a great deal of wild nonsense has been talked about it. We were led to expect sensational revelations about Wagner himself and all kinds of other people. We were told to anticipate information which would revolutionise our opinions about Wagner's works and his contemporaries. Mr. Bruckmann, of Munich, has now published the book in German in two handsome volumes of light blue, embracing nearly nine hundred pages ; but we shall have to wait with what patience we may for the English translation. It will be issued by Messrs. Constable in due course.

Nearly everything we have been told beforehand about the book turns out to be fiction, but none the less it is an invaluable addition not only to Wagner literature, but we may almost say to the literature of biography. It is an extraordinarily interesting book, quite apart from the fascination of the subject. Some time ago a lady who, in spite of the precautions taken by the Wagner family, had seen a copy, announced that it was valueless and badly written. Both statements are very wrongheaded. It is well known that, as a man of letters, Wagner was a Jekyll and a Hyde. He could, as his letters show, write terse, nervous, picturesque, and humorous German, but when he mounted the professorial chair and discoursed on matters of art his style became the *ne plus ultra* of turgid complexity. We have samples of both in the book, but fortunately the professorial pages are comparatively very few in number.

The great merit of the book is that it gives an extraordinarily vivid and life-like picture of Wagner, far more so than any other book that has been written about him. Not only that, it shows a Wagner quite different from the impossible creature of convention. It has always been a puzzle how a neurotic, choleric, aggressive, dictatorial egoist such as we have been led to believe him to have been could ever have gained the passionate admiration and affection with which his friends regarded him, and it is still more hard to believe that such a person could have done the amount of work he did in his lifetime, or could ever have carried through a scheme requiring so many qualities of the highest diplomacy as the building of the Bayreuth Theatre. This book makes all these things comparatively clear. We see that, in spite of his excitability and susceptibility, he had an enormous fund of level-headedness and grim determination, which nothing could shake, and a large fund of warm sympathy for all kinds of men and things.

One of the most attractive things about the book is the impression which a reading gives one of being in contact with a personality inspired by a consciousness of pre-eminent strength and of being predestined to do a great work in life. The question whether the picture here drawn is true to life or not is sure to be discussed with some violence. It can only be said that if it is not true it is a great work of fiction, better worth reading from that point of view than nine-tenths of the novels which are poured from the Press.

The fact that the story ends in 1864, when Wagner went to Munich in obedience to the summons from the King, robs it of some of what may be called the topical interest, but there is a great deal that is vastly interesting about Wagner's contemporaries, such as the glimpse of Weber acting as cook for his friends at a picnic—the Duke of Wellington in a grey beaver hat with his hands in his trouser-pockets ; Joachim and Brahms as enthusiastic youths ; Saint-Saëns as a brilliant student ; Mr. " Mac Farrine," whom he could not abide, and his overture " Steeple Chase " (by which is meant " Chevy Chase ") ; and Cipriani Potter, to whom he took a fancy ; Spontini, who told him that opera had gone in his own hands as far as it could ever go. Of his musical development Wagner has a good deal to say. He tells us how he first became acquainted with Weber's music by means of a military band, how he was for a time under the spell of Italian opera and " started " " Euryanthe," how he wrote an " extra number " for " Norma," and how he was at first puzzled and repelled by Berlioz's music and then fascinated by it.

He tells us a great deal, too, about his extreme calm when " Tannhäuser " was being hissed in Paris. He felt, he says, as if in a dream and watching some catastrophe of Nature with which he had no near concern. That was his feeling whenever he heard his own music.

The most interesting piece of psychological analysis is a passage in which he describes what he felt when he was being married to Minna Planes. It was, he says, as if his whole self was being carried away by two contending currents, one above the other, the upper one turned to happiness and the sun, the lower rushing towards darkness and disaster. The whole account of his relations with his first wife is curiously judicial. He speaks with gratitude of her heroism during the dark days in Paris, but realises that she had no sympathy with him after his conduct—which she thought unpardonably reckless—had deprived her of the title of Frau Kapellmeisterin, which was the summit of her worldly ambition. It appears that she had more to do with the breaking-off of relations with the Wesendoucks than is clear from the correspondence.

Lovers of " Die Meistersinger " will read with special interest of his walk at Marienbad during which he first had the idea of the Master singing a song, and the mistakes being punctuated by the strokes of the cobbler's hammer. This was the gem of the music drama. He tells us, too, which is not common knowledge, that his first idea was to have all the Valkyries assembled on Brünnhilde's rock in the first Act of " Götterdämmerung."

To conclude, it is one of the books which everybody ought to have read.

A. Kalisch.

(6) Eva Gore Booth. (7) N. L. P., in " The Native."

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REVIEWS

THE LIFE OF LORD GOSCHEN

The Life of George Joachim Goschen, First Viscount Goschen, 1831 to 1907. By the Hon. Arthur D. Elliot. With Portraits. In Two Volumes. (Longmans, Green and Co. 25s. net.)

By Sir William Bull

[Second Notice]

We dealt last week with the first fifty-four years of the life of this devoted public servant, who had risen by sheer merit to a place in the confidence of his Queen and her principal advisers that was almost unique. In the December of 1885, at the express wish of Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, the Queen had put herself into communication with Mr. Goschen, and a long correspondence subsequently took place directly between them. Her Majesty's letters show the great reliance she placed in the patriotism and wisdom of Mr. Goschen.

At the General Election of 1885 the whole Irish Nationalist vote had been thrown—so far, that is, as Mr. Parnell and his colleagues could effect it—upon the Conservative side. The "Hawarden Kite" on Home Rule had changed all this, and when Mr. Gladstone, the Leader of the Opposition, rose to reply to the Address, the ovation he received showed that the centre of gravity had shifted, and that, in the view of the Irish Nationalists at all events, Liberals were to be henceforth led to the support of no mere extension of local government, but to carry out the policy of separating the political nationality of Great Britain and Ireland, for which Mr. Parnell and his associates had so long and so passionately contended. And, here let us remark, Mr. Elliot has brought out his biography at a most opportune time. The political student can learn from his lucid pages how the great struggle of a quarter of a century ago commenced and was carried on.

Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington were beginning to consider what they should do. In spite of Gladstone's dominating personality, they were quite firm from the first that Home Rule would never do; but it was Goschen who appears to have kept Hartington up to the mark: "I spoke to Hartington in the strongest terms—I said it would be disastrous if he disappointed the Liberals in giving them a lead against Home Rule—that we must not think of party." Then came Jesse Collings' "three acres and a cow" amendment. Hartington had made up his mind, and he supported the Government, followed by Goschen and some eighteen or nineteen Liberals. But it was no good; the Liberal party as a whole, backed up by the Parnellites, voted together, and the Salisbury Ministry was at an end in a manner characteristically English, for, as a result of a division which had nothing whatever to do with Home Rule, Gladstone once more found himself Prime Minister—but at a terrific cost.

All the finesse and wavering at that anxious period is admirably depicted by Mr. Elliot, who was an active and militant Member of Parliament at the time. It is partly described in letters from Goschen to his friend Sir Robert Morier, the Ambassador at Petersburg. Hartington was a practical statesman—he was willing to break with his old leader, but he looked ahead. "Are you prepared," he asked, "not merely to condemn Home Rule, but to face the necessary consequences of its rejection?" That was the question. The answer came when Mr. Gladstone, now Prime Minister, commenced to form his Cabinet. He applied to Hartington, Goschen, James, Bright, Derby, Northbrook, Selborne, and other lifelong Liberals, but they all refused, and Home Rule received its first check.

Mr. Trevelyan, and some others who were known to disapprove of Home Rule as strongly as Lord Hartington, unfortunately took a weaker line in the hope that when Mr. Gladstone's proposals were submitted to the promised examination some practicable and satisfactory prospect might result. Chamberlain's position is shrewdly described—how he came to join the Government and how without inconsistency he left it. Mr. Gladstone's friends thought it was of the utmost importance that the Home Rule scheme when it saw the light should appear to be entirely Mr. Gladstone's own. It would not do to let it be seen too plainly that the Liberal Leader was simply accepting the policy and measure of Mr. Parnell.

One cannot help pausing here to notice how history repeats itself. The course of the next few months was an anxious time for every one. Liberals still desperately hugged the belief that in some way or other the ingenuity of Mr. Gladstone would save the situation. The 8th of April was to clear the air—for on that day the Bill was to be introduced, but on the 27th March the Government received a second blow—Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan both resigned!

Mr. Gladstone, in spite of all this, persevered, and in an eloquent speech of three and a half hours developed his scheme. Then, as usual, everybody poured out into the lobby to talk it over—it is curious how rapidly the House of Commons makes up its mind. The lobby was against the Bill from the first. "I bet this Bill never passes its second reading," muttered a Liberal lawyer. "Done with you," said the undaunted Labouchere, "shall we say a hundred?" "I am no betting man," said the lawyer; "let's make it a guinea," which he valiantly doubled a fortnight later and won! Lord Hartington took the lead of the dissentients, to the great joy and satisfaction of his unselfish henchman. Strenuous nights and days followed—fierce argument in the House—reams of correspondence in the Press—meetings here, there, and everywhere. It was plain the country would not stand the tearing-up of the Act of Union, and on June 8th there was a majority of 30 against the Bill. It is interesting to read in the light of history how Gladstone triumphantly pointed to the success of Home Rule in Austria-Hungary, Sweden and Norway, since the latter twain have peacefully drifted into separate nations, and it is thought by many that at the end of the present reign Austria and Hungary may do the same.

But the victory was not won without cost. Goschen was beaten in East Edinburgh and Trevelyan in the Border Boroughs, very much as the uncle of the latter, Lord Macaulay, had been beaten nearly forty years before. Gladstone paid a generous tribute to his old friend and new opponent in a letter to Granville:—"Goschen supplies soul, brains and movement to the body. Can Hartington get him a seat? Can he form a Government without him? Ought we to wish for a Salisbury or a Hartington Government?" It was round Goschen that the Unionist Alliance was really formed.

Writing to Goschen on July 24th, 1886, Hartington said: "Lord Salisbury came to me this morning to tell me that he wished to tell the Queen that he thought I ought to form a Government." . . . [In the event of refusal] "It is possible that there may be a further offer to some of us to join him, but I do not much expect it. My answer is a refusal to both proposals. He said that if I declined he hoped I would let him talk over politics with me. I mentioned your name, but I could not gather whether he was

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likely to ask you separately or not." There were some among the Liberal Unionists who thought it essential that Mr. Goschen should accept office in Salisbury's Cabinet, as he would "form a bridge" between Lord Salisbury's followers and those of Lord Hartington.

Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," avers that many of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues had never been Radicals, or even Liberals, in the real sense. Mr. Bright had pointed out years before, in a letter to a friend, when Mr. Goschen was taken into a Liberal Cabinet, that Mr. Goschen had never really been a Liberal in principles at all, and predicted that he would one day be found a leading member of a Tory Administration. Randolph Churchill had always been against Goschen. Colonel Hozier, the Liberal Unionist Secretary, who honestly thought that if Goschen were to enter the Cabinet it would be the ruin of the moderate Liberal party, writing on the 29th July, says, "I am delighted to hear you are not going into office," and he repeats the current gossip that Lord Salisbury had been dissuaded by Lord Randolph Churchill from carrying out his intention to invite Goschen's assistance.

The new Parliament opened on the 19th August, Mr. Gladstone, once more in Opposition, following the proposer and seconder of the Address, and being followed by Lord Randolph Churchill, now Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.

Goschen writes in his irregularly-kept diary:—"Churchill's selection or self-selection for the Commons Leadership is to me a staggerer. I regret it deeply, for it is a premium on the arts by which he has risen into notoriety. I dare say he will steady down, but as he imitates Dizzy at a distance, so men of even lower *morale* may imitate Churchill."

Lord Randolph's resignation is told of in detail, also how Goschen, "whom he had forgotten," was appointed Chancellor in his place. The Queen, with unusual enthusiasm in matters political, writes:—"The Queen rejoices to see Mr. Goschen her Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Here he was undoubtedly in his element—his financial training, his experience in the City and at the Bank of England, and his knowledge of foreign Exchanges all stood him in good stead, and his five Budgets were models of careful finance. There is no room here to discuss his greatest work—the conversion of the National Debt. Major Coates, M.P. (himself no mean authority), once remarked to the writer, "It is so easy to job backwards," and it is easy now, twenty-one years after, to criticise the conversion, but it is doubtful if Goschen were living now whether he would be quite of the same mind, or would be satisfied with the success of his scheme. It is made abundantly clear that it was Goschen's courage and immediate grasp of the situation which saved the Baring crisis from being turned into a disaster before which the Black Friday of Overend and Gurney would have been a bagatelle.

On the death of W. H. Smith from late hours and overwork the Leadership in the Commons became vacant. Salisbury, in writing to Goschen, said he had all the qualities required except one, and that was that he was not a member of the political party which furnishes the largest portion of the Unionist phalanx. If he had joined the Carlton earlier there is no doubt the leadership would have gone to him, but it is equally certain that he served his party and his country better by being in no hurry. He once more stood aside and cordially approved of Mr. Balfour: "I have been quite convinced lately that Balfour was the man who should at a most important moment be able to command the enthusiastic support of all Unionists." Balfour wrote to him:—"I wish I could think that under any circumstances I could even hope to render half the services that you have done to the *Conservative* party." As usual, Mr. Balfour struck the right note. The General Election of July, 1892, resulted in a victory for Mr. Gladstone, who became Prime Minister for the fourth time. Mr. Elliot states that this Government fell on a trumpery and almost accidental division on the Army Estimates. This we do not think was the case. We have conversed with the chief actors in the matter, and have come to the conclusion that the snap division on cordite was most ably and deliberately planned. Lord Salisbury was now in a position to call to his aid all the Liberal Unionist leaders, and the country was not surprised when they accepted the responsibilities of office:—

> The alliance of Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington—most honourable to both—begun at the Opera House in 1886, became in 1895 a combination and a junction of forces which, so long as Home Rule remained the great issue between political parties, secured the maintenance of the Union, with the approval of the great mass of the people, whilst at the same time it prevented recourse to the reactionary policy still in favour with a section of the old Tory party.

Hicks Beach became Chancellor, and Goschen, greatly to his taste, returned to his old post at the Admiralty. He was at the helm through Cleveland's electioneering manifesto about Venezuela, and after the Jameson Raid quietly ordered sufficient ships to Delagoa Bay to prevent, if need be, any landing of German troops in South Africa on the pretext of protecting German property and interests at Pretoria. It was Goschen who founded Dartmouth College and abandoned the old *Britannia*.

We are disappointed that Mr. Elliot does not tell us a little more about the taking of Port Arthur, and why the British squadron sailed and left it to the Russians just as their fleet were preparing to haul up their anchors and leave. This is a mystery that history has not yet dealt with, and we should like to have heard Mr. Elliot's version of the affair. During the Boer War it was Goschen's work at the Admiralty that enabled us to keep open the routes whereby a quarter of a million troops were safely transported over 6,000 miles from their base—a feat unparalleled in history.

The last few pages of the book are devoted to the Tariff Reform question. As Mr. Hope says in his delightful "History of the 1900 Parliament," he (Mr. Hope) makes "no claim to impartiality of judgment." Such a pretension, hazardous enough in the mouth of any writer of contemporary history, would be grotesque in the case of a militant politician. Mr. Elliot, it is true, is not a militant politician, but the able editor of a great review with large influence. He makes no secret—indeed, it would be impossible for him to do so—as to which side he is on. He gives the story of the Tariff Reform movement clearly and sincerely from his point of view and Goschen's, but, whilst endeavouring to be strictly fair, the events are too recent to be put into proper perspective, and as this critic is a militant politician he forbears to criticise.

The book comes to an end somewhat abruptly, but we have enjoyed reading every line of it. It tells the story of a great and modest Englishman who devoted his long life to the service of his country, and, while having a fair share of healthy ambition, never hesitated to sacrifice himself when necessary. Mr. Elliot has presented us with a successful portrait of the statesman, if not of the man, and we are under a debt of gratitude to him for showing us how Goschen served his country again and again at great crises in her history. His book is a worthy monument to a great man.

(*Concluded.*)

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TWO WARRIORS OF OLD JAPAN

Saito Musashi-Bo Benkei. (*Tales of the Wars of the Gempei.*) By JAMES S. DE BENNEVILLE. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 16s. net.)

MR. DE BENNEVILLE has given us, for the first time in English, a full account of the Wars of the Gempei or the struggle between the Minamoto and the Taira clans. He has based his work upon such Japanese sources as the "Gempei Seisuiki," the "Heike Monogateri," the "Musashi-bo Benkei," the "Yoshitsune Kunko Zue," &c., with the excellent result that every page is steeped in the spirit of Old Japan of the twelfth century. In Nippon these party wars have been dealt with from a literary point of view in such a voluminous manner that the present author is to be congratulated on not only attacking so formidable a task, but also upon bringing his work to a successful issue. Without in any way under-estimating the book before us, we are inclined to think that there is still room for a little boiling down if such a theme, abounding in so many fascinating stories of war and love, is to make anything like a popular appeal. We note that the present work is dedicated to the author's little children, but we are afraid that only grown-up children with a more than usually good memory for names (Japanese names of many syllables) are likely to appreciate this work as a whole. The author's Preface is very diffuse, and it seems rather beside the mark for him to give us an introduction of nearly 140 pages for the purpose of surveying the legend and history up to the period when our two warriors, Yoshitsune and Benkei, appear on the scene. The interest of this book, to an English reader at any rate, is biographical rather than historical. No follower of Darwin, even in an age when publishers insist on introductions, need go further back than Dickens's remark in "Dombey and Son"—"I am born." But apart from this lavish display of rather unnecessary information and a lack of knitting the incidents closely together without a host of long-named nobodies, we have little reason for complaint and very much to be grateful for. It is a great pity in a valuable work of this kind that the author should not have restrained the bad habit of using words that jar. "Chunky, slab-sided woman" is not good English, and it is rather appalling to learn that "Susa scotches the snake." Perhaps it is too much to expect the author to bring reverence to his task, but occasionally he gets carried away by his flippancy and exceeds the bounds of good taste.

Viewing the salient features of this book—that is, Yoshitsune and Benkei—we are forced to admit that we must go far to find their equals, much less their superiors, in our own country. We may compare, as our author does, Yoshitsune with the Black Prince or Henry V., and Benkei with "Little-John, Will Scarlet, and Friar Tuck rolled into one;" but these comparisons are very disappointing. Benkei would have made an excellent subject for Mr. Rider Haggard's pen. Yoshitsune would have seemed a very remarkable hero had not his faithful henchman, Benkei, also figured in Japanese history. As it is we are forced to admit that Benkei was far and away the greater man. He not only towered in stature above his companions, but he rose above his brethren in courage, wit, resource, and a wonderful tenderness. Here was a man who could slay a hundred men with absolute ease, and with the same quiet assurance expound the Buddhist scriptures. He could weep over Yoshitsune when, by way of strategy, he found it necessary to severely beat him, and with infinite gentleness render assistance when his lord's wife gave birth to a son. There was yet another side to Benkei's versatile character, his love of a practical joke. The bell incident is a case in point, and his enormous feast at the expense of a number of priests another; but if he had his joke, he never failed to willingly pay for the laugh to the full. Benkei remarked on one occasion: "When there is an unlucky lot to draw, my lord sees to it that I am the one to get it." This was remarkably true. Benkei always made a point of doing the dirty work, and when his master asked him to do anything, Benkei's only complaint was that the task was not sufficiently difficult, though, as a matter of fact, it was often so dangerous that it would have frightened a dozen less gifted heroes.

Benkei, according to one account, had a god for a father and O'Haya for a mother, but unfortunately this pretty notion is upset by another version that sweeps away the miraculous and reveals the far from moral excellence of a certain Buddhist temple. However, we are told that when Benkei was born he had long hair, a complete set of teeth, and, moreover, that he could run as swiftly as the wind. Benkei was too big for a modest Japanese home. When he struck Jinsaku's anvil, that useful object sunk deep into the earth, and for firewood he would bring a great pine-tree. It was not long before Benkei asked O'Haya who his father was. Having ascertained the truth, he set off not with the desire of bringing his father to account, but with the utilitarian idea of obtaining support from the hot-blooded Bensho in order that he might play like other children, and banish all possibility of doing any work.

When Benkei was seventeen years old he was serving in a Buddhist temple. One night upon returning from Rokuhara, the Administrative office in Miyako, whither he had been sent to deliver a message, he was about to seek rest in a mountain shrine when he heard the sharp cry of a woman in pain. Peeping out Benkei saw that a number of men had kidnapped a young and beautiful girl. Benkei, swinging round an uprooted sapling, soon made short work of the robbers. The girl, Tamamushi, not a little embarrassed, thanked her brave knight. Unfortunately, however, as far as Mrs. Grundy is concerned, clouds hid the moon, and a thunderstorm came on. Benkei and the girl took shelter, and, to put it delicately, and in the Japanese manner, they exchanged pillows with the best intention of getting married later on. But this was not to be. A few months later Benkei was destined to see Tamamushi take her life before his very eyes.

Now we find Benkei breaking away from priestcraft, or rather allying it with that of a warrior. He became known as the Tengu Bozu. He desired to collect a thousand swords, and for this purpose he lay in wait for knights as they crossed the Gojo bridge. He had easily secured all but one sword, and now impatiently waited to accomplish his task. One night, while standing on the bridge, he heard the sound of a flute. He was not long in finding an adversary who put to shame the many cowardly knights preceding him. The Tengu Bozu had to deal with a young man who was agile in the extreme. For the first time Benkei was defeated, and the giant learnt that the name of his victor was Yoshitsune. Benkei begged the young man to take him as his retainer, to lead him and other of the Minamoto against the Taira.

When Yoshitsune and Benkei, at the head of the Minamoto host had finally vanquished the Taira at the sea-fight of Dan-no-ura, we should have expected that our two warriors would have received due recognition for their services. Yoshitsune's brother, Yoritomo, was Shogun, and held the *buké* and *kugé* in his hand. Yoritomo grew jealous of his more illustrious brother, and sought to kill him. Yoshitsune and Benkei were forced to fly the country. We follow them across the sea, over mountains, outwitting again and again those sent out to catch them. At Mutsu a great army was sent out against these unfortunate warriors. Camp-fires stretched in a glittering line about the last resting-place of

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Yoshitsune and Benkei. In an apartment stood Yoshitsune with his wife and little child. Death stood in the room, too, and it was better that Death should come at the order of Yoshitsune than at the order of the enemy without the gate. His little child was killed by an attendant, and, holding his beloved wife's head under his left arm, he plunged his sword deep into her throat. Having accomplished these things, Yoshitsune committed *hara-kiri*. Benkei, however, faced the enemy. He stood with his great legs apart, his back pressed against a rock. Never had he looked so fierce as he grimly guarded the ford. When the dawn came he was still standing with his legs apart, a thousand arrows in that great brave body of his. Benkei was dead, but his was a death too strong to fall. The sun shone on a man who was a true hero, who had ever made good his own words: "Where my lord goes, to victory or to death, I shall follow him."

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH

The American Commonwealth. By JAMES BRYCE. In Two Volumes. New Edition, Completely Revised Throughout, with Additional Chapters. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

FOREMOST among the historical philosophers of the day stands the British Ambassador at Washington, who, long before he had adopted diplomacy as a profession, had shown himself a master of the constitutions and organisations of foreign states, ancient, mediæval, and modern. The Holy Roman Empire and the United States of America are the two great national organisations which Mr. Bryce has studied most deeply, and his great works on these two subjects were admitted without question immediately on publication within the jealously-guarded circle of the classics. "The American Commonwealth" was first published in 1888. Five or six years later a new edition of this monumental work, amplified and extended in many respects, was issued, and now a further edition has appeared. Since the last edition was published Mr. Bryce has spent some years in the United States as British Ambassador, and he has thus had still further opportunities of studying the constitution, organisation, and life of the great country to which he is accredited. The results of these studies have been incorporated in the volumes now under notice.

> In 1910 [so he writes in his Preface] I find that so many changes have taken place in the United States that a further complete revision has become necessary, and that some note ought to be taken of certain new phenomena in American politics and society. In this edition, accordingly, there have been introduced, sometimes in the text, sometimes in supplementary notes, concise descriptions of such phenomena.

There are in addition, however, four chapters which are entirely new. One deals with the extensions of territory which the United States have acquired during the last two decades and with the consequent effects on the foreign policy of the Union. A second treats of the immigration into the United States during the same period. Another new chapter deals with the negro problem in North America in its latest phases, and the fourth with the remarkable development of the American Universities within recent years. The chapter on Municipal Government, which was contributed to the first edition by Mr. Seth Low, formerly Mayor of New York, has been entirely rewritten by the same authority.

In these chapters alone, apart from the remainder of the two volumes, much light is thrown on many problems, and the interested reader is given many an opportunity for thought and reflection. It is impossible in this review to attempt to follow a tithe of the trains of thought to which Mr. Bryce's illuminating pages give rise. It should be sufficient if a fact or a reflection is picked out here and there and placed before the reader as illustrations of the contents of these two volumes, which are in themselves sufficient to represent the life's work of any thinker. In the chapter on immigration the great change which is overtaking the racial composition of the American people is put vividly forward. Until 1890 about one-third of the inhabitants of the United States were of Celtic—mostly Irish—origin and the remainder Teutonic. Since that date, however, the conditions have been entirely altered. New elements have come in overwhelmingly, and of these new elements the great majority have belonged to the Roman Church. Thus not only have the two great racial divisions in which Americans could hitherto have been classed been upset, but the Roman Catholic element in the population has gradually been encroaching on the others. America has been fitly described as the melting-pot, and out of this same melting-pot there is already issuing a new race which differs in many respects from the old. At present the fusion is by no means complete, and thus we learn that—"In parts of New Jersey and southern New York one may, in asking one's way along the roads, find hardly any one who can speak either English or German. So in Pennsylvania the Bible Society distributes copies of the New Testament in forty-two languages, while forty-nine are said to be spoken in New York City," and so on to a similar effect. Despite this wonderful combination of diverse elements on American soil, Mr. Bryce has no fears for the future of the American people. Among the most dissimilar races Americanisation goes on apace. The children of the immigrants "mix with the native inhabitants, grow up speaking English, and mostly forget their own language before they reach manhood. So far from desiring to remember it and to cling to their old nationality, they are eager to cast these away and to become in every sense Americans."

The chapter on the present and future of the negro is especially interesting. Such a passage as the following throws more light on the true inwardness of the negro problem than could be gained from the perusal of newspapers spread over decades:

> Those who have housework to do, or who live in the few and small towns, pick up some knowledge of white ways and imitate them to the best of their power. But the great mass remain in their notions and their habits much what their ancestors were in the forests of the Niger or the Congo. Suddenly, even more suddenly than they were torn from Africa, they find themselves not only freed, but made full citizens and active members of the most popular Government the world has seen, treated as fit to bear an equal part in ruling, not themselves only, but also their recent masters. Rights which the agricultural labourers of England did not obtain till 1885, were in 1867 thrust upon these children of nature, whose highest form of pleasure had hitherto been to caper to the strains of a banjo.

This passage of course relates only to the negroes of the Southern States, but it comprises practically the whole of the black population of the Union. The Christianity professed by large numbers of these negroes is often little more than nominal, and bears but a faint resemblance to the faith which is known by the same designation elsewhere. In some of the most out-of-the-way negro districts, not merely have the old heathen superstitions been retained, "but there have been relapses into the Obeah rites and serpent-worship of African heathendom. How far this has gone no one can say. There are parts of the lower Mississippi valley as little explored, so far as the mental and moral condition of the masses is concerned, as are the banks of the Congo and the Benin." On the other hand some of the

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negroes of America have attained to a relatively high state of culture, equal and often superior to that of a very large number of the whites. There is, however, an impassable gulf which separates the most cultured black men from any of the whites, and even the former are now becoming reconciled to its inevitable permanence. Mr. Bryce holds that the negroes will concentrate in the Southern seaboard States. Such concentration will diminish the risk of collision, and probably tend towards a greater equanimity on the part of the blacks. On the other hand, "contact with the whites is the chief condition for the progress of the negro," and isolation will mean a corresponding mental and moral retardation.

A detailed consideration of the innumerable ideas which Mr. Bryce sets moving in the minds of his readers would easily fill a volume. The foregoing brief references must, however, suffice for the present purpose. If they interest those who read them, and send them to the volumes themselves, they will have fulfilled their purpose. Before we conclude we cannot, however, forbear one further quotation, this from the Preface, which sums up the whole of the new portions of the work as they appear to their author:—

> It was with some anxiety that I entered on this revision, fearing lest the hopeful spirit with which my observation of American institutions from 1870 to 1894 had inspired me might be damped by a close examination of their more recent phases. But all I have seen and heard during the last few years makes me more hopeful for the future of popular government. The forces working for good seem stronger to-day than they have been for the last three generations.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Lay Morals, and Other Papers. By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

When we reflect that seventeen years have passed since Stevenson's death, we cannot but think that Time, prince of destructive critics, has dealt very gently with the reputation of that distinguished writer. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that during his lifetime Stevenson was lavishly over-praised, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, was studiously praised for attributes that he did not possess. By his contemporary friends Stevenson was regarded as an inspired writer of romances and the possessor of a fine prose style, but it is becoming increasingly clear that he was neither one nor the other. His stories were carefully planned, ingenious, entertaining, but they lacked that speed, that breathlessness that prevents the reader from noticing the machinery that drives the wheels of romance. It is only necessary to set "Kidnapped" or "Catriona" against one of the earlier romances of Mr. Stanley Weyman, to realise how little Stevenson was gifted in this manner of writing. It is another instance of a Hamlet seeking to create Hotspurs, and in consequence we feel no surprise on recognising the anxious features of our Scotch moralist under the tattered finery of Alan Breck. Stevenson was far too much concerned in the struggle between his vagabond temperament and his Puritan conscience to devote himself whole-heartedly to love and fighting and adventure as a good writer of romances should. Nevertheless he was attracted to this kind of composition, partly, we fancy, because being sprung from a distinguished family of engineers he thought he would find himself in the literature of action, and partly because throughout his life he retained the little boy's love for toy swords.

As for his style, it had every merit but that essential ease which every writer must retain, even while he is learning to keep it under control. His picturesque sentences force the reader to be conscious of the ingenious hand that wrote them, and his careful mannerisms prevent his books from achieving an existence independent of his personality. While we pause to admire his sly Scotticisms, his judicious derangement of epithets and the poise and rhythm of his phrases, the story not unnaturally falters; and it is for this reason that we prefer his essays, where an individual and self-conscious style is an advantage, and his letters, where he often wrote as happily and carelessly as a schoolboy, to his romances which go with a verbal and metaphysical limp where they ought to carry us off our feet, and at best only attain to the crippled agility of a John Silver. Mr. Edmund Gosse, we believe, has somewhere expressed the opinion that it is by his correspondence and his essays that Stevenson will live. We would certainly add his poems—the most original section of all his work and oddly underrated by most of his admirers—and two or three of his short stories to the list. In such a story as "A Lodging for the Night" his vividness of imagination and his sympathy with the vagabondage of Villon have enabled him to achieve the necessary illusion in spite, it might be said, of his quibbling turn of words.

But all this is to miss Stevenson's true value for his readers, which lies in the autobiographical nature of all his work rather than in any merit he may have possessed as a creative artist. Like Pepys, he was his own Boswell, and whether he set out to write a romance, an essay, or a poem, he always ended by writing about himself. He is one of those writers whose personality appeals to us more than the particular manner in which they seek to express it, and it is natural that his work should be judged by the worth and interest of the character therein revealed. And here, happily, we are on more grateful ground. For after all the confessions that crowd the pages of his books, after the many criticisms of his friends and his enemies, he still lives for us a gallant and lovable figure of a man. His popularity may be held to reflect the broad humanity of his nature; and just as it has been said that we all have something of Willoughby Patterne in us, so it is to be hoped that we all have something of Stevenson in us as well. For he was above all things a brave fighter, and if we must agree with Henley that in Stevenson Jekyll never wholly succeeded in overcoming Hyde, we may take pleasure in the fact that both sides of his nature fought with superb courage. He fought his ill-health, and even more he fought the effects of his lamentable Scotch upbringing, better calculated to produce Cabinet Ministers than men of letters; and if these were not the chivalrous opponents his romantic nature would have chosen, for us his courage is not the less admirable. All the evidence goes to prove that it is easier to lead an army into battle than to endure the toothache, and Stevenson's battlefields are only petty in the eyes of the unintelligent.

Judged from this standpoint, as presenting the inner life and aspirations of a human being sufficiently typical to be of interest to us all, nearly the whole of Stevenson's work is important, for the man is as much displayed in his fragments and his failures as in his finished works. It is on this account that we are prepared to welcome the publication in the volume under notice of much immature work that might seem in the case of another writer to be impertinent. It contains the first unrevised chapters of a projected treatise on ethics, a few early essays of no special merit, the opening chapters of three unfinished romances, and the famous open letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde on Father Damien - a letter which we seem to remember Stevenson afterwards regretted having written. Hitherto these papers have only been available in the two fine collected editions, and lovers of Stevenson who have bought his books one at a time—as

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lovers generally do buy their books—will be glad of the opportunity to complete their collection. "Lay Morals" is Stevenson with a vengeance in his most didactic mood, and might almost have been written by any one who had a thorough knowledge of his work. As for the other papers, we confess to a partiality for the outspoken disgust of the letter on Father Damien, while "The Great North Road," though not to be compared with the masterly fragment of "Weir of Hermiston," looks as if it would have developed into a pleasant, boyish yarn.

The essays are interesting, as showing from what unpromising materials he derived his ultimate style—by playing, as he told us with unwise candour, the "sedulous ape" to Hazlitt, Sir Thomas Browne, and a number of others. It is true that every author has to learn to write, but we have always felt that with Stevenson the process was too conscious, that he was not, in the fullest sense of the word, born to be a writer at all. His papers on the art of writing compete for futility, in our opinion, with Poe's well-known essay on the same lines; and while we may credit Poe with knowing better than he wrote, there is, unfortunately, no reason to doubt Stevenson's sincere belief in his disastrous theories. Nevertheless, by force of character, by sheer hard work, and especially by aid of his enthusiastic interest in himself—an interest that it would be unjust to call vanity—he won for himself an enviable position among the men of letters of his day; and that day is not yet over.

"IN LOCO CAMBRIGIENSIS"

Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely. By EDWARD CONYBEARE. Illustrated by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

IT would be difficult to state precisely why, but there is a charm spun about Cambridge that is the more potent because it is so indefinable. University to University Oxford woos with perhaps a more imperious gesture. County to county there are a dozen counties that would stride past Cambridge in the race for interest. The University may not be so kingly, but it wins home with a softer and surer touch. We cannot but think that poor Jude would not have felt quite so thrust-away there as he did in the sister University lying on the fringe of Wessex. We feel that while Oxford may be lustrous with Jacobean memories, it was in Cambridge that Spenser and Wordsworth strode. So with the county. In a land of billowy hills and beautiful dells it is distinctive for its marshy flatness. The picture arises in our mind that Carlyle drew of Cromwell coming up to the Long Parliament with rugged face through a misty, marshy scene, and we understand something of its strange charm.

But if Mr. Conybeare is blest with Cambridge for a subject, Cambridge has no reason for unhappiness with him as its exponent. He does not come to us a stranger to his subject. His "History of Cambridgeshire" and his "Rides Around Cambridge" are books that are not unknown to Cambridge enthusiasts. Yet were these books not standing to his credit such sentences as these from his preface would prove his qualification. He says:—

> The highways of Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely are usually regarded as unattractive compared with those of England in general. Nor is the criticism wholly unfair. The country does lack the features which make for picturesque rural scenery. There are no high hills, little even of undulation, and, what is yet more fatal, a sad sparsity of timber. The highways, then, seem to the traveller merely stretches of ground to be got over as speedily as may be, and he rejoices that their flatness lends itself so well to this end.
>
> It is, however, far otherwise with the byways. These abound with picturesque nooks and corners. In every village features are to be found—thatched and timbered cottages, hedgerow elms, bright willow-shaded watercourses, old-time village greens, and, above all, old-time village churches, often noble, and never without artistic and historical interest of high order. Few counties better repay exploration than Cambridgeshire.

How true this is the briefest holiday in Cambridge would make manifest. And if there wanted a more immediate testimony, the most cursory glance at Mr. Griggs' illustrations would suffice. How delightfully they are conceived in the very spirit of the place is evident in each of his sketches; but as examples of his two most pronounced methods of work his sketch of Ashwell, with near shade and far sun, and his sketch of the billowy quaintness of Swavesey, may be mentioned, not to speak of the idyllic rusticity of the cottage at Rampton.

It is to be expected that Mr. Conybeare should proceed directly with the University. He would have done better in this section not to have been at such pains to "write down" to his reader. The man who needs to be told that the coxswain of a boat's crew is usually termed cox, and that moreover in the dignity of a footnote, is scarcely the man who would purchase this book. It may, perhaps, have been necessary to inform his reader once that the chief of King's is called Provost, not Master, and that the chief of Queens' is called President; but it is scarcely necessary to repeat this information. The worst results of this method is that thereby he loses that most valuable of all things in such a book as this—atmosphere. Nothing destroys atmosphere quite so speedily as explanation.

All the Colleges are dealt with in turn, and some of the history of each is given. And as Mr. Conybeare escorts us through one and another of them the mind is hallowed with history and legend. Something of the same mood is awoken in us as stirred in Wordsworth when he sang:—

> I could not print
> Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
> Of generations of illustrious men,
> Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
> Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
> Wake where they waked, range that enclosure old,
> That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.

Before our eyes too, as before his, pass the figures of Newton, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and of lesser names, with more besides that have succeeded since his day—Tennyson, Ted Fitzgerald, Thackeray. It would be the highest of possible praise to say that Mr. Conybeare deals adequately with his subject here; yet he wins it.

Leaving the University, he proceeds to a perambulation of the county in general; and though we feel that he is scarcely at home away from the 'Varsity precincts, yet his treatment of the circumambient country lacks nothing of charm and interest. Even as with his detailed account of the University, he loses no item of historical interest in the routes he chooses. Taking Cambridge as his centre, he leads us out North, South, East, and West by road on road, dealing with the Byways through the Highways. Thus he not only deals adequately with the whole county, but formulates a "plan of attack" for the prospective tourist into whose hands this book shall fall. It is perhaps when he gets to Ely that we find him at his best.

We have already spoken of Mr. Griggs' illustrations, but we cannot close any review of this book without drawing

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particular attention to them. The book is worth purchasing if only for the pleasure and instruction to be achieved from a close examination of them. This is a day when the illustrator's art is receiving very close attention, and when delicate work is no rarity. But Mr. Griggs' illustrations are more than merely choice; they show that far rarer quality of judgment. The illustration on page 57, for instance, depicts Clare College in the distance, with an excellent suggestion of lightness—that is craftsmanship; but the infinite value that is given to this by the dark pillar and portico of King's immediately to the right is above all craft—it is instinct. So, too, the beautiful choice of position for Emmanuel College on page 157; so, too, the balancing of weight in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on page 135. This judgment gives a rare value to an illustration. To praise the *format*, binding and printing of the book would be a late function, for the series is not unknown, and these excellences are recognised as attributes of it. It is certainly an invaluable book, especially for visitors to Cambridge.

SPORT AND A SPORTSMAN

A Medley of Sport. By J. M. M. B. Durham (Marshman). Illustrated. (Gibbings and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

What a strange thing sport is, and what a strange fascination it has! To read or think of fish kicking and gasping on a sunny bank, or of a heavily wounded pheasant fluttering into dense bush to die a slow, pitiless death, or of a deer fleeing in terror before the tamed and domesticated descendants of prairie wolves, is to experience a shuddering sense of revulsion. The cooler judgment forbids such exercises as either atavism or depravity, according to the philosophical standpoint adopted. Yet the sense yearns towards them. The eager chase is always a delight, and there is infallibly a charm in reading of such furious joys.

Whatever the instinct to which Mr. Durham appeals, there can be little doubt as to the excellence of his equipment or his capacity to deal with the subject. There seem to be few branches of "sport" in which he has not participated. Moreover, the veldt has been laid under fee to satisfy his zest no less than the humbler fields of England and Ireland. Nevertheless, the book is not all that it might be, for its substance is but scrappy at the best, and it is not enlivened as frequently as it should be with the fine flavour of a good "yarn." There are only two manners of sporting books. There is the work of *technique*, occupying itself with the craft of the thing, equipment, skill, and site; and there is the book that passes from tale to tale, from anecdote to anecdote, and from recital to recital. It is to the latter *genus* that Mr. Durham's book belongs; but its fund of anecdote is not very capacious, and—a much more considerable thing—neither is it as pungent as it might be.

Still, despite this fault, even if Mr. Durham has not given us a book of stories of such rich flavour which we shall prize tenderly for after-dinner recital, the book has its pleasure all the same, though it be of a quieter and soberer order. It is rather a book to be read peaceably over the fire; it is not the type of book that compels one to seek the first possible comrade for the retailing of a capital story. Yet such books have their uses no less than their more excitable companions. There is, however, an excellent account in this quiet order of a certain tame-stag hunt. Not that it is the recital of any exceptional episode. In fact its virtue is that it recounts what must surely be common in that form of sport. At any rate, the present writer can lend his testimony to the tale as being typical of the various tame-stag hunts he has seen. He tells of "a heavy-looking stag" who, after being uncarted, bestows a "benign and kindly glance upon his would-be pursuers," and forthwith proceeds to "nibble at the tender young shoots of a thorn-bush within a yard of the Master, towards whom he appeared to entertain a great affection." Evidently, whatever enmity man chose to display towards him, he was determined to set him a better example. Not the most furious whip-flicking could wake him to a run. Somewhat characteristically it took the fiendish inventiveness of a small boy to fetch a trot out of him. Even then it was but to a short distance. Finally, however, they managed to get him into a run. But by the time the hounds were well after him he had eluded them and was once again quietly nibbling his mid-day meal in an adjacent lane. And then, when one of the huntsmen dismounted so as to whip him again into activity, the gently disposed stag promptly proceeded to fraternise with the riderless gelding! Apparently the Master of the hunt in question seemed to imagine that this was not sport. We are inclined to agree with him. Tame-stag hunting certainly is not sport.

Some of the best chapters in the book are those in which Mr. Durham is engaged in the mere business of slaying. His chapter "A Cold Fowling Cruise," particularly the portion in which he describes his experiences on the "15-ton yawl *Seamew*," is quite admirable. So is his chapter "Yuletide on a 15-tonner," which somewhat precedes it in the sequence of the narrative, but which evidently deals with the same occasion. In these he is very finely occupied with the fight against wind and tide in which Man shows to best advantage—if, that is to say, he have any virtue in him. Even here he is seldom aroused to any real "gusto," being rather content to tell his tale in a peaceable sort of a way. This peaceable manner, together with a great sameness of material, serve to erase from the book that fine high excitement that one rather looks for in books of this nature. After all one fox-hunt is very much the same as another. The only real distinction that can be made between them is a question of striking anecdote, and that, as we have said, is lacking. One may perpetuate the high ardour of the chase infinitely: that is one thing; but to reproduce it *ad perpetuum* in a book is quite another. Nevertheless, readers of "A Medley of Sport" may rely on a certain quiet pleasure, if not that keener zest and anecdotal glory.

AWAKENING ASIA

An Eastern Miscellany. By the Earl of Ronaldshay, M.P. (William Blackwood and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

In a letter to the *Times* a few days ago it was suggested by Mr. John Murray that if Members of Parliament are to receive salaries they should be called on to furnish proof of their qualifications in the same way that all other persons who receive salaries from the public purse are required to do. The idea is a fascinating one, and should not be lost sight of, but can only be touched upon here to point a moral. The varied and extensive knowledge of Asia, based on personal observation, Lord Ronaldshay has acquired in the course of his travels, gives him a better title to be heard on Asiatic subjects than talkative sections who are generally so ready with their opinions on every topic under the sun.

The subjects dealt with in this book are mainly topographical, economic, and political, with the exception of the chapter on "A Siberian Mystery," which, in spite of its

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interest, appears somewhat out of place. Many of the chapters have seen the light before in the shape of speeches, addresses, and magazine articles, but are not the less welcome, though in some places they might have been rewritten with advantage. The views of the author on the Baghdad railway in 1904, for instance, have somewhat lost their interest in view of recent developments, and might have been brought up to date with advantage.

In the chapter on Modes of Asiatic Travel the author shows a practical acquaintance with the various methods to be found in Asia, from dashing along in a Russian tarantass to the slow progress of a Yak that wanders along at the rate of two miles an hour at an elevation of 16,000ft. above the sea. Like everybody else he found a camel "chiefly a cause to blaspheme," which reminds one of the old Jesuit Father who described the camel as "a four-legged animal of strange appearance and worse smells." A journey on foot across the Himalayas in mid-winter, and a three months' solitary ride from Quetta to Meshed across "a thirsty and waterless land robed in an eternal garb of drab," sufficiently show that Lord Ronaldshay is no mere fair-weather traveller.

The best part of the book is that which deals with India. A very careful account is given of the revolutionary changes forced upon the Indian Government by Lord Morley, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Lord Minto has allowed the Viceregal authority to be encroached upon by the Secretary of State. It would be interesting to know where the responsibility lies for the tardiness in dealing with a "poisonous and unbridled Press," and for the weakness displayed in dealing with convicted criminals. "You don't know how to reward, and you don't know how to punish" was the criticism of a friendly native gentleman a good many years ago. What would he say now, when everything is done to destroy English prestige, to discourage the loyal, and to pander to sedition?

The pages in which the writer states the case for commercial reciprocity between India and England are written with especial care, and show close familiarity with the conditions. It is apt to be forgotten that India is, commercially, one of the most self-contained countries in the world. It produces, and very cheaply, everything in the shape of raw products that it requires for itself, and many things that the world cannot obtain elsewhere. It is this that has made India the quicksand in which the gold and silver of Europe have disappeared, from the days of the Roman Empire till now; and when Indian manufactures are once thoroughly established we may see a return to the state of affairs that existed in the days of Akbar and Jehangir, when India imported nothing but jewels, bullion, horses, and a few luxuries for the rich. The history of the Indian cotton Excise duties is one that no Englishman, whether a Free Trader or Tariff Reformer, can read without shame. It was these duties that first gave point to the discontent and unrest that now cause so much anxiety, and they still continue to be a festering sore. It is a reproach against the Unionist Government that during its ten years of office nothing was done to abolish this indefensible impost.

In his chapters on Japan Lord Ronaldshay tries to drive home the lesson that military ascendancy in the Far East is not the only goal of Japanese ambition; commercial and industrial supremacy in Eastern Asia are the objects to which the energy and will of the nation are now being directed, and the struggle for the lordship of the Pacific will be fought out in the factory and the workshop as well as in the dockyards and arsenals.

There is real poetry in the two and a half pages in which the author relates the impression made on him by the great Buddha of Kamakura.

THE SURPRISING CHEVALIER

D'Eon de Beaumont: his Life and Times. By Octave Homberg and Fernand Jousselin. Translated by Alfred Rieu. Illustrated. (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d. net.)

Fifteen years have elapsed since Comte Albert Vandal, of the French Academy, dealt a mortal blow to the legend that the notorious Chevalier d'Eon, diplomatist, dragoon, spy, author, and lady of quality, was at one time *lectrice* to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia; and an even longer period has gone by since the Duc de Broglie, also of the Academy, showed the Chevalier in his true colours in regard to other episodes of his chameleonic career. D'Eon, however, found an enthusiastic English biographer in Captain Telfer, whereupon Mr. Ernest Vizetelly entered the lists to renew and accentuate the attacks of the two French Academicians. After that came a pause, and it seemed at last as if the subject of D'Eon were exhausted; but, a few years ago, the original of the work we are noticing appeared in Paris. Mr. Alfred Rieu has now made a capital translation of it, which should appeal to all who are interested in D'Eon and his adventurous life. It is to be noted that, although Mr. Vizetelly's "True Story of the Chevalier d'Eon" is not included in the list of authorities cited by MM. Homberg and Jousselin, they, after proceeding on lines of their own, have arrived at much the same conclusions as he did. They certainly think that there may have been some "substratum of truth" in the legend that D'Eon masqueraded at the Russian Court as a female, even as he masqueraded in England and France in later years, but they adduce no proof whatever to that effect; and on the other hand, reviewing D'Eon's career as a whole, they admit that he was much too eager to improve his fortune, and overstepped the bounds of legitimate ambition. For our part we will add that the Chevalier's self-conceit was extreme, and that, given his ideas of his own importance, there was little chance of success for him in an age when *ramper pour parvenir* was a recognised maxim.

MM. Homberg and Jousselin go too far in claiming that the private papers of D'Eon's which they have used in preparing their work enable them to set "the mystery of his sex" at rest. Since the day of the Chevalier's death in 1810 there has not been the slightest mystery of that description; and, besides, more than half a century has elapsed since Gaillardet printed the medical report on the subject, in the first of what may be called the independent biographies of D'Eon. However, MM. Homberg and Jousselin have certainly had at their disposal a number of papers which throw additional light on some of the Chevalier's doings, particularly in his later years, and on the *engouement* with which he inspired so many of his contemporaries. Slight as may be their historical importance, these particulars are often interesting, and by reason of their presence here the book undoubtedly supplements, in a variety of ways, both the Telfer and the Vizetelly biographies. As the latter were issued several years ago and may not be generally accessible at the present time, we can the better recommend MM. Homberg and Jousselin's work to those readers who may desire to know how a young Burgundian gentleman entered the secret service of Louis XV., became both an aide-de-camp to Marshal de Broglie and a Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of George III., planned an invasion of England, embroiled himself with his superiors, did all sorts of eccentric and surprising things, and at last assumed the character of a spinster lady, and masqueraded as such with astonishing success for many years. The book is illustrated with seven interesting portraits or caricatures of D'Eon, including some which do not figure in the Vizetelly and Telfer volumes, but we are sorry to notice that there is no index.

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SOME LIGHT ON THE NEAR EAST

My Balkan Tour: an Account of Some Journeyings in the Near East, together with a Descriptive and Historical Account of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Kingdom of Montenegro. By Roy Trevor. Illustrated. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

Since the ever-smouldering torch of the Balkans is again breaking out into active flame, Mr. Roy Trevor's book comes with peculiar appropriateness at the present moment. Not that the work needs any topical considerations as a stimulus to its perusal. It is, indeed, quite one of the most able productions of its kind that has seen the light for some while past. "My Balkan Tour" may be classed as an all-round book. The merits of its text are rivalled by the excellence of the illustrations, and the whole is enclosed within a suitably artistic cover. From this full measure of praise it need not be implied that the book is faultless. It has merely fulfilled the object of its existence more nearly than the majority of similar works.

There is no doubt that Mr. Trevor is strongly gifted with the power of description. His narrative flows easily, and the numerous fragments of history and legend are introduced with a due sense of sympathy and romance. So much for the craftmanship of the volume. But there are few enough authors who are blessed with a canvas such as this upon which to weave their story. What a journey that was upon which the Mercédès car embarked! Or was it not rather a voyage—an adventurous sailing through oceans of mountain and lakes of valley that had never before suffered the pressure of a tyre? Certainly a breakdown in the midst of all this was almost as serious as a shipwreck at sea.

Thanks to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina the author was enabled to traverse in safety districts that but little more than a year ago were only to be entered by unprotected strangers at the utmost peril of their lives. But this security only held good so far as the inhabitants were concerned; the roads themselves appear to have afforded as much excitement as was compatible with the enjoyment of an ordinary trip. Such, however, was only to be expected when a motor-car was set to climb wild mountain tracks and to creep along the dizzy edge of precipices.

From the practical point of view the Austrian occupation appears to have produced beneficent results. Although no signs of actual oppression are evident, law and order would appear to have been introduced for the first time into the motley companies of "Moslems, Christians, Jews, and Orthodox," who would now seem to have resigned themselves to live side by side in peace and comparative friendship. Much good work has been effected in a surprisingly short period of time; the main roads—the former haunts of bandits—have been improved and modernised, and, according to Mr. Trevor, it is likely enough that the political desolation of these tempestuous countries will soon be nothing more than a memory of the past.

But the author was not content with his progress through Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the wealth of local colour and gorgeously barbaric costume of which the journey was productive. His faithful car took him beyond all this into Dalmatia, Croatia, and Montenegro, where the scenes and customs were at least as vivid as any of those in the first-visited countries. We have fascinating material here. Descriptions of quaint ceremonies and of ancient castles and monuments, tales of feud and battle, the humours and adventures of the journey itself follow rapidly one upon the heels of the other. In fact, there is not a dull page in this bulky volume that all readers of travel literature must welcome.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Canada and the Empire. By W. R. Lawson. (Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)

Mr. Lawson's book appears opportunely. The introduction of a treaty of commercial reciprocity in the Legislatures of Canada and the United States has been followed in the Republic by a great shouting of "from Panama to the Pole." So great, so spontaneous has been the delight of patriotic Americans at the prospect of bringing the Canadian States into line with the United States that people on our side of the Atlantic are beginning to realise a certain fact, which they ought to have known before—viz., that deep down in the heart of every American is a fervent desire, ambition, and hope to see the whole of North America one nation, with the capital at Washington, and with complete political independence of Europe.

Of late years the immense increase in Canadian prosperity, the growth there of national sentiment, and the improved relations between Canada and the Mother Country have produced in the United States a feeling of anxious doubt as to whether this dream would ever come true. Hence the shout of relief and jubilation with which the proposed treaty has been hailed. Americans regard the work of the War of Independence as incomplete as long as Canada maintains the Colonial status. They realise better than do most of us in the old country how great are the geographical forces which tend to produce practical union between Canada and the United States and practical separation between Canada and the United Kingdom. It is impossible to travel much in Canada and in the northern parts of the United States without becoming aware of the operation of these physical facts. There is no natural barrier between Canada and the United States. At all points the one territory is the continuation and completion of a stretch of plain or tract of mountain which commences in the other. But between Canada and the United Kingdom lies the dissociating ocean. More and more as the years go by the modes of life in Canada and in the United States become increasingly alike. The United States have the advantage of propinquity, we have the advantage of an existing bond. But the bonds which unite us to Canada and Canada to the rest of the Empire must be strengthened if they are to resist a continual stress, which is like the stress of gravitation, in that it acts continuously. As Mr. Lawson truly says, Canada with her eight millions, if standing alone, would be practically absorbed by her neighbour of ninety millions, on account of the fact that the community of ninety millions increases so much more rapidly than the community of eight millions. He is, moreover, of opinion that "if the British Empire is to last much longer it must be properly organised." Much has been done in this direction of late years, but Canada still presents problems which demand the highest qualities of statesmanship both at Ottawa and at Westminster.

The Songs of Old England. Selected by James Wintle. (John Ouseley. 5s. net.)

This is a quite charming production, bringing before one all one's favourites amongst songs, whether they deal with love, bucolics, sentiment, patriotism, or sport. There are some extremely good photographic reproductions of pictures by Pater, Maclise, Turner, Meissonier, Gainsborough, Landseer, Corot, Paulus and others. On the whole, we think that this charming book should be found in every boudoir. We rather wish that the binding had not been of quite so

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green a green, but doubtless some people will not share in our objection to this particular colour.

Record of Sports. (Royal Insurance Co.)

BETWEEN the covers of a daintily-bound and compact little book the Royal Insurance Co. has for the eighth time compiled their "Record of Sports," which contains summaries and tabulated statements of all sports to the end of 1910. Aviation is naturally dealt with at a much greater length than usual, many notable performances and events being recorded. A short history of each sport is given at the beginning of the chapters, and no pains appear to have been spared to make the book as clear and concise as possible. We note that at the top of several pages, however, one line is rather carelessly printed over the top of another. With this exception, every detail is very well and ably set forth. The manager very graciously offers any of our readers who care to apply for it a copy of the "Record of Sports" as far as his stock will permit.

Cotbank and its Folks. By the Author of "Rob Lindsay and his School." Illustrated. (T. N. Foulis. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE author of "Rob Lindsay and his School," "Auld Drainie and Brownie," &c., has now presented us with a dainty little sketch of Cotbank as it appeared some eighty years ago. The simple country folk of the district are described in so pleasing and sympathetic a manner that it seems almost possible to feel the refreshing breeze wafted from the Scottish moorlands. The author evidently has a keen love and appreciation for the Scotch dialect, and a great charm is added to the book by the tasteful crayon drawings of Miss Preston Macgoun.

FICTION

The Last Galley: Impressions and Tales. By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THIS collection of short stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will be greatly appreciated as a mute companion upon a journey or voyage. The classical portion of the book, consisting of some 124 pages, is extremely well done, and transports us into the atmosphere of the period of which the tales are told. "The Last Galley," a story of the destruction of the Carthaginian Fleet, is intended to convey a moral to Great Britain. As "The Last Galley" is engulfed within sight of Carthage—

> A huddle of naked, starving folk stood upon the distant mountains, and looked down upon the desolate plain which had once been the fairest and richest upon earth. And they understood too late that it is the law of heaven that the world is given to the hardy and to the self-denying, whilst he who would escape the duties of manhood will soon be stripped of the pride, the wealth, and the power which are the prizes which manhood brings.

The rebuke is not fitting as addressed to the people of this country; but it conveys a warning to them not to be lulled into false security by the stratagems and devices of vote-catching politicians.

The whole of the ten stories in this section of the book are delightful. In the second part "The Marriage of the Brigadier" is an extremely diverting episode in the life of that prince of romancers, Etienne Gerard. In "The Lord of Falconbridge" Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recalls to our mind the romantic charm with which he succeeded in surrounding the sordid atmosphere of prize-fighting in "Rodney Stone" of glorious memory. The other stories are all interesting, but we venture to suggest that perhaps it would have been more prudent to omit two of them of such repulsive plots as the "Blighting of Sharkey" and "De Profundis." It is only people with the strongest nerves, or with no nerves at all, who can read such stories near the midnight hour without a decidedly creepy feeling, and conjuring up in a night of broken dreams the most horrible phantoms which can present themselves to the human imagination.

Fenella. By HENRY LONGAN STUART. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

MR. HENRY LONGAN STUART has that gift, not uncommon in latter-day writers of fiction, of making his characters operate in a mental fog. We never know precisely what they would be at, nor why they would be at it. Mr. Stuart endeavours to leap up and down the gamut of so many emotions, and he appears to have so many pieces of information to communicate, that the reader never becomes quite wise as to any of them. We gather that Mr. Stuart looks upon the world with a pessimistic eye; that he has strong views on the villainies of publishers; that he believes the typical theatrical manager to be a Jew, and the typical Jew to lisp; and that he is of the opinion that newspaper editors express themselves chiefly in that free and slangy manner which we all admire in our billiard-markers and bar-tenders. As regards his characters, Fenella, despite the pains Mr. Stuart has taken with her, does not strike us as being even a moderately well-bred person, although she may be a magnificent dancer. Of her two lovers, Sir Brian Lumsden, a sporting baronet, and Paul Ingram, an ascetic author, we do not share their creator's opinion that the one is a gentleman and the other a man of genius. Sir Brian appears to us a human and rather amusing bounder, and Paul a sincere fanatic with a bad liver. Some of the minor characters are not at all badly done, but they suffer, as far as we are concerned, from recalling so many other personages in so many other books. The story is of a distressing nature which is not relieved by any charm of style or true literary flavour. Though a muscular writer, Mr. Stuart rather belongs to the halfpenny Press descriptive reporter class, a member of which tells some of the story. The book has its moments and its true emotions; but we cannot acquit it of a large taint of that vulgarity which, like snobbery, consists in a mean admiration of mean things. Judging by the flattering notices of Mr. Stuart's book "Weeping Cross," which are printed in the front of this volume, we think that the latter can hardly be as good as its predecessor.

The Trap: a Revelation. By DICK DONOVAN. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

THE revelation is of the inner workings of the infamous secret societies known as the Camorra and the Black Hand, and according to the publishers' preliminary announcement, Mr. Dick Donovan has been collecting his materials ever since the assassination of the renowned detective Guiseppe Petrosino at Palermo in March, 1909. Therefore, in view of the extraordinary trial now proceeding in Italy of forty-one members of the Camorra, the story should arouse considerable interest, for it is written in the author's most popular style. Money-making is the principal object of the Camorra, and money or the knife is its watchword. Its undoubted and far-reaching power is attributed mainly to the fact that this criminal organisation is based on the co-operation of members belonging to all classes, from the beggar to the lord, the plebeian to the patrician, in the perpetration of crime and the raising of funds by every device. Aristocrat or homeless mendicant, one and all have

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to take the same oaths, to suffer the same tattooing which designates the different ranks and offices in the band, and obey the orders of the supreme chief. With such groundwork to go upon, Mr. Donovan has produced a powerful story, and from London to Naples, from Naples to the Bowery, New York, and back again, the whole of his characters bear the stamp of reality, and are very much alive. Joseph Bastu, the hero, is a young Italian notary established in London, and he takes upon himself the elucidation of the mystery of the murders of an Italian art dealer and his household in Wardour Street after the English and Continental police had shelved the case. How he eventually does solve the mystery, and receives his reward from a grateful heroine, together with his hair-breadth escapes and other adventures, we leave the reader to find out for himself from the book. The plot is a deep one, and the disclosures are awe-inspiring.

The Leech. By Mrs. Harold E. Gorst. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

The old story of the camel who began by putting his head into the Arab's tent and in the end ousted the original occupant is told again in Mrs. Gorst's new novel. Here we have an account of a cunning and masterful woman who induces her sister-in-law to give her board and lodging for the sake of charity; eventually she becomes mistress of the home in which she has sought asylum. The gradual conquest is graphically described in the earlier part of the book; but matters do not assume their most tragic aspect until the death of the weaker woman. A daughter, Elvina, is left behind, and, by one trick and another, finds herself at the mercy of the objectionable aunt and the aunt's equally unpleasant daughter. The book afterwards develops into a story of the "Cinderella" type on modern and somewhat squalid lines; but the Prince, unfortunately, comes too late. One is at times wearied by the constant use of the vernacular which the author deems appropriate to her characters, and it is still harder to forgive certain lengthy conversations intended to convey the humour which Mrs. Malaprop once made fashionable. A misapplied word may be amusing in places; it may be a gem if it is discovered rarely and unexpectedly; but it has only to be multiplied to make it depressing and wearisome. Apart from this fault, the book contains a great deal of powerful writing, and the sketches of life in a small shop at Peckham and at a Battersea boarding-house are full of convincing reality. All the scenes pass in an atmosphere as gray and dull as the fog of London suburbs can create; there is scarcely a touch of romance, and only at the very end is there anything which can be considered as a dramatic incident. Yet, in spite of all this, "The Leech" is a novel which can hold the reader's attention, and, though it contains nothing which can be called "a problem," it has clearly been written with thought and possesses the quality of arousing thought in those who read.

The Vision of Balmaine. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Balmaine was a good-natured, pompous, country banker who believed that the market-town in which he lived was his own particular creation. Tebbits was his chief clerk, and a cunning ruffian of the worst order. The bank is in difficulties; there are charges of dishonest dealing, including forgery, and Balmaine goes to prison, though proofs of his innocence are in his hands. Tebbits, the real criminal, is not worth shielding, but Balmaine accepts penal servitude because he believes himself deserving of punishment for a wrong which he has done to a woman. Most readers will consider this an eccentric method of paying a debt, but greater wonders are in store. When the banker is again a free man he becomes a seer of visions, and undertakes the not very hopeful task of saving the soul of Tebbits. It is not a bad story, but we could not help being rather sceptical as to some of the mystic episodes which occur in the new life of the old convict, and the fact that they are shared by the woman from his past does not help to convince. Mr. Burgin might have made these things theatrical and ludicrous, but his writing shows a restraint which is altogether admirable. To weave the supernatural into a story of life in a small country town is, however, a too ambitious attempt, yet the author deserves credit for having avoided what might have been a really painful failure.

King Philip the Gay. By Reginald Turner. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

Mollavia, the scene of this story, is akin to Ruritania and the other comic-opera countries. A King, a Scotch Prime Minister, Household Guards (fifty in number) appear to entertain us. The King marries a Princess of the neighbouring State of Bollheim, and is so supremely happy with his wife and his little one-horse country that he gets bored; so he fosters a revolution, personates himself, gives his wife many anxious moments, and finally all is well. The book contains a certain amount of satire on other countries and their ways, and is good of its kind.

The Unknown God. By B. L. Putnam Weale. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

The reason which led Paul Hancock to become a missionary in China may have been known to Paul Hancock himself, but we doubt whether the secret was revealed to Mr. Putnam Weale. According to Mr. Weale, Paul, at the age of eleven witnessed the herioc attack of his head master upon a mad dog which ran amuck in the school; the master's terrible death was "a lesson, a visitation" that, skilfully used by an ardent young clergyman, made an emotional convert. Paul's existence, however, was entirely purposeless until the sudden death of his father. Then, standing by the graveside, he is startled by the roar of voices from a neighbouring football-field; he hears the cheers of success and the moans of failure. Above all is the cry of "Go on, go on!"—this must be *his* watchword; hence he becomes a missionary, not to conduct sewing-circles in a conceited suburb, but to Christianise China. Here the unfinished buildings of the mission upset his sense of symmetry; yet the filth of the Chinese village is "so human, so close to nature." He debates and worries over the rights and wrongs of missionary propaganda among non-Christian peoples, has various adventures, and marries so that his partner may help him work out a plan of campaign. We expected throughout the book that Mr. Weale would lead us up to this plan, but we were disappointed. He is at his best in the second half of the volume, where we are held by his descriptions of Chinese life and travel. The first portion, which occasionally wanders beyond the limits of an ordinary dictionary, is so laboured that we sometimes doubted whether we were reading fiction. There is such a veneer of

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erudition over every paragraph that Mr. Weale is never happy. But perhaps "the happy age was the ignorant age," as Paul Hancock wisely remarked.

The Priest's Marriage. By NORA VYNNE. Cover Illustration by Charles E. Brock. (Andrew Melrose. 2s. net.)

WHY "A Priest's Marriage" outside and "The Priest's Marriage" on the title-page? A very well-told tale, this, of a very weak and despicable man and a very sweet, loving woman whose affections were played with fast and loose, the result being an unexpected development of her character. The fight between the priest as priest and the priest as a man is the *motif* of the story. We will not anticipate the result, or it would spoil the pleasure of reading the book, which is quite equal in value to many of three times the price.

A Drama of the Telephone. By RICHARD MARSH. Frontispiece. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)

HERE we have, not a novel, as the purchaser might expect on looking at the cover, but a collection of nine very second-rate short stories, every one of them unworthy of Mr. Richard Marsh's high reputation as a writer of detective novels. Moreover, the story which furnishes the title of the volume was issued a twelvemonth ago in cheap novelette form, price 1d., when it was called "The House of Dread." To make up a six-shilling book with the aid of a penny dreadful is not, we most decidedly think, treating the reading public fairly. This first story occupies over a third of the volume, and at that rate the publishers cannot be accused of giving over much value for the price they charge. It is sensational and most improbable, though it has the advantage, which the others have not, of boasting one of Mr. Marsh's detectives.

The Irresistible Husband. By VINCENT BROWN. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE reason for this title is hardly evident from the book. It is full of irresponsible chatter about a foolish wife and a blind husband. The lady is a grandmother. Finding her life very boring, she goes off "on her own" and thinks she is in love with a brute of a man. All ends happily; but the story is a shocking exposure of a woman's uncalled-for weakness—and in these days of woman's so-called superiority adds nothing to the credit of the sex.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY—II.

EXAMINING the sculpture exhibits at Burlington House is always somewhat of a tantalising pleasure. The first thing the observer of a statue or a modelled head does—or desires to do—is to walk round it, to gain a fair opinion of its appearance from four or five different view-points; he often finds that what seems a fault from one position becomes a beauty from another. Therefore to be compelled to consider many excellent works of art in marble and bronze from a very limited range—since most of the exhibits are pathetically placed with their backs to the wall—is a hardship. Yet we can hardly blame the authorities; they have done their best with a difficult problem.

Probably the loveliest thing in the whole of the two halls devoted to sculpture is one which nine out of ten visitors will miss altogether, dominated as it is by the crush of more florid conceptions. We refer to "The Spirit of Night," by Mr. Alfred Drury, in the Lecture Room. It is merely the head of a sleeping woman—it clamours for no notice, makes no startling appeal; but its purity, calmness, tenderness, its wistful sweetness, are beyond words. For relief from the burden and heat of the day we returned to it several times.

Not far from this is an unusual but effective statuette of a young lady, in silver, by Mr. E. G. Gillick; the folds of the dress, however, are rather stiffly treated. Two enamels in the same room should not be overlooked—"The Vision of Calvary," by Mr. A. Fisher, with a woman's head very, very reminiscent of D. G. Rossetti's women, and the beautiful "Miracle at Lourdes," by Mr. Oswald Crompton. A large study for a marble bust of Thackeray, by Leonard Jennings, is quite successful in catching the genial expression of the novelist, and a bronze bust of Sir William Crooks, by Walter Merrett, which from a distance we feared was a frozen image of Mr. Bernard Shaw, is very lifelike. A statuette by Mr. Derwent Wood, "The Bather," has a rather ugly attitude—one shoulder shrugs nearly up to the eyes—and fails to satisfy the sense of beauty; another statuette, entitled "The Queen of the Fairies," by Lorna Adamson, is full of delicacy and daintiness. Of the various medal exhibits, we must especially mention a case by J. R. Pinches; in the central one, "For Marksmanship," the idea of distance is finely conveyed by the variation of the relief. And of the truly delightful "Peter Pan," by Sir George Frampton, by which Mr. J. M. Barrie is to be immortalised, we need not write at length. Fortunately it is not against the wall, so it may be studied for half an hour at a time—as it deserves. It is perfectly charming.

The Central Hall contains a beautiful "In Memoriam" relief by "S. Nicholson Babb"—if we mistake not, this is Mr. Stanley N. Babb, of whom we have pleasant memories at the Plymouth School of Art. It is a little conventional, perhaps, but full of fine drawing and clever treatment. "The Sea-Mother," by Mary C. Buzzard, an exquisite conception in which the curl of a breaking wave is used as a *motif*, must be highly praised, more for idea than for sheer execution. The large statue "Victory," by Benjamin Clemens, is entirely different from the usual notion of such a subject; the victor binds up his own arm, and seems rather sad; nevertheless, it is fine work. So is a beautifully modelled "Mercury," by A. Stanley Young. In "The Wooing of Thetis" and "Herakles," two large adjacent groups, the artists (Arthur Walker and Allan Wyon) have been eminently successful in imparting a tremendous sense of motion. The "War" group in the same hall, by Crosland McClure, is wonderfully impressive and strong; but, alas! once more we want to walk round it and test it from more than two points of view.

Returning to the main galleries, we select a few pictures for comment in addition to those mentioned in our first article. In Gallery X. is hung "The Sonnet," by Harold Knight—a blaze of green and gold which fails to impress the onlooker at close range save by its size and its ambition. Seen, however, from a distance—through the doorway of Gallery XI., for example, almost from the entrance hall—the effect is startling; it is precisely as though we looked into a garden pleasaunce and saw the young poet reading his sonnet to the girls who sit or lie in careless attitudes near him. Only thus can this really clever painting be enjoyed. "The Pond," in the same gallery, by C. W. Simpson, is rather damaged by the extremely heavy painting of the reflections on the water. Gallery XI. contains a "blossom-picture" by E. A. Hornel, entitled "A Spring-time Rondelay." Under a mass of blossom seven happy children sport and play. The general pink-and-white effect is rather disconcerting, for there is no point on which the eye can rest; the whole thing dazzles the beholder, charming though the colours be. Of a dazzling character,

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too, is "The Shower of Gold," by E. F. Wells, where laburnums droop over a nude girl lying asleep below their vivid bloom; the effect is superb, and very decorative. On the same wall we must note Mr. Bernard Gribble's "Helpmates in Distress;" the tramp-steamer, thrashing through a heavy sea, is splendidly drawn.

A pleasing little study of "Brentford Bridge" in Gallery IX., by J. Littlejohns, is rather overwhelmed by its competitors; the water and its motion are very happily treated, and a suggestion of distance on the extreme right adds much to the quality of the picture. We noted one "Haven under the Hill" last week; another, by Muriel G. Dyer, gives an impression of strong evening light on the hill, with shadowy cottages in the foreground; the colours used are unconventional, but the effect is true to Nature. Why the "Chelsea Embankment," by W. E. Fox, should have been painted in such a grey and unattractive mood we hardly know; it has not the excuse of mystery or moonlight, and expresses little but the stiff line of the road and wall. A study of detail entitled "The Japanese Fan," by Sir James D. Linton, is quite wonderful; the minutiæ of the pattern on the woman's dress are fascinating, and repay close scrutiny. Another clever work here, at which many people will not trouble to look twice, is a still-life study of a torso and some statuettes on the corner of a mantelpiece, by Lilian E. Harris. The quality of both drawing and colouring is exceptional.

It is a question whether the class of picture which depends for its effect on sharp contrasts between the gloom of evening and artificial light—there are several of them especially pronounced in this year's Academy—is not often meretricious. So much can be hidden or shaded in the way of slipshod drawing; so much can be conveyed to the untutored eye by sudden, brilliant splashes of light. However that may be, two or three of the present collection are worthy of note—one we have already referred to; another, with a very similar title, may be bracketed with it. Although there is no exquisite face in "A Night in June," by T. C. Gotch (Gallery VII.), the depth of the distance and the fine quality of the contrasts of light and shadow are fascinating. The best depiction of firelight is "Devant le Feu," by Charles Michel, in the preceding room, which is a trifle exotic and un-English, perhaps, but very pleasing and restful. Finally, let none of our readers miss the wonderful and spacious "Moonlit Shore," in Gallery V., by Julius Olsson. Beneath darkened cliffs the wide expanse of moonlit foam stretches as far as the eye can see; it is a triumph to have rendered an extremely difficult theme so perfectly. Alas! that such pictures cannot have a room to themselves, where other colours might not clash, and where the voice of the vandal who puts forth waggish remarks to his feminine friend should be silenced.

THE THEATRE

THE PIONEER PLAYERS AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE

THREE little plays, on widely differing themes, were presented to an enthusiastic and evidently sympathetic audience at the Kingsway on Tuesday afternoon last; but, although the themes varied, one note—the equality of woman with man—sounded through all. Propaganda hand in hand with art usually makes for a fall, and the success of Tuesday's programme was due more to the excellent acting of a band of picked and devoted artists than to any especial merit in the plays themselves.

"Jack and Jill," by Miss Cicely Hamilton, is typical of the "Woman's Movement." Jack—a struggling author—enters for one of the "first novel" competitions which tempt the free-lance with a big prize; Jill—his sweetheart, also a struggling author—enters too, each keeping the secret. Of course—the play being by Miss Cicely Hamilton—the girl wins the prize; the man behaves like a cad, nearly crying with pique and wounded pride; and, after some very solid "straight talking" by Jill to prove that she is "as good a man" as Jack, all ends happily in reconciliation, curtain, and wild applause. Mr. Harcourt Williams, whom we last saw in "The Master Builder," was excellent in his somewhat thankless part, and Miss Athene Seyler gave a clever rendering of Jill.

The extraordinary nature of the second playlet, the action—or, rather, conversation—of which takes place in the maternity ward of a London workhouse, makes it difficult to criticise plainly. Most of the talk related to the position of the unmarried mother, and there was a multiplicity of babies. The whole thing left an unpleasant taste, and, though the acting was clever, and the author—Mrs. Margaret Wynne Nevinson—was called for loudly, the purely biassed nature of the "play" made us wonder why it was not written as a pamphlet on sociology.

Not often, even in London, is it possible to see such an array of well-known actresses on one stage as was the case in the last piece. To Miss Margaret Hughes (of "Killigrew's Company of King's Players," A.D. 1661) comes a vision, as she sits despondent, despairing at the impossibility of woman ever appearing on the English stage. Before her pass Nell Gwynne (Miss Ellen Terry), Mrs. Barry (Miss Lily Brayton), Mrs. Bracegirdle (Miss Suzanne Sheldon), and other famous heroines of the theatre, each delivering a brief, encouraging speech; finally comes "An Actress of To-day" in the person of Miss Lena Ashwell. In the little prologue Mr. Ben Webster—who must be rather bewildered by his quick changes of late—represented Sir Charles Sedley, dandified and superior, excellently. Naturally, there was not much scope for acting in "The First Actress," but the whole effect was pleasing, and no man would grudge the woman her triumph in the dramatic art, whatever his opinions as to her administrative powers. Mr.—or we rather believe Miss—Christopher St. John must be congratulated upon a pretty conception, and upon the distinguished manner of its presentation. We wish the Pioneer Players every success as long as they will not overstep the mark and kill the interest of a play (for those who value good artistry) by forcing the propaganda side of their scheme.

"A DOLL'S HOUSE"

Madame Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky) continues at the Kingsway for a few days longer the success of "A Doll's House," although she is supported by a very different cast. As Nora Helmer, harassed until she decides to work out her own salvation alone, Madame Yavorska is really amazing, and one great quality of her acting, which we realised more fully on seeing her play the part for the second time, is that she has none of the irritating, stereotyped tricks of the stage which most actresses seem compelled to use in order to express their emotion. Miss Janet Achurch, who once played as Nora, took the part of Mrs. Linden, As Torvald Helmer, Mr. Norman Trevor rivalled Mr. Ben Webster, who previously interpreted the character; the play was again, in fact, in capable hands. We shall be extremely interested to see Madame Yavorska in the "modern play" which is promised us shortly.

"KISMET" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

THE feeling that remains with us after having seen Mr. Edward Knoblauch's "Arabian Night" is that it is not Arabian. The scenery is excellently full of colour, and the

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dresses are wholly correct. There is not a little that is suggestive of Orientalism in the occasional music, and the aroma of incense comes pleasantly to the nostrils. For all that, the piece has nothing of the allurement of the East. Not one of the characters is, in any sense of the word, Oriental. Mr. Oscar Asche is all too loud and robust, Miss Lily Brayton no different from the Miss Lily Brayton who appears in Shakesperean revivals and the romantic hotch-potches of her répertoire. The Guards and Wazirs, Dignitaries, Courtiers, Soldiers, Eunuchs, Beggars, Caliphs and Sheikhs are all dull and prosaic, and the young woman (about whom we have heard so much) who discards a transparency to walk into a swimming-bath seems to be encased in a suit of Jaeger. After "Sumurun," "Kismet" is tasteless. The story is incoherent and episodic, and when we should have been thrilled and horrified we were merely mildly amused. The murder of the Wazir Mansur by Hajj the Beggar made the audience shriek with laughter. It is not to be wondered at. The incident resolved itself into horseplay, and the bull-like roarings of Mr. Asche as he sprawled over the bath were comic. If Hajj had been played by Spontelli and the Wazir Mansur by any one of Herr Max Reinhardt's company this murder scene would have been a nightmare. It becomes more and more clear that our English actors and actresses lack the sense of atmosphere and the gift of characterisation. You may dress them up as Othello, as Falstaff, as Bottom the Weaver, as Count Hannibal; they remain Mr. Oscar Asche and Mr. This, That, and The Other. This is obviously because there is no school for acting, no apprenticeship in the art, and no one capable of teaching even if those who are in command were capable of being taught.

"Kismet" is not therefore a production of much value, but it has its moments which remain in the memory. The scene of the Tailors was excellently put on, but this was the triumph of the scene-painter and the stage-manager. The Street before the Mosque of the Carpenters was ruined by the so-called singing of a party of very English choirboys, who took everything atmospheric out of the scene. Every now and then Mr. Oscar Asche did well, but he was always too robust, or perhaps the word should be rambustious. He was without the cunning and the oiliness necessary to the part. As an actress Miss Lily Brayton does not improve; the continual *vibrato* which she puts into her voice becomes unpleasant. The best acting in the play was done by the small boys in the bazaar who had nothing to say, and by Mr. George Ralph as the Mansur's Sworder. Nevertheless, somewhat unsatisfactory as "Kismet" is, Mr. Oscar Asche is to be congratulated on having produced it. There is at any rate one manager in London who is prepared to back his opinion and to put on a play which is not a copy of something which has been staged before. "Kismet" must be a great relief to the playgoer who is satiated with the commonplace stuff to which managers pin their faith. It is a great success.

OUR PRISON SYSTEM *

By One Who Knows It

Mr. Wintle here chronicles the professional exploits of an old Lag (or, to explain to gentle readers who do not understand slang—a convict), whose life seems to have alternated between crime and its punishment, when discovered. He was by no means of the "gentle shepherd" type; on the contrary, his energies were devoted to London, Leeds, Birmingham, and other large centres both of wealth and crime, and he seemed safer thus. In fact, he repeats what has often been said—that London is the best hiding-place in the world. It would spoil the reading of the book were we to make extracts from the many examples of his skill and his also freely-confessed failures, but we may take the opportunity of noting his various opinions of some things which are of general interest, also of adding some observations of our own.

First, as to the police and their attitude to a convicted man. Our "lag," who spent most of his freedom under supervision, speaks very well of them and their kindness, and of their anxiety not to give a man away who is trying to reform. He knew all there is to be known about the obligations on both sides, and he gives a well-merited rebuke to a country policeman who called to see him in uniform, contrary to the rules. The next subject on which he comments is "Fences," or receivers of stolen property. Without these men there could be no profitable thieving, and in our opinion they should be punished, when caught, equally with the thief. The only thing to be said in their favour is that they sometimes, and only sometimes, give information to the police, but that is probably to save themselves from a prosecution. In addition to buying jewellery, &c., at a quarter or less of its value, they also, it would appear, obtain information as to likely and profitable places to "burgle," making plans of the premises, and employing men to find out the habits of the persons in charge.

A very amusing tale may be repeated. When engaged in robbing a warehouse in Tooley-street, the "lag" was sandbagged by two other gentlemen engaged on the same business. After an exciting experience of being nearly drowned, he returns, and, opening a trapdoor, so frightened the men then engaged on the job that they fled *viâ* the trapdoor, and our "lag" cleared off with the booty. Apparently, when one is professionally engaged in burglary, it is extremely annoying after working for hours to break open a safe to find only half a sovereign in it; so our man revenged himself by smashing up the office furniture and knocking senseless with a sandbag a stoker and an unfortunate policeman who, in the course of duty, looked in to see what was the matter. Yet the man who could do this grumbles at the bread at Dartmoor, and makes other complaints of the irksomeness of prison-life and discipline, also of the work! Our "lag" was put on to weaving, which, he says, is not done now; but, as a matter of fact, it still is in certain prisons in the North. The chapter of crime ends in the shooting of an innocent postman and an unfortunate policeman, the "lag" being finally caught, and getting twenty years' penal servitude—a fit punishment. The book concludes with advice on "How to Guard against Burglary," which, although not particularly novel, is useful.

The following observations may be made on the subject of prisons and prisoners generally. Under the present method every consideration is shown to prisoners. The Borstal system is perhaps too lenient, and is not sufficient punishment to those young men who, in these days of free education, know quite well what they are doing. Much early crime is due to idleness and loafing. Prisoners who are in prison for the first time are, if otherwise eligible (and this is determined by the Visiting Justices and the Governor), put in a special class by themselves, and do not come in contact with old criminals. This does much good. But it is, in our opinion, wrong to commit any one to prison in default of paying a small fine imposed for a minor offence—for example, 10s. or seven days is a very common sentence. This class of prisoner is not wanted in a prison. There should be a house of detention for such as he, since it is wrong to stamp a man as a gaolbird for such a minor offence against the law.

Short sentences are of little use. There are two classes

* *Nights with an Old Lag.* By W. J. Wintle. (John Ouseley. 5s. net.)

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of criminals—accidental and intentional, or amateur and professional. The amateur should certainly not go to prison for his first or second offence, but should be put on probation; the professional or intentional thief or criminal should be kept in prison as long as the law allows. The American system of a sentence of not less than ten or more than twenty-one years (the actual length of sentence depending on the prisoner's conduct and reformation) has much to recommend it. It must not be forgotten that all the routine connected with the entry of a prisoner into a prison is almost the same in the case of a seven-days' prisoner as that of one staying for eighteen months. As to longer sentences: these prisoners have nothing to complain of; in fact, they are, in our opinion, too much studied. Regular exercise, work in association, a choice of religions, the best medical attendance, appeal to the Visiting Justices, or, if the latter are hard-hearted, to the Home Secretary in cases which the prisoners consider hardships, remission of a portion of their sentence by their own good conduct, and various other privileges, all go to show the reason why men commit breaches of workhouse discipline in order to be locked up in prison.

This is not as it should be. A man is sent to prison to purge a wrong against the community at large, and while one does not wish to go back to the old days, still the modern system is, in the case of professional criminals, erring on the other side. Our "lag," whose history has prompted these remarks, had no hesitation in using a revolver against unarmed, innocent persons, and yet complained of prison rules and treatment. When put on outdoor work at Portland, he thought it good fun to steal the Governor's wine, and at another time the Chaplain's. Punish the *wilful* wrongdoer and take no notice of what the man says whose first act on restoration to liberty would probably be to commit a worse crime than his previous one.

A word, in conclusion, as to the relief afforded to prisoners by the various aid societies. Every appeal by a prisoner for help on leaving prison is carefully considered, and assistance in the shape of clothes, stock-in-trade, tools and employment is given as far as means will allow. Every boy on leaving is questioned as to what he is going to do, whether going home or otherwise. If not he is assisted with employment, or to a berth on board ship. In fact, subject to our remarks as to the non-desirability of short sentences, everything that can be done is done for prisoners, particularly young ones who have not joined the ranks of the hardened and professional criminals, with whom we have no sympathy and who deserve all they get and probably more.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

M. Marcel Revon, formerly Professor of Law at the University of Tokyo, and who now occupies the post of Lecturer on the History of the Civilisations of the Far East at the Faculté des Lettres de Paris, has compiled an "Anthologie de la Littérature Japonaise, des Origines au XXe siècle" (Delagrave, 3f. 50c.), of the highest interest. In his erudite preface the author points out that the literature of Japan is one of the richest existing, and calls attention to the two events marking its chief evolution—viz., in the sixth century the introduction of Chinese civilisation, and, in the nineteenth century, the introduction of Occidental civilisation. The principal periods of Japanese literature are next dealt with. According to Mr. Revon, the first epoch, extending till about the seventh century, is especially rich in primitive chants and Shinto rituals. The era of "Nara" which succeeds (710-784) witnessed the creation of the first University, and gave birth to the Kojiki, "in which is recorded the foundation of the national history and religion."

Then follows the classical period of "Heian," during which was composed the "Kokinnshou," or "Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems," of which we give a specimen, in M. Revon's translation; it is entitled "Ono-No-Komatchi":—

La Couleur de la Fleur
S'est évanouie,
Tandis que je contemplais
Vainement,
Le passage de ma personne en ce monde.

The epoch of Heian seems to be one of the most glorious of Japanese literature, for with the poems appear also diaries, novels, etc.; "this movement," says M. Revon, "was at first favoured by a rapid progress of the national language, at that time arrived at its highest development; then by the invention of two systems of writing, the *katakana* and the *hiragana* . . . which simplified the work of the writer and the efforts of the readers." Curious to note, the court of Itchiyô was, about the year 1100, the centre of an assembly of brilliant women, "who, in truth, wrote the major part of the great national masterpieces." Amongst the latter is specially to be mentioned the "Makoura-no-Soshi," or "Pillow-Notes," written by Sei Shonagon, one of the ladies in waiting of the Empress. Speaking of this work, M. Revon says:—

> En lisant telles maximes concises où Sei Shonagon, femme du monde hardie, qui pousse la franchise jusqu'au cynisme, marque d'un trait mordant quelque vice hypocrite, on songe à La Rochefoucauld; et quand on voit surtout tant de pages profondes où la terrible rieuse, si prompte à saisir les ridicules de la ville et de la cour, a mis en se jouant une pensée que signerait le meilleur des moralistes, ou un portrait qui dresse devant nous l'image d'un caractère éternel, on ne peut s'empêcher de penser que le Vieux Japon a eu aussi son La Bruyère.

M. Revon quotes *in extenso* one of the works of Eikken, the celebrated moralist (1630-1714), which, though very short, is of capital importance. It is called the "Onna Daïgakou." and is the manual for the education of girls, formerly and still used by the Japanese aristocracy. This "great school for women" has "contrived to form that perfect type of sweetness, gentleness, modesty, and charm which is that of real Japanese womanhood, and which fills the impartial observer with admiration."

The "Anthologie de la Littérature Japonaise, des Origines au XXe siècle," is an erudite and conscientious work, and ought to be greatly appreciated by those who take an interest in the Far East. It is admirably compiled, and to enlighten the reader M. Marcel Revon has thoughtfully added many notes, which greatly enhance the incontestable value of this very complete *résumé* of Japanese literature.

Many French authors belonging to the younger school of writers betray a curious tendency towards the morbid exaggeration of self-analysis, of which a most striking example is furnished by M. Jean Giraudoux's last book, "L'École des Indifférents" (Bernard Grasset, 3f. 50c.). It is composed of three stories, or rather sketches, in which three youths, of evidently particularly sensitive dispositions, describe their ideas and impressions. Their neurasthenia has apparently reached the most acute stage, and their too evident preoccupation of defining and dissecting their least important sensations or thoughts becomes at length slightly wearisome and exceedingly despairing—all the more so perhaps because one realises that Jacques l'Égoiste, Don Manuel le Paresseux, and Bernard le Faible, the heroes of "L'École des Indifférents" are cleverly-drawn counterparts of persons existing in real life. The dominant traits of their characters—if they have any!—appear to be weakness and irresolution, and the words of the Cardinal de

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Retz are strangely suited to them:—"Les gens irrésolus prennent toujours avec facilité les ouvertures qui mènent à deux chemins, et qui, par conséquent, ne les pressent pas d'opter." Those who desire to be kept *au courant* with the present movement of French literature should read M. Jean Giraudoux's curious book, in which are to be found (besides some phrases which indeed appear bewildering to the profane reader not initiated in the subtleties of ultra-modernist psychology) some delicate observations, some whimsical conceptions, charming by their very originality.

M. Jules Bertaut has traced, in a very entertaining study, the evolution that the "young girl" has undergone in French literature. In "La Jeune Fille dans la Littérature Française" (Michaud, 3f. 50c.) the author first draws a picture of the young girl as she existed in the French society of the seventeenth century. Ignored by her parents, treated condescendingly by her relatives, uneducated, she was a mere puppet to be disposed of as best suited the plans of her family—either to be married or to be placed in a convent. Speaking of the *Précieuses*, and showing how great a part they took in liberating the maidens of that epoch from the bondage in which they were previously kept, M. Bertaut says:—

> They [the *Précieuses*] formed in a gross and semi-barbarous society the revolutionary and indispensable element destined to change the morals and hasten evolution. They were not only witty—they invented good taste. They were not only refined in the choice of their expressions—they fixed the language. They were not only the natural centre around which the artists and the writers grouped themselves—they were the actual creators of all artistic manifestations.

And he observes further:—

> These are titles for the gratitude of scholars, which would win for these women universal admiration, if, under Molière's baneful influence, opinion had not been for ever prejudiced against them.

In the eighteenth century M. Bertaut notes that parental authority appears to have relaxed somewhat; he glances swifty through the literature of that period, and in doing so remarks that the heroines of that epoch seem, for the first time, to give evidence of possessing a semblance of will and personality. He also observes the apparition of three new elements in the souls of young girls—coquetry, sensibility, and sensuality—the last-named being especially apparent in the damsels figuring in the works of Marivaux, Sedaine, and Choderlos de Laclos.

M. Bertaut next turns his attention to the romantic school, and, after demonstrating its impossibility to create an exact character of a young girl, he introduces us to some quaintly amusing types of that period. Thus, step by step, after having successively treated of the heroines of Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Balzac, &c., the author explains the evolution which has eventually led to the modern French writers' conceptions of "la jeune fille," so delightfully expressed by the amusing, witty, though rather hoydenish, creations of Gyp and Henri Lavedan.

It is evident that M. Bertaut has no sympathy for the young Parisian girl of to-day. Speaking of her, he declares: "Irrespectueuse et sèche, voilà les deux caractères primordiaux qu'il faut noter chez la Parisienne d'aujourd'hui. La seconde épithète explique la première. Tête froide gouvernant les sens, esprit critique tuant les enthousiasmes et les admirations." We cannot help thinking that this generalisation is too drastic. There certainly exist in Paris many selfish, cynical, and hard young girls; but we are sure that in all classes could be found charming examples of girlish spontaneity, simplicity, and abnegation.

The latter half of M. Bertaut's interesting work is devoted to the modern type of girl-heroines in French literature of our day. The author treats of the Intellectual, as conceived by Colette Yver and Gabrielle Réval; of Willy's ambiguous "Claudine," who "is the most original type of young girl created since the de Goncourt's heroine."* Marcel Prévost's conceptions are also analysed, and some of Paul Bourget's finest creations, such as Julie Monneron† and Charlotte de Jussat Randon.‡ M. Bertaut introduces us also to a feminine type which has had great success of late years, as well on the French stage as in literature—it is called *la révoltée*, and is always represented by a young person who protests in exalted accents against the education she has received, against the *convenances*, and Mrs. Grundy in general, and who proclaims, in all good faith, her *right* to love, to be happy, and to live.

M. Bertaut closes his book by a conclusion summing up the previous chapters, and ending by this declaration, which we quote:—

> Nous avons pour représenter la jeune fille française un modèle littéraire . . . vivant, expressif, pittoresque, imprévu, spirituel et toujours nouveau, la figure malicieuse et bonne, délicieuse et avertie, tragique et amusante à la fois, de la plus mélancolique des tintamarresques, de Renée Mauperin, la vraie jeune fille française.

M. Bertaut's English readers may or may not corroborate this opinion, but we can assure them that they will derive great pleasure in perusing this work, in which are presented to us, as evoked by the skilful and talented author, some of the most exquisite figures of French maidenhood.

FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN ITALY

By Frank Harris

In these last few days modern Italy has been celebrating he fiftieth anniversary of its birth, or its "unification" as Italians prefer to call it. And their method of celebrating it is characteristic: at Rome they have opened an International Exhibition of Fine Arts, whereas at Turin an Industrial Exposition is in full swing, which all the Italian journals seem to think shows the wonderful progress of their country. And if increase in commerce and wealth is a sure sign of progress and development, and is besides, as Macaulay believed, a certain proof of the increase of happiness and virtue, then no one can deny that Italy has made astonishing progress in the last fifty years.

Let us try to sum it all up in figures for the benefit of those who judge the health of a man by his outward appearance and his wellbeing by his appetite.

First of all, let us take the Italian Debt. The 5 per cent. loan fell during the war of 1866 below 50 lire; it was worth in 1870 a little less than 63 lire. The course of exchange with England, for example, was terribly against the new kingdom. The taxes were so heavy that their unpopularity shook the throne, and whole districts of the country suffered from periodical devastating famines. From 1870 onwards matters steadily improved. The credit of the State advanced, and in 1886 the Rente practically touched par. From 1886 to 1894 the adventurous foreign policy of Crispi damaged Italian credit—after the battle of Adoua the Italian Rente fell to 78. But as soon as Crispi disappeared from the scene and Italy drew away from Germany a little and towards France, thanks to the wise guidance of her King, the credit of Italy began to improve again, and in 1906 Luzzatti, the Finance Minister, was able to undertake the conversion of the Debt. The old 5 per cent. loan, which had

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* Renée Mauperin. † L'Étape. ‡ Le Disciple

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been reduced to 4 per cent., was now reduced to 3¾ per cent., with the proviso that in 1912 it should automatically become 3½ per cent. The Rente to-day is worth 103·50 per cent.—that is to say, 80 per cent. more than the 5 per cent. was worth in 1870.

The development of the railway system has been just as remarkable. In 1860 Italy only possessed 1,180 kilometres of railway. But at the end of 1910 she possessed 16,989 kilometres, of which 13,437 belong to the State and 3,552 to private companies. The gross receipts, which in 1860 were only 70,000,000 lire, have risen to-day for the State railways to 481,000,000 lire. This does not include the receipts from private railway companies and steam tramways, which together increase the total to over 600,000,000 lire per annum, a revenue more than eightfold the revenue of fifty years ago.

In 1862 the merchant marine of Italy consisted of 9,356 sailing vessels and only fifty-seven steamers with a combined tonnage of 650,000. In 1908 their sailing-vessels had fallen to 4,701, but their steamers had increased to 626, and the total tonnage had more than doubled.

The posts and telegraphs, which in 1866 gave only about 20,000,000 lire to the State, produced with the telephones in 1910 more than 137,000,000 lire.

Naturally enough, the growth of foreign commerce corresponds with the growth of internal commerce. Italian imports in 1862 were about 830,000,000 lire, but in 1910 they had increased more than fourfold. The exports had grown from under 23,000,000 pounds sterling to over 80,000,000 pounds.

Agriculture has always been the chief industry of Italy, and it has made astonishing strides. In 1860 the value of the whole agricultural product of Italy was estimated at about 2,859,000,000 lire; in 1910 it was worth three times as much.

A hectare, which is a little more than two acres in extent, was judged to yield 125 lire in 1860, which is about £5, and now produces over 260 lire.

The mineral products of Italy seem to have kept pace with the agricultural growth. The mineral products in 1860, which were valued at about 28,000,000 lire, to-day are valued at 77,000,000 lire. The iron and steel industry has grown tenfold, the silk industry fourfold, and cotton at least as much.

The promise of the future is even better than the past. Italy has splendid watercourses, and is beginning to use this cheap power to generate electricity. Ten years ago this source of wealth had hardly been tapped; to-day over 1,000,000 horse-power is being used, and in another decade this will probably be doubled.

But more remarkable than the industrial growth of Italy is the growth of State banks and co-operative associations. There are now more than 365 co-operative Popular banks in Italy; and there are besides 547 co-operative producing societies, while of co-operative retail societies there are more than 5,000. Even in 1862 there was no Post-office Savings Bank in Italy; now there are over 2,000,000 depositors in the ordinary Savings Banks, and in the State Savings Bank over 5,000,000 depositors, altogether over seven and a half million thrifty people, or a quarter of the population of Modern Italy. The sums deposited in 1864 amounted to about 28,000,000 pounds, in 1910 over 165,000,000 pounds sterling.

This growth of co-operative industry has had a striking effect on the wages of workmen; all observers are agreed that the real value of the wages of labour in Italy have increased in fifty years by something over 100 per cent. And Italians are very proud of pointing out that whereas in 1861 there were seventy-five illiterates to every hundred inhabitants, there are now less than 50 per cent., with a minimum of 22 per cent., in industrial Lombardy and Piedmont, and a maximum of 75 per cent. in the Catholic country districts of Sicily and Calabria.

The birth-rate, which seems almost a sure sign of the poverty and improvidence of a country, has fallen from 38 per thousand in 1863-67 to 32 per thousand for 1906-8.

And finally, the mortality, which was 30·60 per thousand inhabitants in the period 1860-67, is now, in the period 1906-8, 20·50.

With these figures before one it would be difficult to deny the growth of modern Italy in material prosperity. No small part of this growth is due to the direct initiative and wise guidance of the King, who from the first turned resolutely away from the megalomania of Crispi and the close alliance with Germany. "Peace is what Italy needs," said the King a good many years ago, and he has kept steadily in view the quiet and orderly development of the riches of the country, leaving Armadas and adventures in Africa to richer rivals who may enjoy periodical bloodletting.

We only wish his Majesty could be induced to see that the first need of modern Italy is a good system of highroads, such as the genius of Napoleon conferred on France over a century ago. A hundred million lire spent on roads would make Italy the playground of the rich of all nations, and bring thousands of rich tourists and automobiles into the country every winter. Italy brags about its Bay of Naples, yet it is almost impossible to see it, and quite impossible to enjoy its varied beauties in a drive. Why does not the King this summer see to it, that there shall be one great highroad well-planned made from Venice to Florence, and from Florence through Rome and Naples down to Reggio, and thence to Brindisi? And why does not some patriotic Italian build a great boulevard, say from Naples to Castellamare, and thence round the promontory to Vietri or Salerno by way of Sorrento and Amalfi? To go from Naples to Salerno takes one whole day, though by road it is not more than twenty-five miles. If the road was decent, automobiles would do it in an hour. For every one who has seen the Temples at Paestum there would be a thousand. The cathedral at Salerno should be as well known as the cathedral at Chartres, were it only for the old Greek columns in it and the old marble sarcophagi; but it takes a whole day to get from Naples to Salerno, and a tiring day at that.

Italy has far greater riches in her art-treasures than in her watercourses. Good roads would necessitate good hotels, and bring crowds of rich visitors and new life into the poor and benighted country districts.

OUR PANTISOCRATS

THE creed of Socialism, put into a nutshell, amounts to this—Society will only be truly organised when all its members live by taking in one another's washing. It is a pretty formula, but, if itself sent to the wash of practice or sound thought, one that comes home in rags. How weird soever the theories of a certain section of the Socialist school may be, we must assume that, among its disciples, are many visionaries of beneficent intent. But then we also know how Hades is paved.

Any nation that once seriously adopted the principle of Socialism as its Magna Charta would automatically sign its own death-warrant as a community. The rate of progress of the industrial army would be brought down to that of the slowest marcher. Socialism is a negation of the great law of evolution by which humanity has struggled up a plane of progress. Order has been evolved from chaos in every unit of the universe under the stress of evolution. That the teaching of Socialism should have obtained any hold upon

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the minds of a community of thinkers and workers is surely proof of radical unsoundness in many departments of economics. It is a counsel of despair, and the State could not, any more than the individual, yield to the impulses which such counsel suggests and at the same time retain its sanity.

The lady who, on receipt of an intimation from her bankers that her account was overdrawn, forwarded them her own cheque for a larger sum with the remark that this would put matters straight, unconsciously illustrated the Socialist creed. The assumption that the working capital of a nation is a State affair, in which the individual need have no part or lot, that by it the internal forces of the State can be manipulated at will without affecting the national economy, is a proposition the statement of which is its own confutation. In any community in which the springs of industry were beyond the control of individual initiative, the incentive to work would cease to exist. There surely is no more undemocratic creed than that of Socialism, and its disciples rightly attack not only the individualism on which the economic security of a nation depends, but also the family relations on which the entire fabric of a civilised community ultimately rests.

In the year 1794 three youths loitered about Bristol City, full of wonderful dreams on the subject of joint emigration. That was not the phrase they used to describe their intentions. According to their talk they were going to found a "Pantisocracy" beyond the seas. Like Mr. Micawber, they thought that, before sailing, their natural course was to be "on the spot." Two of the youths were destined to fame, one to immortality. Coleridge was the immortal, Southey was a famous name, and Lovell the odd man of the trio. The spot upon which they had fixed their minds' eye was Susquehanna, a name that runs trippingly on the tongue, so as to satisfy a gourmet of sound. Perhaps that was why it was their objective. Certain little practical difficulties blocked their immediate course. One primary obstacle was the fact that they were without funds, a trivial trouble which they determined to overcome, like true literary knight-errants, at the pen's point. They were bound for a Promised Land, where, so they told themselves—two hours' labour a day on the land would suffice to supply their needs. The rest of their time they vowed should be spent in Socratic discussion of fate and freewill and idyllic musing. The first requisite in furnishing such an Eden was obviously the female element. They therefore decided that matrimony must be the initial step. They accordingly chose three sisters, whom in due course the three youths married. They were lucky enough to find a benevolent publisher to lift them out of their financial slough. His name was Amos Cottle, a prosaic name for one destined to prove the backer of Pegasus, and the "rich uncle" of the Muses. The name and the incident did not escape the acrid humour of Byron.

But now a marvel came to light. Having obtained a fancy price for their literary wares, the vision of a community overseas, where all property should be in common, where life could be spent in a lotus land of Avilion, apparently began to grow dim and fade away. The hard, prosaic facts relating to daily bread and butter and the periodical payment of butchers' bills were doubtless very troublesome. They had a luckless knack of recurring. Thus it came to pass that the trio slowly abandoned their cloud-world and came back to Mother Earth with disillusioned eyes. That they did not grow morbid misanthropes is to their credit.

That same revulsion of sentiment will surely overtake those communities who to-day are coquetting with Socialism. Its evangels are a strangely composite body, busy blowing bubbles of imagination in every corner of the world Wherever, literally from China to Peru, an undercurrent of discontent with the established order of things is apparent, the leaven of Socialism is at work. One cannot but admire the zeal and tactical skill with which the creed is being expounded. In Great Britain, from the professional classes down to the classes who depend upon the labour of their hands, rises a united chorus of discontent. Every class within these wide limits is crying out that its relative prosperity is less to-day than of old, that life yearly grows harder and competition more unscrupulous. Radical speakers answer such complaints by first of all denying the fact. They point to the increase in the collective wealth of the community and to the statistical diminution in the ratio of pauperism. They attribute the spirit of unrest throughout industrial Europe to the divine discontent of the worker, who, in view of a goal of better things, is rightly dissatisfied with his existing lot. It is true that the labour of women and children is now subject to humane legal restriction, but can it be denied that the present trend of things is to induce a tyranny more abject than that of mid-Victorian days? The population has increased to an inordinate extent, and although the volume of manufacture has also vastly risen, the relative predominance of Great Britain, as the workshop of the world, is being lost. Year by year industries are allowed to drift into foreign hands; markets in which British goods were wont to be predominant are passing to Germany and the United States; and the industrial pride of the British worker, under the stimulus of which work of the best and most enduring character used to be produced, is being frittered away.

The truth is that Cobdenism, a live creed in the 'sixties and 'seventies, is dying fast, and Socialism is trying hard to fit the crown of the dying king upon its own brow. One of two courses lies in the lap of the immediate future. Either our communities must be brought back to the elemental service of the land, or dry rot will set in in our overgrown centres of production. The fate of the Empires of the past, where vast and increasing hordes of men herded together for industrial purposes, will in the end befall Great Britain, the modern world's mart. She cannot hope to set economic laws at naught with impunity any more than they; and empirical attempts to do so will in the long run prove themselves merely temporary stop-gaps—permanently shams.

ART

DECEASED FRENCH ARTISTS

Mr. Van Wisselingh has collected an interesting group of pictures at his gallery in Grafton Street, though the exhibits are of somewhat unequal quality. There is in their work a curious note of uncertainty and groping after effects which have hardly taken shape in the minds of the painters, and therefore fail to get themselves expressed definitely upon canvas. Such work is mainly interesting as an early stage in development, and it lacks perforce the firm and decided touch that marks the man who knows what he is aiming at. But in the case of such masters as Millet and Puvis de Chavannes there is an especial interest in watching the tentative efforts of men who ultimately rose to the rank of masters. In Millet's case that interest is intensified by the presence of so fine a finished work as his "L'Église de Chailly," full of all that mystery and compelling charm of atmosphere that he came in the process of time to render with such perfection. Fantin-Latour is represented by some riotous excesses in paint, as well as by some wonderful copies from Titian and Paolo Veronese; his power and skill are always unquestionable, even when disguised in such blurred combinations

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of colour as some of those on the walls of this exhibition. Corot, whose rendering of atmosphere excelled even that of his great compatriot Millet, is represented here by some exquisite work, notably his "Ramasseuses d'Herbes," and Jongkind by two characteristically beautiful works, "Les Patineurs" and "Trouville." Carolus Duran and C. F. Daubigny are also worthily represented, and there are other striking works to be seen besides. Altogether, then, a meritorious show, which all art-lovers should visit.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

THE Eleventh Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, now open at the Grafton Galleries, contains much excellent work, as well as some that is merely eccentric, and more that is difficult to classify. Perhaps the most striking work exhibited is the statue-group by Rodin, "L'éternelle Idole," a marvellous and daring expression of overpowering sexual passion, which subdues by sheer mastery of genius, and raises the artist's choice of a subject above the reach of criticism. Another splendid work is Mr. J. Lavery's portrait of Anna Pavlova, the Russian dancer, in which the witchery of balanced movement is marvellous—boldly realised and convincingly expressed. As pitiless and uncompromising as Sargent, but quite without Sargent's power, is Mr. Harrington Mann's portrait of Miss Marie Tempest, and a strange and disillusioning but exceedingly clever work is Mrs. Willoughby's rendering of the Judgment of Paris in the style of the Greek vase-paintings. Did the creators of these immortal myths really visualise them in quite such coarse and grotesque fashion? It may be so, but we hope not, and we turn to Tennyson's "Œnone" again to take the taste out of our mouths.

A beautiful water-colour is that by Mrs. C. L. Adam, of Hayle, Cornwall—unpretentious, truthful, and full of feeling for the fine effects of sky and sea and river to be met with at that pleasant spot. The same artist gives a delightful study of "Stormy Weather;" and there is some excellent *technique* displayed in Mr. A. T. Benthall's "Toure de Faure." A very clever and virile portrait is that by Mr. William Nicholson of Mr. F. Nash, the Clerk of the Merchant Taylors' Company; and there is true pathos, as distinguished from cheap sentiment, in Mr. Harrington Mann's "Mother and Child." Miss Constance Rea's pretty eighteenth-century study, "A Maiden all Forlorn," is one that remains in the memory; and another fine and unpretentious portrait is Miss Ethel Walker's likeness of Mr. Arthur Abney Walker. The great French impressionists are represented by Claude Monet and Degas—the former with a study of a Dutch windmill and a view of the Thames at London, both very characteristic and clever works, the latter by one of his equally characteristic and clever ballet-girls. A fine piece of pure decorative work is Mr. R. Anning Bell's frieze, "The South Wind;" and Mr. Francis Newbury's portrait of Professor Gilbert Murray is a powerful piece of work. And a statue of real pathos, which remains a vivid image in the mind of him who has seen it, is Mr. Fleming Baxter's touching work, "The Blind Child"—a really exquisite piece of sculpture.

PICTURES BY MR. GARNET WOLSELEY AND MR. BERTRAM NICHOLLS

THERE is some very promising work, and some in which the promise may be said to have been fulfilled, by these two young artists at the St. George's Gallery, New Bond Street, and their appeal to the public is one which deserves attention. Mr. Wolseley is particularly happy in his rendering of children on the sea-shore; he is sure in his handling of wet sand, of sunshine, and the unstudied and beautiful attitudes of children playing. His sense of colour is particularly true and sympathetic, and the brilliancy with which he renders vivid tints which the slightest false step would make garish is particularly striking. His near relationship to the late Mr. Ruskin invests his promise and success with a special interest of its own. Mr. Nicholls' water-colours are of somewhat unequal quality, but they, too, contain much promising work.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

X.—THE NEWSPAPER HABIT

PERHAPS one of the most striking differences between the national life of the English and the Belgians is the fact that the average Englishman reads the newspaper and the average Belgian does not. I do not think that there can be any argument as to the truth of this. I have found myself that by running through the Belgian newspapers every day—a feat that can easily be performed in half an hour by any one who has been brought up on the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph*—I am better informed on current events in Belgium than any of the Belgians I meet. In this country, which in many respects is strangely primitive immediately below the surface, the gossip of the *cafés* and the streets is still the principal medium for the transmission of news. It would seem, however, that the days of this enviable freedom from the tyranny of the Press are numbered; some of the newspapers claim large circulations, and it is apparent that many Belgians make a practice of buying the newspapers though they have not yet acquired the vicious habit of reading them. They probably do not realise the risk they run in introducing these masses of print into the quietude of their homes. It may be granted that they have not the smallest intention of looking at them; but sooner or later—on a wet afternoon, perhaps, or in a moment of *ennui*—they will peep between the folded leaves and read an interesting paragraph concerning a thunderstorm in Colombo, or the latest telegram as to the defalcations of an omnibus-conductor in Nuremberg. From this it is but a step to the reading of leading articles and the rapt perusal of the advertisement columns. These are delights more insidious than alcohol or opium, and in a very short time they will become slaves to that craze for print to which Mr. Edgar Jepson once devoted an eloquent article in THE ACADEMY.

This aimless reading of daily newspapers is without doubt the most serious intellectual vice of modern England, although, like most important vices, it masquerades as a virtue. To take an interest in our country and in the doings of our fellow human beings is among the most obvious of our duties; but a critical examination of any copy of a modern newspaper will convince the unprejudiced observer that it is neither patriotism nor a broad spirit of humanity that inspires the supporters of our daily press. The newspapers cannot be blamed for endeavouring to give their readers what they want, and when we find that nine-tenths of their space is devoted to the sensational and the trivial we are justified in supposing that nine-tenths of their readers like that kind of thing. The trivial satisfies their curiosity, the sensational satisfies their lust for adventure, and the newspaper as a whole

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satisfies their too easily satisfied desire for culture. This is the enormous responsibility that the modern newspaper is apt to accept a little lightly—that with the large majority of its readers it takes the place of all other reading matter. It must be at once a Bible, an encyclopædia, and a handbook to politics; a cookery-book, a treatise on popular science and a sporting guide. It must be the Hundred Best Books, a child's Guide to Knowledge, and a Peerage; a textbook on botany, astronomy, and natural history. It must be sister to the moon in eclipse, and little brother to the giant gooseberry. It must be newer than the guide-book of the tourist, and older than the rocks among which he sits. It must know how to reconcile a high moral tone with its functions as a romantic Newgate Calendar, and play the judge and the criminal with an equal grace. It must defend the rich from the poor, and the poor from the rich, with a fervour that fails when it is not interesting. It must know how to estimate the value to humanity of passing events; a hundred columns for a good murder, six columns for the speech of a politician, and a quarter of a column to herald the appearance of a new masterpiece in art. It must rake the gutters of the world for crime, and be swift in chronicling accidents and disasters. It must condemn vice with vehemence, and strangle virtue with platitudes. It must deride minorities, and congratulate majorities on reflecting its opinions. It must be registered at the General Post Office as a newspaper, and must be large enough when unfolded to serve as a tablecloth for the lower classes.

Is this tirade exaggerated? At all events there is nothing in it that I regret except perhaps the reference to a famous and irritating passage of Walter Pater. It is generally agreed that the daily newspapers of England are the best in the world, and it is worth anybody's while to live abroad to avoid them. I speak on this point with the emphasis of a momentarily-reformed drunkard, for I confess that when I am in England I am as much the slave of this vice of newspaper reading as any one else. It is the mark of the newspaper inebriate that he does not very much mind which newspaper he reads, and that he reads them from one end to the other—politics, sport, City news and advertisements, with equal interest. To help him in this he brings a curious cunning to bear; he takes certain racehorses and politicians under his protection and is pleased when he finds a mention of their names. He makes friends with Steel Commons and Canadian Pacifics because they have a lively nature, and he watches their movements in the market with genuine excitement. He observes the stammering histories of the agony columns, and the normal dishonesty of advertisers in general. He reads the serial stories; indeed the passion for reading bad novels in arbitrary instalments is one of the most marked symptoms of the vice, and must not be mistaken for commonplace insanity. Your true newspaper-reader is best pleased when he can begin the serial in the middle and read every second instalment to the end. He does not wish his intellect to be disturbed by the significance of things. He seeks the tranquillity of words, words arranged in grammatical sentences that convey nothing in particular to his somnolent mind. When he is in a fantastic mood he seeks diversion in printers' errors, or in the cross-readings that made the fame of Caleb Whitefoord, and sometimes he has been known to make a collection of journalistic *clichés* in a small black pocket-book. But it is to the leading articles that he returns like a child to the lap of its mother. There, at all events, he is secure from the noisy irruption of ideas, the desires of ambitious thinkers, the disquieting audacities of youth. There he may drowse in the land where it is always the day before yesterday, lulled by a tide of words to which the most morbid reader can attach no human significance.

This absorbed reading of daily newspapers is a vice, because it rather provides a substitute for life than contributes to our enjoyment of it. It helps us to pass the hours, but it does not make us wiser either by precept or experience, and, at the end, we are only so many hours poorer without any spiritual or mental compensation. Few people realise how much time they waste in nodding sagely over the morning papers. Let them lay the habit aside for a week or two, and they will be astonished at the lengthening of the days, the growth of the period that separates lunch from breakfast. Let them at the same time lay aside the illusion that there is generally something important to be found in the newspapers if you look for it long enough. They have only to ask themselves every morning after they have finished the paper what they have gained by its perusal to be convinced of the emptiness of this theory. There is hardly ever anything in the daily newspapers that we are the richer for knowing; and for the most part men and women read them for that reason.

So when a week or two ago a Belgian novelist told me that he thought newspaper-reading was increasing in Belgium I did not congratulate him. On the other hand, I told him that in England the daily newspaper is killing the magazine, the review, the novel, the short story, and the drama; that it has already killed poetry and made politics impossible for a sane man. That it flings literature to the professors, and painting to the Royal Academicians. That it labours to confirm the common mind in its vulgar self-satisfaction, and is the avowed enemy of all that is original or noble in modern thought.

"But you have the best newspapers in the world!" exclaimed the novelist. And the queer part of it is that I honestly believe we have.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

SHEFFIELD MUSICAL FESTIVAL

FOR the first time in the history of the great choral festivals, which are so important a feature of the provincial towns of England and Germany, the whole of the preparation and conduct of the music of one of them has been undertaken and carried out by one man. It is characteristic of Sir Henry Wood that he should ask to be given the opportunity of making so daring an experiment, and should incidentally make it the occasion of a number of minor experiments in the details of the choral training, interpretation, and platform arrangement. It is almost equally characteristic of him that he should carry it to a highly successful issue and have the confidence arising from conscious ability to tell his fellow-workers and the public that he has done it. It is a triumph of pertinacity and zeal, of ability and right—because effective—methods. Though he did not hesitate to take full advantage of the work of his predecessor (Dr. Henry Coward) in the most important work of training the chorus, his methods are so entirely different as to be opposed to Dr. Coward's in some important respects. Both are agreed, however, in the opinion that most of the traditions regarding the performance of the works of Bach and Handel are anything but what they should be, and a traditional rendering of the works of those composers in Sheffield, or in any place where the musical influence of that city reaches, is now almost an impossibility. As a consequence the chorus, consisting of three hundred voices selected with great care from a large body of applicants residing in the district, was as plastic and open to the impression of a

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conductor's and teacher's individuality as possible. Probably no conductor has ever before had material so perfectly suited to his purposes, and no chorus a conductor more fully acquainted with its possibilities. The mutual sympathy was exceptional.

With these circumstances the results were of surpassing interest even where they were most open to criticism. The programme was interesting because of the anticipations of unconventionality it aroused. Handel's "Messiah" is a work which a few years ago was too uninteresting for the critic to attend or to do more than mention casually. Bach's "High Mass in B minor" and "The Passion according to St. Matthew" supplied opportunities of different types of technical achievement, but were regarded as beyond the appreciation of the ordinary musical amateur, and much farther beyond that of the uninstructed man in the street. Now we are able to find emotional elements in these works which appeal to every one possessing a human heart and mind; and this year's Sheffield Festival has made history by plumbing these to their deepest depths. Sometimes the expression jarred on those whose feelings are finer and more subtle than the majority, yet the spirit seemed to be the right one. Surely the greatest reverence that can be paid to a great master of the past is to make his work live and move the hearts of people in the present. This is what Sir Henry Wood and his assistants have done at Sheffield. "The Messiah" was as descriptive in the music as in the words; the dramatic qualities which Handel himself observed were realised, though in details some of the effects were overreached. The "Mass" was one great expression of faith in the eternal mysteries, and the great chorus "Cum Sancto Spiritu" comparable only to Doré's illustration to the twenty-seventh Canto of Dante's "Il Paradiso" with the added emotion of sound. "The Passion," in keeping with its character, had little or none of the virtuoso effects of the other two works, but was interpreted in a way that made the day seem a real Good Friday.

The fear of competition, which would have proved disastrous to both undertakings, made it impossible that Herr Denhof should present "The Ring of the Nibelungs" in Sheffield the same year as the Musical Festival. To make up to some extent for this a selection consisting of the closing scenes from the four dramas was included in the Festival programme, as well as the Grail Scene and Finale of "Parsifal." These, and particularly the latter, proved, first, the utter unsuitability of Wagner's later music for concert performance, and, secondly, Sir Henry Wood's weakness as a Wagnerian conductor. Experiments were made in creating the effect of distance in the Rhinemaidens' Song from "Das Rheingold," and the Voice of Titurel, the Boys' Voices and Youths' Voices in the dome from "Parsifal." The most effective of these was the first, though none was quite satisfactory. The architectural conditions of the hall were entirely opposed to this, and the screens used to cover the voices made it difficult for the singers to use their voices effectively or to follow the conductor with ease. Considering the greatness of the difficulties, however, they were surmounted with a fair measure of success. The sentiment of the Wagner numbers never attained dignity, and the phrasing and "analytical" reading of the works were not good.

The experiment of changing the time of the Festival from October to April apparently was not a success, for the audiences, except at the Friday evening concert, when Granville Bantock's popular "Omar Khayyám" and the "Parsifal" excerpt filled the programme, fell far short in numbers of those of previous years. The method of employing one man to fill the two offices of conductor and chorusmaster may be declared an unqualified success.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By Lancelot Lawton

DIPLOMACY AND COMMERCE

Among the causes at different times advanced to account for the decline of British commercial interests in various parts of the world is that of inadequate support from official quarters. Repeatedly it is urged against our Foreign Office and against our diplomatic representatives abroad that their neglect in this respect places business men at a serious disadvantage as compared with foreign rivals, who invariably receive active assistance from their own Governments. It is highly probable that before long, either in Parliament or in the Press, or perhaps through the medium of some association organised specially for the purpose, an attempt will be made to invite public opinion on the question with the object of stimulating official energy. There can be no doubt that British diplomatists have a proper conception of their exalted duties—duties which, by their very nature, lend themselves to the accompaniment of dignified reserve; and it is no exaggeration to say that in consequence our Embassies and Legations are regarded by the peoples in whose midst they are placed as worthily in keeping with British traditions no less than with the best features of British character. At the same time, in order to maintain our pre-eminence as a commercial Power, we must recognise that even diplomacy should adapt itself to changing conditions. Nor is there any reason to believe that this recognition will necessarily involve the lowering of the prestige of our representatives abroad. Other countries have not been slow to discover that the present is essentially a business-like age requiring business-like methods, not only from the individual, but from every department of State.

The extension of communications to all parts of the world has had an important bearing upon the duties of a diplomatist. In former days, before cables linked remote ends of the earth together, Legations in distant countries were frequently called upon to deal with situations which allowed a wide margin of initiative. Now, as it were, they are at the end of a line stretching from Downing Street, and their responsibilities have been lightened by reason of the fact that within a few hours at most they can receive instructions from home. In another sphere, however, their duties have been appreciably increased. To-day business men think nothing of journeying several thousands of miles in search of openings for their enterprise. And, not unnaturally, they look to British representatives abroad for help in some way or other. Invariably they meet with a reception which, if not positively discouraging, is at least lukewarm, and which, as I have already observed, places them at a marked disadvantage in their competition with foreign rivals. Thus the frequent complaint is heard on all sides that British diplomatists have at heart a contempt for anything connected with commerce, or, in other words, that they look upon the advancement of commercial interests as altogether inconsistent with the dignity of their high office. When full allowance has been made for the undeniable fact that grumbling is somewhat chronic among business people, it is within the knowledge of all who have travelled far and wide that British enterprise suffers to no small extent in consequence of the failure of our representatives abroad to appreciate the importance of trade.

Let us turn for the moment to the example set by other nations. It does not follow that these examples are necessarily the embodiment of all that is wise when they are considered in relation to high policy; but some reference to them will at least afford an instructive comparison with

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British methods, or, to speak more accurately, with the lack of British methods. America has certainly led the way in combining business with diplomacy. Many of her Ambassadors and Ministers are selected because they have sound commercial knowledge. It will be within recollection that the name of Mr. John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer, has been freely mentioned in connection with the representation at Berlin. Then it is alone due to the vigorous support of the Washington Government that American bankers are taking the lead in Chinese finance. These bankers have as their representative Mr. Willard Straight, who was formerly the Consul-General at Mukden. Whenever a prominent American business man arrives in any capital he is promptly taken "under the wing" of the representative of his country, who introduces him to Ministerial circles, and to the best society, and not infrequently arranges that he shall be given the honour of an audience with the reigning monarch.

The Germans are equally energetic in the furtherance of their commercial interests. Certain financial institutions are openly and unceasingly accorded diplomatic support. On many occasions I have heard it said of an Ambassador or Minister that he was to all intents and purposes the "representative of Krupps." I recollect that during the Russo-Japanese War a German firm supplied the Japanese Government with a number of locomotives. This was their first order from the Japanese Government, and they were very anxious to give satisfaction. When a trial of the locomotives was being made the German Minister attended personally. Although a storm was raging, he stood patiently for several hours, under a soaking deluge, making notes of the few defects that were discovered. Subsequently he sent a report to his Government, and this report was communicated to the contracting firm, so that they would be in a position to remedy all faults in future orders. And, needless to add, the same firm *did* secure more orders. The Belgian diplomatists are also active in commercial matters. I knew a Belgian Minister in an Eastern capital who made no effort to conceal the fact that he was acting as the representative of an industrial syndicate.

The Russian Government, again, often lends the whole weight of its support to an application by one of its nationals for a concession, and a recent report from St. Petersburg states that, whenever possible, men with business knowledge will be appointed to diplomatic posts. It is well known that in China the Japanese Government uses political pressure as a means of promoting trade and commerce.

It is, of course, undesirable for many reasons, and it is not expected, that British diplomatists should allow themselves to become active agents of commerce or finance. Yet, unfortunately, it is too often the case at the present time that they exhibit in their relations with business men a timidity which has the effect of retarding British interests. I have in mind a British Ambassador who made no secret of the fact that his fixed policy was to prevent competition among his own countrymen. Therefore he steadfastly declined to do anything for anybody. Another instance of British impotence brought to my notice was that of a merchant who was on the eve of securing an enormous contract from a Government. The only condition remaining to be fulfilled was the production of a letter from his Ambassador setting forth simply that the firm he represented was of undoubted standing. The Ambassador declined to give this document. Happily, the merchant was a friend of the Ambassador of a foreign country, whose assurance on the point raised was accepted. But for this timely courtesy British industry would have lost a very valuable contract.

On the other hand, many occasions have occurred where "undesirable" persons, in the strict sense of the term, have been able to bring influence to bear upon the Foreign Office, as a consequence of which they have been furnished with letters of introduction to our diplomatic representatives asking that all possible favours should be extended to them. When business men of high reputation are not similarly treated, but, on the contrary, meet with scant consideration, it would seem that in commercial matters there is need for drastic reform in the methods of Downing Street. Perhaps it is not inopportune in an article of this kind to refer to the slackness which characterises the publication of Consular reports. It seldom happens that the annual trade reports are not hopelessly belated. When eventually they do appear, they are invariably found to be colourless documents devoid of information of any positive value, thus comparing very unfavourably with the German and American reports of a like nature. From many important places where Consular representatives reside, it is not deemed necessary to issue a report at all. It is true that, generally speaking, the Service is composed of men of ability, and sometimes of conspicuous ability, but their energies are restricted by official regulation and custom, and, not infrequently, are controlled by diplomatists whose attitude towards commerce, as we have seen, is far from enthusiastic. It is clear, then, that while the Foreign Office may acquit itself admirably in matters of high policy, too often it neglects to broaden the very foundations upon which that policy rests—the commercial enterprise of Great Britain in all parts of the world.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

At the Imperial Institute on Tuesday afternoon of last week a lecture was delivered by the Rev. R. S. Latimer, his subject being "Cross *versus* Crescent in Russia." The President of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, Mr. E. A. Cazalet, occupied the chair.

The lecturer briefly reviewed the history of Islam within the Russian borders, referring to its champions in arms against Grand Dukes and Tsars, from the early Tartar Khans to Schamyl, the fierce prophet of the Caucasus. The policy of the Tsar towards his Muslim subjects was outlined and contrasted with the policy adopted by the Orthodox Church towards their fellow-Christians of other creeds. Mission work, both Orthodox and Protestant, among the Mohammedans of the Empire was treated of, with its many and great difficulties, its self-sacrifices, and its encouragements.

Mr. Latimer, in conclusion, examined the possible effects of Muslim Modernism, the new spirit that has arisen in Islam, upon the relations between Cross and Crescent in the land of the Tsar.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

I DO not think that any one will regret the passing of the account. It has been extremely melancholy. The fall in prices has not been severe, but we all expected so much. As a result our disappointment has been accentuated. In the City, however, no one looks back. All have their eyes fixed on the future. Some of us too much so—at any rate for the good of our pockets. Perhaps that is why the Jew is so successful, for he neither looks backwards nor forwards, but confines his energies to the affair of the instant; and whilst we Christians are calculating the sovereigns that we shall make in the forthcoming month he is annexing our pennies. The promoters show signs of fatigue. I am not

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surprised, for the public in almost every case has declined to shoulder the burden.

The Edward Lloyd shares were, however, a sound investment. The Mappin and Webb issue was also good. Indeed, I have very little to say against the Harrison and Crosfield 5½ per cent. prefs., for I think that Lampard is a clever man.

There are dozens of companies ready to come out. Manville and Martin have secured an extraordinary advertisement for Premier Omnibus Company, but whether it is the kind of reclaim they desire is doubtful. The irrepressible Dr. Pearson and his crowd are asking for 1,200,000 6 per cent. twelve-year Bonds on a Texas Land Company. They appear to me speculative. Mr. Redmond, of Leeds, desires £50,000 for a Western Galicia Petroleum Company, but the wells are old and require deepening. The long-delayed Balcobo Tin Mines are also to be brought out. I have heard of them so many times that I fancy they have a musty flavour.

Money.—The repayment of a batch of Treasury Bills gave the Money Market all it required. The account on the Stock Exchange has been reduced and the Government has fixed the date of the Budget. All this means that we shall gradually get a superfluity of cash in the City. Therefore it is quite possible that the Bank Rate will fall to 2½. At the present moment there are only two money centres where money is in demand, one is Berlin, the other is Montreal. I do not anticipate that the Montreal demand will become urgent before the autumn, and Berlin can always get whatever she wants from Paris. The Canadian Bank of Commerce has increased its capital, and this shows that it is in need of cash. I understand that all the other Banks in Canada are in a similar plight. They have been lending money to the promoters on schemes that have not yet been floated.

Foreigners.—The Foreign Market has not seen a bargain done during the whole account except in Perus. German Threes, however, have fallen, owing, it is said, to the necessity for money that exists in Germany. If this fall continues they should be purchased, as German Threes, French Rentes, and English Consols are the three leading stocks of the world and as good as gold.

Home Rails have dwindled by sixteenths and eighths during the whole account. The fall, however, looks as though it were coming to an end. The bull account has been largely reduced. After all, prices on the Stock Exchange are governed almost entirely by the state of the market, and the moment we get dealers short in Home Rails then wise people will begin to buy. I think that the fall in South Western deferred has been a little overdone. This company has some great schemes ahead, for which it requires large sums of money, and the market has charitably marked down the stock, knowing that it will be asked to place some of the new scrip. The agitation still goes on in favour of bearer securities. Why the great railway companies do not agree instantly is more than I can understand. The expense of transferring railway stock is serious, and few banks will lend unless they get a transfer. If we had bonds to bearer borrowing facilities would be enormously increased, and many people would invest their money in the best English railways and borrow money from their bank to take up the stock. They would make a profit on the transaction and would really be getting an option for nothing. In addition to this great advantage English railway stock in bearer bonds would be largely purchased on the Continent, and we should have a free market in Paris as well as in London. This would raise the price from 5 to 10 points.

Yankees.—The American market remains perfectly stagnant, and prices move a few dollars up, only to fall the next day. It is extraordinary that these Trust decisions should exercise such a numbing influence on the otherwise bold spirit of the American speculator. I am assured by people who have just returned from New York that no one will invest money in anything until they see which way the Supreme Court is going to act. The argument is that it is useless to buy to-day when by waiting people will be able to buy ten dollars lower down. But if everybody is waiting for the Trust decisions, then the expected panic which is to attend those decisions will not occur. A great many good judges hold that the decisions will have no effect whatever upon prices. Money is gradually accumulating in America, and it is said that the crops for the present year will be a record. It is early to speak about crops, but I am only repeating what I am told. Atchisons appear to be the only stock that is being purchased. This is a favourite Boston gamble. Good line, as it seems to me, fully valued to-day.

Rubber.—Surely Mr. Lampard, having obtained a fresh supply of money, will move up the market. Prices are now within a few shillings of a reasonable level. Indeed I advise a purchase of most of the best shares if they fall another shilling or two. There is a wild effort being made in Brazil to hoist up the price of fine hard-cured Para. I do not think that it will succeed. It is much more likely that those who are carrying stocks to-day will unload on the rash speculators. Nevertheless there is very little chance of a serious fall, and at present prices the good plantations that are moderately capitalised are doing well.

Oil.—The Oil share market is steady because the public does not buy and the promoters have enough money to lend punters who favour their specialities. Gambling in oil shares is confined to a very few people. No one would dream of buying an oil share as an investment. I have on different occasions mentioned which oil shares I consider good, but I again repeat that Black Sea, Burmah, California, and Spies are moderately good speculations, although all of them are as high as they should be. George Macdonald's Standard of Mexico has had great luck in securing the land immediately adjoining the Mexican Eagle gusher. If he can strike oil—and it seems only a question of money—then this concern should do extremely well.

Kaffirs.—The Kaffir market remains dead, but City Deeps and Knights are both worth buying at present prices, for they are good mines, and Knights yields a purchaser over 10 per cent. Its life is twenty-eight years, and in a couple of years' time it should pay 50 per cent. dividend. This should give those who buy to-day over 15 per cent. on their money.

Rhodesians.—The Rhodesian market had a very nasty shock, for Jumbos, which had been looked upon as a cheap share at 10s., suddenly fell to 5s. It was then discovered that Mr. Piper, the Consulting Engineer to the Goldfields, had written a very bad report. Someone must have known of this and operated upon it. It is these constant leakages of information that prevent the public from touching Rhodesian shares. I am not surprised, for the whole incident leaves a very nasty taste in the mouth. The feeling on the Stock Exchange was very strong. The Shamva continues to develop well, but the price of the shares is far too high for me to advise a purchase.

Omnibus shares have been one of the main topics of conversation during the whole week. At one time they fell to 84. As I write this they are over par. A circular has gone out and an agreement has been come to with the other passenger-carrying companies in London. The fluctuations in this stock are so violent that wise people keep out of the shares.

Raymond Radclyffe.

CORRESPONDENCE

"MARRIAGE AND COMMON SENSE"

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—My attention has been called to a letter signed "R. W.-S.," in which some exception is taken to my review of Mr. Chapman's book, "Marriage and Divorce."

Your correspondent's first point is that personalities in criticism are undesirable. I agree with him absolutely as to the general principle: I disagree with him as absolutely when he implies that I have been guilty of personalities in my notice of Mr Chapman's book.

"R. W.-S." gives two citations from the review in support of this charge. "He talks freely of immorality as if he knew what

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it meant;" this is one excerpt, and "R. W.-S." is apparently under the impression that it means: "Mr. Chapman talks so freely of immorality that he must be a very immoral person himself." This, however, is not the true signification of my phrase. My intent was that "morality"—the rule of right and wrong—has varied, and does still vary, in different times and among different peoples to such a huge extent that it is extremely difficult to lay down, offhand, any exact criterion of ethics—that is, if one once departs from the strict law of the Christian Church.

The other instance of supposed personal allusion is, says "R. W.-S.," to be found in the sentence, "Who is Mr. Chapman, to dismiss Islam and China and Japan as nests of immorality? One may strain the jurisdiction of Metropolitan Magistrate too far." This allusion to Mr. Chapman's avocation does not answer to my definition of "personality," using the word in its second intention as meaning an offensive and unwarrantable allusion to a man's private affairs. If the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote a book I should feel no compunction as a reviewer in alluding to the author's high office. The fact that Mr. Chapman is a Metropolitan Magistrate is not a secret or a private matter; it is announced on the title-page of his book. If a reviewer said, "What business has Mr. X. to talk about taste and morals, considering his red nose, his fondness for tripe and onions, and his habit of beating his wife every Saturday?" then, I think, one would have "personality" in the usual sense of the word.

"R. W.-S." is more interesting when he expresses his adherence to Mr. Chapman's dictum: "Greater individual freedom invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility."

A few weeks ago I met two officials of the British South Africa Company. These gentlemen were telling me about the Wawemba, the tribe which they help to govern. The Wawemba have great individual freedom with respect to marriage. The result is that all succession counts through the female line only, and one lady who came before the authorities turned out to have had seven "husbands" in eighteen months.

Another tribe of which I know something inhabits the United States of America. This tribe has great individual freedom with respect to marriage: the results of that freedom are of unsavoury and wide-world notoriety. In neither case has the freedom brought about the sense of responsibility—unless, in really advanced and thoughtful circles, "responsibility" means licensed concubinage.

Panurge in "Pantagruel," growing older, felt the dread of bad wine an increasing weight upon his heart. And I, growing older also, confute with an ever-increasing distaste (which will soon become nausea and loathing) the great argument that the only way to put down burglary is to hang the locksmiths and stick up a coloured sign, "This way to the silver spoons," near the open door.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

"THE PRINCESS VIRGINIA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I begged Mr. Methuen, our publisher, not to have "Princess Virginia" sent to any papers for review, as she is twelve years old (very young for a girl, but *extremely* aged for a book of that sort!), merely touched up a little, and renamed from "The Adventure of Princess Sylvia." I thought Mr. Methuen had decided to do as I asked; for I was sure poor little "Virginia" was much too *passée* for the critics. Saying "I told you so!" to him may be a slight satisfaction, but it cannot make up for a misunderstanding in THE ACADEMY, whose good opinion my husband and I highly value.

I fancied there was a note in this 2s. edition to say that it was an old book; but as we spend the winters in France I didn't feel curious enough to send and make sure.

It would be extraordinarily nice of you if you could, and would, kindly say that a wail came from France announcing that "Princess Virginia" is a very old person disguised as a young girl of the moment in a 2s. frock.—Yours very truly,

ALICE WILLIAMSON.

Menton, May 5th.

THE STATE INSURANCE SCHEME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The attitude assumed by the Unionist Press in connection with Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Scheme is a striking example of Opposition weakness. Indeed, it may be said to discover the actual cause of the present Government's impregnable position.

The very Gargantuan proportions of this scheme for the insular adjustment of things is an admittance, on the Government's own part, of the vast depravity of our industrial distress. Each party stands upon equal ground, in that each party is unanimous for a policy of national or constitutional reform. There is, therefore, a mutual acknowledgment of a national or constitutional clog in State affairs. The Liberals declare this clog to be due to a check upon national freedom—that is to say, to the Veto put by the Lords upon autocratic measures for supplies and redress introduced by a Liberal Cabinet. On the other hand, the Unionists declare this clog to be due to the vicious or tyrannical nature of the said measures.

Now, as a matter of fact, the Unionist party is right, its one fault existing in its failure to give a national or non-partisan tone to its Conservative attitude.

For instance, there cannot exist at the same time two national grounds for reform. Which, therefore, is the constitutional element which needs reforming—the governing or the non-governing element? The answer is as clear as daylight, for, as I have previously stated, the very Gargantuan proportions of the present Government's schemes is an admittance on the Government's own part of the needs required in a proper Government.

We arrive, then, at this point. No reform is needed with respect to the facilities possessed for checking preposterous measures for supplies and redress of grievances. Therefore no reform of the House of Lords is needed. For, apart from erratic rule, there could be no political deadlock—no supplies or redress of grievances asked for by a Government which could not be met without an arbitrary system of taxation.

If the Unionist party can be made to see it, this latest move on the part of the Chancellor is merely a trick to deceive the Opposition. Peradventure it is so clever a trick as to have deceived even the Chancellor himself. Sickness and unemployment are two such terrible facts as to demand the sympathies of one and all, no matter of what political views. But is the cure for such evils to be found apart from their causes? Surely, with our present-day knowledge we should be above quack treatment where national matters are concerned. Since when, for instance, has the lack of State insurance been the cause of such national evils as sickness or unemployment or, for that matter, of any of our national forms of distress? And if the lack of such insurance is not responsible, how, in the n me of reason, is such negative treatment to become identified with remedial results, except as a fostering remedy?

Surely, Sir, a Government which governs by anticipating its own incompetence to cope with evils arising out of national forms of oppression cannot lay claim to any positive, and therefore original, measures of rule? England's needs at the present time call for some positive action on the part of her rulers, and not for measures which, like the general run of Liberal measures, anticipate a continuation of the very evils which Government Acts are supposed to cure, and not to pamper or foster. The rottenness of the whole scheme of State Insurance is discovered when it is understood that, by such a system of positive waste (there can be no real form of economy where political action fails to arrest waste tendencies) the evils from which the country is suffering not only remain unchecked, but are legally encouraged. The Government, by this scheme, propound the incurable form of our national distresses. Our hope for any positive form of Government therefore rests with the Unionist party. But that party should beware of the latest blind on the part of the reigning Chancellor.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

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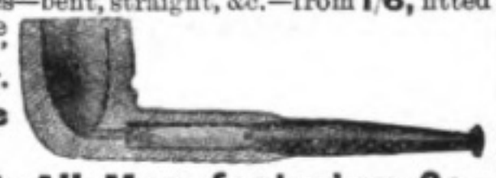
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Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE Odes of Empire which appear in the pages of this number are by Sir Charles Walpole, whom many remember as the poet of his Etonian days.

We are glad to observe that the income-tax payer has another champion besides ourselves. His patience under any burden which his tormentors, philanthropists to the core—at his expense—choose to place on him, led us to make a quotation lately, and it was this:—"An ass endures his burden, but not more than his burden." The super-ass will, we added, apparently endure any addition to his load. How about State Insurance? This is what the *Bystander* hazards:—

> What about the income-tax payer? The man on whom the Government depends for its twopences a week is excluded from any chance to benefit himself by the scheme, which is confined to those who contribute nothing to the upkeep of the State. That is a question that is going one of these days to be asked. The success of the Suffragettes in forcing their Bill on Parliament suggests imitation on the part of income-tax payers. They pay the piper, and will refuse to be permanently prevented from calling the tune.

Quite good, so far as it goes, but the writer does not bring out that the Income-tax payer is a man of many *rôles*, and at present the Government take good care to take toll of him in all of them. For instance, under the Insurance scheme the Income-tax payer in his capacity of employer will be relieved of threepence weekly for each employee in addition to his share—the lion's share—of the contribution by the State. Under the People's Budget the same bodies or men pay tax over and over again. Although ranged under different headings, these taxes are all income-taxes, because they are taxes on resources, on enterprise, and success. The scheme which any Government would adopt if it wished to institute a logical and fair system, would be to co-ordinate the contributions made under various headings to the State by each body or individual and measure the taxable capacity of such body or person by reference to his total contribution to State revenue. It is obvious that the haphazard method of philanthropy by indiscriminately piling up taxes upon the same person without reference to his taxable capacity must eventuate in paralysing industry and sapping the taxable reserves of the country.

The rousing welcome given by the people of London to the German Emperor on Tuesday last is a gratifying proof of the progress towards that unity of interest and cordial friendship between the two great nations which of late years has been on the increase. Many times in these columns we have deprecated the possibility of bad blood between two countries who mutually respect and admire each other's literature, institutions, abilities, and achievements in the fields of science and research, and the acclamations which greeted the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and their daughter indicate the existence of a much more sane mood on the part of the Press and the people than was to be found a few years ago. For the populace takes its tone from the Press, too easily, and one injudicious alarmist let loose with a fountain-pen can do more damage in an hour to the cause of peace and amity than half a dozen thoughtful writers can retrieve in a whole week. Thus, however little political significance may be attached to a season of fraternising such as the present, the *Vossische Zeitung* is perfectly correct when it observes that "the German nation feels the attentions shown to the Emperor, Empress, and their daughter on the free soil of England as a friendly act performed towards itself."

In the stately memorial to Queen Victoria, at the unveiling of which the Emperor was the welcome guest, we have perhaps the most beautiful public monument that London has seen for many years. The days of the stiff, unimpressive, unpoetic statue are surely past, never to return, and although the face of Queen Victoria looks somewhat sternly set, the graceful conception of the whole figure, supported as it is by artistic curves and majestic masses of marble, and softened subtly by the presence of running water, must be very highly praised. The knighthood of Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., the sculptor, is a proof of the King's appreciation of his noble effort. Buckingham Palace, frowning grimly, makes from some points of view a most striking and suitable background for the pure whiteness of the new memorial; but perhaps the best approach of all is from Piccadilly down the main avenue of the Green Park. From this position the beauty of the idea which the sculptor has so finely carried out becomes gradually and effectively manifest.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is visiting England at the present season, was the guest of honour at a luncheon given by Messrs. Gay and Hancock last week in the Connaught Rooms. Representatives of the leading journals and reviews attended, and several well-known people of the literary and publishing worlds—which do not always, we imagine, touch so closely—were present at the very pleasant gathering.

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A SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

My girlie, gleaming milestones seven
Now part you from the gate of heaven,
  A gate not closed, but lighting yet
  The pathway where your foot is set;
And backward as the past years run,
Though dim that light, the earth's own sun
  Shall then your firmer footsteps greet
  And wake God's flowers about your feet.
Girlie, though downward swoop the days
That steal your well-loved infant ways,
  Not without purpose is their part
  To twine you closer round my heart.
Sweet prattler, with your fairy talk
Enlivening every country walk,
  Fair half-unfolded mind that shows
  Rich glimpses of the full-formed rose,
Perfumed with breath of dayspring new,
And glistening yet with morning dew,
  Live to rejoice full many a heart
  When wide in bloom the petals part;
Give freely, stint not neither strain
Love which no measure may contain,
  Love that the world's weight lifts and leavens,
  Knowing no bound of seventy sevens,
  But limitless as yon blue heavens.

GUY KENDALL

THE NATION AS ARBITER

So the promises made at the General Election solely out of natural love and affection are to be redeemed. How stand to-day the Radical-Socialist gladiators who during the Election

"Walked backward with averted gaze"

when their leaders uttered no obscure pronouncements as to what the future would hold in store for their supporters? Virtue, if not affronted, was at least coy. The Master of Elibank could, we think, "unfold a tale," or at least disclose a list, which would make excellent reading. The self-denying 500 must, however, be experiencing a certain amount of discomfort just now. What if the members of the House of Lords are to be unsalaried? Perish the thought! If a mere member of the House of Commons is to receive a *quantum meruit*, on what scale of remuneration can a Peer of Parliament be expected to support his dignity and to adhere to his political persuasion?

This is a trifling matter which appears to have escaped Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon. The new elements in their Utopian House of Lords must positively receive wages. Lazarus can scarcely share the red benches with Dives. "Who goes home?" Dives to Belgrave Square; Lazarus to the Embankment?

Of course we are aware that in the ideal Socialist State every one will be paid by the State. The State is the taxpayer; the taxpayer is he who has something to pay. Therefore, Dives must in those halcyon days pay the wages of Lazarus.

There is another difficulty in arriving at a *quantum meruit* for Lazarus. Under the Commons' Charter the Parliamentary Bill—there is very little that is useful left for the Lords to do. But for schemes of reform introducing unpicturesque ingredients, they might have continued in a condition of suspended animation, not to be touched, and only to be viewed from a respectful distance. They might have remained in dignified and splendid isolation. That refuge is, however, to be denied to them because the horny-handed sons of toil, professors of various esoteric forms of worship, Lord Mayors, Chairmen of various vestral bodies, and odds-and-ends out of the highways and byways are to be added to them—all prepared, with much compunction, to accept handsome salaries.

We now know that the hire of the labourer in the arid vineyard of the House of Commons is to be one pound six and eightpence per working day, without pensions or travelling expenses. How much per hour for an all-night sitting of twenty hours? Hardly a living wage, we think and most abominable sweating.

On these lines, on what scale can you estimate the value of the titled pedagogues and others who will enjoy leisured idleness in a temple of luxury and ease? Their main function apparently will be to register the decisions of the Lower House, composed of much the same elements as themselves, but bereft of their splendour, enjoying a wage and working hours which would throw any decent Union into paroxysms of fury and bad grammar. But the office of registering other people's decisions is clerk's work. Will clerk's pay be the *quantum meruit* of the brand-new brand of Lord of Parliament? If that is so, will not the office go begging? There will be none so poor as to do it reverence. The net result will be that you will have created a position for which no one is a competitor. A poor result after the expenditure of much labour, many words, and some excursions into the language of the Eastern districts of London.

The bi-cameral system will die of inanition, because a succession of specialists have overdosed the Upper Chamber with patent foods, instead of diagnosing the requirement of the patient as the necessity of abstaining from nostrums of all kinds and calmly pursuing the even tenour of its way.

We are very doubtful whether the House of Commons or House of Lords have any authority to introduce grave constitutional changes without a Referendum, which would include qualified women. The stability, the progress, the religion of the nation may well be at stake when revolutionary measures are proposed, and are, for various reasons and in various interests, allowed to masquerade as the decision of the nation. The Parliament Bill is nothing of the kind. It is simply a violent measure deriving such sanction as it has from a polluted source—a temporary coalition of log-rollers. The House of Lords' Reform Bill is an attempt to change the Constitution of the country at a moment's notice at the instance of unreasoning panic. The pigeon-holes of various persons who in former years, in search of advertisement, fathered schemes which attracted no attention have been ransacked, and an accomplished snipper has culled a bit here and a piece there and stuck the result together. From more or less cohesive plans, none of which were wanted and which died stillborn, a patchwork and a medley scheme has been produced, and is forthwith labelled a great constructive measure.

We claim that a wider audience, a more untrammelled

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and less impressionable tribunal should appraise the merits of the rival twins—the Parliament Bill and the Lansdowne experiment.

CECIL COWPER.

EMPIRE DAY AND EMPIRE DIFFICULTIES

BY EARL WINTERTON

No one who takes up his pen to write about the consolidation of the Empire can fail to realise the enormous amount of ink that has already been expended upon this subject; nor can he, I think, help being depressed by the fact that so much has been written and said, so little actually done: for we stand to-day almost where we stood five years ago, so far as reaching a solution of the difficulties of closer practical unity is concerned, while all the time the things that may make for, and, if not dealt with, will make for, gradual disunion have been growing apace; everything is changing in the Empire, except the indomitable irresponsibility of the average man at home.

The apathy of the heart of the Empire upon this subject is really amazing. While there is scarcely a responsible politician or a thinking man who denies the value of the Empire to those who live in it, and while there is no man who can read who does not know that history shows the permanent unity of widely scattered territory, however closely akin in sentiment and sympathy, to be the most difficult of human achievements, not one man in ten gives serious or continuous attention to the vital question of how to retain and consolidate the British Empire. Making due allowance for the limitations upon his vision and capacity to grapple with this vast problem which environment imposes upon the average elector at home, a great deal of this apathy is due to a totally wrong conception of the growth and present status of the Dominions.

The most injurious fallacy, for instance, exists in the minds of many people in thinking that the British Empire has rounded that dangerous turning-point in the history of Empires where the daughter States, having attained their full womanhood and feeling strong enough to stand alone, choose to sever themselves from the family and set up house on their own accord. It is assumed that this particular period of growth has been long left behind by the British Empire, and that the daughter States have broken all precedents of former Empires and elected to remain within the fold. That is a most deplorable half-truth. We are only now at the commencement of that period.

Let us consider the facts. What was the position of Canada twenty or even fifteen years ago before the boom came? She had a very small population of slow growth, with a mighty nation to the south of her which was taking from her many of the best of her sons, and at the same time adopting towards her a half-contemptuous attitude, intermixed with threats of ultimate annexation. To-day, now that Canada is a great, growing, progressive Community, a true nation within an Empire, no one can force her to do what she does not want. Twenty years ago, though her dislike of annexation was even more deep-rooted than it is to-day, her position was far less secure, and the Imperial connection was vital if she was to retain her independence, which, paradoxically enough (and of that I shall have something to say later), she could obtain inside the Empire, but was in danger of losing if she severed her connection with the Mother Country. Much the same is true of Australia and New Zealand. A few years ago those two Dominions, with but a very small part of their territories developed, on adequate means of defence, and an almost stationary population, had perforce to rely on the British Navy to protect them against the dark shadow from the North, the menace of the yellow races. But with a closer settlement, a quite respectable immigration, universal military training, and the formation of a Navy, that menace is far smaller to-day, and must eventually disappear, since, whatever Japan or China's feelings may be towards the two dominions, no nation can, in these days, effectually conquer another nation, however much smaller its population, where every man is able to use a rifle.

In South Africa the case is even more obvious. Until the South African union, it would have been madness for the English Colonies to have cut the strings. Since the union the position is wholly altered.

I do not wish it to be supposed for a moment that I suggest or even hint at the near possibility of either of the four dominions leaving the Empire. I wish merely to justify two contentions that I have already laid down, to the effect that material circumstances making for disunion are far greater than they were half a generation ago, and that the period of real danger, that period which has proved so fatal in the case of former Empires, is only just being reached. As against the tendency of natural evolution towards disunion we have, of course, one great advantage to set off—the surprising progressive growth of Imperialist sentiment within the Empire. I do not deny its force, especially when based largely upon loyalty to a common Throne, near kinship, and belief in common principles, but I do assert that sentiment of itself is too slender a band to rely on where the relations of nations—and it is with nations that we are dealing—are concerned. The history and the map of Europe are both powerful witnesses to this fact.

Sentiment, to my mind, is the most valuable binding material superimposed upon a solid foundation of close trade relations, a common foreign policy, and a mutual scheme of defence in which the burdens shall be equally divided according to the capacity of each State.

On the first, and, as I believe, the most important, I have little to say, since I have endeavoured, so far as possible, to write this paper from a non-party standpoint. I will only say that Mr. Chamberlain's Preference Policy remains the first great constructive policy of Empire consolidation, and that its adherents will never abandon it, except for a better, which is hardly likely to be forthcoming, since eight years have not produced a rival to Preference. On the second question, its pressing need must be obvious to every one who has given a moment's heed to Imperial questions. Asiatic immigration, the Japanese Treaty, the disposition of the Fleet in the Pacific, are all of them questions upon which a grave divergence of interests between the different States of the Empire now exists, a divergence which at any time might cause serious friction. How a common policy can best be reached I do not presume to suggest. An advisory Imperial Council on Foreign Affairs, with a representative from each State, whose pro-

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ceedings shall be absolutely private, is one solution. The question can certainly not be solved by the present system, nor—if I may say so without unkindness—while the Foreign Minister of this country is a man like Sir Edward Grey, who has travelled but slightly, and can hardly speak a word of any foreign language.

In the case of mutual defences we see a deplorable lack of advance. Much has been written and said, especially by the present War Minister, but little solid achievement attained. The hour calls for a British Minister with the courage to face the situation, who will put to the Imperial representatives who are now assembling the case for a real and water-tight scheme of Imperial defence, with an equal distribution of burdens. The chance of anything being done is unfortunately remote.

I have ventured to sketch out in this little paper what I conceive to be the vital dangers and vital needs of the Empire. That the Empire can be made as nearly permanent as anything in this world is permanent I have little doubt, but that it will remain a vital force, useful to all its States and their inhabitants, for even twenty years longer in its present loose connection I have grave doubts. And of this I am certain, that unreasoning belief in the theory that we can afford to neglect every lesson of history because Providence has a special interest in our Empire is by far the gravest danger we have.

THE ANGLO-SAXON PEACE

By E. Ashmead-Bartlett

There exists in the minds of a great number of usually well-informed people a belief that there is little goodwill in the United States towards the British Empire. The idea is prevalent that the Americans regard us as their most active competitors in the world's markets, and therefore our interests are inimical; that they dislike our manners, and, above all, resent our holding such an enormous stretch of land on their northern frontier, which geographically should form part of their own country. But those who have spent any length of time in the United States quickly discover how groundless these fears are, and how little foundation for them really exists. For more than a century there was little love lost between England and America, but in the last ten years a complete change has come over our relations. The Venezuelan incident was the high-water mark of Anglo-American illwill, and since then the tide of bitterness, misunderstanding, and jealousy has ebbed so steadily that the sands of friendship and prolonged peace are never likely to be submerged. The great American public has certain peculiarities which are not always understood or appreciated by the Englishman.

Twisting the lion's tail is still a favourite pastime. They love to make fun of the Englishman, more especially of a certain type of Englishman who travels in that peculiar, semi-exclusive, semi-aggressive manner which has made him a byword the world over. In New York no comic play is complete without a travelling Englishman or a stagey Peer, and this winter there were half-a-dozen plays, each containing an Englishman cast in stereotyped lines whose eccentricities never failed to bring down the house. Then the American nature is peculiarly sensitive to criticism. They all want to know, but hate to hear, what Europe is thinking of them, and a feeling seems to exist amongst a great many of them that the average Englishman considers himself a superior being whose sole desire is to criticise their national peculiarities.

Without a doubt there are vast differences in the manners, lives, ideals, and temperament of the average Englishman and American. In spite of the fact that both speak the same language and both live under the same laws, an Englishman feels himself far more at home in many Continental countries than he does in the United States; and the same is true of the American, the vast majority of whom much prefer to spend their time on the Continent than in England. They complain, justly, of the aloofness of the Englishmen, how difficult they are to know, how lacking in outward cordiality. What causes this vast difference in the deportment of two races speaking a common language and largely descended from the same stock? It is not altogether easy to explain, but perhaps the opening word of Lincoln's Gettysburg address makes clear the secret, "Four-score years ago," it runs, "your ancestors founded on this soil a Republic based on the proposition that all men are equal." Personal equality in all things except those that appertain to finance, is the keystone of the American character. Every child is brought up in this flattering illusion that all men are born equal. Therefore there exists none of those class distinctions, none of that love of tradition and respect for ancient things, and none of that innate sense of obedience and respect for superior authority which is so deeply ingrained in the average Englishman's character. Now it would be a hopeless task to educate the English people in the belief that all men are born equal. Those who would be the chief gainers by the universal admittance of this untruthful axiom would be the first to repudiate the honour it was proposed to confer on them. The old family retainers would have nothing to do with it; humble villagers would be horrified were they to be suddenly informed that the inmates of the castle were on an absolute equality with themselves. They would not feel at all elevated by this comforting assurance; they would merely be embarrassed. It is a notorious fact that in the Army the private soldier much prefers an officer who belongs to the upper classes to one who has risen from the ranks, and the fact that year after year the most coveted reward of the successful man of all shades of political opinion is to be made a peer, even when that body is threatened with the loss of its political privileges, proves how vigorously we still cling to our old beliefs.

In the Southern States the Englishman finds himself far more at home and far better understood than in the North or West. The Southerns are of almost pure English lineage of our finest stock, and they possess in a marked manner the peculiarities and ideals of Englishmen. The American Civil War was the outcome of this divergency of feeling between the English old feudal ideal and those which have sprung from the doctrine that all men are born equal. The Southern States fought in the Civil War for those political principles and their resulting personal characteristics which make the Englishman misunderstood in the States to-day. It was the Civil War which rendered a war between ourselves and the United States unnecessary, because after it was over the two schools of thought commenced to look for a *modus vivendi* and to meet each other half way.

But during the last ten years there has been a tremendous informal *rapprochement* between England and America, and although twisting the lion's tail may still enjoy a certain popularity, it is only indulged in as a harmless pastime, and the mass of Americans regard England in a most friendly manner. The initial step towards a better understanding was the work of King Edward VII., who in America, as everywhere else, enjoyed enormous personal popularity. His well-known partiality towards Americans, the unique position many of them acquired as his most intimate friends, did more towards sealing the bonds of lasting amity than any official *rapprochement* between the two

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Governments could possibly have done. Of all the qualities required in a modern monarch the most valuable is to be a thorough man of the world. King Edward possessed this attribute to an eminently marked degree. He understood and appreciated the point of view of almost all the European nations. Thus wherever he went he adapted himself to his surroundings. When he left England he left behind him all except her best interests, entered freely into the life of the country he was visiting, and made the foreigner believe that our insular prejudice had vanished, and that the Englishman's proclivities and sympathies were almost identical with his own. No nation appreciated this salient characteristic of our late monarch more than America. Then, again, our financial interests have become so indissolubly bound together as to render any separation of them in the future nothing less than a financial disaster to both nations. The bonds of friendship have been further cemented by the numerous Anglo-American marriages which have taken place of recent years.

Thus the idea of a war between England and the United States can be entirely eliminated. It is outside the bounds of probability, and would throw back the ideal of world-wide Anglo-Saxon peace, which is growing stronger year by year, indefinitely. But it may be argued that there are active signs which point to a more speedy understanding between Canada and the United States rather than between the United States and England which may lead to ill-feeling. The recent Reciprocity Treaty has aroused the greatest alarm in many circles of political and economic thought. But if we examine impartially this tendency between the United States and Canada and place on one side party prejudices, which so often affect our maturer judgment, there remains little cause for alarm—rather there should be extreme satisfaction. It is not as if Canada had refused closer commercial relations with this country, and had deliberately thrown in her lot with a foreign Power; it is England which, up to the present, has refused closer commercial relations with Canada. The old danger which has been pointed out on tens of thousands of Tariff Reform platforms during the last eight years has at length assumed definite form, and one of our great dependencies, despairing of entering into closer fiscal relations with the Mother-country, has gone her own way, and has fallen back on her natural geographical partner for an exchange of those commercial concessions essential to the prosperity of both. At first sight this is an alarming sign of the times. It is the first great example of the change which is gradually creeping over world politics, when two business nations place their commercial relations above purely sentimental ties of blood and flag. But need we be alarmed? Are not our fears due mainly to a hazy appreciation of what this Reciprocity movement really means? Many fear that it is the first step towards the gradual disintegration of the British Empire; but is it not rather the first step towards a world-wide Anglo-Saxon *rapprochement?* At the time, when the Reciprocity agreement was first broached we heard wild outcries against annexation on this side, and discussions on its future possibilities in America. But in every country are to be found alarmists, who love to fish in troubled waters. President Taft was the first to repudiate any idea of annexation. He knew well, apart from all other considerations, that any such wild talk would jeopardise the project in the Canadian Parliament, because if a certain section of the community live in constant dread of annexation over here, there is still a larger section of the people of Canada who dislike the idea still more.

Indeed, the outlook for a union of all branches of the Anglo-Saxon race was never brighter than at the present time. Tariff Reform will seal the bonds between ourselves and our Colonies and between ourselves and the United States. American business men are amazed at the callousness with which we regard our commercial interests. We are looked upon as good-natured commercial philanthropists who are rapidly drifting towards bankruptcy. The American nation is not going to be annoyed at our placing a tariff on its goods and negotiating with it for an entry on better terms into their markets—it is going to admire us for it, and grasp us warmly by the hand as men who have learnt a little of that commercial acumen which its business men possess in such an eminently marked degree themselves. Certain politicians on this side would have us believe that no close union with the United States is possible until we have settled the eternal Irish question, and that the Irish element in America is inimical to our interests. But this is far from the truth. The Irish in New York are a comparatively small and unimportant element in the population, and they look upon Home Rule with very mixed feelings. When stirred up to a certain pitch of excitement on St. Patrick's Day they will sing the usual Irish melodies and indulge in the usual patriotic parades, but on normal occasions they feel no animosity towards the British Empire.

To all except incurable pessimists the outlook for peace was never brighter than it is to-day. Our interests and those of the United States do not clash anywhere; our language is the same, our literature is a common heritage, our laws spring from the same source, and, as a bright American lawyer once remarked, the only articles admitted free of duty into the United States are the decisions of the English judges. If the British Empire and the United States pool their interests, overlook each other's pecularities, and unite in mutual support the peace of the world is assured. There is no combination of the nations which could resist us. The absurd racial jealousies and divergent interests which continually threaten the peace of Europe are laughed at in America. In the United States you have a community almost all of whom have descended from those who have left Europe because they were discontented with their lack of opportunity in the Old World. They went to America to "make good," to use an expressive phrase, and there is no prouder day in an American's life than when he returns to the scenes of his childhood with enough money to buy up the whole community of which he was once a member. In spite of its splendid history and glorious traditions, the American Army is probably the only Army which does not confer certain social distinctions on its members. The military profession is looked down upon in times of peace by the mass of the population, although its pay and advantages are far higher in the United States than in any other country. When you have a Republic based on the proposition that all men are equal, where there are no class prejudices, where there is no Court, no nobility and other artificial honours, the only way in which the ambitious citizen can upset the illusion that all men are equal is by superior material prosperity to his neighbour. Thus it is the ambition of every good American to learn Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech by heart as a child, and then to upset its doctrines by quickly proving himself to have greater commercial acumen than his neighbour. Wealth alone confers class distinction in the United States. Thus war, which upsets the commercial equilibrium of a nation, is peculiarly repugnant to the ambitious American. War and aggression will not pay for his trips to the land of his or of his ancestors' birth; war will not build him castles and bejewelled yachts. It is in peace alone that he can prove his superiority, and when he enters into relations with Canada for the advancement of their common interests, the American does not regard it as the first step in a vital blow at the British Empire, but rather as an invitation to the whole Anglo-Saxon world to come into his commercial fold and worship at the shrine of the God of Wealth.

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REVIEWS

THE LAND OF PROMISE

Yesterday and To-day in Canada. By the Duke of Argyll. (George Allen and Sons. 6s. net.)

Certainly Canada is the land of promise. How far it is also a land of fulfilment is a question that is exercising considerable perplexity in many minds to-day. There is a continual stream of emigration from England to the Land of the Maple-leaf, not only of men who have failed in this country, but also of men who have been successful here, who consider that the field presented to them is not sufficiently wide for their powers. Such men leave these shores, and no more is heard of them. Hitherto there has been no guide to counsel or advise them save the emigration-agents, who are interested in swelling the outgoing stream of humanity. It has been as though an outer darkness has sucked up all emigrants, leaving their fellows with no facts culled from vital experience on which to proceed. Lately, however, a persistent voice has begun to return, and it has taken the form of dissatisfaction and complaint. We have heard that the "Britisher" has been looked at askance, while the American has been hailed over the border as a brother and an ally. Much of this has been readily intelligible, for the farming element at present left in England is not large in proportion to the bulk of the population. Moreover, however many there be, the body of emigrants has not largely been recruited from their number. There is not much occasion for a fearless pioneer spirit on an average English farm, whereas Canada not only wants farmers, but farmer-pioneers. We are laying more and more stress here on brain, while Canada is laying stress on muscle and bodily vigour. It is difficult to resist the temptation of indulging in a discussion of the purpose and chief glory of man on this earth; but, leaving this relentlessly on one side, the ungarnished fact is that Englishmen are looked at in Canada with the same humorous, and even cold, contempt that a bucolic might meet with in Mincing-lane. They are both out of their element. Furthermore, they are in the way; their ignorance is not only ignorance, it is incapacity, and consequently a waste of hard-pressed energy. On the other hand, the American in Minnesota and North Dakota is engaged in precisely the same manner of life as the Canadian in Manitoba and Ontario. All the east to west development cannot frustrate the immediacy of this. The fact that this incongruity is now asserting itself to the detriment of the British emigrant is, from the English standpoint, the acutest of all matters in questions Canadian.

Realising the importance of this from a somewhat close examination of the question, we were rather disappointed to discover that the Duke of Argyll rather avoided the subject. In his introductory chapters, where he deals in detail with all the various provinces from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, he goes fully into the question of farming prospects. But there seldom seems any realisation of the potential fact that the American farmer is not only just over the way, but that he is continually passing the border. He does, indeed, quote Sir William Van Horne's opinion on the question of a reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States, which reads rather strangely in parts in view of the present Agreement awaiting ratification in each country. He quotes him, too, as saying:—

> As to encouragement of British emigrants, it is perhaps only necessary that they should know that, if they are able and willing to work with their hands, they can get on well in Canada, and soon become independent. The right kind will easily find their way out. It is easy to get there; but those who are unaccustomed to work, or who do not know how to do something in particular, might have a hard time of it, and had better not go.

Apart from the fact that this seems to set a light regard on some of the difficulties which attend the proposing emigrant, it neglects altogether the deeper matter, that there seems to be, according to reports from most reliable quarters, a prejudice against the "Britisher" and a tendency to favour the American. Such reports are slowly spreading; and they can be trusted to stem the tide of emigration more effectually than most things. It is very admirable to examine and commend the findings of the various Colonial Conferences, as the Duke of Argyll does; but these prejudices are more urgent than Colonial Conferences because they are mightier. Colonial Conferences can but settle the politics affecting the great confederation of sister-States that we call the British Empire; but these things rule the underlying characteristics of their mutual relations. It is much like speaking of the paper alliance at present ruling between Austria and Italy, when it is patent that the tempers of the peoples of the two countries are in such a condition that the alliance, in case of need, is scarcely worth the paper upon which it is printed. Policies may mean much or little, but the tempers of the peoples will rule policies in the end.

Naturally the truth regarding such matters is hard to discover, and especially so for one occupying so lofty a station as the Duke of Argyll. The very dignity of his rank precludes him from learning of the irritations that befall the humble emigrant. He can but deal with what one may call effects: with Statistics, with Treaties and Agreements, with Histories and Conferences, and with Railways. The causes for these effects, however, lie back in the years. Other influences are at work now, whose results will reach forward into the next decade; and it is with these that we are interested. Take the case of railways. In most countries railways are not an effect; they take rank as a cause. But in Canada they are an effect. In a country whose natural development is north and south, to see the main avenues of approach run east and west is obviously to see a deeper cause at work, the cause of a strong feeling of nationality. But if frontier distinctions are being overridden by a moving population, then obviously new causes are at work. If the results affected by these new causes were to set up new effects in trunk lines running north and south (as would infalliby happen if the stream of emigration from the east were also to cease owing to growing dissatisfaction), then these very results would themselves in turn become powerful causes, with further results that are not very difficult to foresee.

In tracing the history of the past the Duke of Argyll puts us in possession of most valuable data. The statistics he provides, for instance, in his chapter on the "National Highways of Canada" are invaluable. It would be difficult to state another source where they can be discovered in so complete and accessible a form. The Canadian Pacific Company, the Grand Trunk Western, the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, all receive detailed attention and analysis. So, too, his chapter on "Naval and Military Defence" deals adequately and fully with the authoritative voices on this perplexed question: the voices that have been heard in England, at Conferences, and otherwise, no less than the voices in Canada. Similarly the letterpress, and particularly the tables in his chapter "Valuable Statistics" are of the highest value. The tables, indeed, are not only of value as touching Canada, for they comprise statistics regarding all the sister-States of the Empire, and they cannot fail to be of vital use for reference in future Imperial discussions. On this side of the

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question the Duke of Argyll has given us a most valuable handbook. And if he avoids close discussion on some of the more immediate questions, that is only part of the penalty that must needs be imposed on a man of so lofty a station.

THE BLACK ART

The Book of Ceremonial Magic. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. (Rider. 15s. net.)

"THE cesspools of spiritual life and the pit of the second death"—these are the words with which Mr. Waite describes the extraordinary mass of material which he has in this volume edited and elucidated; if a region compounded of Tartarus and Bedlam may be considered as capable of elucidation. Of course there are many people who will chide Mr. Waite for having wasted his time in commenting on these frantic follies. I think that any such persons will be wrong, and for the following reason.

There is deeply implanted in every sane human heart the love of mystery, the desire of wonder. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the man without this desire is no longer a man; for this aspiration for the mysterious, the secret, and the marvellous is but one expression of that quality which makes man to be what he is, which differentiates him from the cleverest of monkeys and the wisest of pigs; and causes a human community, however vicious and senseless, to be something infinitely above the best regulated ant-hill or beehive. It is the sense of wonder which lies behind all religion and every art; it is this consciousness of a hidden, awful, and transcendent reality latent in the whole process of the material universe, from the grain of sand up to the great circle of the starry heavens, that makes us human, and not bestial. Hence it is of the utmost and most vital importance that this sense, that this desire, should be regarded as a pure well of supersubstantial water springing up to eternal life. These fountains, at least, are not to be defiled; no one, if we can help it, shall adulterate the springs of everlasting bliss. Yet, in the nature of the case, when man desires pure drink, there always have been, and always will be, the false taverners and the vintners of Sodom and Gomorrah with their poisonous, "substituted" drenches, their vats holding nothing but venom, who are always ready in the way, who stand in the streets and in the market-places holding out their chalices of perdition and madness. There is Theosophy, there is "New Thought," there is "Christian Science;" there is Spiritualism, "Liberal Christianity," Gnosticism; the list is interminable; to the catalogue of follies, past and present, there is no end. What is the result? The exhibition of these poisons may turn out in one or another of two ways. One man tastes, and, having a strong palate of common sense, perceives that the draught offered him is rubbish and poisonous rubbish. He turns away, loathing; but in too many cases he confuses the adulterated draught with the pure and true springs; perceiving that occultism is nauseous nonsense, he includes the veritable marvels in his sentence of disgust, and says in his heart that there is no God, that the world of vision has no real existence. This is bad enough; but the fate of him who swallows what is proffered and rejoices in it, and believes that he has found the truth is even more lamentable; he becomes an occultist; he joins the ranks of that dreary host who march to the land of everlasting nonsense.

Hence the importance of detecting the imposture, of prosecuting the vendors of wicked absurdities with all the rigour of the critical law, of displaying the foolery that lies behind all occultism so clearly and manifestly that the most credulous may see and beware and avoid. This, as I conceive it, is the office of "Ceremonial Magic," and Mr. Waite has well discharged a duty which he has undertaken before. Who has not felt the glamour of the word "Rosicrucian"? who has not cherished a vague but inspiring belief that there was once on a time a secret Rosicrucian Society, and that it did wonderful things? Well, Mr. Waite wrote many years ago a book called "The Real History of the Rosicrucians;" and the famous order evaporates, turns out to be nothing more or less than the *jeu d'esprit* of a German scholar who concocted an entertaining mixture of Lutheranism and Paracelsianism. There never was a Christian Rosencreutz, there never were any Rosicrucians in the proper sense of the word, any more than there was an Abbey of Thelema save in the imagination of Rabelais.

A similar work has been done by Mr. Waite in the book before me. I have often cherished a kind of uncritical belief in the wonder of magic rituals. They may be, and very likely are, utterly futile, I have said to myself, but no doubt they possess a certain weird and awful splendour; the evocations will, no doubt, fail to bring up an inhabitant of the spiritual world but they will shake the heart with their dark solemnity. So I suffered myself to fancy; finding in the revelations of Madame Blavatsky, in the comment of Mrs. Besant, in the fooleries and trickeries and futilities of spiritualists nothing but tedium; I still harboured a child-like faith in the dignity of ancient magic. And this is ancient magic!—

> PROCEL appears in the form of an angel, and is a great and strong duke. He speaks mystically of hidden things, teaches geometry and the liberal sciences, and at the command of the operator will make a great commotion like that of running waters; he also warms waters and tempers baths. He was of the Order of the Powers before his fall.

He seems to combine the virtues of Mr. Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, with those of a bath-geyser. There are better things in ceremonial magic than this specification of a fiend; some of the invocations have a certain ring about them, though the scraps of Hebrew are mostly ridiculously corrupted. But there are also worse things—matters which are disgusting as well as silly; and the language which the editor uses to describe his material is not too severe. And if the methods used for compelling the fiend to appear are ridiculous—I have just noticed that in one conjuration the spirit is evoked on the authority of "GENIO and LIACHIDE, Ministers of the Tartarean seat, chief princes of the seat of APOLOGIA"!—the uses to which you put your demon when you have got him are squalid and earthly to the last degree. The devil is brought up from the abhorred and flaming lake that the magician may know Euclid without the trouble of learning it, get money without the toil of earning it, and be taught a royal, if infernal, road to the affections of the cook and housemaid. In a word, black magic is stuff, and very sad stuff at that; it is as silly and futile as modern occultism, than which no more dismal sentence may be pronounced.

There are, however, one or two interesting considerations which arise from this book. Firstly, there is the literary and historical point: are the documents illustrated by Mr. Waite "the real thing"? Some of them go back as far as the late Middle Ages; more are concoctions of the eighteenth century, a fruitful period in false doctrines and sick inventions: how far are any of them invented in good faith by people who really believed that by killing poultry and talking a lot of nonsense you could compel the spirits of eternity to become manifest? Personally, I am inclined to think that almost all of the conjurations and evocations and formulæ were "made to sell;" I do not think that the authors of the non-

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sense believed in it. So far as one can see, the formulæ are the dregs and lees of the Jewish Cabala in its most unworthy aspect; they are the work of a kind of pseudo-scholarship; but one fails to detect in them any real root of genuine popular tradition. There are still those in England who have preserved in lonely cottages, in dwellings by dark woods, and in wild places the ancient tradition of witchcraft. It is still possible, if you know the right quarter, to procure the making and wasting of the waxen man. But those initiated in these secrets know nothing, we may be sure, of the demon PROCEL, or of the infernal region called APOLOGIA. And there is another aspect of the subject which I hope to treat in some subsequent number of THE ACADEMY.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

The Fair Dominion. By R. E. VERNEDE. (Kegan Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

MUCH has been written of late on Canada; but this book of Mr. Vernede's (which contains twelve illustrations in colour from drawings by Cyrus Cuneo) must be welcomed as a very desirable addition to the number. We learn a great deal from the work; but the knowledge here is given us in so pleasant a form that, wrapped up in the narrative of the author's personal experiences, the more serious points are acquired without the slightest effort. Mr. Vernede undertook his journey with the object of seeing Canadian life in all its aspects. To this end he conscientiously set out from England to the Fair Dominion as a steerage passenger. Thus we have local colour from the very start, and an amusing account of the amenities of the steerage and of the occasional horseplay that still obtains amongst the emigrants.

It is gratifying to note that the author speaks very favourably of his reception in the character of emigrant by the Canadian authorities, who appear to have despatched the necessary formalities with a commendable absence of red tape. After this he fended for himself in Quebec, and was not long in making acquaintances, and in gleaning a few of the local opinions of which, among other things, he had come in search. One of the very first with which he came into contact deals with a question that, as a matter of fact, is of the greatest importance to British manufacturers. The inattention of these latter to Canada's real needs was loudly condemned by a patriotic commercial traveller. His complaint against the methods of the British industrial folk lay in the fact that they were wont to supply an article of too good and durable a type "while the States jumped in with inferior goods more suited to the moment." The author has done well to lay stress upon this experience, for the question is rapidly becoming acute, and extends from the manufacture of railway-engines to that of the most insignificant agricultural implement. The American contention, of course, is that an efficient object can be contrived at a price sufficiently cheap to enable the owner to "scrap" it after a year or two without material loss, when it may be replaced by another equally cheap that has the advantage of the very latest improvements. From a purely commercial point of view it is not easy to combat this theory, provided that the increased risk of accident and loss of human life is ignored.

Mr. Vernede's sense of humour is seldom lacking throughout the book. He tells a very excellent story of a young French Canadian whom he accompanied on a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. There the impressionable pilgrim vowed never again to partake of whisky, and returned completely obsessed by the solemnity of the spot, until a few hours later his reviving temperament imbued him with the brilliant idea of substituting the love of women for that of the spirit. As amusing a narrative as any is that of an encounter with an American negro hotel porter at Niagara. The latter, having learned the nationality of the author, introduced him solemnly as a fellow-countryman to the lift-boy, "a typical little stunted, anæmic street-arab from one of our Northern cities." Shortly afterwards the coal-black citizen expounded his views on the stupidity of the Canadian. "Look at Toronto," he said, "do you think there'd be any hustle in that place if the Canadians had been left to themselves? No, Sah. But we came along and lent them our brains and our enterpri e, and I guess now it's a big, fine city."

Once fairly established in the Dominion, the reader must accompany the author on a trip from the east to the farthest west. It was not a hurried expedition, since it was broken by many delightful halts and episodes. There is an account of fishing on the French River, and of camping in the birch-woods, where pine-boughs made a couch at night. There are tales of excursions into the Rockies, and the story of a solitary ride into the Yoho Valley. In all these the writer compels our interest from the merits of the descriptive passages.

So much for the more adventurous incidents of the procession from east to west. From the industrial and political points of view there is considerably more to be said. For instance, the author notes that, although the movement of settlers from east to west still continues, it is not increasing, since a new tendency to the northward has now set in. Some remarks concerning the actual material value to the Dominion of the recent influx of American farmers should be received with special attention. They are an undoubted gain to Canada in so far as they possess energy, capital, a knowledge of the local conditions, versatility, and adaptability. But they are there in order to "get rich quick," and their methods are bad for the land from which they are wont to take all and to render nothing back.

Mr. Vernede makes it clear that he admires the Canadian, and that he was not disappointed in the energy he expected to find in the Dominion. The remarks of the Victorian crowd in the Far West on the occasion of a disastrous fire were instructive. "This'll create more work," said one man fervidly. "Just what the town needed," said another enthusiast. "The author even heard some of the men who had rushed out of their burning offices talking keenly and proudly of the sort of buildings they'd have to start putting up next day—much better buildings." This is the spirit of a live country indeed!

SHORTER REVIEWS

Letters from Finland. By ROSALIND TRAVERS. (Kegan Paul and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

PROBABLY the first thought that will occur to the reader of this book is one connected with the purely commercial aspects of quantity and price. We admit that on first handling the bulky volume we were in momentary doubt as to whether it had not been evolved by accident from the field of reprints rather than from that of original editions. An excellently produced book of more than four hundred pages of fairly close print, containing, moreover, thirty fair illustrations and a map, at the cost of little more than a third of a guinea, is not to be looked at askance by that decreasing, but still important, section of the public that purchases for itself instead of relying upon the lists of subscription

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libraries. This, of course, provided that the quality is equal to the quantity, which is here emphatically the case.

The "Letters from Finland" are concerned, in the first place with excursions through the country during the brief but charming season when summer and early autumn hold their own. Miss Travers has a keen sense of the beautiful in nature, and she has rendered the silver and golden tints of the dying summer in an admirable fashion. The romance of Finland must be far deeper than is generally known when, with the author, we "thread our way through an absolute tangle of land and water, by narrow passages, islands, peninsulas, and interlocking headlands, such as only a Finnish pilot could remember. We look down forest glades and see wild paths and woodland meadows, lonely isles of sunshine that perhaps nobody but the wolves have explored." The book abounds with vivid descriptions of nature and with animated accounts of life and customs amidst the islands, forests, and lakes.

With the advent of the cold season Miss Travers, as was only fitting, forsook the country and went into urban winter quarters. From this source we obtain sketches of Finnish society, literature, art, politics, and a good deal beyond. Undoubtedly one of the most interesting features of the political and social life of the little country is the position attained by women. The women of Finland have gained more than the mere suffrage: two dozen and one of their number have seats in Parliament itself. "There is in no sense a woman's party in the Landtdag," explains Miss Travers, "for the twenty-five female members are divided among the political groups in a way almost strictly proportionate to the size of these." Now how do these good ladies obtain the privileges for which in England so many antics and strange pantomimes have been performed all in vain? "They got it by deserving it!" answers a Finnish lady, which seems to clinch the matter. But it would be unfair to Miss Travers to permit the reader to believe that the subject was dismissed in so trivial a fashion as this. Her sympathies are strongly expressed for the Finnish women, who have progressed so far in so short a time.

As is evident from the title of the book, the episode is conveyed in the form of letters, a fashion not invariably to be commended, but in this case eminently successful. From them may be gathered a charming picture of the simple folk and romantic landscape of the country over which looms the shadow of Russia.

Mrs. Alfred Trench. By the Author of "The Views of Christopher." (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

VERY delicately, and with a sympathy which never degenerates into sentimentalism, has the author of "The Views of Christopher" told the tragic history of "Mrs. Alfred Trench." Tragedy it certainly must be called, although there are no violent scenes or lurid pictures; it is the quiet sadness of the life of a woman "born to be a hostess," married to a man who is absolutely selfish, who even makes up his quarrels with her chiefly because he then "feels better" and can work at his art more satisfactorily. In such a situation the *tertium quid* is bound to appear; but the author does not descend to the hackneyed situations of the average writer who uses "incompatibility of temperament" as his theme. Margaret is severely tried in the furnace of temptation, and is on the point of yielding, but in the end she emerges victoriously. The difficulty is that Trench, her husband, the intolerable *poseur*, after all does really love her in his own poor fashion: if he were only a little worse, if he actually ill-treated her physically, things might have been different. Frere, the successful doctor, who has loved Margaret in her youth and succumbs to her pathos and her beauty in his middle-age, is sympathetically drawn, and the reader is compelled to share his honest detestation for the man who carried off the prize by his showy person.

The story is not unrelieved by humour. There is a neat swift picture of a provincial congregation on page 107 "The choir triumphantly secured the last verse, when the congregation suddenly roused to a sense of its privileges and hastened to dispute with it the final Amen," then all settled into their places "with expressions more or less expectant of doctrine or doze." We could wish for more detail regarding the delightful little "blotted, mis-spelt letters" from the boy Jim to his mother. "I love you awfuly," he writes, "and I have had my first fite." We could also wish for a more lucid finish to the story, but nowadays it is considered artistic to leave the reader in a slight haze as to the ultimate happiness of the characters, so on this point perhaps we are needlessly critical. At any rate, the book is thoroughly well written and cleverly conceived.

The Corner of Harley-street: being some Familiar Correspondence of Peter Harding, M.D. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

THESE letters, purporting to be those of a Harley-street M.D. who has made his mark in his profession, are all written in the same year to members of his family, patients, old friends, and others, and cover, as might be expected, a wide ground. Among the subjects dealt with are fly-fishing and the delights of a Devonshire vacation, short in time but full of enjoyment to a hard-worked London medical man; advice to a son who is in doubt as to the profession he shall follow, particularly setting out the advantages and disadvantages of medicine as a profession; criticisms of art to an artist-etcher friend, and a communication on golf, to which we are glad to see our doctor is not a slave. There is also a very sensible letter to an overworked barrister as to the best way to deal with his complaint. In short, all the letters form very interesting reading.

A letter to a lady on the death of her much-loved husband seems to us to be a little out of the touch of personal sympathy. It deals with the matter from the purely medical point of view. "Alive everything—dead nothing." It may be correct, but it seems hard in tone even if strictly true in fact.

The author's views on religion are somewhat divergent, but so are those of most people under varying conditions.

However, there is only one morbid epistle, and the others, on a wide range of subjects, are, as we have said, interesting reading.

The Book of Roses. By LOUIS DURAND. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

WE have here one of the admirable series of handbooks of practical gardening edited by Mr. Harry Roberts. A book of this size can obviously serve only as an introduction to such a wide subject, and this little volume subserves that purpose admirably. The amateur rose-grower will not go very far wrong if he follows the principles of cultivation therein laid down, nor will his choice of varieties be other than good if the author's suggestions are adopted. This, too, is nowadays one of the most serious problems which confront the rosarian, for the name of distinct varieties is legion. Personally we should have thought the space devoted to proving that the rose is worthy of cultivation might more profitably have been devoted to a fuller index, but that is a matter of taste and *de gustibus non disputandum*. We should also have welcomed a few hints upon the culti-

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vation of roses under glass. We are also of opinion that mere photographs of single blooms, of which the majority of the plates appearing here consist, are of little if any value either to the grower or to anybody else. To be of real value one must be enabled to judge by them of the form, habit, and, if possible, of the colour of any particular rose.

Les Muses Romaines et Florentines. By PIERRE JEAN JOUVE. (Librairie Léon Vanier. A. Messein, Successeur, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

MONSIEUR JOUVE has compiled a slight volume of poems with a rather disproportionate seasoning of introduction. This introduction aims at being an outline "Ars Poetica," and raises high expectations, which, we must confess, are subsequently disappointed. Monsieur Jouve is making no very daring allegation when he says that this age is unfavourable to poetry, and that he does not expect that his "Ars Poetica" will greatly recommend his verses, but he is perhaps rather original in recommending a return to the classical theories of the seventeenth century, with lyrical developments to suit the times. He seems to carry a very laudable contempt for evolution too far. As to the poems themselves, they hardly suggest the first blast of a trumpet of revolution. They are mostly short odes, not without charm, to the landmarks of Rome and Florence, or apostrophes to Michael Angelo. They somehow remind us of students' day at the National Gallery. We cannot refrain from an allusion to another "Ars Poetica," and to what the Dr. Johnson of "Rejected Addresses" translated majestically as "muscipular abortions."

Forms of Prayer with Thanksgiving to Almighty God. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s. 6d. 3s. 6d. per 100.)

The Book of Common Prayer. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 4s. 4d.)

The Coronation Service. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 2s. 1s. 4d. net.)

The King's Letter to the Nation. (Raphael Tuck and Sons.)

The Portrait Book of our Kings and Queens, 1066-1911. Edited by T. LEMAN HARE. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 5s. and 2s. 6d. net.)

Debrett's Coronation Guide. Illustrated. (Dean and Son. 2s. 6d. and 1s. net.)

THE King's Printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, have now issued their edition of the Forms of Prayer for general use on the 22nd June. The same firm is also responsible for a very handsome Book of Common Prayer, containing portraits of the King and Queen, together with the Coronation Anthem composed by Sir Frederick Bridge, which is daintily printed in gold, as well as an Official and two Souvenir Editions of the Coronation Service, the first of which is nicely bound in a royal blue cover with the King's Arms in front, and is a facsimile of the one to be supplied to Westminster Abbey. Of the same size and type is No. 1 of the Souvenir Editions, which is printed on antique paper with a beautifully-designed cover in three colours. No. 2 also has an illuminated cover, and is well printed in red and black on good art paper.

From Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons we have received both a large and a small reproduction of King George's affectionate letter to his people, written at the time of King Edward's death. The original of the beautiful border, designed by Sir L. Alma-Tadema, is exhibited in this year's Royal Academy, and the whole of the proceeds from the sale of the Letter will be distributed to charitable institutions selected by his Majesty.

The contents of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's "Portrait Book of our Kings and Queens" are likely to be found of more than passing interest, for the series of portraits of the Kings and Queens of England since the Norman Conquest, which are reproduced in colours from rare prints in the British Museum and from originals in the national and private collections, together with their collateral matter, makes the book especially acceptable to youthful students of history, while its bright and gay appearance stamps it at once of equal value as a Coronation souvenir.

"Debrett's Coronation Guide," issued by Messrs. Dean and Son of Rag Book fame, will supply a very useful reference-book for visitors to London during the all-important event of the year. Messrs. Dean and Son always manage to put in as concise a form as possible the quantity of information they collect, and the present volume in no way falls short of their usual custom. The explanations are arranged in alphabetical order and given in the form of short articles. There is a copious Index of nearly one thousand headings, and a very handy Appendix containing the names of the foreign and colonial representatives for the Coronation.

FICTION

Haunted. By GERTRUDE WARDEN. Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THERE are no real ghosts in this story and nothing of the truly supernatural; nevertheless it is likely to haunt the reader for some time after its perusal, and therein lies its merit, for the thrilling incidents with which it is crammed throughout over three hundred pages are quite plausible, though perhaps occasionally a little far-fetched. The villain—if, strictly speaking, a villain he can be called—is certainly a most versatile one and a remarkable adept in the art of disguises. As the reader advances through the story he will form various conclusions as to what it is all about, only to find later on that he is wrong; and this is where Miss Gertrude Warden distinctly scores, for she frequently, and very successfully, leads one along a false scent. We cannot say that we were very much enamoured of the Lady Anne, for we cannot conceive any woman secretly marrying a man who shot her betrothed at the altar on her wedding-day and then made good his escape. The susceptible young hero, however, being ignorant of this, fell head over heels in love with her at first sight; and perhaps he was to be excused, for listen to the description of the lady in question:—

> Picture to yourself a tall, white garden lily turned into a woman, and you see Lady Anne. A skin of satin and snow, a long white throat, a head with a natural crown of gold, a line from the nape of the neck to the waist which would send a sculptor wild with longing to model her, eyes like the sea in the sun on a June morning, a way of walking as though she moved to slow music, the music of her lovely thoughts, and a voice veiled and low, like the ripple of a wood stream hidden by ferns; that was Lady Anne.

But that was before the tragedy at the church. She had no lovely thoughts afterwards, and became "a broken lily," in spite of, or rather because of, her secret marriage to the

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ne'er-do-weel and assassin who is the cause of all the trouble. The story will engross the reader's interest from start to finish.

Mrs. Elmsley. By HECTOR MUNRO. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

MR. HECTOR MUNRO has written a book which the most contemptuous reviewer must treat with respect, and about which the most flippant would find it hard to jest. That is not to say that it is preternaturally solemn, but its particular atmosphere is that thoughtful one which seizes upon people of normal and unexciting lives when they turn to the consideration of "the things that matter." Mr. Munro's hero, Colin Liddel, is an accomplished person. He is intellectually a wanderer when we meet him, and has not yet made his "landfall." He is rather too critical to be quite happy. His work at the oil mill, of which he is manager, occupies but does not satisfy him, and, being self-conscious to a vice, he has few acquaintances and no friends. Difficulties come upon the mill owing to the extravagance of Mr. Elmsley, its nominal head, and, in the ccurse of straightening them out, Liddel meets Mrs. Elmsley, and is profoundly impressed by her. They converse in an intellectual manner and gradually fall in love with one another in a restrained fashion suitable to their years and tempers. She treats him, as it seems to the mere reader, rather harshly, forcing from him confessions of his early love affairs and taunting him with his aimlessness. Meanwhile the mill, re-established under Liddel's direction, begins to interest him more, and, as he grows stronger in character, the story blossoms in a contest between—not love and convention—but love and the risk of spoiling love by fruitless unconventionality. There are, of course, side issues, chief among which are the affairs of Dolores Colonbotti, a budding cantatrice, whom Liddel has big-brothered since her childhood. In the end Liddel and Mrs. Elmsley, assisted by fate, arrange their affairs on a satisfactory basis. The book contains a good deal of rather clever talk, and much analysis done in the quiet and assured way which is Mr. Munro's style. The fault of the book is dulness. With plot enough for a short story, it is worked—it would be unjust to say spun—out to the length of 422 pages. The style is always scholarly, and the situations handled in a restrained manner, but Mr. Munro is lacking in zest. It seems to be interested too much in mere intellectuality and its catchwords, and his point of view is rather suburban. For all that "Mrs. Elmsley" is not to be confounded with the ordinary style of fiction.

The Bread upon the Waters. By GEORGETTE AGNEW. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MISS AGNEW undoubtedly has the knack of creating atmosphere. Her old-world farmhouse, sleepy and quiet in the hot noonday sun, lulled by the cooing of doves, and full of fragrant honeysuckle, is very restful and charming and real—an ideal spot to which to bring the invalid actress, Iris Hawthorne. The place is invested with a hundred artistic little details, which have the effect of making the reader think he has been there. There is also some quite skilful characterisation of a rather out-of-the-way kind—out of the way in that they are people whom one has never met, nor is likely ever to meet, in real life. The Gregorie family is idealised out of all resemblance to humanity. They are Arcadians. Every little feeling which passes through one strikes an answering chord in all the others. If the boy has not shaved before breakfast, or forgets to provide himself with a handkerchief, his mother, father, and even his sister go into agonies of apprehension and wonder. Some awful thing must have happened, or will happen inevitably. The terms of endearment employed in quite ordinary conversation by this unique quartet, the frequency with which they embrace and fling arms round necks, is not only surprising, but nauseating. One suspects hypocrisy. Their very names—Hawise, Armine, Rosanna, Quentin—give them away, smacking as they do of the penny novelette devoured by "tweenies" and scullery-maids. For her previous book Miss Agnew received some very flattering notices. That she must have lost her style or capabilities is evident from the curious form in which she has written her present novel. She has given way to the fascination of dots and dashes to so great an extent that the words seem to be incidental to the dashes. This method is apparently used with the intention of giving the writing a sense of emotion, of deep feeling and second thoughts. The only emotions it aroused during the reading of the book were irritation and anger.

BALZAC

BY FRANK HARRIS

IN the House Beautiful are many sweet singers and skilful decorators; but few prophets and very few magicians, very few who can move one to awe, very few whose power seems to transcend human endowment. To me there are only three, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, and Balzac, and while writing the names I am inclined to doubt whether Rembrandt should be included. For with him I am never rapt beyond criticism, lost in wonder; the moment I think of him his limitations strike me. Balzac has far greater faults, but they all shrivel into nothingness before the heat and splendour of his accomplishment. These two, Shakespeare and Balzac, are the only two who remind me of the Genius of the Lamp of "The Arabian Nights." I can see them both almost as distinctly as if I had known them in the flesh: Shakespeare of middle height or under, but "handsome and well-shap'd," well-dressed, too, walking on Bankside—quick, gay, voluble, with all sorts of possibilities in the brooding hazel eyes; and Balzac very stout and short—"yet he never seemed small," said one who knew him—with long hair, green coat and trousers, worn long to hide if possible the ungainly shortness of his thick legs; I see him in a restaurant eating voraciously, or in his white monk's dress drinking coffee at dawn after a night of prodigious labour: I see the real men, I say, and know them, could tell you their little tricks of speech and gesture; but when I think of what they did in their fifty years of life they expand before me and take on superhuman proportions, and my eyes follow them as they swell and grow till I become envious.

Frenchmen praise Racine on all occasions; they perpetually couple him with Shakespeare, utterly unconscious of the ludicrous disproportion both in gift and genius; some of them talk of Rabelais as a glory, and others of Hugo, but not one of them, so far as I know, imagines that Balzac is their man of men, the greatest whom they have yet produced. This ought to be sun-clear to any one with a ray of creative intelligence in him. It seems to me that Racine and Hugo and Rabelais could all be included in Balzac: give him a singing voice, and he would be greater than all three put together. In beauty of proportion, in sheer artistry, "Le Curé de Tours" is finer than Phèdre or Athalie, and Vautrin stretches as far beyond the hero of "Les Misérables" as "Les Chouans" surpasses "Notre Dame." A good many of us prefer Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques" to anything of Rabelais, and beyond and beside all these are a dozen masterpieces which are among the best in the world's

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fiction—"La Recherche de l'Absolu," "Cousine Bette," "Eugénie Grandet," "Cousin Pons," "César Birotteau"—to say nothing of a dozen short stories; cameos like "El Verdugo," "Seraphita," "Une Autre Étude de Femme," "Un Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu," "Jésus Christ en Flandre," and so on and on.

But though Balzac has not come to his own yet, even in France, he is drawing nearer to it. Men of talent now, sixty years after his death, are beginning to show an extraordinary interest in everything concerning him—in the various places in which he lived and worked, in the people he met, in even the apparently trivial circumstances of his life. Here, for example, is Maurice Serval in the *Mercure de France*, the first literary review in French at present, giving twenty-five pages to a study of Balzac's novel "La Rabouilleuse," in connection with Issoudun and Balzac's stay in that provincial town. Most readers, I fancy, will know "La Rabouilleuse" better under its first title, "Les Deux Frères." The novel appeared in *La Presse* in 1842 in two parts separated by an interval of a year: the first part is a study of Parisian life, the second a study of life in a provincial town.

M. Serval shows with some intelligence how Balzac used real life · he can find you the street (*la Narette*) and even the house in which Balzac lodged his chief personages; the stunted lime-trees ("*tilleuls rabougris*") are still to be seen; the Faubourg des Capucins, too, where the famous duel took place between Philippe Bridau and Naxence Gillet, remains as it was; but the psychological inference to be drawn from all this escapes M. Serval, though it is surely plain enough.

One takes from real life such particulars as one's imagination has difficulty in inventing. Balzac takes the names of the streets and their description from reality because his imagination is occupied with the souls of his personages, and not with places and names. This trait in him was already sufficiently known. Some one has told us—if I am not mistaken it was Theophile Gautier—how Balzac spent a whole day in the streets of Paris searching for a man's name, and how at length he found Marcas—Z. Marcas. Many of Balzac's names are excellent; Gobseck and César Birrotteau, and in this novel *la mère Cognette*, are marvels; but Balzac in this department was not the equal of Dickens; Dickens used what imagination he had in the names and the description of the outsides of his persons; Chadband and Pecksniff—the names are infinitely superior to the soul-portraiture.

When dealing with the personages of the story M. Serval is luckier still. Thirty years ago he tells us a poor old woman called *La Rabouilleuse* was still living in Issoudun who had once been the servant-mistress of a doctor of the town. She did not die, however, as Balzac made his character die; old and ill and dreadfully poor, she threw herself down a well, and so put an end to the long disease of living.

The doctor, it appears, had left her by will a little house and some money, but his heirs contested the will and finally succeeded in stripping her of everything. Balzac told the story of the struggle of the heirs of Doctor Rouget with his mistress some forty years before reality reproduced the tragedy of his imagining.

Some of the secondary characters Balzac seems to have borrowed from real life. The old miser Hochon, the provincial diplomatist with the tight lips, was evidently, M. Serval tells us, modelled after the son of a Senator and whilom Prefect, one Cochon de Lapparent. This son, it appears, was always called *Cochon* by the populace because of his meanness, and Balzac's pun on the name "les cinq Hochons" was also suggested by the fact; for the family was made up of Hochon, his wife, and three children.

Secondary characters, then, Balzac took willingly from real life, and such infrequent gleams of humour, or rather of fun, as visited him were given to him by reality and not invented by him.

All this one had divined before the proof. Balzac concentrated himself with such intensity on the realisation of his chief characters that he had usually no energy left over for the secondary people, and his humour is so slight, the comic traits are so rare and so common one would have sworn that they were due to memory and not to imagination.

Balzac used to go to Issoudun to stay with Mme. Carraud, who had been a school-friend of his sister Laure. Mme. Carraud owned Frapesle, a little *chalet* just outside the town, of a couple of stories surrounded by forest trees and a sort of park. The Carrauds spent most of the year in Angoulême, where M. Carraud commanded a battery of artillery, and only went to Frapesle for a short holiday in the summer. In 1838 Carraud retired from active service, and the family went to live at Frapesle altogether. Balzac came to regard the house as a place of refuge from his Paris creditors. One may infer that the idea of "La Rabouilleuse" occurred to him in 1839, during his first long stay at Frapesle. While adoring her husband and her children, Mme. Carraud had an intense sympathy with Balzac and a profound admiration of his genius. He was always welcome at Frapesle, his two rooms always ready for him, and both husband and wife delighted to see him. Balzac repaid their affection and kindness with equal love and devotion. In 1850, a few days after his marriage with the Countess Hanska in Poland, he wrote a long letter to Mme. Carraud, who had just lost her husband and been forced to sell Frapesle. The letter is such a letter as a brother might write to a beloved sister. In it Balzac comforts and encourages Mme. Carraud, while begging her to come and stay with him and his wife in Paris, and thus share a happiness which she had "helped to make possible." Alas! the happiness was destined to be brief, a St. Martin's summer of barely three months; a mere gleam of light as from setting sun, and then—the long night.

One story from the earlier days at Frapesle may be told here. Georges Sand came to Issoudun to visit Balzac, and invited him to dine with her at the Hôtel de la Cloche, an inn which figures in "La Rabouilleuse," but which has long ceased to exist. Mme. Sand was on her way to Nohant, and had brought her doctor with her, who did not know Balzac. In the course of the meal the conversation fell on madmen, and the doctor asserted that he could recognise at first sight any tendency to insanity. Meanwhile Balzac went on eating furiously, his face in his plate, his long hair waving about his ears following every movement of his arms.

"None of us is likely to be afflicted with that disease," remarked Georges Sand at length.

"H'm," replied the doctor, nodding his head towards Balzac, "I don't know so much about that. In my opinion that gentleman has every characteristic of incipient lunacy."

Georges Sand burst out laughing, and introduced the doctor to Balzac, who laughed, too, uproariously, while condemning the doctor to pay for the dinner.

There are one or two facts about Balzac which are not sufficiently known. He wrote fifty volumes before "Les Chouans," which now appears as the first of his published works—fifty volumes which have disappeared and are utterly forgotten. No wonder he wrote to his sister, "*sans génie je suis flambé*," which, being interpreted, means "I have no parlour tricks, no magic of style; if I have not absolute genius, I am making a fool of myself by trying to write." And that was the very truth. Never since St. Paul was there such a style. It is a torrent in which everything may be found—images, pictures, trees torn up by the roots, dead animals and living, a torrent in spate. Look how he begins his "Père Goriot"!—page after page describing a Paris boarding-house which one cannot visualise after

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he has finished. Then he tells how the boarding-house mistress comes downstairs in the morning with heelless slippers—flip-flap, flip-flap. She enters the dining-room, about which there hangs a smell of last night's dinner, and finds the cat drinking the milk of her favourite lodger; she chases it off the table. There we have the picture of the boarding-house once for all—the cat on the table drinking the milk; the old woman with the heelless slippers; that is all one wants to know.

Balzac builds a palace, but he forgets to take away the scaffolding surrounding it, or rather he is in such a hurry to begin another that he does not clean up as he goes. But for all that what a workman he is, what a creative genius—with as many masterpieces to his credit as Shakespeare in even a shorter life.

Just before he died this man, with a hundred volumes behind him, wrote: "I've just learned how to write, and if I live another ten years I'll show them what I can do." He did not live ten weeks: Fate came with her shears and snipped the frail thread, and ours is the loss unspeakable.

THE THEATRE

"PLAYING WITH FIRE" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

Whoever adapted "Die Leibgardist" for Mr. George Edwardes did his work badly. When this play was produced in Germany it was welcomed as a very bright and amusing piece, well constructed, full of witty lines, and containing two delightfully-drawn portraits. It had a well-deserved success. At the Comedy Theatre the play has misfired. The dialogue is dull and commonplace. The characters are made unattractive, and the whole of the comicality of the situation is missed entirely. This is the more astonishing because the chief parts are in the hands of Mr. Robert Loraine and Miss Alexandra Carlisle, and both have never done better work. As the jealous husband Mr. Loraine is most excellent. He is less excellent when disguised as the Prince, because he seemed to take the thing too seriously. He lacked the flamboyance which seemed to us to be necessary, and which was adopted by the German actor, and he forgot the fundamental improbability of the whole story, with its wild farcicality, and endeavoured to make us believe in him. The second Act, therefore, suffered greatly and was out of key with the first and last Acts. In the third Act, when Mr. Loraine resumed his own character, his performance was admirable. Miss Alexandra Carlisle has never done anything better. Her acting throughout the play showed genuine humour, a very nice sense of comedy, and when in the last Act she turned the tables upon her husband she astonished us with an outburst of emotionalism which we had not expected of her. And yet, handicapped as they were by the ineptitude of the adaptation, Mr. Loraine and Miss Carlisle were unable to do anything more than work up an episodic interest in the play. There are limits even to farce, and it was unwise of the adaptor to ask us to believe that an actress would take her dresser—an impossibly vulgar creature who was frequently called "Ma"—to the Royal box at Covent Garden Theatre during the Grand Opera season. The musical-comedy vulgarity of this character was most tiresome and irritating, and did much to spoil the evening. It seemed to us to be unwise to intrust the part of the friend of the family to Mr. Beveridge. It should have been given to a younger and more attractive personality. We think, too, that the most unwise thing of all was to make the home of the young couple so grotesque and hideous. There is no reason, so far as we know, why an actor married to an actress should live in a house which looks like a Chinese tea-shop at an exhibition at Earl's Court. The decorations of the first and third Acts distracted the attention of the audience, and gave them suspicions as to the sanity of the characters. The second scene, on the contrary, was admirably put on, and was a very realistic representation of the Royal box. Once again it is proved that, however admirable the acting may be, the play remains the thing; and once again it has been shown how difficult it is to transplant the action of a play from one country to another. Foreigners may do things which English people can never do.

THE FOLLIES AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

We spent an hilarious evening with Mr. Pelissier and his clever troupe. Part 1. of the programme was wholly delightful. It contained several quite charming songs. "The Big Bamboo," with band effects by the company, was pretty and ingenious. Mr. Lewis Sydney told several amusing stories with the assistance of his comic eyebrows and restless mouth. Mr. Pelissier and Miss Ethel Allandale sang a song about antiques, in which they were assisted by Mr. Lewis Sydney, which was extremely funny and satirical; and Mr. Morris Harvey, who cannot sing, gave a burlesque of well-known actors which was quite clever. And then came the gem of the performance, when Mr. Pelissier burlesqued a Maud Allan *matinée*. To describe Mr. Pelissier, thinly disguised as Miss Maud Allan, in a series of descriptive dances, which included Sartor Resartus and Adam Bede, to the accompaniment of a grotesque band, is impossible. It must be seen to be believed. The sight of Mr. Pelissier, in his Gargantuan gambollings, his plump limbs encased in rosy pink tights, his head bewigged, his cheeks rouged, his muscular arms fluttering, is enough to make a sphinx guffaw. The whole thing is burlesque of the highest order, full of humour, shrewd observation, and kindly satire. The Potted Plays in Part II. are not quite so funny, although Mr. Pelissier gives irresistible imitations of Mr. Hawtrey in "Inconstant George," Sir Herbert Tree in "Henry VIII.," and Miss Lily Brayton in "Count Hannibal." All the members of his company showed great cleverness in their imitations of the methods and style of other actors who appeared in these plays. Mr. Sydney as Mr. Aubrey Smith was absurdly realistic, and almost persuaded one that he stood six foot three in his stockings. Mr. Morris Harvey, though lacking the rotundity of Mr. Bourchier as Henry VIII., caught his voice and his modernity, to put it as pleasantly as we can, to the life. As for Mr. Pelissier as Cardinal Wolsey, he was more like Sir Herbert Tree than Sir Herbert Tree ever is. Not only did his burlesque of this great actor include an exact imitation of enunciation and facial expression, but an almost cruel suggestion of his keen sense of the ridiculous and his love of horseplay. Mr. Pelissier cannot be too highly complimented.

The Voice Trial, which occupied the whole of Part III., was a little disappointing, although it contained a really wonderful piece of characterisation on the part of Miss Gwennie Mars as a theatre-cleaner. It seemed to us that Mr. Pelissier was himself mainly responsible for many dull moments. He has been so long the *enfant gâté* of playgoers that he is inclined to take advantage of their kindness, and amuses himself without amusing them by cracking unrehearsed jokes to the members of his company, who, being unable to resist their apparent humour, forget their parts and laugh uproariously. To our mind Mr. Pelissier breaks all the rules both of the theatre and good taste in giving way to this temptation, and we beg that he will take

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a kindly hint in this regard before he wearies his admirers. Apart from this all too noticeable fault, the entertainment given by the Follies is quite unique. Perhaps Mr. Pelissier would be wise if he were to make more use of the excellent voices of his company, and if we were to devote less time to "Potted Plays" and more to songs.

THE HIPPODROME

THERE are three items at the Hippodrome this week which require to be seen. The first is the performance of Monsieur Jules Moy, who is described as a Parisian Humorist; the second, the dances of the Moscow Æsthetic Troupe, including Madame Elena Knipper-Rabeneck; and the third the acting of the Sicilians, headed by Giovanni Grasso. Monsieur Jules Moy is much more than an ordinary entertainer at the piano. He is an exceptionally able actor who gives character sketches to his own accompaniment, and he sings as well as he acts. The way in which he turns himself, without any make-up, wig, or accessory, into a ballet chorus master, and conducts a rehearsal with an unseen typical *prima ballerina* is really a thing to remember. His attempts at diplomacy, which give way to artistic despair, his sudden leapings away from the piano to give personal advice of the most intricate nature, and his illustrations of intricate dance movements are inimitable. He is a master of imitation, and not to see him is to lose an agony of laughter.

Of the Moscow Æsthetic dancers it is difficult to speak too highly. For the most part they are very young and beautiful women, who give a series of delicate and imaginative interpretations of the music of Grieg, Schumann, Schubert, Gretry, and Rameau. They enter a stage devoid of all garish scenery and hung with curtains of plain colours. They are dressed in kilt-like diaphanous garments, and all their movements and postures are classical and exquisitely graceful. The whole "turn" is original, delicious, and refreshing. Of its kind it is the best that has been seen in London. There is no Mordkin to strike a jarring note.

As for the acting of Giovanni Grasso it is a revelation. There is nothing that he cannot and does not do. It is as easy for him to be comic as tragic, gay as grave. His is the acme of acting. There is no actor on the French stage who can be placed in the same class, and he reduces English acting to a pitiful absurdity. He has nothing to help him. He is in no sense of the word good looking. He plays men of the people in their hideous Epping Forest-like clothes, with bell trousers and cap, but his sincerity is so tremendous, his art so perfect and so spontaneous that he holds his audience spellbound. He is that rare thing, a genius.

Miss Marie Tempest is also on the bill. She makes her appearance in what is described as a "playlet" called "The Shearing of Samson." It is a feeble little thing, in which Miss Tempest sings two songs. The French one is, perhaps, worth hearing.

"GHOSTS" AT THE IBSEN CLUB

A MOST interesting performance of a play that is doomed, as a rule, to be merely read—Ibsen's "Ghosts"—was given at the Studio of the Ibsen Club on Sunday evening last. The strenuous part of Mrs. Alving was very capably interpreted by Miss Catherine Lewis, the indefatigable secretary, and Mr. Walter Pearce overcame the difficulties of the principal character, Oswald Alving, in a masterly manner. Great skill is required to portray the terrible breaking-up of the vital forces in this victim of heredity, and Mr. Pearce succeeded in giving his audience some genuine shudders at his realistic portrayal. Miss Pax Robertson had a less arduous task than in "Peer Gynt," but her acting as Regina was thoroughly good; she has the charm of quietness and strength—a rare combination. Pastor Manders was in the hands of Mr. Cyril Percy, who conveyed the conventional side of life admirably and enforced his part by clever facial expression, while Mr. Robert Atkins was loudly applauded for his excellent presentation of Jacob Engstrand. We understand that Ibsen's play, "Olaf Liliekrans," translated into English by Miss C. A. Arfwedson, will be produced for the first time in England on June 18th. That the Ibsen Club is doing good work will be recognised by the fact that its repertoire will then consist of ten plays of the great Norwegian artist.

THREE PLAYS AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE

WE left the Kingsway Theatre on Saturday evening wondering how it happened that two of the three one-act plays then presented survived the test of rehearsal. "Mrs. Pleasance," by Frederick Dreffel, might possibly have been made effective had it been severely cut down; in its present form it is very weak. Mrs. Pleasance, thinking her husband dead, betroths herself to one of the other servants of the college in whose "gyp-room" the action takes place; the husband turns up, has a scene with his wife; and the wife retracts her promise to her lover with many tears. That is all; we had not even the satisfaction of seeing the manly lover punch the head of the caddish husband—an action which might be weak morally, but which would have given us at least a welcome thrill. "The Bear," a farce from the Russian of Anton Tchekoff, left us equally unresponsive. We can imagine an audience of bucolics rocking with laughter at the antics of the "Servant," or at the shoutings and sighings of "He" and "She," but such fare is not for a London gathering. Mr. Norman Trevor, Miss Blanche Grand, and Mr. E. Cresfan did their best with a difficult task, but left us convinced that the Russian ideas of what is funny must be very different from ours.

When, however, we come to consider the central play, in which Madame Yavorska herself took the principal part, we are in another sphere altogether. "Rosamond," a drama in one act, by John Pollock, added one more triumph to Madame Yavorska's list. There is no doubt of her wonderful power as an actress both in tragedy and comedy; as "Queen of the Lombards" she was an incarnation of the terrible fascination that led to ruin and death. Her scene with the skull was passionate, and avoided completely what might very easily have been ludicrous in less delicate hands, and her outburst with Gelmer, the shieldbearer, showed how remarkably she can enter into the very heart of the conception. One sentence which occurred in the play was curiously appropriate: "I am a stranger in the land—my speech betrays me," said the Queen. It is true; Madame Yavorska is a stranger in our land, but thrice welcome. Her speech does betray her, but it adds an indefinable charm to all she utters. As to the play itself, some of its declamations were too ornate, and the purport might perhaps have been made clearer for the benefit of those to whom the legend was unfamiliar, but the acting carried it safely through to success. Other parts were necessarily somewhat subordinate. Mr. Lewis Willoughby as Gelmer was exceedingly good; Mr. Norman Trevor—who had little to do but die properly when stabbed—spoke his lines with his usual resonance and skill, and Miss Jean Bloomfield, as the Queen's maid, formed a good foil to the extraordinary vivacity and energy of her mistress. It is a pity that so fine a performance as "Rosamond" should be bracketed with two items which can only be termed tedious and unimportant.

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ART

WATER-COLOURS AND DRAWINGS

A NUMBER of "one-man shows" are open at the moment. First we would place Mr. Nelson Dawson's water-colour drawings of the Alps in the Reynolds Room at the Leicester Galleries. These pictures are often beautiful in colour and in their firm, skilful treatment of the cloud-mists and snow in the high mountains. Miss Helen Donald-Smith's exhibition of water-colours of Venice and London at the Dowdeswell Galleries might, we think, have been pruned with advantage. Many of the pictures seem to have been overworked and lack freshness; but when an artist can paint anything so good as "Dirty Weather," it is a pity that such an unsatisfactory picture as the "Doge's Palace" should hang in the same exhibition. In striking contrast to Miss Donald-Smith's work is the series of sketches of Polperro and others by Mr. Tom Simpson, now on view at the Victoria Galleries in Victoria-street. Mr. Simpson's treatment of delightful corners and byways in Cornwall and elsewhere is broad, swift, and simple, and his sketches have all the charm of direct work from Nature, most of them having been done "right away" in the course of a few hours. As exemplified in "By Runnymede," Mr. Simpson's method is surely justified.

Very different in aim and execution are the series of small half-decorative pastels by Mr. Simon Bussy to be seen in one of the upper rooms at the Goupil Gallery. One or two stand out from the rest for beauty of colour and arrangement. We would mention "Paysage Ecossairs," "Paysage Mediterranéen," and "Ferme Provençale."

In the Entrance Room of the Leicester Galleries one is in another world. There are a few small things here over which one lingers with a different pleasure. They are chiefly drawings by English and foreign artists—with one or two exceptions no longer "modern"—and include several of Burne-Jones's and Albert Moore's studies, two of Mauve's soft and delicate landscapes, an exquisite little design for an almanack by Kate Greenaway, and a portrait-study by Mr. Augustus John.

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S collection of one hundred caricatures is attracting a good deal of attention at the Leicester Galleries. In spite of the praises that have been so lavishly showered upon them, we venture to think that the majority do not exemplify the highest form of humour. It is all rather too obvious, and does not leave enough to the imagination. The "Mr. G. K. Chesterton" is a typical example. Yet many of the sketches are delightful, of course—"The Fabian Society" and "Lord Hugh Cecil hurling at the Labour Party the last enchantments of the Middle Age," to name two, seem to us to have a good deal of that quality which is lacking in the "Mr. G. K. Chesterton." It is the difference between the humour of a Jane Austen and that of a Dickens. The sketches have, however, another quality which cannot remain unnoticed—Mr. Beerbohm's use of design and colour. The appearance of the walls as one enters the Gallery, in spite of the overcrowding, has a sort of Japanese effect which is delightful.

THE CHENIL GALLERY

WE would call attention to an exhibition at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, of some of the beautiful work of Mr. Walter Bayes, who is surely one of the most original of modern English painters. Not only are his pictures unlike those of any one else; they are also unlike each other. When one has been admiring the "Placida l'orde, prosper il vento" or "Culmination"—their beauty of design and colour, their directness and simple, broad treatment, it is something of a surprise to find round the corner in the adjoining room such a picture as the "Cornfield" and "Woodland Scene," or again to come suddenly upon the "Garden in a Wood," almost pre-Raphaelite in detail, exquisite in colour, half decorative, and half natural in treatment, but full of the indescribable "quality" which is the beauty of them all.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY

THE exhibition of Mr. William Nicholson's pictures at the Goupil Gallery must have given pleasure to many. The several beautiful qualities of Mr. Nicholson's art appeal differently, no doubt, to different people, but one supposes that all must have been impressed by the wonderful skill of hand which could paint "Nancy with the Mug," the "White Pond at Hampstead," and the exquisite bits of still life which appear in so many of the pictures. We are apt to speak of technical skill as though it were something apart from the other qualities proper for a painter, and sometimes, no doubt, we tend to over-estimate the importance of it. One does undoubtedly see pictures in which the underlying thought seemed hardly worthy of the execution. Yet, on the other hand, it is said that only a painter can properly appreciate the value of good workmanship because only he understands the difficulties that have been overcome. And since, after all, expression is the essence of all art, the ideal is, no doubt, that the expression should so clothe the thought as to seem part of it. In Mr. Nicholson's work one feels that this has been achieved in a unique way. Possibly this is what some people mean by art for art's sake; and perhaps this is why it is possible to come away from the Goupil Gallery thinking less of Mr. Nicholson's pictures than of his wonderful brush-strokes.

IMPERIAL DOMESTICITY

By W. H. KOEBEL

IT has become the fashion amongst a certain class to mock at the word Imperialism. Its significance, according to these folk, is blatant, and its fullest efflorescence occurs within the precincts of the music-halls. In their opinion it is a species of national ornamentation which may be assumed or doffed at the will of a political party. There are some who go the length of branding it a mere phase, and a shallow one at that, mischievous to the true spirit of the country, to the thoughtful, sober, and industrious life that counts. Therefore it is to be deprecated, if not openly damned.

Now, is Imperialism in reality any of these things? Before entering more deeply into the question, let us ascertain what manner of people these are who thus attack the association implied by the word. That they should find themselves in a minority does not necessarily affect the importance of their views. The fact is noteworthy that these opponents of the larger dominion are recruited almost to a man from a class that has enjoyed small opportunity of seeing beyond its own shores. Personal experience may have rendered them more or less familiar with portions of Europe; but they know nothing of the Far East, the remote West, nor of the Antipodes.

An abrupt classification of the kind may savour unduly of the dogmatic. Yet I have put it to the test on innu-

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merable occasions, and rarely indeed has it been found at fault. On the other hand, the Imperialist spirit is almost invariably to be met with in those Englishmen who are familiar with the oversea dominions and colonies. From a purely practical point of view which of the two classes is likely to pronounce the sounder judgment? The question was not superfluous concerning him "who only England knows." Nevertheless, the pith of the subject is not to be extracted in this vicarious fashion. It is obviously unfair to value an opinion from the mere ability of its holder.

I have no desire to exalt the intelligence of the travelled at the expense of that of the untravelled. The one has *seen* where the other, perhaps, has read. It is clear that the latter is less able to appreciate the wide distinctions between a colonising nation and one whose direct interests end with its original frontiers. The existence of a State innocent of offshoots resembles a river with a current that, however broad and steady, is unfed, and therefore sluggish in vitality. The life of a people related by birth and family ties to others in various parts of the world is a stream continually refreshed by tributaries, its waters tinged and deepened by the inpourings from contrasting sources.

The evidence of this, shorn of its metaphor, is not only to be met with in conferences, processions, and affairs of State. It enters into the everyday home-life of the nation. The pulse of each dependency, however insignificant, has found its echo in the domestic circles of England. There are curious bonds that unite not only the scattered members of the one race, but white men with yellow and black, and civilisation with the aftermath of recent savagery. How many fashions in clothes, games, food, furniture, morals, manners, and speech have not to hark back to some remote corner of the earth for their origin? In many cases so deeply have they taken root that their source has been overlooked. They are popularly accepted as integral attributes of an insular life, by which means an unconscious homage is paid to Imperialism even by those who choose to decry the word.

Were this evidence to be met with only amongst the wealthier classes it would lose infinitely in importance. Fortunately this is not so. The echoes of the Colonies are as marked in the cottage as elsewhere. Even here too abound the more bizarre objects that evoke the oversea associations. A fragment of New Zealand greenstone, an assegai from Zululand, a silver-leaf from the Cape—these and a thousand similar treasures must not be confused with the public exhibits of a museum. Neither are they mere curiosities, since their intrinsic interest is a secondary matter. They are mementoes of relatives who have voyaged to the wider lands, and in the minds of their owners the personality of the sender is indissolubly blended with the gift.

It is a truism to say that the same applies in a more important degree to the wealthier classes. In how many houses of the plainest brick do not repose idols with glaring eyes, South Sea spears, Eastern pottery, Maori feather mats, African arrows, Red Indian knives, and—but it is impossible to conclude the catalogue! They likewise breathe out a double significance. It is seldom that the later history of the objects is not recorded. More often than not the tale seems to bring a tranquil English family into close touch with the far-off desert, jungle, and morass.

Some of these objects, I admit, appear gruesome and grotesque at the first glimpse; the significance of others is sufficiently deep to reveal itself only bit by bit. I have such a one in mind as I write. It is a low-pitched, low-backed chair of a dark colour that forms part of the furniture in a South Devon country house. Its place is in the drawing-room near the French windows that open out upon a shaven green lawn, and that let in the sweet scents of the English flowers. You are at liberty to treat the chair as quite an ordinary place of repose. You may sit upon it and stare beyond the flowers and velvet turf at the peaceful fields and red earth of the West Country. There are times, although the establishment is innocent of males, when you may even rest within it to smoke, and incidentally to wonder why you and others ever left a land that could hold so fair a scene.

If of an unobservant nature, you will notice nothing peculiar about the chair, and—if you give the matter a thought at all—you will leave the house under the impression that you have reposed upon an ordinary specimen of the cabinet-maker's art. But have you? A closer inspection will show that the brass which studs the framework is composed of the ends of cartridges with the maker's names plain upon them. Moreover the supposed hide of the seat and back is curiously lined. Across the dusky surface run veins that resemble rivers on a map.

Then, if you ask, you will learn the significance of the chair. The texture of the seat and back is that of human skin. The dusky hue of the timber is the relic of a once brighter red that splashed and stained the wood. The thing has been drenched with blood on countless occasions. When Prempeh of Ashanti sat upon it in Kumasi's sacred grove it stood for the centre of scenes that are better imagined than described.

So here is one of Prempeh's chairs in the drawing-room of an English lady, assisting at afternoon tea, dusted by maids in caps, supporting fair-haired youngsters—a grimmer veteran never held a child upon its knee! Is its presence an outrage? Not at all. It has come into the family circle by means of personal introduction. It no longer breathes the fetid air of its early days. Its horror lost, it has become part and parcel of the family furniture—just as the people of its native land have become part and parcel of the Empire. That is why I have laid so much stress upon the chair.

I know that there are some who, ignorant of the true manner of its absorption, would consider the domesticated object as a mere piece of spoil, a crude symbol of the militant side of Imperialism. They would give it back with the rest of the birthright, including all the rites that it has witnessed. That done, they would cross their hands, lean back in an easy chair, and reflect with a satisfied sigh upon duty achieved. Yet far back in the minds of these very people I think that the sense of national kinship is latent. Or perhaps it is an instinct that they have trained themselves to suppress. They are conscientious folk, these, who would perish rather than admit its existence, as the historical fact—that has until now remained quite innocent of exception—that a nation that has once mothered others must continue in her part to the end. Having breathed the wider sympathies, there is no going back to the narrowness of the beginning. There is no return to the first conditions—that is to say, without stagnation, atrophy, and decay.

One eventuality, it is true, would almost certainly strike into life the latent affections of those who maintain that their business ends with the coasts of England. I have little doubt that the actual loss of an oversea possession would reveal within them depths such as they had never realised. But would the experiment be worth the cost? Doors may be barred, bolted, and banged—when the stable is empty! In this case they would be closed, too late, against a very subtle thief—indifference!

Fortunately the great mass of Englishmen are no longer at the mercy of this latter. And I think the number is decreasing of those who are given to allude to the association of kindred peoples as empty thunder and a meaningless blaze of trumpets. To my mind that which is known as Imperialism is a very quiet and weighty thing, a deep sense of national responsibility.

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THE CONTINENTAL RÔLE

By H. Belloc

For many centuries Europe has been divided into certain great states, each controlled by its central government and each independent of the others.

The political consequences of this are so familiar to us that we do not see the arrangement for what it is: something particular to our epoch and to our division of the globe. For these great sovereign nations, each, in theory, utterly independent of the rest, are closely bound in a common civilisation, obey, even in minute details, a large number of restricting conventions in the conduct of war, and seem possessed by a common instinct which forbids them to permit a conflict that would gravely imperil the general culture of the wanton transgression by mere force, of what they have come to consider as "national" rights.

Necessary and unquestioned as this arrangement seems to us, we shall not find a parallel to it in all history except, perhaps, on a small scale, and for a very short time, in ancient Greece. It is a state of affairs which breeds certain political consequences of the highest moment, and in particular a tendency for passing coalitions to arise; arrangements of this group against that, according as the strength, the ambition, or the irritability of one or more Powers threatens the security of the rest, or the common interests of the whole. Logically such a state of affairs should, perhaps, have ended in a Federal European State imposing peace within its own boundaries. In practice, the curiously high differentiation of nation from nation, each with its distinctive official language and wholly separate armed organisation, has not only endured for centuries but with the advent of rapid communication in materials and ideas seems only to have intensified.

The position of this country in these groups and regroupings of Powers which have been the mark of Europe for more than four hundred years is a peculiar one.

British foreign policy in Europe is often spoken of both at home and abroad as something completely isolated in its nature: as directed only to the advantage of Great Britain and as wholly neglecting the common interests of Europe. It is difficult to say whether the intellectual or the moral crudity of such an attitude is the greater. Great Britain must necessarily feel the moral reactions and the movements of culture which are common to our whole civilisation. Indeed, it has been made something of a reproach against her that public opinion has too vigorously expressed itself in matters affecting European morals or culture in foreign countries, where it believed those morals or that culture to be offended. But the position of Great Britain in the international groups of the past has been marked by three conditions peculiar to herself.

First: The national unity and its continuous direction under one governing or aristocratic class was expressed with more vigour, and that vigour more regularly maintained, than was the case with any Continental Power. Thus France works like one machine under the strong government of Louis IV., seems to lose directness of vision in the reign succeeding, is again all one great army in the latter part of the Revolution, is twice divided against itself in the next two generations. German unity is seen dissolving for centuries and reconstructed only in our own time, and then only partially. Again, the frontiers of every other country change slightly with varying fortune. The frontier of Britain, which is the sea, remains inviolate. The continuity of British foreign policy tells the same tale of permanence and fixed direction.

The second characteristic in which Great Britain differs from her European neighbours lies in the fact that her immediate approach to any field of action is by sea—that is, her communications are universal if she has what is called (by a rather violent metaphor) "command" of the sea. When she occupies that favoured position her alliance can act upon all the seaboard of Europe. The advantage is one of choice of action; it may be compared to that of the queen upon a chess-board. Great Britain alone, for instance, of all the European coalition could join forces with the Spaniards and Portuguese in their Peninsula against Napoleon.

Thirdly, Great Britain has been essentially in the past not only an aristocratic but a commercial State, and the British Empire has arisen upon a basis of commercial experiments which explain the Colonies as they do the Dependencies and the retention of small points scattered throughout the globe; points which are the pivots of our commercial communications; many unfortunately (though the national optimism is loth to admit it) singularly ill-placed for the purposes of war.

Now these three characters determine the peculiar action of Great Britain when she joins a group of Powers during peace, or acts in the field with one group against another in time of war.

Her action will be untrammelled by internal dissension or anxiety for exposed frontiers. The field where her action will be available must be expected to lie near the sea. Finally, what she does must be conditioned by her obligations in every part of the globe: that outlook for new markets and empty countries open to development, which once preoccupied British action in Europe, is now replaced by an anxiety concerning their retention and defence in case of war.

Apart from these permanent factors in the situation of England with regard to European grouping or conflict, two quite modern and novel factors have appeared. The first is that England is no longer self-supporting, and that therefore in any campaign its effect upon her food supply must be considered. The second is that England is no longer the one wealthy Power which can subsidise allies during a Continental struggle.

These novel factors mean, first, that the *rôle* of England in any military action upon the Continent is less than it was in the past; secondly, that her naval supremacy has become the motive of all her foreign policy. We all feel this to be the case. We all write and speak upon the assumption of it, and foreign policy, though it has no longer the precision and continuity which it could once boast, reflects the public mind in the matter.

It is none the less a grave error to imagine either that a British contingent need never be seen again in arms upon the Continent or that any useful arrangement with any Continental group could be made which did not presuppose the landing of a force in support of the allies of this country. That such a force should be very large there is no need; that it should be immediately available, and should correspond to that immediate power of transport which Great Britain alone possesses, is absolutely essential. The strategics of Britain's position in Europe demand to-day, more than ever before, a striking force immediately ready, and such as an allied Power can reckon to be, number for number, the equals of its own troops. Now the last point in this list is perhaps the most important. It is that, under modern conditions, under the conditions of the moment at least, *the old capital importance of the Low Countries as a theatre of operations for such a force has reappeared.*

That the Low Countries would be our objective in case of war is a commonplace when the understanding with France

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is quoted; but the major point of the consideration is that a landing upon this coast will remain our objective whether that understanding holds or no.

Boys at school and at the University are commonly taught that the policy of Great Britain must invariably be, and has invariably been, the support of the weaker against the stronger grouping of Continental Powers. History and experience give no hint of so simple a rule of thumb, nor indeed can any solid reason be found for it.

The truth is rather that Great Britain must incline, and has inclined, to support the stronger against the weaker when—as was most often the case—this support made for her own security, and for that of Europe; the rare occasions where the rule has been reversed have been those in which some Power had already proved itself so formidable in the field, and that for so long a time, that its domination threatened the general security, and our own security along with the rest.

Thus we find the Government of this country working with Napoleon III. when he had established his strength. When he had fallen before the rising power of Prussia English policy for a generation stood in support of the new, and what then was the strongest, Continental force. On the other hand, the Government of this country was not concerned to provoke, but somewhat tardily to join, the coalition against the power of France, whether in the wars of Louis XIV. or in those of the Revolution.

The days in which we live have introduced quite another factor into the general problem, which is the presence (through the rapid growth of wealth during the last forty years in other countries, and the growing importance also of their oversea imports) of navies comparable to our own. This can but mean that in the future we shall, and must, throw our weight into the scale against whatever Power for the moment contemplates the creation of a formidable fleet. If the German Empire occupies that position, then we must find ourselves inevitably attached to the opposing group of the national weights that balance Europe. If, as any development of the near future may discover, some other Power—Eastern or Mediterranean, or Western—promises a similar rivalry, it is against that Power that the direction of our policy will ultimately generally turn.

Now in any case, and not only in the particular case of the rivalry which every one is considering to-day, the place where action upon land would be demanded of us lies behind that flat shore which stretches from Grisnez to the dykes of Holland. It would lie there for the very simple reason that this is the one part of Europe where great rival forces are intimately opposed at a point vulnerable to the open sea, and yet where no powerful and highly trained forces can occupy before the outbreak of war the territory lying open to our transports.

There is no other spot where an auxiliary force immediately available through our ample transport power, backed by our still existing maritime supremacy, could be driven as a wedge between any other two of the great nationally grouped armies upon the map of Europe.

If any one doubts this let him consider that map and judge where he would land a couple of army corps to act upon the flank of either force in a duel between any two contiguous countries he may choose to pick out, saving the rivals that face each other across the Belgian plains.

So far all that has been noted here is a point of theory alone, and of theory so generally accepted throughout Europe as to be almost axiomatic; but there is based upon that theory a very practical set of considerations, which, unfortunately, can only be dealt with by suggesting them in a series of questions, as I do here.

This considerable expeditionary force is our asset because we have the power of its immediate transport; but of what value is the power transport if the force itself be not immediately available?

Britain can no longer subsidise one Continental Power with money to act against another—there is no longer, unfortunately, a sufficient difference in wealth between this country and her rivals—but she can offer the expeditionary force in question to act in flank of her allies and to support them. Of what value is that modern form of subsidy, the only one available to-day, a subsidy in men, if the men cannot be upon the spot in the first hours of the campaign? Great bodies of troops cannot be moved at the first advance over hostile or neutral territory by rail, but a concentration round Mézières and a concentration south of Aix la Chapelle would, when the double advance began, involve an action within three days. If, as the present writer believes, the fortified Meuse is a serious obstacle, the heavy work might begin in the very first hours of the campaign. Troops breaking camp at dawn beyond the Belgian-German Frontier will have established contact upon the line of the Meuse in the middle of the second day. Of what value then would numbers, or even training, be if an expeditionary force could not be immediately despatched?

Finally, a military convention exists with regard to this matter, and nothing but the absurd mystification of the modern Press prevents its open discussion. It has existed for years. But is its basis as strong as it was three or four years ago? Is our power of landing an expeditionary force with the precision and rapidity the circumstances require still credited on the Continent? If we have not some such consideration in our hand to offer, how are we to prevent the neutrality of either of the great rivals in the case of conflict between ourselves and the other? And if we cannot prevent that neutrality, how should we conduct the campaign?

There are still men who pretend that national duels can be decided without armies and solely by the superiority of engines at sea. Those who cling to this opinion may find a useful occupation in attempting the answer of the last of the questions here set.

CANADA AND CANADIAN BANKING

We bring you fruit and lumber,
And corn enough for all,
A land to rear your children,
To make them strong and tall.
And when the foe attacks you,
Our ships and men are yours,
We'll stand beside each other
As long as time endures.

Before the Colonial Section of the Royal Society of Arts, on Tuesday, May 9th, Mr. F. Williams Taylor, London manager of the Bank of Montreal, read an interesting paper on the subject of "Canada and Canadian Banking," the Duke of Argyll being in the presidential chair. Mr. Taylor did not attempt to deal with the matter technically and theoretically. His aim was to present to those not conversant with the facts a survey of the country, its natural resources, the industries which have followed in sequence, and the practical side of banking as applied to the financing of such industries, and providing financial accommodation generally in a new country where conditions necessarily

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differ greatly from those prevailing in older centres of civilisation.

Thirty-four years ago, said the lecturer, Canada was constitutionally a vast disjointed territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the international boundary line north to "a land where the mountains are nameless." Under the ever-memorable administration of Sir John Macdonald, the process of political integration known as confederation was inaugurated in 1867, and presently the whole country became welded into the Dominion of Canada. The far-seeing fathers of Confederation recognised the potential wealth of the western prairie country and the vital necessity of linking it to British Columbia on the Pacific coast and to the Eastern Provinces—hence the Government support accorded to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It will be obvious to all that a country of some 3,500 miles in width, extending from the boundary of the United States almost to the North Pole, must have a variety of climates, of physical features, and of natural resources. Mr. Taylor dealt seriatim with the provinces, describing their characters and indicating the nature of the industries carried on. Though there are different climates, different resources, mixtures of nationalities, and various provincial governments, the entire country is united in its respect for Anglo-Saxon laws and institutions and in devotion to the Mother-country. The whole territory is served by twenty-eight banks with about 2,500 branches, the combined paid-up capital and reserves being about £38,000,000. The Bank of Montreal was established in 1817. The Quebec Bank came into being in 1818, the Bank of New Brunswick in 1820, the Bank of Nova Scotia in 1832, others following in due course.

In Canada, as in all countries, the banking system is the result of a slow process of evolution. Canada started right, thanks to the Scotsmen who were conspicuous in the administration of the affairs of the country and in the promotion of its earliest banking institutions. "It is the case," said Mr. Taylor, "that the aim on the part of the bankers of Canada to adapt themselves to the requirements of the people, with the wise co-operation of the Government, has been a factor in the development of the country, its trade, its commerce, its transportation facilities, its resources, its financial stability, and in natural sequence in our national credit—particularly in London—the importance of which is beyond computation."

The Canadian system is in effect a unifying and co-operative one. The bank, acting as a medium, receives deposits from the prosperous farmers in agricultural districts where there is little demand for borrowed capital, lending it throughout the length and breadth of the land, where it is absorbed by the business requirements of merchants, manufacturers, miners, millers, and financial houses. The rate of interest allowed on what are called "savings accounts" is 3 per cent. throughout the whole Dominion, and the rate charged on loans varies little, the difference being not more than, say, 2 per cent., between the rate paid by the trader in some remote Atlantic fishing village, the rich merchant or manufacturer in the commercial centres, the lumber-man, the miner—even the farmer in the North-west or the tradesman in British Columbia. The Bank Act of Canada aims at protecting the public against the creation of weak or improperly managed banking institutions, and so prohibits the use of the name "bank," except under Government charter.

Mr. Taylor went on to explain the system of lending on the borrower's own "warehouse receipts," describing it as a system "which has enabled banks to an incalculable extent to assist in the development of the trade of the country," giving as an illustration the financing of the great cereal crop of the West. The grain-dealer borrows from the bank on his personal warehouse receipts to pay the farmer; presently, when the grain is moved east, the railway bill of lading takes the place of the receipt. The bill of lading is later exchanged for an elevator receipt, which in due course is exchanged for the sale and ocean bill of lading which accompanies the draft drawn on the firms abroad to whom the grain is sold, and from the proceeds of this draft the banker is reimbursed.

The system of bank-inspection in Canada corresponds in general principle with that prevailing in this country, and in dealing with commercial customers in Canada it is a *sine qua non* that borrowers furnish the bank with detailed information regarding their affairs, together with balance-sheet, profit and loss accounts, &c. The Canadian Bank Act does not permit a bank to lend on real estate or upon the security of real estate mortgages. Any bank failures that have occurred in Canada have resulted not from defects of the banking system but from lack of ability or the dishonesty of individuals. In Canada, as in England, general managers of banks are trained bankers. The general manager is from circumstances somewhat of an autocrat, and though this may have its disadvantages as well as its advantages, autocracy is a simple, safe, and effective form of government or administration, provided that the autocrat is fully qualified for his great responsibility. Canada has been singularly fortunate in this respect.

Mr. Williams Taylor then said: "No section of the community appreciates more keenly than Canadian banks the vital necessity of an uninterrupted inflow of capital. American money will be forthcoming, as in the past, for the development of private enterprise, and English money for such purposes will doubtless follow in ever-increasing volume, but the Federal Government, the Provincial Governments, the municipalities and the great transportation companies must be financed in London, and that is one reason why the safeguarding of the national credit of Canada, in this the greatest of all money-markets, has been, is to-day, and will continue to be, one of the most important accepted duties and responsibilities of Canadian banks, and it also explains why Canadian banks with branches in London have so persistently declined to stand sponsors to doubtful public emissions."

Mr. Taylor concluded by referring, as a Canadian who had had the advantage of residing in the United States, and of knowing that country from end to end, to "the subconscious fear haunting every Englishman, and the pleasing dream of every American, that some day Canada will become part of the United States." "As one with an enormous acquaintance in Canada," said the lecturer, "and who has visited and revisited every city, town and section of the community, I tell you with pride, my Lord Duke, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, that I do not know one single Canadian who believes in such an eventuality, who harbours a thought so disloyal to our traditions—so contrary to our ambitions. Our earnest desire is to live on friendly terms with the United States, and to settle by arbitration any possible disputes that may arise, but our determination is to retain our political entity."

His Grace the Duke of Argyll referred in a brief speech to the lecturer's ability and the capable manner in which he had handled a difficult subject, and various points of the paper were discussed by Sir Felix Schuster, Sir Charles Tupper, and other well-known authorities. The audience was very large, and applauded the lecturer heartily.

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INDIA, IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

India, Ceylon, and Burmah,
And far Malaya too,
Races and creeds unnumbered,
Send their salaams to you;
Over the great black water
We carry with one accord,
Gold, rubber, tea, and spices,
Gifts for the Overlord.

THE possession of India, it has been well said, has made England an Empire; but this statement is not meant to disparage the over-sea Dominions which have sprung from the Colonies of emigrants from our shores: Dominions, of which undoubtedly in time to come the populations will expand enormously; Dominions and Crown Colonies which it is the object of constructive statesmanship to attach by some Imperial *nexus* to the mother country. The value and importance of these Colonial portions of the Empire depend on their English-speaking communities, and their potentialities for the future include Trade and assistance in war. The numbers of their populations are small as compared with India. They amount, all told, to comparatively few millions, whereas the latest Indian figures show 315 millions. By being a Dependency, India differs from the Colonies. It has a long and picturesque past. Alexander the Great just failed to incorporate it in his Empire: the Roman armies never reached it. But various Empires have had their days in the Indian peninsula. There the Buddhist Asoka (272-232 B.C.), by his rock-and-pillar edicts, proclaimed his principles of government and ethics; Kanishka (about 120 A.D.) included much of Northern India in his extensive Empire; the Gupta Dynasty in the fourth century, the White Huns in the sixth, Harsha in the seventh, are known to history for their wide rule; the Muhammadans invaded about 1000 A.D., and three hundred years later the whole of India was subject to the Afghans. They gave way to the Moguls in the sixteenth century: the disruption of the Mogul Empire is within the range of modern history. The Empires that have passed away left their marks on the land. The Buddhist remains, Bodh Gaya, the ruins of Gaur, Delhi, Fatehpur Sikri, the Taj at Agra, the Madura temples, are worthy relics of Imperial builders, though so much has been destroyed by time, climate, and wars: *etiam periere ruinae*. The Kohinoor has descended as an Imperial gem to adorn the dress of English Queens. The British Empire in India differs greatly from its predecessors, in this respect as in others, that measures have been taken to conserve the monuments of departed dynasties.

Lord Curzon has pointed out that, in the strict use of the term, India is the only part of the British Empire which is an Empire. The British Empire is "a loose commonwealth of free States, united to a number of subordinate dependencies." The term Empire and its meaning come down from Roman times. In India the King-Emperor wields the powers of the Roman Imperator whose title he has inherited; he has no Parliament in India to restrain him, though his Ministers are responsible to the Parliament at Westminster. India's right to be designated an Empire rests upon her history, her geographical position, and her magnitude. The peninsula contains not one people, but the descendants of many peoples, races, and tribes, who established themselves in remote ages as sovereign and independent powers. Its position makes India the greatest power in Asia, capable of dominating the politics of the Near East and of influencing the fortunes of Australia and China. Napoleon's eagle eye saw the supreme value of India as the centre and secret of Imperial dominion, said Lord Curzon, adding De Tocqueville's remark that the conquest and government of India were really the achievements that had given to England her place in the eyes of the world. The Indian Empire is considerably larger and more populous that the Empire of Napoleon at its height. Its magnitude can be expressed in figures. According to the Census of 1901, the Indian Empire covers over 1,760,000 square miles, being greater by 12,000 square miles than the whole of Europe, including Russia. More than a million square miles, or 61 per cent. of the whole, are under British administration. The population amounts to one-fifth of the inhabitants of the globe. India is a crowded territory, with an ancient civilisation, with languages, religions, philosophies, and literatures of its own.

Our Indian Empire is often compared with that of Rome. As to the latter's size we may refer to Gibbon, who endeavoured to give a just image, as he said, of her greatness by describing it as above two thousand miles in breadth, and exceeding three thousand in length, and as being supposed to contain some 1,600,000 square miles, for the most part of fertile and well-cultivated land. The analogy with Rome must not be pressed too far. Lord Cromer examined it in his "Ancient and Modern Imperialism." Rome's attitude to her provincials was not the same as that of England, which makes no distinction of race, colour or religion among the natives of India, towards her Indian subjects. Rome drew a tribute from her conquests, which England has never done. On the other hand, the cause of the growth of the two Empires has been very similar. The contact of a superior Power with inferior races has had similar results. Each step in advance has been accompanied by misgivings. Even the great and valiant Clive, who "turned a trading company into a political power," advocated the limitation rather than the advance of British rule. Warren Hastings and his successors, Wellesley, Lord Hastings, Dalhousie, and Dufferin, gradually built up the Empire; the maintenance of peace was their policy, the acquisition of territory was its result. England, like Rome, in dealing with her neighbours in India was "impelled onwards by the imperious and irresistible necessity of acquiring defensible frontiers;" it was not the lust of conquest or the desire for aggrandisement that urged her on, but the difficulty of stopping short of some stupendous mountain barrier. England, again like Rome, has been largely aided by the auxiliaries drawn from the countries which they conquered. Sir John Seeley, who regarded our acquisition of India as having been made blindly, observed that the nations of India have been conquered by an army of which on the average about a fifth part was English, and Indians have been utilised in other ways for the service of the Empire. Unlike Rome, however, England was not contiguous to her conquests as they advanced. But her command of the sea gave her more power than Rome ever enjoyed over the shores of the Mediterranean. Rome had no difficulty in assimilating her new subjects; the English have never been able to overcome the difficulties presented by climate, which renders colonisation impossible—caste, religion, customs, which keep them and the Indian population socially distinct, while united as subjects to the same Crown. Rome, too, was in her day without a rival, mistress of the world. Great Britain has been one of several competitors for India; she had to contend with Portuguese, Dutch, and French before she could pose as the Paramount Power to the native Princes and peoples.

It was Lord Beaconsfield who first gave official expression to the fact that England possessed an Empire in India by passing, with Queen Victoria's consent, the Royal Titles Act of 1876, which authorised Her Majesty to assume the title of Empress of India. The visit of his Majesty King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, to India in 1875 had pre

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pared the way for this new departure. The presence of their future Sovereign in their midst had aroused feelings of loyalty among the Indian Princes which had never before been so awakened. Disraeli's words in the House of Commons came true that the visit of the Prince to the proudest Dominion of the Queen of Great Britain must be productive of results and influence of a beneficial character. It was Disraeli who said, "Touch and satisfy the imagination of nations, for that is an element which no Government can despise." And when the Imperial assemblage was held at Delhi, the capital of the Mogul and preceding Empires, on January 1st, 1877, to proclaim the Imperial title, Lord Lytton, in his address to the gathered Princes, chiefs, and nobles, said that "of all her Majesty's possessions throughout the world—possessions comprising a seventh part of the earth's surface and three hundred millions of its inhabitants—there is not one that she regards with deeper interest than this great and ancient Empire." He added, "This Empire, acquired by her ancestors, and consolidated by herself, the Queen regards as a glorious inheritance to be maintained and transmitted intact to her descendants; and she recognises in the possession of it the most solemn obligations to use her great power for the welfare of all its people, with scrupulous regard to the rights of its feudatory Princes." The title of Empress was to be to all the princes and peoples of India the permanent symbol of its union with their interests and its claim upon their loyal allegiance.

The contemplated Durbar of the King-Emperor to be held at Delhi next December is calculated to remind all India that it forms the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown, and to kindle sentiments of supreme loyalty. The peoples should never be allowed to forget that India is governed for their good, not for any selfish advantage to England, though admittedly India affords a field for British commerce and that of other nations equally. India should remember, too, that the English are indispensable to her: the idea of Indian nationality is as Utopian as the possibility of self-government. It is essential for India's welfare that the British supremacy should be maintained unimpaired in this great portion of England's world-wide Empire.

THACKERAY AS ARTIST

If we except Du Maurier (who was, after all, an artist writing round his pictures), Thackeray is our notable example of the writer illustrating his own works; and he shows us very clearly both the occasional value and the serious defects of illustrations to imaginative writing. His drawings, indeed, would stand even higher than they do could they be considered apart from their texts. It is to Thackeray rather than to the professional caricaturists of his time that one turns to find the humour of the types and fashions of the Early Victorians.

The first and most evident quality in his drawings is the independence of their humour, the second is a tender, indeed poetic, quality to be found even in the broadest of his caricatures. For Thackeray never falls into that savage grossness of caricature which to the modern eye spoils so much of the work of his contemporaries. All his types have kindliness, jollity, and that humour which is called infectious, and the secret of it is that they are all, as it were, conspirators in his jest. They rob laughter of all malice because they seem to be laughing with you. They are all posing; they all seem to watch the reader, some openly, some covertly, to catch his smile. This is true of the solemn as well as of the extravagant types; of Mr. Hicks, the poet, as of The Mulligan; and Mr. Ranville Ranville, turning his card at whist with magnificent gravity, is as conscious of the amused eye of the reader upon him as is Betty, the maidservant in "Vanity Fair," who strikes the most roguish of attitudes to make the reader smile, while she pretends to discover Becky's note on the pincushion. So, too, with Thackeray's children, who have the prettiest air of precocity. In one and all there is the same suggestion of posing, the same jolly consciousness of being laughable, and the same invitation to the reader to laugh. This it is which gives to Thackeray's drawing the quality of infectious and independent humour. His figures have the proper characteristic of all humorous drawing—that they are funny in themselves. Their humour does not depend upon what they say or do, but belongs to them; they are laughable by what they are, by their droll looks and poses and the fashion of their clothes. And to read the text to which they belong is to add nothing to their humour. One might taste fully the fancy and the satire of Thackeray as an artist without having read a word of his writing.

When Thackeray is submitted to the narrower and severer tests which apply to the illustrator his drawings suffer. Yet if we make the inevitable comparison with Dickens, we see how rarely fortunate he was in his own powers as an artist. Dickens' illustrators served him very ill. They seemed to miss entirely the finer Dickens, and were content to exaggerate into grossness his most farcical moods. Dickens, indeed, by his volatility, his quick changes of feeling, his continual swing between the extremes of riotous comedy and high and serious sentiment, would defy the efforts of the most sympathetic of artists. The comparison, by its contrast, serves to throw into relief the fine qualities of Thackeray's illustrations. But it is valuable for another reason. For where Thackeray failed it was by precisely the same fault, though it is less apparent and less gross, as the illustrators of Dickens.

It is not only possible, but necessary, to separate the essays and burlesques from the novels. The illustrations to the novels fall, as do the illustrations to all long imaginative works, into a special compartment of æsthetics; and there they are subject to peculiar tests, of which the most severe is the criticism that such works should not be illustrated at all. But of the essays and burlesques it may be said that their illustrations fit them to perfection. Thackeray's pen and pencil worked together in complete accord. Each had the same delicate fancy, the same merry humour, the same mock gravity. It is easier to feel than to describe their companionship, for at the root of it is this, that in Thackeray's drawing, just as in his writing, the satire is without malice. That is the quality which informs all his work, and he deserves the praise which Coleridge gave to Hogarth—"The satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet." Beside this perfection of companionship in the essays the shortcomings of the drawings to the one or two novels which he illustrated with his own hand are very apparent, and this for two reasons.

In all imaginative writing which invites the reader to a certain intimacy with its characters and scenes, the longer and the more engrossing the work the less content is the reader to remain a mere recipient of the author's impressions. As his sympathy is caught and his interest fired, he will tend to contribute to the characters and scenes out of his own experience, and to colour them by his own imagination. He will resent the artist's attempt to fix the author's descriptions, and the resentment will vary with his own sensitiveness, imagination, and power to visualise what he reads. Thus the mere length of an imaginative work sets up so many personal and arbitrary standards which it is hopeless for the artist to attempt to satisfy. Beyond this general principle there is a particular reason for rating Thackeray's illustra-

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tions to his novels (considered strictly as illustrations) below those of the essays. Thackeray as artist was incapable of the same serious flights as Thackeray the author. His pencil had a much narrower range than his pen. The broader his humour, the merrier his burlesque, the happier do his illustrations appear. He is at his best as artist in "Mr. Perkins' Ball," in "Our Street," and in that gay extravagance "Rebecca and Rowena." But beyond that his pencil could not go. It could not follow him into his scenes of warm sentiment and high tragedy. Thackeray began "Vanity Fair," as Dickens began "Pickwick," in a spirit of burlesque; but as he warmed to his subject, and his sympathy with his own characters grew, the note of his humour was sensibly modulated. This subtle change he was incapable of making in his drawing. And so we find a steadily increasing incongruity between text and illustrations until (notably in the drawings of Dobbin) all companionship is gone.

Yet when every criticism has been made, there remains in all Thackeray's drawing a vivacity of fancy, an independent quality of humour, and a vitality to which few if any of the other comic drawings of his time can lay claim.

RACIAL QUESTIONS: THE COLONIES' LAST WORD

By H. Hobden

Among the problems to be discussed at the forthcoming Imperial Conference there is one in which the difficulties embraced are so complex and the issues involved so tremendous that, far from anticipating a solution, we hardly dare hope for an agreement as to a general definition of principle. I refer to the problem presented by the movement of Asiatic population towards the outlying dominions of the British Empire. For many years past the Colonies, side by side with the Western States of America, have been enacting legislation designed to check the inflow of the coloured races upon their shores; and from time to time incidents have occurred in which the white man has displayed a fierce spirit of racial antagonism. Around these incidents, and the great questions underlying them, controversy has seethed and simmered until two distinct schools of thought have become crystallised—those who favour the free entry of the coloured races into the white man's territories and those who demand their exclusion.

In a brief investigation of the questions that arise from the problem of Asiatic immigration it is unnecessary to meet the arguments advanced by the former school. I say it is unnecessary to meet such arguments because they support a doctrine, the doctrine of universal brotherhood, that will not find practical application until mankind shall develop attributes that will place him among the gods. Eliminating, then, the idealist and his ethics, the discussion is narrowed to questions of expediency, political, social, and economic. And here we find that there is yet a third school of thinkers, a select little coterie of superior philosophers, unaffected by the clamour of controversy, whose attitude of omniscient detachment, admirable enough in a world of ideals, is likely to be lifted high in the scales against the dead weight of human passions. This last school pleads for judicious compromise, pointing on the one hand to the susceptibilities of our Eastern ally, and on the other to the growing aspirations of those subject-millions who owe allegiance to the British Crown. These advocates of toleration base their plea on what they choose to accept finally as a fundamental truth when they claim that by Japan's admission to the comity of nations, and the potential issues this involved, the West is compelled to pause and revise its formulas.

Is the West under any such compulsion? Are we not prone to accept too glibly the conclusions of a few observers who interpret the lessons of the Manchurian battlefields as the triumph not alone of Japan, but of Asia as a whole? Just as an obsession in contemporary affairs is apt to cloud the historic perspective, so is the historic sense, when made to apply arbitrarily and on all occasions to contemporary affairs, liable to lead to grotesque distortion. It is picturesque, but hardly accurate, to compare Mukden to Marathon. There were a thousand causes to explain Russian reverses, a thousand reasons to account for Japanese victories. But the seer has not yet spoken who can show convincingly that the lesson of those victories and reverses points to so stupendous a culmination as the decline of white leadership in the march of nations. Indeed, the evidence is overwhelmingly on the other side. It is as absurd to attach too deep a significance to the signs that are apparent of an awakening Asia as it is to deny the existence of such a phenomenon. Who can look upon the giant activities of Russia; the culture and chivalry of France; the efficient and purposeful progress of Germany; the virility and achievement of the sister nations on the North American continent; the indomitable energy and the vigorous initiative of the Australasian countries and of the subcontinent of the African Union; and, finally, the wealth, the power, and the magnificent resource of Great Britain—who can look upon these massive pillars supporting the edifice of Western civilisation and still tremble for the safety of that edifice?

It is, then, devoutly to be hoped that in any debate which, during the next few weeks, may centre round the questions of Asiatic immigration into the territories of the dominions, no feeble counsel inspired by the terror of an imaginary Yellow Peril will be allowed to intrude. It is to be feared, however, that the philosophic school to which I have alluded will raise their voice in advocacy of compromise, justfying their position on the grounds of the political expediency of the moment, for it is precisely at this point that the question at issue enters the domain of Imperial foreign policy. Here will come the conflict of wholly irreconcilable aims. His Majesty's Government will find it a difficult matter to preserve a sympathetic demeanour in the face of Colonial requirements. Overseas representatives, bearing what are practically the mandates of nations, will have little or no margin for adjustment, and consequently cannot be expected to depart from an attitude of stubborn insistence upon original demands. They will leave the Conference chamber disappointed and disillusioned, and return to tell the national Assemblies of their homelands that the Mother Country considered her own temporary convenience before the vital and permanent interests of her daughter States.

The question may be asked: What are those vital and permanent interests on which the Colonies place so much emphasis? The answer is that, in a final analysis, they concern the political, economic, and social existence of our kith and kin beyond the seas. Where England deems that the exclusion of the Asiatic from the shores of her distant dominions impedes the smooth working of her foreign policy, the States of the Empire are convinced that by this means alone can they ensure their own independence and integrity. And so they have built strong ramparts against the Eastern tide, and they know well that if they permit the smallest breach to be made in those ramparts it can only be a question of time before they become engulfed in the rushing torrent of Asiatic humanity. Can they be blamed for protecting themselves against absorption or annihilation?

Doubtless there are many people in this country who will scoff at the extravagance of the picture. It is, however,

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quite unnecessary to look so far into the future to seek for the justification of the policy of exclusion. If the principle of free entry were to be applied in Australia, New Zealand, or British Columbia it is reasonable to suppose that a long period might elapse before the Asiatic became a positive menace in the political sense. But it is undeniable that this period would be marked by an economic tension, wrought by the introduction of labour serving under a standard alien to the land of its adoption, that sooner or later would drive the white man from his own markets. It is equally beyond dispute that grave questions, affecting the moral well-being of the white communities as a whole, would arise from the inclusion in their midst of large numbers of Asiatic men, whose ethical conceptions and practices were in sharp conflict with the ideals of Christendom. The advocates of universal brotherhood and of the equality of mankind believe that the solution of this last problem lies in racial assimilation. But no one who understands the clean manhood of the Colonies will believe for a moment that it would be wise to preach such a doctrine within their borders. Some two years ago I had occasion to make certain inquiries in connection with the subject of Oriental immigration, and my quest led me to the most responsible quarters in London. Tersely the economic desirabilities of cheap coloured labour were laid before me; even the political aspect was touched upon; but the primary objection, and it was emphasised, appeared to be a fundamental racial dread of assimilation. "Our minds are made up. We will not tolerate it," was the final answer given me, and I left with the conviction that Herbert Spencer must have been inspired when he wrote that he was "entirely in favour of the policy of excluding Asiatics . . . or restricting them within the narrowest limits, and for this reason—if they come in large numbers either they will mix with the population or they will not. In the latter event they will ultimately become, if not slaves, practically in the position of slaves. If they do mix they will form a bad hybrid. In either event difficulties must arise, and in the long run immense social disorganisation."

At the present stage in the world's history it is safe to assert that there would be little in the nature of servitude to mark the lot of those Asiatic hordes who would settle upon the fair territories of our overseas dominions were Colonial Governments to raise the barrier that keeps them now in check. But the "immense social disorganisation" of which Spencer wrote would bring catastrophe to the Empire and to the age.

THE EMPIRE MOVEMENT

By the Earl of Meath

What is the Empire Movement, and what is its meaning? Such is the question which is sometimes asked. I would reply:—It is an earnest, organised effort to arouse the people who constitute the British Empire to a consciousness of the serious duties which lie at their door. Its watchwords are "Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, and Self-sacrifice." It was started in 1902, when advantage was taken of the presence in London, for the Coronation of the late King Edward, of many Colonial Prime Ministers and Governors to bring the subject to their notice, and the idea was so enthusiastically taken up that in 1909 May 24th was observed as "Empire or Victoria Day" in practically all the Dominions, Colonies, and Dependencies of the Empire. From reports already received "Empire Day" this year will be observed in the United Kingdom in over 21,000 schools with an average attendance of nearly 4½ million scholars, whilst throughout the Empire the day will be kept in some 57,000 schools with an attendance of about 8½ million scholars.

I propose to show why this movement should receive the enthusiastic support of every one who wishes to see the Empire maintain that leading position in the world which, through the sterling qualities of our ancestors, it has for so many years enjoyed.

What are the qualities which ensure success in civil life? Are they not moral rectitude, concentration of purpose, knowledge of the business in hand, indefatigable industry, a doggedness of will which knows not the meaning of the word failure, and the possession of strong physical health? Are not all these more or less the outcome of wise direction in youth, founded on the basis of knowledge, and of a firm discipline, training the soul, mind and body to overcome weakness and to conquer in spite of disabilities?

Our virile ancestors received little education in the modern sense of the term, but their fibre was not weakened by an hysterical humanitarianism which considers pain and discomfort the greatest of all earthly evils. They were trained in a hardy school. The allotted task, whatever it might be, had to be performed, the duty had to be fulfilled—come health, come sickness—or punishment, and that of no light character, inevitably supervened.

It may be said, and justly, that the school in which our grandparents were trained was a severe one. Granted; but if they erred on the side of severity, in the opinion of some of us we have gone to the other extreme, and are erring now in the direction of too great a laxity. Whatever the faults of our ancestors may have been, at all events they were trained to endure, to resist, to make light of physical discomfort, to bear pain cheerfully, and to overcome victoriously. They never heard the modern doctrine that no man is responsible for his actions, and that if he errs it must be through the fault of his parents, his superiors, his teachers, or, in default of any more definite scapegoat, of that vague entity known as society in general.

This doctrine, so delightful for the criminal, for the slacker, had not been evolved, with the result that, hardened by a wholesome, though perhaps extreme, discipline, our ancestors handed down to us the Empire that we enjoy to-day of one-fifth of the earth's surface—an Empire acquired and maintained by an unstinted expenditure of British blood and treasure.

Is the rising generation, to whose hands are shortly to be intrusted the future maintenance and welfare of this the greatest Empire the world has ever known, being trained for its honourable but overwhelmingly onerous duties in as hardy and strenuous a school? Some thoughtful men and women are of the opinion that our modern boys and girls are being brought up in too soft and luxurious a manner, and in this connection I would mention some leaflets published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, under the title of the "Duty and Discipline" Series. The essays are written by men and women, eminent in very different walks of life, whose opinions vary on many subjects, but who are all agreed that no small proportion of the social and national dangers which threaten the very existence of our beloved country are due to lack of proper training, which neglects the interests of national welfare.

Now, I would appeal to all, especially to parents, to remember that it is in their power either to injure or to benefit their country. It is in the nursery and in the schoolroom that the characters of the future men and women of the Empire must be formed. Unless the discipline and training carried on there are calculated to turn out alert, virile, hard-working, duty-loving, self-sacrificing men and women, the citizens of the future are hardly likely to be fit either to carry on the noble civic traditions of their

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ancestors, or to assist in the defence of their country should they unfortunately ever be called upon to sacrifice themselves on its behalf. I would ask all patriotic parents who desire to aid in the bringing up of a moral, hardy, disciplined race of men and women to encourage their children, girls as well as boys, to join General Baden-Powell's excellent Scout Patrol movement, which teaches alertness of mind and body, obedience, respect for authority, loyalty, patriotism, courage, endurance, and many other virtues as useful for girls as for boys, and for times of peace as for those of war.

And in this connection I would desire to point out that from a national point of view the disciplinary training of girls is as important to the country as that of the boys; for the girls are to be the mothers of the future, and they also must learn to subdue self, to be brave, to suffer pain and hardship cheerfully and without flinching; they must be taught to realise that the duties they owe to their country are as honourable, as onerous, as dangerous, as painful, and as important—if not more so—as those demanded by their brothers; they must learn to subordinate selfish interests to those of the State; they also must nourish noble ideals, and glory in any personal loss or suffering which in the interests of their Sovereign or of the Empire they may be privileged to endure.

I would specially appeal to the young to discipline themselves and to do their best to become good citizens of the magnificent Empire. Let us all see to it that, as far as we individually are concerned, through our example, and by every means in our power, we endeavour to raise up in the future a generation of disciplined men and women, imbued with a burning sense of their responsibilities, and determined to make themselves worthy citizens of an Empire containing no less than four hundred millions of human beings, and covering one-fifth of the earth's surface—an Empire the like of which the world has never known.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

M. STOLYPIN—DICTATOR OR DEMOCRAT?

By Lancelot Lawton

Political affairs in Russia are slowly but very surely drifting towards an acute crisis. In The Academy of April 22nd I wrote that "naturally the Russian people have become very jealous of the new and precious gift of representative government, and their Parliament is not likely to accept mildly M. Stolypin's ruling that in no circumstances has it a right to question the Government's action in enforcing Article 87. If the Premier is wise he will avoid another conflict with the Legislature. In any case, it would seem that a situation has been created from which he will find it very difficult to escape, and before long his resignation may be expected." Since this paragraph appeared M. Stolypin has "faced the music" of an angry Duma, and his action in applying the Emergency Clause for the promulgation of the South-Western Zemstvos Bill has been condemned by an overwhelming majority. The Premier's latest defence of his policy leaves us more than ever in doubt as to the real character of his convictions. In the first place, he figures as an out-and-out autocrat. Because, he says, the Senate, or Council of Ministers, is presided over by the Sovereign, the Duma has no legal right to challenge its promulgation of any measure. In the next breath he executes a *volte face* and appears as the champion of popular government. He declares that the Administration would employ the Emergency Clause only in respect of a measure sanctioned by the Duma and rejected by the Upper House. And, finally, he falls back upon attacking the members of the Upper House, who, he says, are not representatives of the nation, but representatives of class interest. Here we have M. Stolypin in the delightful *rôle* of demagogue. Yet opinion is practically unanimous, at home and abroad, that by flouting both branches of the Legislature he has virtually constituted himself Dictator of the Russian Empire. M. Stolypin is, of course, very much perplexed. He has stated his arguments with the object of showing that he has met the wishes of all parties, but he succeeds in convincing none. Surely there is no more misunderstood man in Europe to-day than the Russian Premier! The only consolation left to him in his isolation is the reflection that it is an undiscriminating and ungrateful world. His assertion that there can be no question as to the right of the Senate to advise the Sovereign in the application of the Emergency Clause is intended to gratify the friends of Autocracy. But they steadfastly refuse to be reconciled, declaring that M. Stolypin is merely shielding his own dictatorship behind the Throne.

Then the Premier, with sweet words, valiantly tried to win back the loyalty of the representative Chamber. The Duma, it will be remembered, originally passed the Western Provinces Zemstvos Bill, afterwards rejected by the Upper Chamber. M. Stolypin did not wait to reintroduce the measure. He promply invoked the aid of Article 87 of the Fundamental Laws, suspended both branches of the Legislature, and in the interim the much-debated Bill was promulgated. Thereupon both Houses considered that their constitutional powers had been wantonly usurped. Hence they had grounds for making common cause against M. Stolypin.

In Russia, as in Great Britain, the two branches of the Legislature are in conflict. The political conditions of each country are, of course, as widely apart as the poles; but let us, for illustration's sake, imagine that M. Stolypin's policy were applied in our own case. The Cabinet would take the place of the Senate, or the Council of Ministers. They would have the right, whenever they considered that circumstances warranted, to advise the Sovereign to suspend both Houses of Parliament, and in the meantime the Bill upon which they were intent would be promulgated. M. Stolypin, however, is careful to explain that such tactics will only be employed in regard to measures passed by the Duma and rejected by the Upper House. In other words, he proposes to use autocratic means for the purpose of securing the ends of democracy. Such is the Russian way of ensuring the ascendancy of the Lower House. Perhaps it will suggest something to the mind of Mr. Asquith! Were M. Stolypin's policy to be accepted there would indeed be Single Chamber Government in Russia. But the crisis has arisen not over any fear on this score, but because of the belief among all parties in the State that at heart the Premier cares nothing for constitutional liberty.

Yet M. Stolypin refuses to be otherwise than perplexed. He has enforced the will of the Duma, rebuked its enemy the Upper House, and has given notice of his intention to uphold at all costs the ascendancy of the representative institution. The conservative and reactionary elements in the Empire complain bitterly that he is arrogating to himself sovereign powers, while the Duma roundly scolds him for usurping the constitutional privileges of the people. That is the situation in summary. But it is further complicated by the fact that M. Stolypin says one thing to the Upper House and another thing to the Duma. A few weeks ago he declared to the former that the Government, or, in other words, the Council of Ministers, was alone competent to decide when the circumstances were sufficiently extraordinary to justify resort to the Emergency Clause. He then made mention of his resolve, subsequently expressed in the Duma, to use this means only in cases where its

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measures had been rejected by the Upper House. The final outcome of his methods, as I have already said, is to alienate the sympathy of all parties in the land. Even leading Nationalists who are the sponsors of the Zemstvos Bill assail him on the constitutional principle. According to law the measure must again be presented to the Legislature within two months of its promulgation under the Emergency Clause. It is believed that this condition will be complied with on May 25th, and that the very next day both Chambers will be prorogued. This course will save M. Stolypin from immediate defeat. It discloses a subtle plan of escape. But the nation, already incensed by "tactics," will not readily forgive so patent a ruse. The Premier may "save his face," but he certainly will not retain his position.

Diplomacy and Commerce

A question has been asked in Parliament, by Mr. Houston, which bears a relation to the subject discussed in last week's issue of The Academy. Sir Edward Grey replied that he had no reason to believe that German Consuls give more assistance or information than British Consuls afford. This statement is opposed to the experience of the commercial world. How does Sir Edward Grey account for the undeniable fact that our Consular reports are hopelessly belated, and that from many important centres where Consuls reside it is not deemed necessary to publish reports of any description?

The Triple Entente

From the very beginning I have insisted in these columns that the Triple Entente was unaffected by any negotiations that may have taken place between the two Emperors at Potsdam. This week an inspired article appeared in the *Rossiya*, making it clear that Russia was loyally supporting her ally over the question of Morocco. In the opinion of the *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg, "the *Rossiya's* statement puts an end to any doubts regarding the much-debated Russo-German negotiations and their possible influence in Russia's relations towards her allies. The article affords convincing evidence that the foreign policy of this country cannot be diverted from the Triple Entente."

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN IRISH POETRY—II.

Dr. Kuno Meyer, speaking of the ancient literature of Ireland, refers to the "loftiness, tenderness, and purity" which characterise it; and in this also the new race of poets are the inheritors of past tradition. For them the love of man and woman is still a natural and wholesome human feeling—not a sex problem. It is for them but another, it may be a higher, manifestation of the nature they love in all her forms, and consequently it falls into its proper place in the scheme of things, and is viewed by them in its just relation to the other joys and sorrows and problems of life.

It is, indeed, remarkable how few, proportionately, are the love-songs of modern Ireland, and against those we have it may be urged with some truth that they lack the fervour of individual feeling which marks the great love poetry of the world. They are addressed to abstractions rather than living women; like Angus, the lover of Irish myth, the poets seek their loves

> At the edge of the rainbow well, whose whispering waters tell
> Of a face bent over the rim, rose-pale and as roses red (1).

Only very rarely do we find a hint of the authentic human thrill, as in Moira O'Neill's "Cuttin' Rushes," or in "Across the Door," by Padraic Colum, which I quote in full:—

> The fiddles were playing and playing,
> The couples were out on the floor;
> From converse and dancing he drew me,
> And across the door.
>
> Ah! strange were the dim wide meadows,
> And strange was the cloud-strewn sky,
> And strange in the meadows the corncrakes,
> And they making cry!
>
> The hawthorn bloom was by us,
> Around us the breath of the south,
> White hawthorn, strange in the night-time—
> His kiss on my mouth!

In that, simple as it is, there is a hint of love as the eternal mystery which lends strangeness to familiar things, and of the warmth and the thrill of its purely human side.

But if love poetry, pure and simple, is lacking to some extent, we find no dearth of what Wordsworth would have called Poems of the Affections—of the tenderness of friend for friend, of husband for wife, of mother for child. Some of the lullabies are charming, with their sleepy refrain of "Shoheen, shlo lo," and there is a wonderfully tender note in poems like Padraic Colum's "Cradle Song," where the mother, hushing her baby to sleep, says to the men entering—

> O men from the fields!
> Come softly within,
> Tread softly, softly,
> O men coming in!
>
> . . . .
>
> O men from the fields!
> Soft, softly come through—
> Mary puts round him
> Her mantle of blue.

This tenderness of feeling for helpless things—for children, for the old, for the poor—is very marked. We find it in Emily Lawless's pathetic "Stranger's Grave," in Stephen Gwynn's "Out in the Dark," in S. O'Sullivan's "Piper," who played till

> Little bare feet that were blue with cold
> Went dancing back to the age of gold,
> And all the world went gay, went gay,
> For half an hour in the street to-day;

and in the sympathy touched with humour of Padraic Colum's "Old Woman of the Roads," "weary of mist and dark, And roads where there's never a house or bush," and cherishing in her mind a vision of a "little house, a house of me own," and a

> "Dresser filled with shining delph,
> Speckled and white and blue and brown."

It is from the common life of the peasant in his fields or in his home, of the wanderer on the road, of the drover following his cattle, that the poets in most cases draw their inspiration, making their songs of homely things told in a simple and direct speech which is yet, somehow, the true language of poetry. They attain at times, though it may seem presumptuous to say so, the ideal first set up by Wordsworth, which he himself, when he most studied simplicity, only rarely achieved. The feelings described are of a simple kind, but they are real feelings, and there is a total absence of anything approaching to sentimentality.

I have tried to show some of the characteristics of the subject matter of the poems of Ireland to-day, and it may fairly be asked, But what place do her poets take as craftsmen, as weavers of words and inventors of measures? This is a more difficult question to answer, and only one versed

(1) Ethna Carbery.

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in the technicalities of the poetic art could answer it rightly. In this respect, it seems to me, the poets of to-day have broken with ancient tradition. The bards of old framed such stringent laws for the regulating of verse that ultimately matter was subordinated to form; they bound themselves so rigidly that the freedom of poetic inspiration was strangled in the meshes of a complicated system of verbal arrangement. Their modern successors have to a certain extent rejected the ordinary standards of prosody, and the result is rather chaotic. They seem to be feeling for new methods of expressing sound in verse, and if as yet they have achieved no notable reforms, and have had many failures, still, here and there we find a fine and unfamiliar rhythm or a subtle cadence which arrests the ear as something new. It is impossible here to give a sufficient number of quotations to illustrate these experiments in versification, but the following lines strike me as original in rhythm, or at least as variations of more familiar measures:—

Peace and holy gloom possess him, last of Gaelic monarchs of the Gael,
Slumbering by the young eternal river voices of the Western vale.

—*T. W. Rolleston.*

. . . . .

I wish I'd be forgetting it, a blue September morning,
The blowing grass, the torn nets, and one girl's scorning.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

. . . . .

It is a whisper among the hazel bushes;
It is a long, low whispering voice that fills
With a sad music the bending and swaying rushes:
It is a heart-beat deep in the quiet hills.

—*S. O'Sullivan.*

In the irregular rhythm of S. MacCathmaoil's Coronach there is a broken music which suggests the rise and fall of the *caoine* for the dead:—

Come, pipes, sound
A crooning coronach round,
Till hill and hollow glen and shadowed lake o'erflow
With welling music of our woe.
Beat, beat, ye muffled drums, ye drones and chanters wail
With heartbreak of the baffled, battle-broken Gael.
The clay is deep on Ireland's breast:
Her proud and bleeding heart is laid at last to rest . . .
To rest . . . to rest!

In a short sketch such as this it is obviously impossible to make a satisfactory study of the tendencies and achievements of even a few of the poets of modern Ireland, but the writer hopes enough has been said to tempt the lover of poetry to follow for himself a by-path of literature which offers many alluring glimpses of a comparatively new and undiscovered realm.

R. D.

COLONIAL INVESTMENTS

THERE are many reasons why we should prefer Colonial investments to those in foreign countries, but the main reason why they are so popular and consequently give a lower yield than investments in foreign countries is that most of us have been in the Colonies, and those who have not been abroad have one or more members of their family who are Colonials. We know what we are buying. We also feel at the bottom of our hearts that the nation as a body is at the back of Colonial investments. This is, of course, pure sentiment, for each Colony stands on its merits, and the Government specially declares upon every dividend warrant of Colonial stock that it is not in any way responsible for either principal or interest. Yet we feel that the Empire hangs together morally and financially, and we believe that one day all the Colonial debts will be merged into one huge Imperial debt. The old idea that the Colonies were a burden and almost a nuisance has died. The modern man thinks that the State must recognise its responsibilities and that the Colonies should reciprocate. Sentiment tells in finance as in everything else, and most of us would prefer our money to earn $3\frac{1}{2}$ in Canada than 5 in the Argentine.

Canada is the great Colonial borrower to-day. Twenty years ago the Australian Colonies were perpetually asking for loans. They borrowed too much, but they had the sense to stop, and now their debts appear small compared with their ever-growing assets. Canada does not, however, borrow direct as a Government. Her debt is only 14 millions as against nearly 40 millions of New South Wales. It is the Canadian financier who borrows. This he does with courage. The Mackenzie and Mann group finance their railway, lumber, and other schemes with great skill, and, in spite of the fact that certain people in the City shake their heads, they are likely to pull through, and make successes of the greater number of their companies. The Canadian Pacific total indebtedness is only 46 millions, which, considering the length and importance of the line, is a record. Canadian Pacific Ordinary shares only yield 4 per cent., but they are strongly held both in England and Canada, and even at present prices are bought by Montreal investors. The Preference and Bond issues yield less, and may be considered gilt-edged Canadian securities. The Grand Trunk has now a capital indebtedness of 65 millions, and a further heavy liability in its Grand Trunk Pacific. Sooner or later the Grand Trunk securities will appreciate, and even the Ordinary stock appears a good lock-up with a dividend prospect after half a dozen years have passed. Hudson Bay is another great Canadian Company whose shares are equally sought for, with the result that the yield is under 4 per cent. The great banks of Canada are the Bank of Montreal, whose shares yield only 4 per cent., a lower yield than any English Bank, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, on whose shares an investor can only obtain a shade over 4 per cent. The fashion to-day turns towards Canadian Industrials. Promoters by the score have made combines, or "mergers," as they are called, of groups of factories. The purchase price has been obtained by Bonds, and the promoter has usually taken most of the common stock for himself. How long these mergers will continue prosperous depends upon the growth of Canada. In most cases the Bonds may be considered a fair speculative investment and the common stock a poor gamble. Bonds of Municipalities in Canada give the investor 4 to 5 per cent., and in most cases are reasonably secure. But Bonds issued by towns that depend for their existence upon mines are very dangerous. The Municipal Bonds of the leading cities like Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, are good, but not cheap.

Australia was once a great borrower, but to-day the City turns a cold shoulder upon this great Colony, as, for example, when Queensland offered her last loan, which was a complete failure. But the Governments of Australia, large as is their indebtedness, are quite solvent, and the public realises this and readily buys anything that gives a yield over $3\frac{1}{2}$. Prices of all the Colonial Government Loans have appreciated during the past few months, and if, as appears likely, we are in for a period of cheap money, then we shall see a still greater rise in such investments. They are, most of them, invested Stocks. The Municipal Loans of Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, are perfectly sound, and yield about 4 per cent. The railways in the Australian Colonies belong to the Commonwealth; therefore we get no railway securities from the Antipodes. But Land Companies are occasional borrowers, and as they have

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had a prosperous cycle of years they get what money they require.

The Cape Colony Government Loans yield $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$, according to the date of redemption, and the Natal Loans about the same. Both are sound and will improve in value. The total debt is under 50 millions, whilst the Transvaal Loan, which is guaranteed by Great Britain, amounts to 35 millions and only yields $3\frac{1}{4}$. The Transvaal has also been a big municipal borrower, for Johannesburg alone is responsible for 9 millions. As the mines will not go on for ever, this amount appears out of all proportion to the value of the Rand apart from mining, and the securities are much overvalued. The Pretoria 4's are under par, as are the Bloemfontein 4's. The Transvaal is very over-weighted with debt, and its assets are rapidly vanishing. The Rhodesian Railways, the interest on which is guaranteed by the Chartered Company, have become favourite investments of late, and will continue popular as long as the country progresses. The yield is high and they are good investments. The Mines of the Rand are by many considered as investments, but they require careful choosing, for the lives of the outcrop mines are short, and the Deep Levels are not so rich or so cheaply worked. Those in the central portion of the Rand are the soundest, but purchasers must always take out a sinking-fund policy for the return of the capital invested, and even then there is considerable risk.

The Crown Colonies have all borrowed as freely as they dare, but their total indebtedness is not much more than 12 millions, of which Ceylon is responsible for nearly 4 millions. The yields vary slightly, but an investor can obtain nearly $3\frac{7}{8}$ all round and rest easy that he is in sound loans.

India Loans yield quite as much as the Colonial Stocks, and are, of course, equally safe. There are about £163,000,000 of Trustee India Stocks yielding $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{5}{8}$, and they must appreciate in value as we grow accustomed to cheap money.

Indian Railway Loans to the amount of 45 millions offer varied yields, according to the risks. Most of them are quite good, and it is a pity that they are not more in favour. Even the Debenture Stocks can be bought to pay nearly 4 per cent.

The newly-discovered industry of rubber in the Malay cannot be left out of any list of Colonial investments. Prices of rubber shares are to-day very low, and such good companies as Linggi, Anglo-Malay, Vallombrosa, Pataling, Consolidated Malay, Cicely Selangor, Highlands and Lowlands, are all cheap enough to yield well over 10 per cent. No rubber share should be purchased unless it yields this, but the best are certainly sound speculation at to-day's prices.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

If last week was dull, the present week is still duller. The public appears to have lost all interest in speculation, and they decline either to buy or sell. Indeed the British public never sell; that is why they are such bad speculators, and is one reason why they invariably lose their money. They are always on the bull tack, and when anybody is a bull a fall is inevitable. We want gamblers on both bull and bear tacks. To-day we are apparently suffering from stale bull accounts in process of liquidation. When it will end I cannot say. A good many brokers do not expect any revival before the Coronation, as they think that the excitement in the West will stop any similar feeling in the East. But if we continue in our present state of lethargy prices will drop back to the old levels at which the year started. This will be an excellent thing for people with money to invest, for they will be able to get 5 per cent.—a chance such as seldom occurs.

Not only does the public refuse to buy shares on the Stock Exchange, but it also refuses to apply for shares in the new companies that are being brought out. I do not blame them, for the promoter to-day apparently considers that the majority of mankind are fools. We have been asked to subscribe for sheer downright gambles like the Malayan Tin, or impudent so-called Banks like the Credit Bank, against which the whole Press has warned the investor. I suspect this Mr. McCann will continue to run his "Bank" on the old lines, and will not be provided with money to discount "Guaranteed Commercial Bills"—whatever they may be. I am surprised that Mr. Parry, whose *A B C Rubber Handbook* has been so useful and so accurate, should have put his name upon the Sennah prospectus. He says in the second edition of his *A B C* that he calculates the profit on rubber at 1s. per lb. for 1913, yet in the prospectus he allows a valuation at 50 per cent. more. Mr. Parry as expert and Mr. Parry as promoter-vendor are evidently possessed of two brains that work independently. The Sennah land is not worth half the price asked, and as Rubber is an industrial proposition the valuation of the estate is the vital point in all Rubber prospectuses. The Bahia Blanca offer of debentures guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific was a cheap offer, for the security is good enough.

Money is much easier, and now that the Budget is well under weigh, will become easier still. Indeed, except for the desire of the great Banks to keep a steady 3 per cent. rate, I see no reason why the Bank of England should not reduce the official rate to $2\frac{1}{2}$. But whether this happens or not, we shall surely get a low Bank Rate right through the summer.

Foreigners have been dead idle. Even the bulls of Perus could not twist the preference beyond 43 and keep them there. The French Banks are marking up Russians in readiness for the Railway Loan, and they extended their operations to London, where quite a reasonable market sprang up on Tuesday.

Home Rails are bought in small lots by little investors and sold in big blocks by stale bulls whose bankers decline to finance them any longer. Thus we get days of dulness punctuated with hours of brisk trade. Prices are a shade more attractive, and they will soon be at a level that will bring in a fresh lot of buyers. We must not forget that Home Rails grow fatter each day with dividend. This is an important matter to an investor. The end of the year is rapidly approaching, and in a few weeks we shall be able to calculate with great accuracy the dividends for the June half-year. Nearly all the lines show admirable increases, and, as working expenses have been cut down, an addition to last June dividend distributions seems certain. The present account looks as though it would be a dull one, but I should advise investors to watch the Home Rail Market and buy in upon flat days. I again repeat that Brums, Great Westerns, Lancashire and Yorkshires, and North Easterns are thoroughly sound gilt-edged stocks, and that they are undervalued in the market when all the dealers are short of shares.

Yankees.—The Trust Decision came to the hour, as Mr. Vanderlip declared it would. The big banks cabled over here large buying orders, and the London market went in and bid hard. The decision was a bear point, yet Yankees rose all round. This shows how futile it is for an outsider to gamble in Yankees, for the note is struck to suit the big finance houses, and they are quite cynical in their disregard of hard facts. But though the New York bankers will not allow any banging of markets, they are equally determined not to allow any wild speculation. They are determined to

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place all the short-dated notes they can, and they must have peace and dulness to do this satisfactorily. I do not believe that we shall see any boom, but I feel almost certain we shall not get a slump.

RUBBER.—I should not be surprised to see a rise in this market. Prices have now fallen almost to a 15 per cent. level, and even if raw rubber falls to 4s. a lb. the leading rubber companies can make handsome profits at this price. The cost of production averages 1s. 6d. all over the Malay States, and with rubber at 4s. most of the well-managed companies should get an average price of 3s. 6d. This gives 2s. for the net profit. But we must not forget that rubber has been moderately high for some months, so that 2s. is an understatement. I do not suggest a purchase of any but the best companies, whose names you know as well as I do. However, it is worth repeating that Highlands, Linggi, Anglo-Malay, Consolidated Malay, Vallombrosa are free markets and good, sound companies; that Pataling, Selangor, Cicely, Golconda, Batu Cares, Lanadron, Kapar, Para, Rubana, and Straits Rubber are sound concerns in which there is usually a market, though the two latter shares are sometimes difficult to purchase. No one can go wrong here. But never be deluded into buying so-called "cheap shares," they may look cheap, but you will find them dear in the end.

OIL.—The promoters keep a steady market in Black Sea, Premier Oil and Pipe, Maikop Victory, and Maikop Pipes, but they wish to dispose of shares. I do not see much chance of any further rise in Oil shares. They have had a good spurt, and, were I a holder, I should take my profit.

KAFFIRS.—It would seem to me that the big houses do not intend to do anything to move this market, which must drop to a lower level. The Rand will be short of labour during the next few months, and we are warned that what labour there is will be dear; therefore I say, Keep out of Kaffirs.

RHODESIANS.—A move is to be made in Willoughbys, and Percy Marsden is sending out circulars. Marvellous reports are issued. But I am sick of this Rhodesian market, for any good news always brings in a host of sellers, and I should not dare to buy for fear the "shop" were selling. Mines are out of fashion.

MISCELLANEOUS.—'Bus stock has given us plenty to talk about, but the dealings are very select, and though the price moves backwards and forwards, the jobbers really control the whole business.

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CORRESPONDENCE

FELO-DE-SE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I say a few words with respect to your welcome article in the current issue of your paper?

We have but to do away with our hereditary principle of government, and we rid ourselves of that principle which distinguishes national from non-national rule. We shall, in fact, no longer have any original or constitutional basis of government, but merely a predatory ground of legislation.

For instance, our hereditary principle of government—that is to say, the House of Lords—must not be confused, as it appears to be, with personal forms of heredity; such forms being allied, more or less, to negative forms of heredity. There is such an hereditary principle of Government as an impersonal, national, or legal hereditary principle—a principle relative of positive and not merely negative forms of heredity.

It is upon such a principle that our House of Lords is based, for, apart from this supreme or entirely impersonal basis of government, all other hereditary principles must be varying principles—that is to say, idealistic and therefore empirical forms of heredity.

Thus our House of Lords has no political value in an empirical sense of heredity, but only in this supreme or national sense of heredity.

Surely, Sir, it will not be argued that our Constitution was based upon empirical or personal formulas of government? And if not, how on earth is the House of Lords, as a national or impersonal principle of heredity, to be justly termed a degenerate principle of government? If, as a national principle of heredity, it is to be termed "rotten," then the British Constitution, in this fundamental sense, has always been rotten.

No, Sir, the fact of the matter is we have degenerated in an individual and not in a national sense. The very fact of the attempt on the part of the Commons to smash the magnificent structure of the British Constitution (for this attack on the Lords is virtually an attack upon the Crown, since the destruction of the former cannot be made without the destruction of the latter) is proof enough, Once let an empirical or elected Second Chamber be substituted for a real, national, or hereditary Chamber, and the people of these islands (since the Government is supposed to act under orders from the people) will have completely forfeited the liberties obtained for them by that glorious script Magna Charta.

One great and noble Baron of the realm (the Earl of Wemyss, in a letter to the *Times*) has had the courage to make a public protest against such a suicidal act of policy premeditated through the voice of the people.

Is this grand old Peer, with but a handful of loyal comrades, to stand alone? Are there no true and faithful hearts to be found among the Commons of this benighted land who will answer to the rallying cry thus made for England's salvation?

If not, then, Sir, as you have surmised in your article, it would be more to the glory of England if the Lords, since they have got to go, died with some semblance of nobility.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

THE ORCHARD HOUSE AT CONCORD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It may interest some of the many English men and English women who as children enjoyed Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" and other stories to know that at Concord, Massachusetts, U.S.A., a movement has been started to keep intact the Orchard House in which the Alcott family lived for many years. Americans of late have shown a disposition to preserve such literary and artistic shrines as there are in their country. The birthplaces or former residences of Longfellow, Poe, Irving, Whittier, Whitman, Whistler, and others have been commemorated. This year, although financial conditions in the States are not altogether so propitious as at some times, the Woman's Club of the New England village, through its President, Mrs. Henry C. Rolfe, has been appealing to all lovers of Miss Alcott's books to contribute toward a fund of at least £1,600 to guarantee the preservation and maintenance of this ancient historic home. A portion of the fund has already been subscribed, mostly in small amounts, and is in the hands of Henry F. Smith, junr., Middlesex

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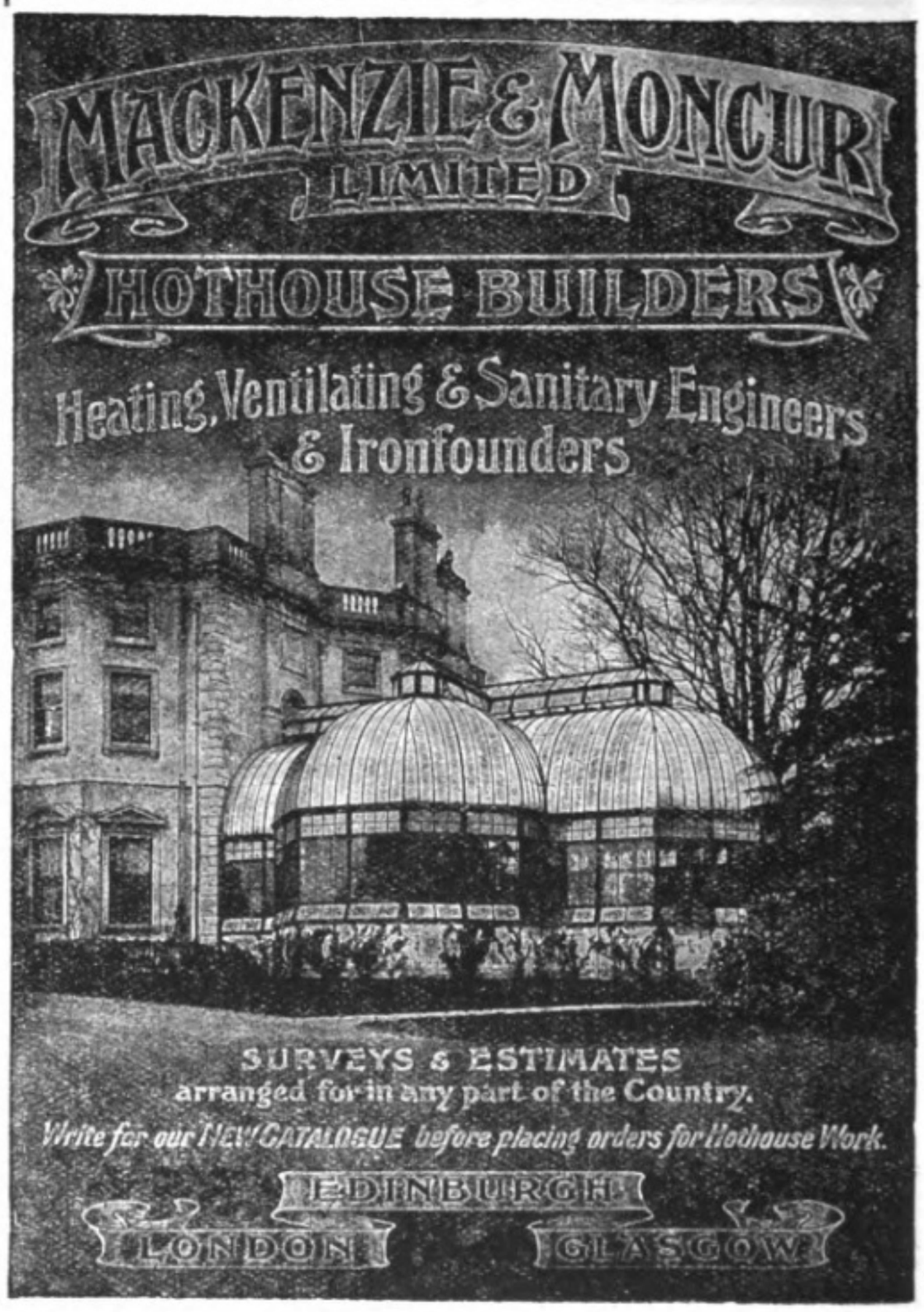
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Printed and Published for the Proprietor by Odhams Ltd., 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, and 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

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SUPPLEMENT TO "THE ACADEMY," MAY 20, 19

Empire Supplement

THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

MAY 20, 1911

JOHN BULL'S LETHARGY

By Sir William Bull

The chief mental vice of our generation is apathy. It is hard to judge whether it is the apathy of satiety—whether we are so saturated with news, "sensations," tonics of scientific discovery, discussions on art and its developments, political instruction, new theories of ethics, and popular education that we do not respond suitably to further stimulus—or whether it is apathy of indifference, the consequence of an indifference that has become habitual. There is very little excitement about the Parliament Bill, and such excitement as there is is most feeble among the masses. Yet the Parliament Bill effectively deprives the people of this country of their liberties, and brings them under a system of Cabinet tyranny. It has a worse effect, for, while giving the Cabinet the power of a tyrant, it makes this tyrant the tool of a minority of the electorate, whose strength lies in the survival of sedition in Ireland. To-day the power of the British people is suspended in the interest of Mr. Redmond; to-morrow it may be suspended in the interest of Mr. Keir Hardie. But there is no excitement.

For bread and freedom we depend upon the Navy. Probably three-quarters of the electors do not clearly understand whether or no the Government still adheres to and is prepared to maintain the Two-Power Standard. But there is no excitement. Probably three-quarters of the electors do not know whether we should be able to fight the Triple Alliance two years hence with a sure prospect of success. But there is no excitement. Probably the great majority of the electors could not give a considered opinion on the point whether, if it be admitted that our naval preparations are not now adequate to meet contingencies in the near future, they could be made so in time; and again there is no excitement. We have been told often and often that the supreme need of this country is cheap corn; there are cogent reasons for believing that the proposed reciprocity agreement between the United States and Canada will raise the price of bread to the British consumer much above the imaginary figure which terrifies Cobdenites when they contemplate a system of Imperial preference; and there is no excitement.

Perhaps it is well that John Bull should be phlegmatic. But then he, like others, *in medio tutissimus ibit*—good qualities become bad if they are carried to extremes. And there is one matter of an eminent importance which it is wholly mischievous to treat with indolent disregard. It is the problem of Imperial consolidation. That is a life or death problem for John Bull.

When our fathers chose industrial development *à outrance*, letting the devil take agriculture, they made us a dependent nation. We are dependent upon markets abroad for the sale of our products, and if we cannot sell our products we cannot feed our people. Markets outside the Empire are being steadily closed to us. Japan has supplied the latest example of the process. We must secure our markets within the Empire as best we may, and opportunities are slipping from us. Moreover, if this country becomes an isolated island Power, faced by walled-in markets, the decay of its prosperity and the decrease of its population will be inevitable. In its decline the burden of a predominant Navy would become too great for it. It would cease to be able to protect its independence, and would either exist as a small Power because the balance of rival forces in Europe gave it an unstable lease of that status, or would be absorbed.

Further, when our fathers, departing from their ancestral tradition, staked the nation's future on industrialism, they made the additional mistake of accepting the *laissez-faire* principle. To the former error we owe the crowding of our people into the towns; to the latter, the unregulated slum. And we now have the familiar problem of physical degeneracy among the poorer classes. It is also the problem of recruiting for the British Army. We have been exporting much of the best of our thews and sinews for half a century and more. If we could not call to our aid that proportion of it which has vitalised the Dominions overseas, could we withstand a strong military power in Persia, in India, in any part of the world? Could we, without that aid, endure the strain of a prolonged campaign against a powerful enemy even if we consented now to make the sacrifice involved in accepting Universal Service?

A man need not be far advanced in age to remember the three phases through which British public opinion has passed in relation to the Colonies. There was the pre-Imperial phase. The current belief was that the Colonies—homes of our surplus population and convenient fields for the fruitful use of our surplus capital—would mature to readiness for independence; and there was only a slack desire that history should be otherwise written. When an Australian contingent volunteered for service in the Soudan a quarter of a century ago that phase grew obsolete; a new light influenced opinion at home. We were ready for the instruction of Kipling, and we passed to the first Imperial phase, which reached its fullest development in the years of the South African War. There was a widespread, enthusiastic belief that the Empire should be and could be an organic whole as an extension of the United Kingdom. Realisation of the difficulties of the case and study of them in a calmer mood showed that the imperial *élan* could not and should not denationalise growing nations which geographical, social, industrial and ethnical circumstances were moulding into separate development. The prose of Mr. Jebb succeeded the lyrics of Kipling, and the accepted plan for consolidation became a scheme of federation for kindred

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nations in which Britain is contemplated rather as *senior* than as *primus inter pares*.

How is such a scheme to be made operative? Of the two bonds which preserve unity sentiment rests upon community of ideals and traditions, kinship, and the living desire to maintain the historic relation; interest should provide a connection with innumerable ramifications, well trained and fostered, reaching interdependently even to the smallest communities in the Empire. The disruptive force is the compulsion which rightly urges each State to meet the contingencies of its history in its own national spirit and in accordance with its predominant interests. But the disruptive force can be annulled by a wise policy of all for each and each for all. The immunity from attack, the power in upholding a just claim, the strength in diplomacy, which each State of the Empire would derive from the solidarity of the whole would be a willingly accepted means of combining distinct nationality with federal union; and any sacrifice of the separate interests of one member of the federation would be amply compensated by the right of using the power of the united members for the promotion of all interests consistent with solidarity. The bond that unites the States must be flexible and adaptable, for in a community of nations there are constant changes of balance; and in these early stages of consolidation such changes will be rapid and of strong momentum. To-day the hegemony belongs justly to the old realm; the Navy is at once the guard and the guarantee of the independence and integrity of the Empire; and the upkeep of the Navy has hitherto fallen almost wholly to the share of the mother country. The working Army too has stood, for the main part, to her charge, both for men and money. Therefore, the supremacy of the Parliament of these islands has been natural and just. But these conditions are changing. The Dominions are taking up the burden of defence, and sooner or later they must have a co-ordinate, not a subordinate, power of counsel and control as to the use of the forces which they supply and support.

The States must have a foreign policy in common; they must have mutual trade bonds which have acquired the ease of use and familiarity in their bearing. To secure the adjustment and unity which these requirements involve there is no means but a slow growth of solidarity. No cut-and-dried formula of unity will endure the strain or meet the conditions. But it is a truism that there are favourable and unfavourable conditions of growth, and we all know that the bending of the twig gives the direction of the branch. The success or failure of the unifying process will probably result from action taken in its initial stages; and the present is the time of the early growth.

It would be admirable if this subject could be kept clear of party conflict. But that desideratum is beyond attainment, from no fault of the Unionist party. It is the bane of the present Government that the principles of an obsolete Liberalism constrain them to cut into both the bonds—sentiment and interest—which ought to keep the Empire united. The silly insolence of "banging and bolting and barring" the door against Preference is a blow to the good will of the Dominions and a blow to commercial solidarity. The blow is dealt for the sake of a dead and dry generalisation from conditions that have disappeared off the face of the earth—the Cobdenite formula, which is without relation to the governing facts in the business world of our day. The Liberal Government is bound by its economic superstition to sacrifice the living to the dead.

The Imperial Conference is close upon us. At that Conference we can either continue the work of consolidation sagaciously and effectively, or we can once more let opportunities slip past us and become irrevocable, jeopardising the cause of Imperial Union with all that it means for us. The progress of unity cannot be forced, but if it is aided on the side of the mother country by statesmen worthy of the task those who are in their early years among us need not despair of seeing in Westminster Hall—the cradle of our great tradition of rule by representatives—a truly Imperial Parliament. That the Government should undergo a change of heart and show a regenerate spirit in this matter is beyond the bounds of reasonable hope; they are the hierophants in the musty temple of Free Trade, declaring that the fetters on our own commerce are the insignia of its glorious freedom, and repulsing our kinsmen from the door.

What is needed is that the nation should rouse itself to insist that its rulers should accept the offer of assured security and prosperity for the Britain of the future, and preserve the Cobdenite fane solely as a museum of antiquities. It would be easy to name many suitable curators. But there is no excitement among the public. John Bull is happy and confident in his apathy, and the Cobdenite superstition prevails. Some day John will be startled into recognition of what it has cost him, and the anxious hope of every Imperialist is that the day may not come too late.

THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

With the opening of the "Festival of Empire" on May 12th it may safely be said that the Crystal Palace takes a new lease of life. There may be two opinions upon the propriety of disturbing the beautiful grounds, of "desecrating" them, some might say, by the erection of stiff buildings and by the cutting of a *ceinture* railway, but there can be no question of the lively and lasting interest of the new venture. To be present on the opening day was to realise how fine a thing is true Imperialism—devotion to King and Queen and country. Patiently the crowd inside the palace awaited the arrival of their Majesties; patiently the crowd outside waited in the sunshine until the concert should be over; and then, when the Royal party had passed and the cheers had subsided, the real business of the day might be said to have begun. That business was, of course, to explore the Dominions from end to end, and to observe, by the wondrous array of curiously clad gentlemen and ladies who flashed and glinted and glowed in the strong light, how we have developed in manners and attire since the gay old times when our predecessors dwelt in caves, or went on pilgrimages, or chopped off offending heads incontinently, or wore their ladye's glove on their helms, or fought armadas, or did other of the gallant and glorious things which we admire—but cannot do—to-day.

With the magic pass we travelled round the comfortable little electric "All-Red Route" through half a world of wonders. India, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa—at any of these and other stations the explorer may alight, to find himself inspecting some industry, manufacture, or peculiarity of the country associated with the name of his stopping-place. The views on the route itself are very cleverly conceived and constructed, especially those which have to do with the sea—the famous harbours and ports, for example. The Indian Jungle, with various wild-looking fauna assembled at the most convenient view-point, is perhaps rather too palpably "constructed" for the benefit of the ignorant onlooker; but the natives of the vales and dells over which the train passes are very obviously genuine—also very obviously amused at the attention they attract.

Needless to say, at such an Exhibition as this there are any number of "side-shows" for those who tire of the charms of acquiring knowledge. "Joy-wheels," mountain railways, and other hilarious pleasures familiar to Londoners

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of late years through the medium of Earl's Court or Shepherd's Bush are here abounding, and will doubtless be patronised freely during the course of the summer, if the record attendances are followed up. The best thing to do on Friday, however, was to take a seat near one of the bands in the open-air and to watch the pageant of the crowd. Almost every third or fourth person seemed to have stepped from some volume of old-time fashion-plates. Two jesters of the Middle Ages, equipped with cap and bells and motley all complete, hob-nobbed with two dames of the Early Victorian era: sundry gaolers who scowled fiercely when they remembered their austere office, various tormentors who tormented not, were hail-fellow-well-met with ladies of the ultra-modern school. Damsels wearing the most atrocious crinolines walked—or waddled—cheek-by-jowl with devotees of the "hobble" skirt, and the effect was certainly most instructive and illuminating. Knights and scriveners, clowns and peasants, Elizabethans and Carolians, all were represented, and probably had we inquired we might have discovered King Alfred in some doleful corner dreaming over his burned cakes. Twilight fell: the vivid golden flames from the summits of various domes and towers mingled with the softer flames of sunset, and still the endless pageant passed by, still the laughter of happy voices ascended to the deepening skies. And after twilight came the fireworks, for the joy of those who must ever be watching for eye-sensations and thrills.

And the good of it all? Well, the "Festival of Empire" is more than a mere Exhibition, although to dub it "educational" is to call up very undesirable, dry, and dusty visions. To learn while being entertained is the ideal condition of absorbing knowledge: such a condition is fulfilled by the festival now in progress. Many columns would be needed to describe all that is to be seen even inside the Palace of Crystal; the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty lies in an actual visit and tour of the transformed grounds. Many Londoners, we cannot doubt, will realise as never before how splendid is the Empire of which they and their city form a central part.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE

We are your loyal daughters
  From 'neath the Southern Cross
Swift as the following billows
  Strong as the albatross,
Owning one Throne, one Empire,
  Sounding true friendship's ring,
Bending the knee in loyal
  Devotion to the King.

If we are supposed to wait for a national growth and national traditions upon which to base a country's literature, then that of Australia is a forward and precocious growth. For nearly half a century after the principal classics were produced under the Southern Cross, critics were wont to say that Australia possessed no literature, that the Australian prose-writers and poets were without character or distinction, without any special qualities which should make them Australian and not merely localised English writers.

And until quite recently this charge was not an unjust one. The birth-history of Australia is not an inspiring theme. The infant struggles were uninteresting. And so for three-fourths of a century the literature of the Colonies consisted mainly of official reports, domestic and travel narratives, and controversial correspondence in which the diatribes of W. C. Wentworth, Dr. J. Dunmore Lang, and Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke) loomed large. Wentworth and Lang turned out a mass of material, chiefly connected with the struggles for the cessation of transportation and for representative government. But it was strictly utilitarian, and its popularity belonged to the day only.

The echoes of these diatribes were still ringing throughout the Mother Colony when the first hapless generation of Australian writers was born. They were a strange triumvirate—two poets and a novelist—who for a generation held the stage and gave to Australia the first fruits of its literary genius. It was a barren field for early singers. They all struggled. They all died young and poor, leaving their bones in a desert to show the way to following bards.

What a remarkable trio! One of them, the melancholy, shy, but sweet-tongued Henry Clarence Kendall, was in the truest sense an Australian. The son and the grandson of colonists, he had known nothing but the hearts and hearths of the Great Pacific. And yet he did not know Australia in its manliness and robustness. He knew squalor and poverty young, but young also he knew James Lionel Michael, a poetic solicitor of high culture; and the muse of the introspective, studious lad was saved and flourished. Kendall was passionately fond of Australian Nature, and also of the fragments of prose and verse that then stood for Australian literature. He was an acquaintance of the first poet of the South, C. H. Harpur (author of "The Creek of the Four Graves"), and he was to some extent a *protégé* of the great Australian Henry Parkes, then struggling in the editorship of a Sydney newspaper. Kendall was essentially a dreamer, a lover of that Nature which he painted so well:—

It seems to me, my friend, and this wild thought
  Of all wild thoughts doth chiefly make me bleed,
That in those hills and valleys, wonder-fraught,
  I loved and lost a noble creed.
For now my soul goes drifting back again.
  Aye, drifting, drifting like the silent snow:
While scattered sheddings in a fall of rain
  Revive the dear lost Long Ago.

Kendall was twenty-one when he published his first poems in 1862. He had no sympathy with the robust joys and sports of life, and he died, at forty-one, a hopeless alcoholic.

By the side of Kendall sang Adam Lindsay Gordon, an Englishman by birth. But how different his muse! Gordon was a wild youth. It was his youthful recklessness that made him an Australian. He looked life in the eyes: played and gambled: rode hard: lived fast. And he wrote as he lived: of sport, manliness, horses, and deeds. In this, indeed, he was the prophet of Australia, setting the keynote for the Australian literature of to-day. Gordon is epitomised in his verse:—

Life is mostly froth and bubble.
  Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
  Courage in your own.

Yet Gordon himself failed of the latter. The world was unkind to genius in those days. Poverty dogged also the footsteps of the gay Gordon. The man who wrote this verse and won three steeplechases in one day, committed suicide at the age of thirty-seven, afraid of debt.

The third of the trio was Marcus Clarke, who came early to Australia, and soon left the prose classic of the generation, "The Term of His Natural Life." He made much money in fourteen years of writing, but was hopelessly improvident, and died poor at thirty-six.

But even with this work achieved, there was still substantial ground for saying that Australia had no literature of her own. If there was something freer, more rollicking,

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more racy in the verse of Gordon than in that of contemporary English bards, it was no more than the expression of the freer and less conventional life he led, or the reflection of the freer and less conventional public for whom he wrote.

There was little in the diction or the outlook of Gordon, Kendall, and Clarke to distinguish them from contemporary English writers. Clarke led up naturally to a later batch of novelists of no small distinction, but of no particular individuality. "Rolf Boldrewood" (T. A. Browne) put his experience as a police magistrate to account, and became famous in London in 1888 for the romance "Robbery under Arms," which his own countrymen had almost ignored; he added later "The Miner's Right" and "A Sydney Side Saxon." Ada Cambridge, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mary Gaunt, Hume Nisbet, Guy Boothby, and, perhaps we may add, Louis Becke, have all told their tale in English with English mannerisms. They belong to the pre-Bulletin school.

That school and the present school, which is coming to be recognised as Australian, have setting and theme in common. It is in character and expression that we see the distinctly Australian literature forming—bold, rapid, reckless, unorthodox, frequently irreverent. There is probably no other case on record in which a single journal has exercised the influence of the Sydney *Bulletin* in forming, through its reading, the character of a people. Politically the *Bulletin* has stood for a form of nationalism which was at first far in advance of the day; but its political creed included the encouragement of Australian talent in every form, and so the new Australian school of literature grew up under its ægis.

The writers who have been named worked chiefly after English models and forms. Their output was simply a localised contribution to the English literature of the day. In between the two schools, and forming a sort of connecting link, we find Brunton Stephens. Though he, too, was a Scot by birth, and came to Australia late in life, he ranks as much more an Australian than either Gordon or Clarke. That he was a contemporary of these two is often overlooked, inasmuch as he lived into another era, and did much of his best work when the new Australian literature had dawned. In fact, the author of "Convict Once" and Essex Evans, whose fine, emotional poem, "The Repentance of Magdalene Despar," appeared in 1891, combine most pleasantly the demands of English poetry and the special characteristics of Australia.

It is rather strange to find the Australian school set up by the *Bulletin* adopting the note struck by Adam Lindsay Gordon. Farrell, Daley, A. B. Paterson, Dyson, and Henry Lawson all worship at the shrine of the reckless young Englishman—all singing the same songs of horses and men, and honesty, and the bush, and most of them subject to the recurring pessimism which persists in what we know as Australian verse. The essentially Australian characteristics are the diction, the originality, the irresponsibility of sequence, the cynicism, the occasional blasphemy, and the repeated lapses into morbid melancholy, In the prose there is incongruity of expression, a tendency to abruptness, exaggeration for the sake of humour, and much flippancy. There is the impress of the *Bulletin* over the whole of the literature of the present day, both verse and prose, because the *Bulletin*, alone of the great Australian journals, has given any encouragement to the Australian writer.

The great lack of the island continent from the literary point of view is the lack of an indigenous history. There was little or no legend rooted in the soil when the whites arrived. The narrative of 150 years of white occupation contains so little romance, so little of heroics, and wars and jehads, that the writer and the poet sigh vainly for inspiration, and are driven to the bush, and the backblocks, and the parched plains to describe, and caricature, and lampoon, and paint sympathetically the men and women who live "away back." The convict days gave inspiration to Clarke and Brunton Stephens, but they were not Australians. The theme is not so pleasant for the native-born. The material for treatment is not particularly abundant, and it is not varied or surpassingly attractive. It is in treatment that the Australian poet and prose-writers excel. It is their treatment of commonplace subjects that has built up a literature which is not to be despised for so young a people.

If the arguments which have been used to extenuate the former literary barrenness of Australia have any weight at all, there is no excuse whatever for New Zealand, Here we have a country bathed in historical incident, soaked in tradition, exuding romance—a perfect elysium for the imaginative. It was peopled by a superior class. Education is general and good. What of its literature, then? Alas!

The bibliography of New Zealand is indeed a very large one—larger than of any other country of like importance. A great deal of the writing, too, is the work of New Zealanders, but so much of it is political, controversial, official, and *quasi*-scientific, that the real literary work is limited and unimportant.

Somehow the beauties of the country have failed to inspire any distinctive muse, and its romantic history, both in the storied days of the Maori domination and throughout the long struggles of the white colonisers, have not furnished the cue to any New Zealand literary works of particular merit. Generally the classics are exotic. A country colonised only in 1840 could scarcely have produced a native classic before the appearance of Domett's "Ranolf and Amohia" (1872). But Domett was an English barrister and graduate, and he was thirty years old before he reached New Zealand, so that the beautiful interweaving of description of scenery with legends of the Maori race can scarcely be claimed for New Zealand literature. The first novels which can be properly attached to the soil of New Zealand are those of Vincent Pyke (1873-4), who made brilliant use of his goldfields experience.

In 1877 the most popular of the New Zealand poets, Thomas Bracken, published his "Flowers of the Free Lands." A great deal of his verse is ephemeral, and distinctly poor. The only poem which is really well known is the pathetic ltttle lyric upon which his popularity rests, "Not Understood."

Unlike the Australians, the people of New Zealand are strangely indifferent to their own writers and poets. Such a singer as Arthur Adams is practically unknown for his work. Yet it was he who wrote "The Nazarene," "Maoriland," and "London Streets." What hope, then, for the minor bards—Church, Lawson, Jessie Mackay, Dora Wilcox, Mrs. Glenny Wilson, and Charles Regan (who died with his finest songs unsung)?

The trouble, is, no doubt, that New Zealand poetry is too orthodox. There is nothing distinctive in form or expression; nothing of the bold departures, the swing and pace, of Australia, to excuse it from comparison with the finished products of the orthodox bards of England. The prose writers of the Dominion have generally fallen in the same great gulf. Lacking special distinctiveness, they are lost in the literature of London instead of being judged by any standard of their own. In that greater world Farjeon succeeded. Vogel and Marriott-Watson are working with success. "G. B. Lancaster" possesses the vigour of style to command distinction if she also possesses the method.

G. Raith Garson

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SOUTH AFRICA

We from the veldt and kopje,
We from the ostrich farm,
Fresh from the drift and crossing,
Fresh from the desert's charm,
Now that the fight is over,
Now the death struggle's done,
Come to renew our service
To the Lord of the Southern Sun.

To speak or write of South Africa as though it were one country is, in a certain sense, a mistake. With regard to its industries and products, it may safely be termed a dozen or a score of countries, so widely do they differ; wine and fruit, ostrich-feathers, cotton, coffee, oil—the list might be indefinitely extended. Yet, in the wider sense, these various spheres are united as an inseparable part of the Empire.

The resources of so rich and fertile a land are enormous, and are as yet but very partially developed. Cotton-growing, for instance, which has been a matter of experiment for the last six or seven years, is still in a comparatively restricted stage, although the Zoutpansberg district of the Transvaal alone produced last season 100,000lb. of seed-cotton. If as yet the industry has not been a commercial success it will soon become so, for the farmers are rapidly gaining experience as to the most suitable methods of cultivating a crop which is somewhat strange to them. In the Western Province, according to a writer in the "South African National Union Annual," successful experiments have been made; on the coast-belt of the Eastern Province and in Rhodesia also the crop is of excellent quality. There is nothing that British manufacturers desire more than a new and enlarged area of production which would render them to some extent independent of the existing limited sources of supply. But if South Africa can produce a sufficient supply of cotton for export purposes there is no reason why ultimately its manufacture into textile commodities should not be undertaken. At the present time, of course, every article in cotton manufacture is imported, but if it can be produced and locally manufactured the possibilities are enormous. This may seem like a counsel of perfection, but the possibility should nevertheless be kept in view.

The average man who hears South Africa or one of its various component countries mentioned imagines, we fear, that diamonds and Kaffirs—whether stocks or natives—are its sole output, forgetting the immense possibilities of the fruitful land which have developed since the war. Dry farming in South Africa, in one sense, has been practised since the waggon of the Voor-trekker first nosed its way into the trackless wilderness of the North. "What a good digestion is to an athlete, so is the properly-prepared ground of a progressive dry-land farmer—every atom of moisture and nutriment is made by soil culture to do its part towards preparing the ultimate crop." The appearance of the country in the maize markets of the world has fixed attention upon the problem of production, and the individual has been asking himself some very pertinent questions concerning his own and his neighbour's work. It is now a commonplace trip for a farmer to journey to Australia and New Zealand in order to choose sheep, and the widening influence of travel, the influx of new ideas, and the gradual opening up of distant parts by railway are all factors contributing to the creation of a new outlook and a new attitude. There is very little doubt that in ten years' time the seed of example which is being sown to-day officially and privately will bear ample fruit in an enormously increased production.

Mr. Guy Radford, a member of the London Committee of the Union, writing from the London market point of view, notes that "the old monopolies of the favoured few are becoming things of the past," and that the financial and trade depression which has enveloped South Africa is giving way to returning confidence and increasing business. "The machine is being tuned up to greater and greater speed and bigger work. The past year has seen an appreciable move on the part of South Africa's manufacturing to nearer the centre of the river of the world's activities where the current runs fastest. It is withdrawing more and more from the sleepy backwaters where the motion of the current is almost imperceptible."

The mineral industry, which is of course the one most appreciated by the public, shows steady improvement. The total increase in the value of the mineral production during the last year is £1,650,000, of which gold has contributed £1,200,000 sterling.

For the year 1909 the total value produced by the mineral industry was £33,602,515; for the year 1910 it is £35,247,000 (estimated).

The fine work of Miss Hobhouse in her schools in the Transvaal and the Free State, introducing the weaving of woollen textile fabrics, is commented upon in an interesting article in the annual already alluded to. We quote one paragraph:—

> At the Women's Industrial Union Exhibition, held in Cape Town early in December, 1910, there was excellent work from Port Elizabeth, in the way of rugs and woollen things, and good linen and cotton webs from the native mission at Tsolo—these also from South African raw material; and if they do nothing else, the spinning schools serve as local experimental stations where new products can be tested. Wild cotton has proved itself a good spinning material, and it is likely that this product of the Transvaal may find itself placed under cultivation; when woven it proves a strong web, with a fine, glossy surface; and as it is of natural growth in the Northern Transvaal, one would hope that it would be immune from diseases. Then there is ramie, and the fibre of the mealie, and many other things which are now mere waste by-products. It would be well to have small local industries just to use them up.

On such lines is the development of South Africa proceeding; and although it may not boast of being a whole Continent, as is Australia, or a huge Dominion such as Canada, in the next decade we shall hear much more of the country and its products than is at present suspected by the man who only thinks of it as "the place where diamonds come from."

THE BOILING LAKE IN DOMINICA

By Sir Charles Walpole

Dominica is almost in the centre of the chain of the Lesser Antilles, a range of mountains rising sheer from the floor of the Caribbean Sea, the peaks alone visible above the surface of the ocean. All the islands are of volcanic origin, and most of them more or less active volcanoes. Although there has been no serious eruption recorded in Dominica since its discovery by Columbus, the volcanic action takes care to let the people of the island know that it is only slumbering, by slight recurring earthquakes, by an occasional shower of dust, and by the everpresent activity of its Souffrière and its Boiling Lake.

I paid a visit to the Boiling Lake on March 11th, 1890, in company with the Governor's Private Secretary and two gentlemen who were planters and merchants at Roseau, the capital of the island. It is a day's journey from Roseau to the Lake—a very hard day's work—involving some stiff

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climbing, in the damp tropical heat of 15deg. N., the temperature ranging between 85deg. and 95deg. in the shade; but any one who has seen the place will admit that the remarkable and unique phenomenon to be witnessed is well worth the expenditure of energy.

We started from Roseau at five in the morning, each on one of the ramshackle island ponies, which look as if they had not half a foreleg amongst them, and which will carry you uphill and down dale all day and never make a mistake. Our route lay up the Roseau Valley, due east along a steep winding track through luxuriant tropical scenery which I will not be so foolish as to describe. We rode for two hours, and finally arrived at a tiny negro settlement called Laudat,* which hangs, like a gull's nest on a cliff, above the magnificent waterfall which is some day to supply the power for lighting Roseau.

Here we found a superior black man who was to be our guide, and who at once took charge of the ponies and placed them in a stable for the day. We on our part proceeded to discuss a light breakfast of hard-boiled eggs and coffee, and at eight o'clock followed our guide across half a mile of steep open country until we came to the forest. A path through the forest had no doubt once been cut by some one, but the bush grows quickly, and but for our guide we should have soon lost it. Here and there biggish trees had fallen across the line of march, which had to be scrambled over, and it was nine o'clock before we saw a break in the woods and struck a mountain stream, which runs down the slope to the waterfall below us.

All this time we had been taking a south-easterly course and had reached a spot somewhat to the south of the line of the Roseau Valley. To the north of us lay three-quarters of the island with a huge backbone of mountain, rising hill above hill, and Marne Diablotin, the highest of all, in the middle of them. In front of us to the south was a range of hills, lower than those to the north, forming spurs to an irregular cone within which lay the object of our expedition. Crossing the stream at its shallowest part, we found the mountain side rising abruptly in front of us. It was densely covered with bush and trees, and so steep that we could only make our way up by hauling ourselves from tree to tree, and it took another hour before we reached the top. On surmounting the last obstacles we found ourselves on the rim of a huge crater. The side to the south of us had been broken away, and the effect was that of an amphitheatre, on the further side of which you could see the southern portion of the island, the ocean beyond, and Martinique in the distance. The Boiling Lake, which was hidden from our view, lay at the lower extremity, with an outfall, when it overflowed, on the broken side of the crater, on to the shoulders of the mountain itself.

The side of the crater was almost precipitous beneath us for a depth of some 50ft., and it then sloped down with a steep gradient towards the broken side. Before and behind us the contrast was great; we were leaving the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical hillside to plunge into an arid rocky basin without a sign of life in it. Further down the slope small streams trickled highly charged with sulphur and warm to the touch; while further still huge jets of steam and boiling water burst from crevices in the ground, like the stream of a mighty fire-engine and with the hissing roar of ten thousand locomotives. The ground itself, as you trod upon it, gave the impression of being a mere crust, and you half felt that, had you an alpenstock in your hand, you could drive it through into the subterranean cauldron.

After a scramble of about three-quarters of an hour we worked our way down the side of the crater till we reached a low ledge of rock. A gust of wind caught what had seemed to be a bank of cloud in front of us, but was in fact a huge volume of steam, and, sweeping it away, disclosed, about 20ft. below us, a small piece of water some 200 to 300 yards long. Instantly the cloud of steam shut out the view again, and then rolled away in wreaths.

For upwards of an hour we sat there watching the changing scene, catching glimpses from time to time of the troubled water beneath us. In places the lake appeared to boil and seethe and to rise and fall, to become smooth and to boil again. Towards the centre was evidently the region of its chief disturbance. One of our planter-friends told us that he had been there on a previous occasion and found the lake dry and the floor exposed, and that as he sat and watched it the water rushed up through vent-holes in the floor and flooded part of it and then ran back again. The temperature must have been fearfully high, for a few weeks before we were there two white men and a black guide had foolishly tried to get across at the foot of the lake, and the guide had slipped and fallen into the water, and before the others could get him out the flesh was half-boiled off his bones.

We had some sandwiches with us, which we ate, and our guide fetched us some water, which he declared came from a sweet spring—the only one there. We drank a little, and it tasted fairly clean; but I regretted having done so, for the inside of my mouth and throat was sore for days after. There is sulphur everywhere. Everything is impregnated with sulphur. A pair of silver links I was wearing and some silver in my pocket were black as ink before I reached home.

It was noon when we started on our return journey, and it took us over an hour to get back to the rim of the crater; we had a rest and smoked a pipe when we got there, feeling that we had broken the neck of our journey. A couple more hours brought us again to Laudat, where our thoughtful and hospitable planter friends had provided a good square meal. The ponies took us briskly homewards, and we reached Roseau about six o'clock.

I think it should be mentioned that dangerous exhalations are sometimes found in the neighbourhood of this lake—probably carbonic acid gas is generated and expelled in large volumes. It is only a short time ago that a young Englishman visited the lake with a black guide. The guide was seen to fall, and was evidently in great distress. The young fellow went to his assistance, but could not carry him out of danger, and, refusing to leave his side, himself fell a victim to the asphyxiating fumes.

* Pronounced Lodār.

THE FOREIGN POLICY AND HIGHER DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

By Lancelot Lawton

The forthcoming Imperial Conference is destined to stand out in the history of the British Empire as an event of crucial importance. In all quarters of the world, wherever British dominion holds sway, high expectations are entertained that its deliberations will decide the permanent basis of the structure of an Imperial foreign policy and a permanent plan for the development of Imperial strategy in its relation to Imperial defence. These broad and supreme issues, involving as they do at one and the same time the safety and the unity of the Empire, overshadow every other topic set upon the agenda for discussion. The Government has given an explicit promise that no useful information shall be kept back. If they remain true to their word, then

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the Colonial Premiers will be admitted to the inner confidences of Downing Street and will be summoned to the meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

Naturally, proceedings of this kind, fraught as they will be with vital significance in the scheme of Empire, must be conducted amid circumstances of closely-guarded secrecy. Yet the character of the issues to be raised are known beforehand with tolerable certainty. It is our foreign policy that dictates our Imperial strategy. And if we examine frankly and critically our foreign policy, as it is at present, and venture reasoned speculation as to how it is likely to work out in the future, we shall gain a very fair idea of the magnitude and importance of the task that lays before the Conference. We cannot deny the fact that on the surface our foreign policy appears to be in direct conflict with the aims and purposes of the Colonies. It would be idle to blind ourselves to the unpopularity of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. This alliance has been regarded by our kinsmen as an admission, undesirable in every way, of the yellow races to fraternity and full equality with the white races. Such a view is alone sufficient in their minds to carry with it a condemnation of British statesmanship. For Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are united in their determination to preserve their territories exclusively for the white man. It is not the writer's intention to attempt at the present juncture a justification or otherwise of their policy. But in approaching the subject in a general way let us not forget that it is a policy deep-rooted in passionate sentiment, and that should we seek by any persuasion of our own to turn our Colonies from it, we shall fail not only in our immediate purpose, but shall strike hard at the very foundations of Empire.

Our Colonies have seen that Japan, by the aid of British political support and by the aid of British capital (too often denied themselves), has risen to a position of dominating superiority in the Pacific, and, rightly or wrongly, they regard her as a potential menace to their peace, if not to their existence. They have seen, too, that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been followed by the withdrawal of all the British battleships, six in number, from the Pacific, and that our prestige has suffered because of the fantastic notion abroad in China that British interests in this region have been handed to the Japanese for safe keeping.

And finally, the Colonies do not ignore the many evidences of transition in China—transition which threatens vast and far-reaching consequences to themselves. It so happens that while their policy is somewhat in conflict with the spirit of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, it is in perfect harmony with the attitude of the United States towards Oriental problems. When in 1908 tension ran high between Japan and America a powerful fleet of sixteen battleships which President Roosevelt sent to the Pacific received a welcome from New Zealand and Australia that was remarkable for its warmth. In a speech reported by Reuter Sir Joseph Ward declared that the American fleet was coming to Australia not as that of a foreign country, but as that of a nation which was kith and kin of the Anglo-Saxon race. There would some day, he added, be a fight to decide whether white men or Orientals were to govern Australasia and the Pacific Islands, and the American fleet would then fight shoulder to shoulder with the Old World. The New Zealand Press frankly expressed the view that in the future Great Britain and America would be called upon to compete with Japan for the command of the Pacific, and urged with complete unanimity that the two great Anglo-Saxon countries should shape their politics in unison. At Sydney over half a million people awaited the arrival of the American fleet, and the Press strenuously advocated that Australia should co-operate with America in protecting their mutual interests, even if by so doing her relations with Japan should be strained.

The Americans, on their side, were not slow to appreciate the significance of the occasion. It is not inopportune, in view of the important discussion that will take place at the forthcoming Conference on Imperial Foreign Policy, to reproduce here the comment of the *New York Tribune*, one of the most conservative organs of public opinion in the United States:—

> There are, however, two other motives, not unworthy nor unnatural, which we must suppose to be potent in the case. One is suggested by the remembrance that the British Navy has so reduced its strength in the Pacific as no longer to have its old-time predominance there. It would scarcely be unfair to say that it has voluntarily abdicated its supremacy in the Pacific in favour of its Japanese ally. Nor can there be offence in recalling that the Japanese alliance is not regarded with enthusiastic favour in Australia, or in suspecting that the statesmen and people of the Commonwealth, who are so earnestly intent upon making and keeping it, in their own familiar phrase, a "white Australia," are especially gratified at the advent in Pacific waters of an American fleet somewhat more powerful than any under the flag of the Rising Sun. That is to be said without the least thought of anything like the probability of a clash between the two chief Pacific Powers. It is simply a recognition of the undisguisable fact that racial feelings are uncommonly strong in Australia, and that the Australians would rather have an Anglo-Saxon fleet, American if not British, dominant in Pacific waters than any other.

Several American journals even went the length of discussing seriously the possibility of an Anglo-American Alliance brought about through the influence of Australia. Admiral Sperry, who was in command of the fleet, referred to the inner significance of the welcome, and added that "it indicated real and heartfelt sympathy between the two English-speaking nations, which are united not only by the ties of blood but also by great commercial interests in the Pacific and elsewhere."

A year earlier, when anti-Japanese riots occurred in British Columbia, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was the subject of considerable criticism of an unfavourable kind throughout Canada. A crisis was only averted by the action of Japan in wisely deciding of her own accord to restrict emigration from her shores. But it is realised both in Japan and in the Colonies that this measure can only be a temporary expedient. A large and influential section of political thought in Japan regard the attitude of America and our Colonies on this question as altogether incompatible with the place which their country has won for itself in the comity of nations. Doubtless the Government hold similar views, but for obvious reasons they are compelled to pursue a policy of extreme caution until such time as Japan shall be strong enough in a military sense to demand equality of treatment. It is against this time that our Colonies are now preparing. Australia and Canada are building up their own Navies, and it is plainly hinted, if not expressed in so many words, that these Navies will only be employed in wars of which the Colonial Governments approve. It is a disquieting situation thus disclosed, one that can only be dealt with by statesmen of Imperial minds.

Since the last Conference much has happened. It is now beyond all reasonable doubt that a comprehensive Treaty of Arbitration will be concluded between Great Britain and America. Such an instrument will be cordially welcomed by our Colonies. But the question may well be asked: Will the friends and enemies of Great Britain be also the friends and enemies of America? Already the question has been

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raised: Are the friends of Great Britain the friends of Great Britain's Colonies? And here we are brought abruptly back to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and to the urgent need for harmony in the working out of an Imperial foreign policy.

It may be that our Colonies do not sufficiently realise that we were faced with no other alternative than to make an alliance with the Japanese; that, in other words, if we had not entered into an arrangement with them they would certainly have sought and found the friendship of another Power, a Power doubtless hostile to this country, in which event we should have been elbowed completely out of the Far East. Moreover, the German menace in Europe required that we should concentrate our naval strength in home waters. The treaty with Japan, as I have already explained, enabled us to withdraw six battleships from the Pacific. Yet it is clear from the trend of their naval policy that Australia and Canada are determined that they shall be able to defend their own shores with their own forces, independent of assistance from the Mother Country.

It will be the end of the Empire if this idea of separate interests is allowed to prevail. The interests of each and every unit must be broadened so as to embrace those of the Empire as a whole.

In 1915 the Anglo-Japanese Alliance expires; that is to say, that by the time the Imperial Conference assembles again the question as to whether or not the treaty will be renewed must have been decided. It is not inconceivable that the Government have already in mind a definite course of action in preparation for the year 1915. If so, it is to be hoped that they will take the Colonial Premiers fully into their confidence. The importance of this aspect of our foreign relations from the point of view of Imperial Unity cannot be overestimated. We must understand that if we are to continue to rely upon Japan for relief from the necessity of maintaining a large fleet in the Pacific then our Colonies will shape their naval policies on more or less independent lines. Rightly they will claim that they have their own interests to safeguard and that as these are of necessity opposed to the aims of Japan, they cannot and will not blindly subscribe to the spirit of the Alliance.

To urge upon them that the European situation demands great sacrifices will prove of no avail. They will then retort that if the British Navy protects the Mother Country they on their part will be well able to look after themselves.

Our Colonies have not been slow to realise that the year 1915 is one fraught with grave international significance. Not only is it the year when the Alliance expires, but it is the year when Japan will have completed her programme of armaments, when the Chinese will be in the enjoyment of Constitutional Government, when the Panama Canal will be opened, and when Russia will have doubled the Siberian railway and built a new line through her own territories to the Far East; and each and every one of these developments concern directly the future of the Colonies.

If Great Britain does not take the initiative in forming a strong Imperial fleet for the Pacific, Australia and Canada will ultimately supply the deficiency, and the cause of the Imperial Unity will then be dealt a death-blow.

The Colonies are willing to take up their share of the burden. To their squadrons, therefore, we must add not one but at least six battleships. Then, and then only, shall we have a truly Imperial Navy. No expenditure in such a cause can be too enormous when viewed in its proper light—the inevitable price of this great Empire of which we boast so much, and for which, comparatively speaking, we sacrifice so little.

BRITANNIA

My trident rules
  O'er all the seven seas,
Ten thousand islands
  List to my decrees,
Continents five
  Share my Imperial realm,
Steersman, I watch,
  One hand upon the helm.

See closely linked
  In one my kingdoms three,
See hand in hand
  My lands beyond the sea.
Choïred in attune
  With one harmonious note
In Pan-Britannic
  Witen-a-gemote.

ENGLAND

We of the Anglo-Saxon line,
Whose watchword ever was "Combine,"
  "Shoulder to shoulder all,"
In love fraternal still abide,
Immovable—the world astride,
  Till the last trump shall call.

Stolid but shrewd, we guard the crown
Our ancestors have handed down
  From traitorous word and pen.
As Englishmen we spring to grip
The good right hand of fellowship
  Held forth by loyal men.

SCOTLAND

Dy'e ken bonny Scotland
  The best of a' lan's,
Wi' leal Hieland Chieftains
  And leal Hieland clans,
D'ye ken the stark lads
  From the brae and the glen,
And a' the braw lairds
  The South Kintra within?
There be stags in the forest,
  And tods in their haunt,
There be fush in the river,
  And moorcock ayont.
So here's to the lan'
  That we a' love the best,
That has sent forth her sons
  To the East and the West.

IRELAND

Here's to the isle of conspicuous piety,
Here's to the land where we all love sobriety,
Here's to the people whose swate contrariety
Makes them most welcome, where'er they may be.

Ready to fiddle and ready to fight,
Ready to foot it by day or by night,
Friend of a friend in a place that is tight—
And such was owld Ireland, and ever will be.

Cheery at weddings and cheery at wakes
Laughing aloud at each other's mistakes
Freed by St. Patrick from toads and from snakes
Away from the Skelligs to Island Magee.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by Odhams Ltd., 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, and 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

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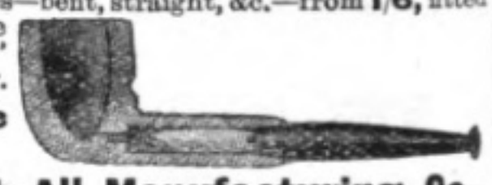
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

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THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

We have great admiration for our neighbours across the Channel, not because but in spite of the audacity of many of their innovations. The latest of the series, which has of course received the tribute of Mr. Cecil Chapman, is the appointment of women as Justices of the Peace to act in Children's Courts. Could perverse ingenuity further go? As a rule children are brought into court because they are out of parental control, or, at all events, are imperfectly amenable to it. Parental control, in the classes referred to, is generally the control of the mother. What earthly use would it be to bring children before a bench of matrons who would have next to no power of punishing them, when they have already flouted the authority of the one matron who can punish them? Whatever use the Children's Courts have arises from the fact that the culprits are impressed by perhaps four or five grave and reverend seigneurs eyeing them as reprovingly as possible through their spectacles. The children naturally suppose that these gentlemen are armed with powers the most severe, and when they are let off with a reprimand, their sleep is troubled for long with nightmares of all the pains and penalties which they have so narrowly escaped. If for a Bench of men, women are substituted, the children who are brought up because they are out of hand at home would, we think, view the excursion as a holiday, and, in a childish way, laugh consumedly over it.

Among the many things for which this remarkably busy year will be notable, enterprise in the theatrical world will take a foremost place. The Little Theatre and the Kingsway Theatre are distinguishing themselves by presenting plays which, for the most part, are of exceptional value and interest. Ibsen's finest dramas are having one of their most successful revivals in the hands of thoroughly capable actors and actresses—and to present Ibsen, it must be remembered, the literary sense is necessary in plentiful measure. Presently we shall have the ever-welcome visitors from the Abbey Theatre of Dublin; meanwhile the enterprise of Sir Herbert Tree enables us to appreciate the tremendous possibilities latent in the Shakespearean pages. To this honourable list must be shortly added the season of French plays which is to open at the Boudoir Theatre, Pembroke Gardens, on June 8th, under the direction of Mr. Vaughan Grey. Twelve performances, extending over two weeks, will be given, and many noted French artists will appear—M. Felix Galipaux, Mlle. Jacqueline Chevalier, Mlle. Lilian Greuze are three names which may be mentioned, and among those who have consented to visit the Boudoir Theatre later on are M. Mounet Sully and Mme. Jeanne Granier. Although admission to these plays will be by subscription only, there is no doubt of their success. Londoners are especially fortunate this year in many ways, and not least in being at the hub of affairs theatrical.

The lamentable tragedy of last Sunday in France, when M. Berteaux, the War Minister, was killed by a falling aeroplane, and M. Monis, the Premier, was severely injured, called forth the sincerest sympathy with those concerned from many diverse quarters. It appears to have been one of those accidents for which no one can be justly blamed; the pilot, in a difficulty and flying low, had to do the best he could, and those who came in his path suffered by chance. No censure apparently can be attached to the promoters of the race from Paris to Madrid, although incidentally it seems to us that while long flights may be desirable and necessary in order to show the possibilities of the new mode of locomotion, actual racing, at the present stage of development, can do little good. The contest of two or three Atlantic liners with urgent mails on board is a different matter; speed for its own sake is hardly a thing to be cultivated at the risk of life. The fatal mishap at Issy is drawing attention to the urgent necessity for a better control of those who merely look on when aeroplanes are being manœuvred—a control which shall protect them and leave the airmen free from anxiety. The nearer the ground the aeroplane is the less choice its pilot has in landing—a fact which does not seem to be realised by the eager spectators, whose admiration overpowers their circumspection.

According to information from St. Petersburg, the widow of Count Tolstoi has recently arrived in that city in order to arrange various testamentary matters, especially those concerning the fate of Yōsnaja Poljana. The Countess is absolutely opposed to selling the estate to any one else than the State. The Tolstoi family are very indignant that the Count's grave is continually being visited not only by his followers and admirers, but by other persons, who arrange picnics there and take away the flowers. Owing to the confiscation by the Crown of the three volumes of Tolstoi's works which the Countess recently published, she has incurred a loss of £1,000. This is not the Countess's only trouble, for she is shortly expected to have a lawsuit with her daughter, the Countess Alexandria, who claims some of the Tolstoi MSS. now in the Countess's possession.

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THE POETS

'Tis we that gather fuel
  To keep the heart from cold.
The earth is cold and cruel,
  But in its caverns old
We dig for Joy the jewel,
  We test for Truth the gold.

Seeds of a single flower
  Are Beauty, Truth, and Love.
The bloom endures an hour,
  But, scattered from above,
The seedlings gather power
And flood the hills with flower,
  And drown in green the grove.

'Tis we that gather fuel
  That keepeth Love from cold.
The world is cold and cruel,
  But on the churchyard mould
  The daffodils unfold.

M. D. A.

THE CAUDINE FORKS

The circumstances under which the Roman Armies under the Consuls Veturius and Postumius passed under the yoke in the second Samnite War have been variously related by historians. Livy, beset by his characteristic anxiety to prove that Romans were incapable of losing battles, insisted that the capitulation and humiliation occurred without any previous battle having been fought at Caudium, and as a result of the realisation by the Consuls that—enveloped as their army was by the enemy in defiles and mountain passes—escape was not to be hoped for. The Consuls, without striking a blow, preferred the dictates of prudence—as they deemed it—to those of valour, and surrendered at discretion. The heart of the Samnite commander was softened by this suppliant attitude, and he did not put the subservient host to the sword, neither did he send them to slavery.

Livy's extraordinary endeavour to minister to the *amour propre* of the proud Roman is energetically disputed by other historians, who insist that it was only after a series of defeats that the Roman Army, despairing of retrieving their position, accepted the humiliation of passing between the spears. It is needless to picture the painful scene, bnt morals can be drawn from the incident.

The Roman people repudiated the terms of the capitulation, sacrificed the hostages, and sent the Consuls, with whom responsibility rested, in fetters to Pontius the Samnite. Not until after twenty years had passed by, did Rome retrieve her position.

In national affairs it is easy to see how disastrous a single episode out of harmony with the *préstige* of generations may prove to be, and how difficult and laborious is the task of retracing false steps. The incident to which we have referred holds another lesson. It is this; in the last resort the people will refuse to ratify actions which compromise the safety and the welfare of the State, preferring to support endless war rather than abdicate pre-eminence and discard the methods by which it has been achieved.

All imperial races have much the same characteristics, and although they may—for a time—appear to be indifferent or inert, when they are strung into action, they exact the uttermost retribution from those who have failed them in crisis.

Although we do not travel the whole journey with Mr. Belloc and Mr. Cecil Chesterton, we think that the events of the past few weeks have served to bring into prominence very clearly that control over its own affairs is being surely and not slowly filched from the people.

We hold that there are certain pillars of national security which are sacrosanct. It may be the duty of a Government to bring into prominence views of betterment or reform; it can, as Lord Rosebery has justly insisted, hardly ever be the duty of an Opposition to adopt such a course. The reason is plain. Constitutions cannot remain in the melting-pot without grave unrest and disturbance of confidence. No Government has any inherent right to lay impious hands on the fabric of State until the people, after prolonged examination and the utmost deliberation, have on their responsibility authorised fundamental change.

A Government, after producing proposals which disturb the foundations of organised society, is bound to take counsel of the people. A Government has the power to fulfil this function by advising a reference to the electorate. An Opposition which introduces revolutionary projects has no such power. Society is kept in flux. It is impossible to teach the new ideas or forecast an opinion whether they are futile or are destined to prevail.

Almost every vice which it is possible to conceive has latterly crept into the machinery of government. A Cabinet, composed of numbers, but in effect the creature of a dominating few, has arrogated to itself a divine heritage of omnipotence and retribution. If the claim of divine right by Kings was hateful, why is a similar claim by Cabinets more tolerable? Kings were no worse offenders in trafficking for support, neither were their Tartarean methods more vindictive or more tortuous. To oppose certain Ministers, to expose their folly and ignorance, is not viewed as a service to the State, but as a crime, the punishment of which the people have in some way vicariously entrusted to persons who have been appointed to offices without their knowledge or sanction.

As we commenced this article with a reference to a Roman disaster, the application of which will not be missed at the present time, we close it with the regret that where we might have expected to listen to the echo of Roman declamatory eloquence we observe submission:—

With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness.

Cecil Cowper.

SENSE OR SENSATION

By E. Ashmead-Bartlett

One of the most disquieting symptoms of public life is the rapidity with which our interests change from day to day. The world is equally fickle towards both individuals and events. To-day one great figure is occupying the stage, to-morrow he is gone and forgotten, and another equally transitory phantom takes his place; to-day all our thoughts are concentrated on one event; to-morrow it has gone, and our interest passes to something else. The Press has brought about an immense and, in many ways, a lamentable change in the continuity of our thoughts, interests, and ideals. We no longer decide anything for ourselves. Hardly a person troubles to frame his own code of ethics, or to form his own views on what is right and essential in our political and civil life, and what is wrong and unessential. We are content to group ourselves, like a flock of sheep seeking shade on a hot summer's day, under two or three political banners. We are content to buy that journal which most nearly represents

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our views, and accept blindly as the truth everything that is advocated therein, rather than trouble ourselves to analyse each separate issue or problem and from our analysis to form an independent judgment to which our sense of justice and proportion will compel us rigorously to adhere.

If we leave politics for a moment and deal with those events which come under the heading of news, we are equally shallow and insincere. We are like the spectators at some gladiatorial show, who, satiated with blood, regard almost with indifference the changing fortunes of the combatants in the arena. Every morning millions seize their paper and nervously glance at the principal news page. One day we are driven frantic with excitement over a great fire, and for a short half-hour dilate on its horrors and discuss the neglect of proper preventives; on another an aeroplane disaster commands our passionate interest for a like period; on a third a revolution in some distant land will cause half an hour's genuine anxiety over the future of our own monarchy. But so quickly does our interest evaporate, and such is our desire for something new, that we no longer stop to examine the why and the wherefore of what is taking place around us; we altogether neglect the lessons which may be usefully learnt from these everyday occurrences and applied as palliatives or preventives to similar conditions in the future. Our reasoning faculties are hardly ever brought into play, and only our love of some fresh sensation is catered for. The faculty of excitement has an insatiable maw; it must continually be fed afresh, otherwise it preys upon itself and reduces its victim to a state of continual unrest and nervous irritation. Like a narcotic, it soothes only to cause an ever-increasing desire for renewal as the effects gradually wear off.

During the last ten or fifteen years even the most sober-minded journals have been driven to follow the example of the yellow press and to cater for this love of sensation. There is a story told of the *Times* a hundred years ago. The editor having received a column containing the first news of the Battle of Waterloo, cut it down by half on the ground that the matter was not of sufficient public importance to justify so much space. But that could hardly happen in these days. Rather would every editor expand two lines into a full column to satisfy the craving of his readers for palatable fare at breakfast. Our sense of proportion seems to have completely gone. We no longer take any sustained interest in those events which are of fundamental importance to the State and to the future prosperity of the citizen. We prefer to devote our whole attention to gorgeous pageants and to the daily movements of innumerable Kings, Queens, Princes, and titled folk who flit across the stage, like the endless film of a cinematograph pleasing the eye for a moment by the gorgeousness of their apparel.

At the present moment it is the Coronation and its attendant festivities which are absorbing our time and attention; everything else seems small and unimportant and must therefore take a back seat for the next two months whilst we rejoice over the commencement of the new reign. We yield to none in our loyalty towards the Throne, and still believe that, in spite of the changes which have come over public opinion of recent years, a monarchy is the most satisfactory form of government for the people of England; yet we believe there is a grave danger in allowing the outward symbols of monarchy to blind us to the true issues on which the future of that monarchy and of the Empire depend. Yet day by day events of world-wide importance are occurring in our midst without those who are to be the gainers or the losers taking a particle of interest in them.

To take a few examples: The Parliament Bill passed its Third Reading almost unnoticed; Lord Lansdowne's scheme for the reform of the House of Lords has degenerated into a debate of purely academic interest to the speakers themselves, and the public will not be bothered to read the speeches or to examine the views of the most eminent men in the land on the future of our Constitution; a year ago we were scared almost into a panic by the decline of our own and the gradual rise of the German Navy, but now the German Emperor has paid us a visit the alluring vista of eternal peace opens before our eyes, and we shall go to sleep in perfect contentment and security until, having exhausted our entire stock of fresh sensations, we are obliged to fall back on some of the old well-worn hardy annuals. The Colonial Premiers have once more arrived in our midst, and the most vital questions affecting for good or for evil our future relations with our Colonies and Dependencies are ripe for discussion. Yet the public takes hardly any interest in these Imperial problems. They give the Colonial Premiers a hearty welcome as distinguished and essential ornaments in a great historic pageant. It is a thousand pities that the Coronation year should have been selected for the consideration of these pressing Imperial problems, when the fierce glare of the Coronation is blinding us to aught else.

It is good for the State that these Coronations do not come more often. The whole continuity of our public life is disturbed. We immediately lose our sense of proportion, and it is hardly a healthy sign when we are content to gaze in wonder and awe at the outward splendour of our Imperial edifice, and at the same time entirely neglect to examine the foundations to see if they are sound and capable of bearing the accumulated glory of centuries of success. St. Paul's Cathedral would long ere this have crumpled to the ground had its care been left to the thousands who daily gaze at it from the street. Cannot a useful lesson be learnt from this?

In Foreign Affairs we notice the same disquieting symptoms. An event of historic interest is taking place that is destined to make a fundamental change in the balance of European power, and which marks the passing of an historic Empire which has endured for thirteen hundred years. But it is hardly noticed in the Press, and if you asked the man in the street what he thought of it he would only greet you with an ignorant smile and continue to gaze at the most newly-erected yellow Coronation pole. Yet six years ago Europe was brought to the verge of war by an action which is now regarded as a *fait accompli*, and peacefully acquiesced in by all the Powers almost without a dissenting voice being heard. The two examples of South Africa and Morocco show the absolute absurdity of ever going to war over anything in the future, because the prejudices of peoples and the foreign policy of nations change as quickly and frequently as does that of individuals. We fought for three years in South Africa, and to-day our bitterest opponent is Premier of a United South Africa, controlled by a Boer majority. Who will forget the awful wrangle amongst the nations at Algeciras which almost ended in war between France and Germany, but out of which finally emerged that historic Act of Algeciras which it was thought would preserve the independence of Morocco for all time? Yet even as I write these words seven thousand French troops are clamouring at the gates of Fez, and the sacred capital of the Shereefian Empire will shortly echo to the tramp of the armed forces of the infidel for the first time in its chequered history. A huge stretch of the most fertile land in Northern Africa is changing hands without a protest, and eight millions of people are about to lose their independence and be incorporated into the French Empire, yet no one has time even to heave a sigh at the change, and we continue to gaze at the ever-augmenting yellow poles and unsightly stands which mark the route of another pageant, which perhaps is destined to be the apotheosis of our own greatness.

So quickly do events move, so quickly do interests shift

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from one subject to another, so easily do we become reconciled to changed conditions, so rapidly do we rush into new alliances with those who were formerly our bitterest enemies, that the very insincerity of our feelings and the very shallowness of our national passions are likely to render war impossible in the future. The surest way to preserve the peace of the world would be for the Great Powers to enter into a solemn understanding to preserve the *status quo* in any quarrel for a period of two years. By the end of that time, in nine cases out of ten, the causes of the quarrel would have disappeared, other issues of greater importance would have arisen, and the litigants would be laughed out of Court by the unanimous voice of both nations. Even if it does not always hold true of individuals, the nations seem to have at length learnt the supreme utility of the Divine injunction, "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath."

The change is inevitable, but surely there are a few who will shed a tear upon the tomb of the Shereefian Empire. It is all for the best. That is what the majority will say, and the majority is usually right; but the majority is always inartistic, and it is that loss of the artistic which will gather the mourners round the grave of Morocco's independence. The regeneration of the old-world dynasties, which have fallen into decay in the course of ages, is no doubt essential to the progress of civilisation, and for the welfare of mankind at large, but there is something rather sad in contemplating the progress of transformation. If a nation which was once great becomes feeble and lags behind on the road of progress, it does not follow that all in the lives and institutions of the people is necessarily bad or rotten, and requires sweeping away before a new edifice can be built. Much that is excellent survives from former times. There are the local habits, traditions, and practices of religion which have formed the mainspring of the life of the nation in the days of its greatness, and by which the character of its people was formed and the conduct of their life guided. But civilisation is ruthless, and affects not only the material but also the mental and intellectual life of a semi-barbarous people. A virgin land is never the same once the engineer has waged his successful struggle with Nature and the soldier is installed to keep the peace. Surely it is to be regretted that some of the finest of Nature's unclaimed gardens cannot be left in their natural state to delight the traveller and to bring relief to the overtaxed nerves of the dwellers in crowded cities.

And Fez, how will she welcome the Gallic legions? Since Moulai Edress erected her first wall in A.D. 808 no foreign invader has entered the sacred precincts of the city, and now the French are coming, not fighting step by step over the bodies of her defenders, but at the invitation of the successor of nine dynasties of Sultans to protect him against his own subjects. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

THE TEMPLE FLOWER-SHOW

THAT the greatest of our annual flower-shows should surpass its predecessors is a matter which we have become accustomed to expect. Each year sees greater perfection of form, colour, and fragrance, and while old favourites remain, new ones are added. The general effect of this year's Show was almost overpowering in its magnificence. The groups of orchids in the large tent were displayed with consummate taste.

Rock-gardening, so far from waning in popularity, is increasing in favour; but when will our nurserymen learn how to make a rock-garden? The enormities which one sees year after year, perpetrated by those who should know better, not merely offend the artistic sense of the beholder, but afford the sole justification for adverse comments. In rock-gardening one is deliberately imitating Nature. If one violates the canons of Nature one's efforts are, without more ado, rendered purposeless. Messrs. Pulhams deserve to be congratulated upon being an exception; their bold stratification of Sussex stone was both correct and effective.

Pace the authorities of last year's exhibition at the White City, we none of us, except Mr. Reginald Farrer, know what a real Japanese garden is. We may therefore praise without fear the one erected by Messrs. Carter and Company, with its miniature lake and bridges, its little summer-house and stone lanterns and evergreens. Those who at present cultivate vegetables, flowers, and fruit—all in the space of a decent-sized billiard-room—may possibly bethink themselves of their folly, and convert their miniature domain into a garden such as this: ever a pleasure, never untidy, offering plenty of scope for constant skill and care.

The lovers of Alpine gems found much to interest them in the Craven Nursery's small but choice display. Mr. Correvan had a nice little lot of rare wild orchids and saxifrages. We noticed a particularly fine plant of the rare and difficult Meconopsis Aculeata amongst Messrs. Heath and Sons' exhibit. One of the most striking features among the hardy flowers were the new hybrid Trollinses. We were particularly struck with King George V. and Lemon Queen, shown by Mr. James Cocker, of Aberdeen, and those of Messrs. Harkness. Primula Bullegana was once more shown by Messrs. Bees, but the most remarkable primula in the Show was a hybrid which we predicted a considerable time ago—namely, Colburyensis, which is the result of crossing Pulverulenta with Cockburniana. It was brought by Mr. Charles Louch. Sweet-peas were rather poor in substance at this early date. An excellent new variety is Melba, of a salmon colour. In view of the rapidly approaching Coronation much interest centred upon carnations. The finest novelty was Messrs. Young's immense dark crimson seedling, Duchess of Devonshire. The same firm also had fine plants of the yellow Cecilia and the brilliant red Britannia. Mr. H. Burnett had three grand novelties in R. F. Felton, a hybrid from Mrs. Burnet and Enchantress, Mrs. C. F. Raphael, cherry-red, of great size and substance, and Orpheus, a fancy composed of carmine pencillings on a yellow ground.

May-flowering tulips, as usual, formed a prominent feature of the Show. Messrs. Barr had a striking mauve parrot appropriately named "Sensation." In Messrs. Lilley's tastefully-arranged collection of bulbous flowers one had a grand opportunity of admiring to the full the exquisite little Tris Pavonia.

Roses hardly came up to one's expectations. Everybody will, however, welcome the advent of a red Dorothy named Excelsa. A magnificent weeping standard of it was to be seen amongst Messrs. Paul and Sons' display. Weeping standard roses are deservedly gaining in popularity every year. A beautiful white hybrid Wichuriana was Sylvia, shown by William Paul, who also had Portia.

In the orchid tent we noticed two fine sprays of Odontioda Lambeauiana, and a particularly fine group of Miltonia St. André. A mass of the new perpetual-flowering pink C. H. Herbert attracted much attention. Many gems were to be found in the obscure depths of the novelty tent. Three magnificent new rhododendrons were Starfish and Corona (J. Waterer) and Glory of Littleworth (Miss Mangles).

Their Majesties the King and Queen visited the Show early on Tuesday, and displayed the greatest interest in the exhibits.

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REVIEWS

POETRY AND VERSE—III.

Mirage: Poems. By DOUGLAS AINSLIE. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

Characters in Outline. By J. R. MCCLYMONT, M.A. Edin. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By EMERY POTTLE. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

A Book of Sacred Verse. Compiled and Edited by W. A. KNIGHT. (The R.T.S. 3s. 6d. net.)

To hold the critical balance truly when judging compositions so uneven as those which appear in Mr. Ainslie's book "Mirage" is not an easy matter. We have excellent work on one page, poor work on another; here a lyric that charms, there a succession of rhymes run riot. "Tosses" and "proboscis," "crest we" and "rest ye," "north spring" and "offspring," "hearken" and "bark in" are "rhymes" which occur in "The Chinese Pleasaunce," and here are a couple of passages from the same poem:—

Hardly in the gloom ye notice
How the sky he would be climbing;
Lo! the moon herself his boat is:
See him in her arms reclining!
Sometimes friends will come to visit
Him they rightly count as their friend,
And the hours in pleasures licit
Pass we in pavilion curtained . . .

Shall we pass into my grotto,
Which grows wider as ye enter,
Till it form a dome sun-shot through?
Sun and honeysuckle blent there!

In spite of his admission in the preface that the majority of the poems in "Mirage" had been written before he had "a definite conception of the true nature of art," Mr. Ainslie should have suppressed such work for the sake of his reputation, since other portions of his book show that he can write true poetry, free from such scandalous rhyming, possessing fine thought and a gift of harmony. The legend of "Good Friday's Hoopoe" is treated in precisely the quaint, undecorated style that the subject demands. The bird flies before Christ to shield His face from the sun, and is asked what reward shall be its portion:—

"Sir," quoth the Hoopoe, "nought for me;
I crave but to remain
The little grey bird that shielded Thee
And strove to ease Thy pain."

The ingenious Sapphics, entitled "Love at Versailles," are a successful attempt at a difficult form. Later in the volume Mr. Ainslie gives us some very pretty lyrics and a few readable sonnets, and one "Nocturne," which is perhaps the best and most delicately-written page in the whole book. We quote the last stanza:—

Hark to the rustling wind among
The shadows of the grove;
It is my voice in ancient song
Of immemorial love.
And now its murmurs die away,
And calm the sleeping world;
Do thou sleep too, yet keep till day
This on thy bosom furled.

We welcome Mr. Ainslie's real poems, but we wish he had had the critical acumen to delete such pieces as "The Chinese Pleasaunce."

Many of the "Characters in Outline" of Mr. McClymont are very pleasing, and although he has at times rather a heavy touch—much too heavy, for instance, for the roundels and madrigals which he essays—some of his lyrics ring with a very delicate music. The "Love-song of a Faun" excels in this; we give the closing stanza:—

Love among the lilies,
Wake and hie thee home,
Lest Diana straying,
Stag or hunter slaying,
Take thee for her own,
And, my heart dismaying,
Bid me dwell alone.

Here we can almost forgive the careless rhyming for the sake of the simplicity and charm of the form. If the author had cultivated simplicity more his volume would have gained in value; his sonnet-sequences suffer much from obscurity, and one sonnet on p. 70 is so incoherent as to be almost unintelligible. Others, less involved, stand out pleasantly by contrast, as the one on p. 60—"Thou art Astarte; lo, a hymn I bring," and numbers vi. and vii. in "The Church and the World." Evidence of the heavy touch to which we referred just now is plain when Mr. McClymont attempts the French forms, which require daintiness above everything; and no poet should begin a song "to a linnet" with the extraordinary line "Away with incubi"! Such experiments are dangerous to readers with weak hearts.

The only way to do thorough justice to the "Poems" of Mr. Emery Pottle would be to quote freely, and in a short review this is impossible. Every two or three pages a lyric or a sonnet occurs which makes direct appeal, not only to the intellect, but to the heart, by its happy expression of a happy or poignant thought. Here is one pretty trifle from the section entitled "In the Open":—

Pan plucked a rose all dripping sweet
With sunny dawn; all frail and cool
With evening, as a new-made moon
Asleep within a forest pool.
He laid the rose at Nature's feet
And some one called it June.

We quote also a poem in a sterner mould, "Temptation," for the sake of its fine image:—

. . . And still the ancient struggle frets my heart—
Abating now and lulling, till grim fears depart
From me, and I see peace almost within my hands;
Then, in impetuous bound, against my hope's frail wall,
Or subtly stealing to my latticed calm with luring call—
Again the wrestler comes.
Bruisèd upon the bloody sands
He leaves me—sick with shame of fresh defeat,
Or sobbing o'er a victory as stern as sweet.

The longest poem in the book describes the mood of one who waits, hoping yet fearing, watching a candle-flame which may signify by its extinction the death of a loved one within the room; the whole thing is sharp with a sense of pain, of overpowering emotion. Not one of the verses is negligible—all, even those which might be termed merely pretty efforts suitable for song, are well written and possess that quality which places them within the charmed circle of literature.

Professor Knight's admirable collection of sacred verse is not, as he explains in his preface, intended for use as a devotional manual; it is rather a literary work for private reading and study. This preface, by the way, we recommend all who see the book to read carefully; it is written in Professor Knight's well-known scholarly style, and really forms an illuminating essay on the difficult subject of religious poetry. His plea that "all the highest poetry of the world

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is religious, when that word is widened out and rightly understood," might seem to make his task of selection overwhelmingly hard; but, though we do not profess to have read the 550 pages from beginning to end, as far as we can see from a careful examination the volume is a true literary treasure. Many very beautiful and very familiar stanzas will be found within its covers, and many, doubtless, which are not often seen; and when we say that the dates of the various compositions are spread over five centuries it will be obvious how great a store of material has been drawn upon for Professor Knight's anthology.

HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN INDIA

Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots. By Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, K.C.S.I. (Seeley and Co. 18s. net.)

Autobiography has this advantage over ordinary biography that the author-subject, having a full knowledge of all the facts, can the more easily select whatever he prefers for publication, and is under no obligation to present the whole truth and nothing but the truth. No one expects him to acknowledge any mistakes or any shortcomings in the actions of his official life. Sir Andrew Fraser at any rate conveys the idea that he has nothing to regret, and that he has thoroughly enjoyed his life in India, if not in the best of all possible worlds.

His aim in these recollections and impressions of thirty-seven years of work and sport in India has been to convey some idea to the ordinary British imagination of the life that Europeans live in India, and of the peoples among whom that life is spent. He has not aimed at giving either a scientific or statistical account of India and its affairs, but merely at communicating in a simple way some impressions of life and work. His intention has been to deal chiefly with that which is easily imagined by residents in this country. The title of his book has therefore been well chosen. "Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots" expresses his object, that he will treat of the peoples of India from the highest to the lowest. The result is not so amusing, perhaps, as Mr. J. H. Rivett-Carnac's "Many Memories," nor so informing as Sir Bampfylde Fuller's "Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment," and it may be faint praise to say that it is sounder and more accurate than the vapourings of Mr. Keir Hardie, or of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in "The Awakening of India." A career of thirty-seven years is calculated to be a better qualification for writing than visits of a few weeks. Sir Andrew claims to know more of the country probably than most men, as he not only served for many years in one Province—obviously the Central Provinces—and for five years in another—clearly Bengal—but he has also visited every Province in India twice on Government Commissions, and seen almost every important native State. He was a member of the Hemp Drugs Commission in 1893, and President of the Police Commission nine years later, which certainly gave him unique opportunites of visiting all parts of India. Thus he was enabled, no doubt, to confer with a number of officials and to examine witnesses, but otherwise his tours must have resembled those of globe-trotters. Only lengthened residence in a Province can justify an officer in speaking with authority. It is therefore better for a Province to be governed by an officer who has long served in it, as Sir Andrew himself shows in the case of Sir John Morris in the Central Provinces. Bengal is said to have suffered much in the past by the appointment, as Lieutenant-Governors, of officers unacquainted with the Province or the Bengali character.

The main conclusion formed in the mind after perusing this book is that the author is often lecturing, sermonising, preaching; and we cannot help remembering what we have heard somewhere—that Sir Andrew, while Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was in the habit of, literally, preaching. He evidently has an excellent memory, a copiousness of language, and a good supply of records for reference. After all, any Indian official of long standing must have a large repertoire of official cases and of humorous stories, and if he has a tendency to dogmatise there is nothing easier than to dictate such accumulations to a shorthand-writer, add some didactic observations, and the thing is done. The worst of it is that such a book appeals to only a limited circle. The Anglo-Indian will look at it to see what one of their number has to say, but the ordinary public care very little to know about Rajahs and ryots, about district life, missions, the police, the training of young civilians, and the treatment of natives of India, upon which subjects the author expatiates in the fullness of his heart. Even the average Englishman, however, would be interested to read that "the tiger does not ordinarily attack man. I have myself, when unarmed, met a tiger face to face in the jungle, and he has turned away growling at the disturbance, but altogether disinclined to enter into the lists with me, not knowing his advantage;" or, again, how the writer killed a charging bull buffalo at ten yards' distance.

It is on the subject above mentioned, and others besides, that Sir Andrew has something to say worth reading. He preaches the desirability of indoctrinating young officers with proper principles of treating Indians of all classes with courtesy and firmness, of appealing to their common humanity, and of allowing opportunities for the representation of requests, even though refusals may be necessary. He is perfectly right in insisting on the importance of officers going to the spot, and discussing difficulties *coram populo*, when the truth will out. He expresses himself with some redundance, indeed with repetition, on the ignorance of English lawyers, both as counsel and as judges. "If modern conditions," he writes, "demand more of legal training than formerly on the bench, the necessity should be met not by reducing the number of civilian judges, but by improving their legal training. Men with Indian and local knowledge are as necessary as ever." Sir Andrew strongly condemns the mutual ignorance of the High Court and the people. In his general defence of the police—not as being perfect, but as having done splendid work since their improvement in consequence of the Police Commission—he remarks that "the hasty condemnation or denunciation of the police by judicial officers is much to be deprecated." As in England, the police in India are not immaculate, but with proper supervision and better pay they are doing better and are capable of further improvement. It is not difficult to dwell forcibly on the erroneous views propagated regarding the separation of judicial and executive functions, which he shows to have been engineered by lawyers for their own advantage. But he is surely wrong in supposing that the question has been set at rest. Surely Lord Curzon has said somewhere that the papers were too voluminous for him to tackle. Sir Andrew repeats himself when he writes about the desirability of securing for Indians sound technical and scientific, industrial education in India rather than in England; and, though he again repeats himself, he very properly enforces the principle that men may rightly be appointed to certain Boards, local bodies, or Councils, as representatives of interests, but should only be appointed to high executive offices as the best selections for the post, capable of holding the scales justly and between conflicting interests. As to unrest, he has nothing particularly new to say, and the obvious question arises, why did he not stop it? This is

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just one of the points that an autobiographer can refrain from answering. Possibly the truth may be disclosed some day. He more than hints that the Local Governments did not possess adequate powers of repression, and that much pressure was necessary to induce the Government of India to pass adequate measures. Many would like to know how far he personally applied pressure. Judgment must be suspended until the real responsibility is clear.

There are a number of slipshod mistakes which should not have occurred. Secretariate is an unusual spelling. Girdleston, Anthony, Bamfylde, Sangor, Murshiabad are certainly wrong. Patel is a Maratha word, not only a Nagpur name for a village headman. An officer, Jeffcoat, is five times called a lieutenant and once a captain within three pages. His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, visited India in 1905-6, and not in 1904 as stated. More care should have been taken in correcting the proofs. But, on the whole, this book will attract attention in Anglo-Indian circles; and it will be quoted at missionary meetings as advocating the cause of missions, of which the author had special knowledge from his birth.

THE SPANISH "DREYFUS CASE"

The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer. By WILLIAM ARCHER. With Twenty Illustrations. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

WE congratulate Mr. Archer on the very temperate tone of his book. Some other writers in discussing the subject with which he deals have scattered lurid adjectives broadcast to no useful purpose. The question whether Francisco Ferrer was really the "author and chief" of the Barcelona rising of July, 1909, whether he was tried in accordance with general principles of equity and rightly convicted and executed is of importance, because, as all persons acquainted with the state of Spain at the present time are aware, it undoubtedly affects the Monarchy's stability. The case has various points of resemblance with the famous Dreyfus affair in France, notably because it has placed the Roman Catholic Church and the Army in direct antagonism with other elements in the nation, but it differs from it because the irretrievable having happened, there is no longer a possibility of offering proper reparation. At the same time, it has influenced Spanish political parties to such a degree that we are glad to have it set forth in a dispassionate narrative like that of Mr. Archer, who has exerted himself to steer clear of both religious bigotry and anti-religious fanaticism. He certainly has sympathy for Ferrer, as we all must have if we come to the conclusion that he was wrongly put to death; but there is no endeavour to disguise Ferrer's faults. We may pass over the latter's matrimonial troubles and the attempt which his wife made on his life. The marriage was an unhappy one, and there were faults on both sides, as the children of the union sorrowfully admit. There are indications that Ferrer was at one moment of his career inclined to militant Anarchism, but, in any case, he renounced it to devote himself to educational work, opening a rationalist school in which children were taught several things which we certainly reprobate, though we do not feel that they tended in any way to crimes of violence. The Spanish authorities, who, unfortunately, are so neglectful of education (their country's greatest need), had it in their power to suppress Ferrer's teaching if they objected to it, but they allowed it to continue undisturbed for over five years. When, however, Mateo Morral flung the bomb which killed and injured so many people on the occasion of the marriage of King Alfonso and Princess Ena in 1906, Ferrer was tried as an accomplice in that crime. Much to the chagrin of the clericalists, he was acquitted of the charge, and there was, in our opinion, the best of reasons for disbelieving it. Ferrer and Morral certainly knew each other, and had even been associated in educational work, but both had fallen in love with the same beautiful woman, Soledad Villafranca, and she had chosen Ferrer in preference to Morral. From that moment the two men could no longer work together, but were inevitably, irreparably sundered. It was virtually the old story told by the fabulist: "Deux coqs vivaient en paix; survint une poule, et voilà la guerre allumée."

But the real point at issue is the Barcelona rising, in respect to which we feel that, although Ferrer may not have been blameless, he was by no means its instigator and leader. Its real causes are well set forth in Mr. Archer's pages, and although some have alleged that Ferrer was at least morally responsible for it, by reason of the anti-clericalist teaching at his school, it seems to us very far-fetched to suppose that this school, at which from first to last over a period of some five years less than three hundred pupils were educated, and which appears also to have been closed for nearly three years prior to the rebellion, was really the *fons et origo* thereof. In reality the rising was caused by the much more important factors which Mr. Archer enumerates; and instead of Ferrer, the miscalled anarchist, having incited the people to violence and incendiarism, that was chiefly the vile and wicked work of the two Republican leaders, Don Alejandro Lerroux and Don Emiliano Iglesias (the latter of whom is still a member of the Cortes), in their journal *El Progreso*, which forty-eight hours before the outburst recalled with pride "the virile days" of 1835, when the convents of Barcelona had been assailed and burnt! But Ferrer's school and his attempts to revive it had undoubtedly drawn on him the bitter animosity of extreme clericalists, and it unhappily seems certain that he suffered more on account of his hostility to the Roman Catholic Church than on account of anything he may have said or done in or around Barcelona during the rising, on which last points the evidence for the prosecution, as marshalled by Mr. Archer, is of the flimsiest character. We strongly disapprove of Ferrer's fanatical anti-religious views, but no Englishman worthy of the name would nowadays send any one to execution because he rejected a creed and called it false.

Ferrer was tried under military law in circumstances which are foreign to the English sense of fairness, and was shot in all haste, almost on the eve of the assembling of the Cortes, in order, so it seems, that all appeals for leniency on his behalf might prove fruitless. It is a nice point whether Señor Maura, the Conservative Premier, or Señor Moret, the Liberal leader, at that time, was the more responsible for the execution. Mr. Archer prints but does not guarantee some letters said to have been exchanged by those statesmen, and which, if genuine, tend, in our opinion, to cast the greater responsibility on the latter one. In any case the affair has done harm to virtually all the constitutional parties in Spain. It pursues each successive ministry even as the Dreyfus case pursued Cabinet after Cabinet in France; and it is of the nature of those fateful *causes célèbres*—such as the Trial of the Seven Bishops in England and the Diamond Necklace affair in France—which go far to undermine a *régime*. We have certainly not yet heard the last of it. Meantime English readers will find the facts clearly set out in Mr. Archer's volume, and if they cannot always see eye to eye with him in regard to every point of the case, they will at least find in the many documents he prints all the material necessary to enable them to form their own opinion of one of the most curious and, with respect to its results, most important trials of contemporary times. The book is

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illustrated with interesting portraits and views, among the former of which we may particularly call attention to one of Ferrer's devoted *querida*, Señora Villafranca, whose beauty is beyond question.

NATURE'S BLITHE SPIRITS

The Airy Way. By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

THE gifted author of the "Glamour of the Earth" now writes of the Glamour of the Air. In many other books Mr. Dewar has shown himself a remarkably keen and patient observer of Nature. "The Airy Way" is partly an original study of the varying flights of birds and insects; but the author admits that he is puzzled by the boundless mysteries of the "minutiæ of natural flight." Why should pigeons glide with their wings raised up at an angle of 45deg. from the body, while other birds glide with full-stretched wings laid horizontally? Gulls stop dead in the wind, and turn clean round as if fixed on a pivot. Some birds soar spirally into the heights. Some butterflies, having flown a few yards, make a little movement which suggests a glide. It is not possible, says Mr. Dewar, to assign these volitations "to their right causes and places in the system of flight." We agree that it may be very difficult to account for all variations and peculiarities, but we are inclined to think that many are due to natural causes, simple enough. Aerial currents and vortices, to whose perpendicular, horizontal, or whirling motions all flying creatures must possess instantaneous adaptation, must surely account for endless variations. The perpetual search for the most minute forms of food by creatures possessing the keenest powers of sight and hearing is another factor. The extensive curves and sweeping flights of the Australian needle-tailed swifts are taken in pursuit of insects that soar in calm weather at an immense elevation.

According to modern custom, we are provided with a short review of this book on the paper wrapper, and are told that "'The Airy Way' will naturally be read by the large body of people interested in aviation or artificial flight." Having read it very carefully, we are bound to say that there is little of practical suggestion for the aviator, whose greatest difficulty lies in the enormous weight of his machine. Very little extra weight makes the progress of even the largest and best bird flyers impossible. The wandering albatross, which can sail along for days without rest, becomes incapable and falls to the water after eating a piece of blubber weighing only a few pounds. In estimating the marvellous powers of flight Mr. Dewar says nothing of birds' hollow bones and air-sacs in communication with the lungs, which enable them to force the hot and rarefied air from the lungs into the legs, upper wingbone, and breastbone, and, in some cases, even into part of the skull. He rejects the theories of Borelli and Marey that in a bird's flight the air acts obliquely on the wings in movement, which take a wedge-like form. He says that though observation reveals only a plain up and down stroke of the wings, with no glimpse of the wing striking forward in its downward beat, "we know that it does and must strike so." Hence he believes in a screw-like action, but he gives no scientific explanation of his theory. Nor does he allude to the well-known assistance to flight provided by feather structure and action. On the down-stroke the wing feathers beat the air with their flat sides, while on the return for another stroke the sharp edges are presented perpendicularly, so that the disturbed air strikes the flat sides horizontally with impelling force. This action is due to the curious formation of the wing muscles, which give a slight and involuntary turn as the wing is thrown back after making the stroke. But this is not a book of scientific anatomy. Its great charm lies in the beautiful descriptions of joyous Nature, in which the author revels. He believes that birds soar aloft for the sheer joy of glorious flight: as Shelley of the skylark:—

> In the golden lightning
> Of the sunken sun,
> O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
> Thou dost float and run,
> Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

How true it is that all the joy of the fritillary is gone when we look at a dead specimen in a case! "Divide a butterfly into ten thousand parts of beauty and interest, and scarcely one ten-thousandth of the whole can be realised by looking at the dead, rigid specimen." All true lovers of Nature will find rare delight in the author's simple and fine expression of the purest joys. He writes not only of the flight of birds in the Airy Way, but of "the scene in which a bird sings: a lark in the blue, a missel-thrush in stormy April woods, a song-thrush in the calm of the June dusk, a sedge-warbler in the deep of the river night. One cannot separate in thought a bird's song from these accompaniments, and find its value still great. The charm of the scene, the spirit and life of the singer itself, are a large part of the pleasure." And so we pass on from page to page and find pleasant converse with "the tenderness of beech trees' drooping sprays at their earliest greening," "the rich flower scents of June," "the poppy field lit by the sun of a July afternoon," "the panorama of purple hill," "the peculiar character of the light on halcyon mornings in the first part of autumn," "the sweet cry of curlews on the strand after dark," "the sights and sounds of the English summer in a wood or by a stream, which can sometimes be a small salve for sorrow." There is no foolish sentimentalism or moralising, yet a very occasional sentence like this, with which we conclude, is splendid—"A bird's nest, delicately made and set in a choice site . . . may make the finder forget for a little while the disappointments of life and the mistakes which can be dwelt on too much." We may add that "The Airy Way," a poem in prose, is a tonic exhilarating like the air of the moor and the ripple of the mountain trout-stream.

THE DECLINE OF HOME RULE

Irish Affairs and the Home Rule Question. A Comparison of the Attitude of Political Parties towards Irish Problems. By PHILIP G. CAMBRAY. With an Introduction by the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, K.G. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

ALTHOUGH Mr. Cambray's little volume on Irish affairs has no pretensions to literary merit it will nevertheless be welcomed as a work coming at an appropriate moment when the Irish problem, after a lapse of many years, threatens once again to loom large in the public eye.

In the early pages of this book the author makes it abundantly clear that he is avowedly an enemy of Mr. Redmond's political programme in Ireland; and it must be said that throughout the volume a strong case is established in defence of the maintenance of the Union with Great Britain. After a careful perusal of these pages one feels constrained to inquire whether the Irish people themselves or the Liberal party in Great Britain have at all any serious yearnings for the establishment of an Irish Parliament on Irish soil.

Since the overwhelming rejection of Mr. Gladstone's last

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effort in this direction at the hands of the electors in 1895 the Liberal party has allowed the question to slumber, and has never attempted to awaken it even in the prosperous days of their record majority in 1905. Not indeed until Mr. Asquith found himself absolutely dependent on Mr. Redmond for a party support at Westminster did the Liberal chief attempt to "toe the line" on the great problem which he knew to be the undoing of the Leader whom he followed in 1886 and 1893.

As recently as on the eve of the General Election of December, 1910, although Mr. Asquith gave a half-hearted promise in his Albert Hall speech to include Home Rule in his varied programme, he and 56 per cent. of the Liberal and Labour candidates omitted all mention of the subject in their momentous addresses to the constituencies during the Election of December, 1910. It is not surprising, as our author points out, that those of the Liberal party who openly advocated Ireland's national independence did so not because it was really essential for Ireland herself, but because the conduct of Irish affairs at Westminster clogged the wheels in so far as other general legislation was concerned.

As to Ireland itself, Mr. Cambray very rightly emphasises that the urgent case for Home Rule has long since disappeared. The Legislative Acts which created land and house ownership, local government, old-age pensions, and, as far as the Irish priesthood are concerned, a Roman Catholic University—all these reforms have deadened the desire for local government which previously existed in the hearts of the Irish people. There seems to be every ground for the author's belief that the flourishing and loyal population of Ulster are more than ever steadfastly opposed to the establishment of a Redmondite Parliament in their midst.

Since the publication of this book it has been demonstrated by the Belfast correspondent of the *Morning Post* that £100,000 has already been subscribed to pay expenses of a great Anti-Home Rule campaign, which will be inaugurated for the purpose of "educating the predominant partner on the iniquities which will immediately follow on the granting of Home Rule." So successful has been the organisation in Ireland against the threatened establishment of Home Rule that "it is now estimated that the membership of the Unionist clubs is expected to exceed the 200,000 which existed in 1893." There can be no doubt that Ulster is desperately serious in this matter.

It cannot be wondered at, as the writer suggests, that the Ulster minority are naturally suspicious of the fair promises of toleration under a Home Rule scheme that now emanate from the Nationalist leaders. The loyalists of Ulster have every reason to remember Mr. John Dillon's speech of many years ago in which he undertook to predict that "when the Nationalists come into their own they would remember their friends and also—their enemies." How truly was this threat brought into effect when the County Councils were first established in Ireland! The unfortunate loyalists were scornfully left in the cold, and the loaves and fishes at once became the property of those who even in this small degree "came into their own." The volume further deals with the continuous bickerings that are going on and have been going on amongst the Irish Nationalist leaders for well-nigh over a period of twenty years.

We strongly and cordially recommend this instructive volume as a valuable contribution to the up-to-date political history of Ireland. It will prove a revelation to those who lightly talk of handing over the destinies of Ireland to Mr. John Redmond and his present following at Westminster. The book has the exceptional advantage of the benediction of Lord Londonderry, who, as an old student of Irish politics, contributes a masterly introduction to its pages.

COUNTY MEMORIALS

Memorials of Old Lincolnshire. Edited by E. Mansel Sympson, M.A., M.D.

Memorials of Old Leicestershire. Edited by Alice Dryden. (George Allen and Sons. 15s. each net.)

These handsome volumes belong to a series of Memorials of the Counties of England, of which the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, F.S.A., is the general editor, while each volume is the work of several contributors, according to a growing modern custom which, although it secures the interest of specialists in some cases, produces somewhat uneven results, and a certain absence of unity in treatment. These defects, however, are not so likely to be apparent in archæological as in historical writings, yet in the compilation of the volumes before us we observe no evidence of any scheme or method of arrangement. There is rather a collection of essays, learned and for the most part well written, but eclectic, according to the interest or predilection of the writers. The Lincoln volume is chiefly concerned with churches. In the Leicestershire volume churches are omitted with the exception of one very interesting notice of the state of churches in the time of Charles II.; while tombs, monuments, and effigies fill considerable space, and are carefully examined by Mr. W. S. Weatherley. One country house in Lincolnshire is described, several in Leicestershire.

The Prehistoric Roads and Vestiges of Paganism in Leicestershire are both good articles, but these subjects are unnoticed in the Lincoln book. It must be admitted that, able though many of these essays are, the general result has to be described as random archæology. Ethnology, folklore, anthropology, history, ecclesiology, ancient houses and families, all belong to County Memorials, and each might find a place, though none could be treated exhaustively, in a single well-arranged volume.

Passing from this general criticism to the particular articles in these books, we find much valuable and interesting information, as might be expected from the number of scholarly contributors. Space will permit the consideration of only a few of the essays. Lincolnshire is famed for the number and interest of its chancel-screens, and Dr. Mansel Sympson, who has already written elsewhere on this subject, has an excellent paper on the most important, besides a good deal of general information on the origin and use of screens. The same writer describes Tattershall Castle and Church, while Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson writes on the Saxon Churches of the County, and his essay suggests the better description of Early Romanesque.

Boston, Grantham, and Stamford form the subject of three separate papers, and in another there is an account of the progress of the Great Civil War in Lincolnshire, by Mr. E. H. R. Tatham, who also writes in an earlier paper of the Roman occupation. In a book in which so much is said of churches, it is curious that there is no reference to fonts, seeing that Lincolnshire possesses such a great variety, both of Norman and Gothic styles; nor to the fourteen cases where the old altar stones still remain.

The Leicestershire volume opens with an article on Historic Leicestershire, by the Editor. Even as an "Introduction . . . to link the papers together," this is chronologically misplaced, as it practically begins with the Danish Invasion, and yet precedes the valuable papers of Mr. A. R. Holwood on Prehistoric Leicestershire, and on the Roman and Anglo-Saxon periods. The paper on the Churches in the time of Charles I. has some interesting items, quarried by Mr. A. Percival Moore, as Registrar of the Archdeaconry of Leicester. In the Registry is a letter, dated December 7th, 1639, from one Ric. Langham, parson

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of Bottesford who wishes to cite a certain factious squire, who has made, *inter alia*, the following vexatious complaints of his conduct—to wit:—

> That standing in my seate in y^e^ Chancell (as sometimes I doe) to observe how my people resort to y^e^ Church, hee saies I looke through y^e^ grates as a lyon upon dogges and Beares: and that when I come up the Church at y^e^ entrance of the Chancell dore (doeing my humble duty towards y^e^ aultar) Doe you not see (saith hee) how he worships stocks and stones?

Humorous as this is in one aspect, the Vicar evidently lacked a sense of humour, for he continues: "Whether I shall deal with him only in y^e^ Court at Leicester or in y^e^ High Commission I leave to your wisdom."

Both these volumes are amply illustrated by a large number of full-page pictures from drawings and photographs. They are well worth a place in the library of the antiquary.

WAGNER IN SHIRT-SLEEVES

Œuvres en Prose de Richard Wagner. Tome VI. Translated into French by J. G. Prod'homme et F. Caillé. (Delagrave, Paris. 2f. 50c.)

The problem of Wagner is always a difficult one. That a genius of the first order should have found it necessary to justify his works in volume after volume of bewildering prose, instead of letting these works speak for themselves, is one of those outrageous facts that defy satisfactory explanation. Our chief consolation is that the composer himself, with his scanty stock of humour, felt the incongruity to the full. Again and again he utters vows—made to be broken—that he will have done this time once and for all with the scribbling habit. But here we have the sixth volume, not by any means the last, of a French version of his prose works.

A special interest attaches to this volume through the fact that we have just passed the fiftieth anniversary of the violent rejection of "Tannhäuser" at the Paris Opera, and that we get a glimpse of the composer's mind on the eve of the battle. He expresses his hopes and fears, especially the former, and looks forward to the victory of his novel ideas. We cannot but feel that he comes perilously near at times to fatuity when he disclaims all desire for personal glory, but we are won back by his courage under defeat. It is this quality that makes his greatness as a man, though this greatness is too often obscured by the persistent intrusion of self into the impersonal fields of art. The meaner Wagner is too often before our eyes in these pages; he cannot for a moment forget the *profanum vulgus;* he rejects it, and dissects it; he addresses his operas and his explanations alike to his "friends." He expresses his vague discontent with the world in the most insufferable terms—worthy of the superior young man *incompris*, who has just come down from his University as a social and academical failure—"my instinct impelled me towards an unknown that is pure, chaste, and virginal, towards the eventual satisfaction of a noble, but withal essentially sensual, desire, but at the same time such a desire as contemporary frivolity could by no means satisfy." His sojourn in France has no charms for him; he feels an irresistible antipathy for the French language, and, in speaking of Paris, he cannot keep clear of such dreary *clichés* as "the modern Babylon." We cannot avoid the feeling that, in rejecting "Tannhäuser," the Parisians were at least as much justified, from a patriotic point of view, as they were the other day in *sabotant* "Après Moi."

We think it is not too much to say that Wagner's name would have stood just as high to-day if he had not put his name to a single one of his "Works in Prose." Perhaps his excuse lies in the peculiar position of opera at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The debate was not yet over—it had really only begun—as to whether opera was a legitimate form of art; to many it seemed a monstrous and hybrid birth. Wagner has at any rate shown in his prose (in his musical works he has demonstrated it yet more conclusively) that the opera is a true form of art. He goes back to the beginnings of European drama, and shows that the stage-play, the symphony, and the ballet are all children of a common parent, and once lived under the same roof. But we have no doubt at all that the "Ring" would have been played and have conquered the world if its author had kept silence "even from good words," though, as he might have added with conviction, "it was pain and grief to me."

In the present volume—Number VI. (III., IV., and V. have not yet seen the light)—we have two of Wagner's *Apologiae*. We may recommend the second. The French translators point out that he has shown a little of the wisdom of the serpent in this *plaidoirie;* he has suppressed much, and has endeavoured to give a consecutive account of his development and his theories. He is addressing a Frenchman on the eve of the battle over "Tannhaüser." He is forced to be as clear and as conciliatory as it is in his nature to be. He is, moreover, several years older. As to the earlier autobiography and apology, it contains much that is excellent and much that is almost intolerable. To forget the latter and to confirm the former we can think of only one specific—to take the first opportunity of hearing or rehearing "Tristan" or the "Walküre." A word of praise is due to the translators. However we may regret Wagner's mania for self-justification, and the extent to which he indulged it, his apologetics have become an essential part of the literature of music, and French has a decided advantage over German as a vehicle for somewhat nebulous theorising.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Knox's Ceylon, with Autobiography. (James MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow. 12s. 6d. net.)

A reprint of the "Historical Relation of Ceylon" cannot fail to meet with a cordial welcome from the intrinsic interest of the work that was first published in the year 1681. The volume now issued, however, represents far more than a mere reprint, since within it is included for the first time the relation by Robert Knox himself of the events of his lifetime subsequent to his deliverance from captivity. That this latter is now enabled to see the light is due to the efforts of the late Mr. Donald Ferguson, whose researches were rewarded last year by the discovery of the manuscript in the Bodleian Library. To what extent the publication has benefited from the additional matter will be clearly evident from a perusal of the volume.

There are probably few autobiographies in existence that reveal the characters of their authors more ingenuously than that of the famous Robert Knox. A Puritan who set out upon his strange adventures convinced of his special share of Divine protection, he went his way, blending hardihood with caution, thanking the Lord for full cargoes of slaves, accepting a rebuff in the course of his mercantile sharp practices as a punishment from above of a want of faith, and submitted to hardships and captivity in the assurance that in the end his star would rise in the ascendant once again. The temper of the sturdy British sailors, prisoners in Ceylon, is admirably illustrated from the fact that at the

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beginning of their captivity, ere they had learned of the general meagreness of the native diet, "each man took the limb of an hen in his hand, and marched rank and file in order thro the streets with it as a sign to the great men, whereby they might see, how illy they were served." As to Robert Knox himself, although his shrewdness in the trade in which he was permitted to indulge rendered him comparatively wealthy, he had no mind to forego the least of the privileges accorded him as a prisoner of State. Thus, when billeted upon some impoverished Cingalese villagers, he complained of his fare to the King, although he admits that "I was better able to live without it than they to give it me." After which Knox turned usurer, and despoiled his capturers in earnest.

Undoubtedly the sole difference between Knox and many amateur buccaneers of wilder repute lay in the fact that the former quoted Scripture in place of oaths. Yet this sanctimonious old sea-dog, who wrote so glibly of deeds that cannot stand the light of present-day morality, demands his own share of admiration. If his bargains were to be dreaded in times of peace, he was equally formidable to his enemies in periods of war, and proved staunch to his comrades in the hour of peril, Moreover, he is gratefully to be remembered for having left behind him an intimate account of the sea-life of his day that is delightful for the simplicity of its detail.

Secret Societies and the French Revolution, with Some Other Studies. By UNA BIRCH. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

MISS BIRCH has collected in this volume several papers which she originally contributed to *The Edinburgh Review* and *The Nineteenth Century and After*. Though neither exhaustive nor particularly profound, they are very acceptable, by reason especially of all that they suggest. Such is notably the case in regard to the essay which supplies the title of the volume, and another which treats of the Revolution and Religious Liberty. We are inclined to share Miss Birch's view that Freemasonry and kindred organisations were far more influential factors in bringing about the French Revolution than most historians have yet admitted, and we should like to see the subject fully treated. The recent separation of Church and State in France gives a topical interest to Miss Birch's paper on religious liberty during the revolutionary period. At the present time the subject is attracting great attention among French historians, M. Albert Mathiez alone having produced within the last twelvemonth two illuminating volumes, in which we often find him to be in agreement with Miss Birch.

Her paper on the mysterious Comte de Saint Germain leaves us still in perplexity respecting him; but that is hardly her fault, for it is virtually impossible to separate the true from the false in the case of such an elusive and enigmatical personage. At all events, every writer who has hitherto tried to do so has failed in the endeavour. Incidentally Miss Birch says that the notorious Chevalier d'Eon was *lectrice* to Catherine II. (she means Elizabeth) of Russia; but if she will read Count Albert Vandel's "Louis XV. et Elisabeth de Russie" and Mr. Vizetelly's "True Story of the Chevalier d'Eon," she will know what to think of that oft-repeated legend. In the last section of her book she discusses Mme de Staël and Napoleon, and to our thinking her opinion of the lady is rather too high. Mme. de Staël was by no means faultless; she stumbled more than once (occasionally very badly), and made several important mistakes. But it is undoubtedly true that she recovered her self-possession after every error, and exerted herself to regain lost ground and ascend also to a higher plane. In regard to her political foresight, it was often superior to Napoleon's; she read the future more clearly than he did, but he was, on the whole, the better judge of his contemporaries in France, at any rate, and of the manner in which an emergency should be met. That much which Mme. de Staël predicted has come true goes without saying. Let us add that Miss Birch's book is always interesting, and her style distinctly good.

Ruskin: A Study in Personality. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

No book on Ruskin can be dull, but Mr. Benson's volume of seven lectures is certainly a little barren of surprises. In his modest preface he describes it as a sketch and not a finished portrait; "it is frankly compiled from accessible sources, but it is written with a sincere love and admiration, and with a strong belief that Ruskin's message and example have a very real truth and strength of their own, urgently needed in these hasty and impulsive days." This is well enough, but a sketch can be at least as incisive as a finished portrait, and it is just in this quality that Mr. Benson's lectures are lacking. They give us the impression neither of the critical insight born of sympathy, nor of the enthusiasm born of love. Really at times we find Ruskin a little tiresome in the twilight of Mr. Benson's appreciation, and we wish that the author had had a little less of that discrimination that neither rejects nor accepts, but appears to state a case for some remote posterity to answer. In other words we wish that Mr. Benson had let himself go.

Ruskin was an extremely bad art-critic, who rendered an immense service to English art by mixing it with morality and persuading the British public to swallow the dose whole. He made people take an interest in art by twisting it into an argument in favour of conventional morality, and there is no doubt that in his day he was extraordinarily successful. It is to be feared that now the passion for morality in art survives without the passion for art. In addition he had theories of social reform far in advance of those of his day combined with a full measure of the normal impracticability of the social reformer. He was a Conservative who did not like railways or tin chapels or Conservatives. But his position in English literature is due to the fact that he expressed himself in English of a wonderful power and beauty, and though his writing is often wrong-headed, frequently imitating and occasionally obscure, we can always take pleasure in his admirable style.

Mr. Benson's book, though, as we have said, by no means sensational, will serve very well as a handbook for any one who proposes to make a systematic study of Ruskin.

Histoires et Leçons de Choses. By MME. PAPE-CARPENTIER. Adapted and Edited by W. ROLLESTON, M.A. (Siepmann's Primary French Series.) *Voyage en Grèce.* By the VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. (Adapted.) *Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Point.* By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. (Adapted.) *La Jacquerie.* By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. (Adapted.) *Charlotte Corday. Tragédie en Cinq Actes.* By FRANÇOIS PONSARD. (Siepmann's French Series for Rapid Reading.) (Macmillan and Co., 1s. each.) *Le Petit Chose (Histoire d'un Enfant).* By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Part I. "Le Petit Chose en Province." Adapted and Edited by S. TINDALL, M.A. (Siepmann's Advanced French Series.) (Macmillan and Co., 2s. 6d.)

THESE are three capital series, under the general editorship of Messrs. Otto Siepmann and Eugène Pellissier, for those who are studying the French language. The names of the

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authors are sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the contents of the volumes, each of which is well supplied with notes, vocabularies, exercises, &c. The volume belonging to the Primary Series is both entertaining and instructive, and is sure to interest the pupil, which is a great aid in the teaching of languages. Mme. Pape-Carpentier devoted the greater part of her life to the cause of education, and when quite young she helped her mother to organise, and then to manage, the first Children's Refuge founded in France. In the Series for Rapid Reading, Mérimée's "La Jacquerie" tells the story of a peasant uprising some two years after the fatal battle of Poitiers, which has been repeated to some extent during the recent riots in the Champagne district. The name given in history to the revolt is derived from "Jacques," a contemptuous cognomen bestowed on the peasant by the nobles of that time. But when the despised Jacques succeeded in getting the upper hand, feudal castles were sacked, burnt, and razed to the ground, and their inmates put to the sword. This first part of "Le Petit Chose" is Daudet's autobiography of his early days.

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen and Co. 1s. net.)
Jane. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen and Co. 1s. net.)

The first two volumes of Messrs. Methuen's new issue of shilling reprints are attractive in *format* and pleasantly light to handle. There is no need to make much comment upon the books themselves. Many people regard "De Profundis" as Wilde's best work, while Miss Marie Corelli is popular enough with the crowd to ensure her simple little story of "Jane" a hearty welcome.

Feuilles Éparses (Scattered Leaves). Translated into French by Marc Logé. (3f. 50c.)

This is a collection of tales, or rather fables, extracted by Lafcadio Hearn from old and little-known books—Egyptian, Assyrian, African, Hindoo, Esquimaux, Bhuddist, and Mussulman. The translation is in delightfully good French, and will appeal to those who admire fairy-tales. The book should be a favourite, as it is decidedly original in matter and treated with all Hearn's elegance and charm.

FICTION

The Girondin. By Hilaire Belloc. (Nelson. 2s.)

Many stories have been written of the fateful year 1792, when France was aflame and adventures were to be had without the seeking, and, by attempting the grand style and the large scale, many have failed. Mr. Belloc takes his young Girondin hero, lover and adventurer, through a very short course, and closes his story with death; but he succeeds, and his touch is unmistakable. Sometimes he is poking fun at Georges Boutroux, sometimes he is full of admiration for him; sometimes, again, in the garb of a wise, witty showman with a soul above earthly things, he seems to point out the insignificance, the uselessness of the toil and trouble, the marching and countermarching, the noise and bewilderment, that go to make a revolution. Always he carries the reader with him by reason of that confidential, sympathetic quality which, when he will, can hold us in a magic spell. His style on some pages of this brief romance is exceptionally beautiful—reminiscent, perhaps, of the book of Ruth; take, for example, a few sentences from the chapter where "a lover finds himself in the dark." Boutroux is in hiding at a charcoal-burner's hut; the young girl who sheltered him speaks:

> "You will stay here," she said. "You must not move, and you must trust me. I will bring you food."
>
> "There will never be a time," he said, "that you may come, whether you bring me food or no, but I shall feed. And even when you are not here, I shall feed in a fashion upon a shade."
>
> She would not answer him. She put the yoke upon her graceful shoulders so that they were bent to her labour, she straightened herself and swung the pails and went out to the field—short-kilted, walking strongly, and with the morning upon her. He saw her for but a moment as she passed the door, but almost immediately, as she left him, there came palely through that same entry the first ray of the sun; it bore with it a sort of miraculous enlivenment and a changing of all things as it came.

The whole story we will not recount here. If any reader wants a real tale of danger, love, and difficulties greatly overcome, of a young man whose spirit never failed, who lied grandly, and lived his life to the full—let him buy "The Girondin." He will want to hear more of the charming Joyeuse; but perhaps in some future volume Mr. Belloc may find her for us again.

The Leaning Spire. By George A. B. Dewar. (Alston Rivers. 2s. 6d. net.)

The present stories and sketches have a literary flavour and distinction peculiarly their own. The average English magazine story is usually a very poor affair indeed, depending on either crude sensationalism or insipid sentimentality rushed upon the public with little regard to the niceties of style. Mr. Dewar's stories have none of these defects, with the sad consequence that they will only appeal to the few. Careful workmanship marks every page, and yet somehow or other the result leaves us a little cold. His work is polished, but it is polished steel. There is the study of Olbion, who retired from the Stationery Office, took to literary work, and made a special study of foreign affairs, until he suddenly realised that it was an unprofitable and unappreciated pursuit. He turned from foreign affairs to home affairs; but that was an affair of the heart and not of politics. We particularly like a little study entitled "Dora." We remember reading it under another name in the *Westminster Gazette.* It is a whimsical sketch of a pink-and-white woman, who looked as if she cared only for the latest six-shilling novel. Her looks belied her. Beneath the pink-and-white, beneath the pretty doll face, there was a surprising love of the best in English literature. There is distinct charm in the way Mr. Dewar makes us realise something of a literary discovery, which he has evidently taken straight from life. "Barehills: A Hard-bitten Man," is one of the best sketches in the book. Mr. E. V. Lucas might well make use of it whenever he wants additional material for "The Open Road."

The Camera Fiend. By E. W. Hornung. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

The interest in this latest of Mr. Hornung's entertaining novels is mainly derived from a series of murders, the scenes of which the author ingeniously keeps out of sight, thereby sparing the timorous reader many thrilling horrors; indeed, one of the murders is committed before the opening of the story. "The Camera Fiend" is a Teutonic experimentalist in psychical research, who believes it is possible to photograph

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the soul, but only at the moment of dissolution. As he has been refused permission to photograph hospital death-bed scenes, also prison executions, he resorts to murder in order to carry out his experiments and test his theory. Of one of his victims, an alcoholic licensed messenger, he says :—

> I found him asleep on a bench in Holland-walk, and, not another being in sight, and I shot him. . . . I had lost very few seconds between pulling the trigger and pressing the bulb of my pneumatic shutter, but one had to get back into position for this, and the fact remains that I was too late. The result may be found among my negatives. It is dreadfully good of the dead man, if not a unique photograph of actual death, but it lacks the least trace of the super-normal. The flight of the soul had been too quick for me.

All the characters are lifelike and well drawn, as is to be expected in a story by Mr. Hornung. His similes are witty, his humour is grim, and his tragedy is horrific. We are told in a foreword upon the outer cover that an attractive love story runs through the book, but we failed to find it: there is not a kiss, or a blush, or a tender sigh in the whole volume. But perhaps this is a little more of Mr. Hornung's grim humour. Anyhow we cannot help thinking that love would be very much out of place in such an 'orrible tale.

Dead Man's Love. By Tom Gallon. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

We suppose there must be a reading public for this kind of novel, and they are heartily welcome to it. Why Mr. Gallon, who is always a good writer and who has created some charming and lovable creatures in his time, should produce this sensationalism we do not know. The book is well put together and on the whole very well written, but composed throughout of impossible people placed in impossible situations, who never can or do interest one from the first page to the last. Dr. Bardolf Just is a distinguished medical man of the highest scientific attainments, and we are asked to accept him as a deliberate cold-blooded murderer, who, having killed her lover, then seeks to take the life of his ward, Miss Debora Matchwick. In this he is prevented by a young man named Norton Hyde, who escapes from penal servitude, where, for a change, he had been sent for a crime he did commit. We must make a point of this in justice to Mr. Gallon, as in this sort of thing the hero ex-convict is always, of course, an innocent man. Norton Hyde becomes John New, the doctor gets hanged by the valet of the man he murdered, and in the end John New inherits a huge fortune from a money-lending uncle. Ultimately he and Debora are on board ship together, and we believe and hope that when they arrive at the other end they will get married. There are two or three other characters, equally impossible and even more unnecessary.

The Great Betrayal. By Harold Wintle. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

"The Great Betrayal" is a very powerful story of an English Secretary of State who has risen from his lowly position as a nursery gardener's apprentice to his present high distinction. A German baron trying to buy English naval secrets, various society ladies, and some strong-minded service men assist in the development of plot and counter-plot. A very young K.C. (clever as young K.C.'s must be) completes the list of plotters. Plenty of local colour of the Plymouth coast, which the writer evidently knows well, and a capital description of yacht-chasing in the Channel and Irish Sea complete a very readable novel. Many of the characters in the book approximate to people in real life present and past; but we hope the author will not get in the habit of making Secretaries of State out of nursery gardeners' apprentices, house-agents, and such like. The result is not satisfactory either in books or in real life. A political crisis, and a dramatic trial for self-confessed murder concludes this remarkable story.

Paul et Virginie, suivi de la Chaumière Indienne. By Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. *Mon Oncle Benjamin.* By Claude Tillier. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net each.)

Messrs. Nelson and Sons have recently added these two volumes to the excellent series of French masterpieces they are issuing under the general title of the "Collection Nelson." The evergreen "Paul and Virginia," which so graphically depicts the simple life in the Tropics of a bygone period, will continue to be read when much of the present-day fiction has run its short course and is forgotten. "Mon Oncle Benjamin," though not so well known, is a very entertaining story and will repay reading. These handy little volumes are exceedingly well got up and fully worth the price charged for them.

FOREIGN REVIEWS

"Deutsche Rundschau"

The May number of this magazine is full of papers of genuine interest. For instance, Herr Dickhuth continues his articles on Frederick the Great and Napoleon (also the Great) in their first campaigns; while Herr von Brandt writes ably on the development of the German colonies, and Herr Heilborn publishes a part of Novalis's literary remains, including some charming verses. A more important contribution, however, is Herr Bailleu's fascinating account of the romantic love affair of Prince William of Prussia – afterwards German Kaiser, and grandfather of the present monarch—and the beautiful Princess Elisa Radziwill. For nine years the future victor of Sedan remained faithful to this early love, and, as far as was consistent with filial duty, strove to overcome the obstacles to his marriage with Elisa. But it was not to be; her birth and various political considerations combined to prevent it. There are pathetic passages in the story; but, as the world knows, Prince William ultimately found consolation in an extremely happy marriage with Augusta of Saxe-Weimar. Elisa was much less fortunate. After her severance from her royal lover she was wooed by Fürst Fritz Schwarzenberg, but that affair also ended unhappily for her, and she was barely thirty years old when she died, leaving behind her the memory of what has well been called "a life of love and sorrow."

This same issue of the *Rundschau* contains a number of new extracts from the diaries of Bismarck's Boswellian Under-Secretary of State, the famous Dr. Busch, to whom the world has long been indebted for much of its more intimate knowledge of the great Chancellor. The new extracts deal with the Conferences which were held in Berlin in 1880-81, with the view of carrying into effect the stipulations of the Treaty of 1878 in regard to Turkey, Greece, and Montenegro. In conjunction with Lord Odo Russell, Mr. (afterwards Viscount) Goschen took part in the negotiations, and all who are interested in Goschen

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(whose Life by the Hon. A. D. Elliot was recently reviewed in THE ACADEMY by Sir William Bull) may be advised to read Busch's account of his intercourse with Bismarck. The latter remarked to him one day, after discussing the idea of humanitarian philanthropy in politics: "When I hear of the sufferings of a negro in China or some other remote part of the world I may mention him in my prayers, but I cannot make him an object of German policy." These new extracts from Busch are not, however, merely of anecdotal interest, but often of real historical importance.

"LA GRANDE REVUE"

In the number of this excellent periodical dated May 10th we find an important article by Senator Charles Humbert on the development of French colonisation in West Africa. It indicates that our neighbours are accomplishing great things in that part of the world, and deserves the attention of all who are interested in our own African possessions. In the same review M. Jules de Narfon continues his striking account of the Roman Catholic Church in France since its separation from the State, and brings forward a number of facts which show how disastrous the policy of Pius X. has been for French Catholics. We also note in *La Grande Revue* an informing article by M. Povolozky on the Russian poets of the present day, another by M. Brizon on the price of wheat and bread in France, and a third by M. Ledoux on the marked distrust and aversion which the French peasantry are displaying in respect to compulsory insurance and old-age pensions.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE"

There is quite a revival of interest just now in the career and work of the famous painter Ingres, who, whatever may be his reputation as a colourist, was one of the greatest draughtsmen of his own or any period. A large number of interesting letters written by him between 1837 and 1849 will be found in *Le Mercure* for May 1st. Hugoists should peruse M. Daumesnil's article on the source whence two books of "Les Misérables" were derived; and both Shavians and anti-Shavians may read what M. H. D. Davray has to say about Mr. Bernard Shaw and the "incoherence" and "lack of common sense" which are to be found amidst all his superficial brilliancy.. In *Le Mercure* for May 16th we find a curious and in some respects amusing account of La Belle Paule, the famous beauty—and, if certain legends were true, one might also say the Lady Godiva—of Toulouse. An instructive paper by M. Moine deals with German university life at the present time; while in the *Revue de la Quinzaine* we note M. Remy de Gourmont's lively attack on the French old-age pensions' scheme.

"LA REVUE"

M. Emile Faguet contributes a suggestive paper on the famous Calas affair to the number of *La Revue* (formerly *La Revue des Revues*) for May 1st. He virtually comes to the conclusion that Voltaire was wrong in asserting the innocence of Calas; and, however that may be, his arguments certainly deserve the attention of those who are interested in this curious historical and judicial problem. In the same issue of *La Revue* will be found an informing article by M. Emile Hinzelin on the revival and progress of Italy, and a lamentable account of the Russian prison system, even at the present time, by Vera Figner, the famous lady-Nihilist who spent more than twenty years in durance. Further, M. Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, continues his "Contes Philosophiques," and M. Pierre Berton begins his Theatrical Recollections with an alternately amusing and pathetic sketch of the ill-fated poet Albert Glatigny, this being concluded in the number for May 15th. The "Faits et Documents" section of *La Revue* for May 1st contains a hitherto unpublished letter of Guy de Maupassant's, in which the great *conteur* refuses to give a correspondent any particulars whatever of his career, and adds: "I do not wish the public to enter into my life. Everything that has been published about me is false, whereat I rejoice, and I take good care not to correct the errors." Judging by this, Maupassant would by no means have approved of the recently issued "Souvenirs" of his valet François.

To *La Revue* for May 15th M. Léon Séché contributes, with the help of many hitherto unknown documents, an authoritative account of Victor Hugo's mother and her family, upsetting almost everything which has hitherto appeared on the subject, even in works which had Hugo's approval. In the same issue we find a paper by M. d'Habloville on Fogazzaro, which is of both biographical and critical interest; and there is also a skilful criticism by M. Vermeil of Gerhart Hauptmann's play "Die Ratten." Further, the mountain-theatre of Mézières above Lausanne supplies the subject for a capital article by Professor G. Renard, who gives one to understand that all visitors to Switzerland next August will do well to repair to Mézières to hear Gluck's "Orfeo" performed there.

"LA REVUE BLEUE"

for April 29th contains a translation by M. Jacques Lux of Mr. Frank Harris's "Recollections of Verlaine," which recently appeared in THE ACADEMY; and in the same number we find several lively letters addressed by the famous song-writer Béranger to Victor Cousin, the philosopher, as well as a learned paper by M. Lionel de la Laurencie on seventeenth-century Musical Pastorals, which adds to our knowledge of the history of the French stage.

In the number for May 6th there are some more of Béranger's letters, and a curious account by M. J. Durand of the career and martyrdom of a female apostle of Babism in Persia, together with a paper by M. Lucien Maury on art critics and historians, in which we are pleased to observe a very vigorous plea for frank and resolute criticism in both literature and art. The issue for May 13th contains an article by the editor on "The Triumph of Ingres," one of whose pictures, painted when he was no less than eighty-two years old, has just been purchased for the Louvre at a cost of £6,000! To be noted in the same number—several letters written by Joséphine Soulary, the modest poet of whom Lyons is so justly proud; a pleasant paper by M. Pilon on French gardens in the seventeenth century; and a translation of an eulogistical article, recently contributed to *Die Zukunft*, on the English aristocracy. This will well repay perusal.

"LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE,"

an old-established publication devoted entirely to reviews of books, prints in its issue for April 29th three short but vigorous articles by ex-Abbé Loisy, criticising several recent French and German works on the Hebrew and Christian religions, their rights and laws. M. Chuquet, the editor of this periodical, is an acknowledged authority on matters pertaining to the French Revolution, and one reads with interest an article of his dealing chiefly with the position of the Roman Catholic Church during the revolutionary period.

Passing to the number for May 6th, we may direct attention to an able *critique* of M. Lachèvre's recent works on Théophile de Viau, Des Barreaux and St. Pavin, and also to the notices of several new books on J. J. Rousseau and other philosophers of his time. In the issue for May 13th M. Maspero criticises, with all his wonted authority, some German works on Egyptian and Babylonian antiquities; M. Loisy writes on the Babylonian epic of Gilgames, M. E. Welvert on Brissot's Memoirs, as recently annotated by M. Perroud, and M. Baldensperger on Scandinavia in French literature.

E. A. V.

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A NOTE ON ASCETICISM

THE other day I was looking into a book of very amiable essays by Hugh B. Chapman, entitled "At the Back of Things."* The author's plan struck me as a capital one; he takes a couple of dozen of the most popular English proverbs and explains them, moralises them, methodises them, showing the ethical meaning that may be found beneath their obvious and material applications. "Where there's a will there's a way," "Whom the gods love die young," "A man is known by his friends," and so forth—Mr. Chapman treats them all in an amiable, pious, and improving fashion. I have no doubt that there are many quarters in which his book will be highly appreciated. Here is an example of his method; he is expounding "Absence makes the heart grow fonder:"—

> Passing beyond the personal, it is instructive to note how absence is the test of *influence*, for no teacher can gauge the value of his work until his presence is removed. Not till then can he know whether it amounts to stubble, or whether the proof of its sure foundation is furnished by daily evidence that his absence increases the friendship of his pupils, and that they practise the lessons taught by a voice now silent.

This is, I think, a fair sample of the manner and method of the book, and I wish to say at once that I have not a word against it; doubtless it will be useful in its place.

And yet I do not know. All these excellent and practical and pious explanations tend to remind me of the curate who, preaching on the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, found occasion in the mention of the fact that there was a lad present to draw the impressive lesson that we must not neglect to make use of our young people. Now I am sure that this is quite true, and I am also sure that I should have liked to hurl a hymn-book at the preacher's head. And one meets the same kind of comment on all sides; how much of literary criticism is mere literal criticism, pausing and delaying all the while on surfaces and externals, and on the obvious face of things, without ever seeking the secrets of the deep and hidden places that are beneath! People say, "Oh! that mystical way of talking is all very well, but men don't understand it; they want something practical that they can take in—good, homely truths."

I don't believe a word of all this. On the contrary, it seems clear that all the great moving forces come from the deeps, from those regions which are really "at the back of things," which are truly mystical and transcendent. If human life is anything else than an atrociously managed beehive or ant-hill, afflicted with every monstrous disorder and anguish and evil that an archdemon could desire for a wretched swarm of irresponsible insects, then its explanation is not to be sought in little amiable moralities and pious exhortations to be good; and we shall only be delivered from our afflictions by sayings and doings that are altogether irrational, paradoxical, and magical: the wild songs of fairy-land, sung to unearthly tones, are the only medicine for the heartache and the headache of humanity. I have forgotten many sermons, I am glad to say, but I shall never forget a sentence that I once saw written on the altar of a Roman Catholic church, "The Unseen is here and calleth to thee." The words are a great music—a true incantation—filling the soul and carrying it away from the world of the amiabilities and moralities into the regions of high immortal ecstasy and ravishment; that church became at once an enchanted citadel—an island of Paradise set secure in the midst of the dark seas of mortality. The light of its altar tapers was verily the light that never was on land or sea; its gates were as the glorious gates of the heavenly Zion.

Take this proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," commented on by Mr. Chapman. I say not a word against his talk about mothers' influence and schoolmasters' influence; but for me the interest of the proverb lies in this, that under the guise of a popular axiom it bears witness to the great paradox of asceticism. There are the two great contrasting figures in human history—the ancient ascetic and the modern millionaire. The former became happy, oddly enough, by getting rid of things; the latter, also oddly enough, makes himself acutely unhappy by getting hold of things. Sometimes the millionaire is highly æsthetic, and ransacks the whole world for beautiful objects, for books and pictures and carven work and embroideries that only millionaires can buy; and yet not for a moment does he truly possess any of these images of loveliness. He holds them materially in cabinets and strong boxes and steel safes; but they are to him fairy gold; they are rubbish and dead leaves to his weary, blinded eyes. A magpie or a raven may steal a gem of exquisite beauty and hide it in the ground; in such sort and in no other way does the rich man possess the treasures that he has bought.

And, on the other hand, the true ascetic is inebriated by the contemplation and veritable possession of eternal beauties and treasures. Within his soul he has the real things, of which the material objects of art galleries and museums and collections are but the wretched, dim, and ineffectual copies. He would not walk across the street to see a Turner, any more than the man in the stage beneath him, having a real Turner, would walk across the street to view an indifferent copy of it. The ascetic kept his eyes on the ground in passing through the beautiful scenery, not, as Ruskin supposed, out of a kind of religious churlishness and puritanical avoidance of anything pleasant, but because the heights that were before him in vision were more tremendous than any earthly peaks, and the immortal groves through which his spirit wandered exceeded far in majesty all the trees of the material wood. He bowed his eyes to the ground—lest the veritable picture should be blurred by the sight of the indifferent copy. It is by the absence of the latter that the heart grows fond of the former.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

* Duckworth. 5s. net.

TWENTY FAVOURITE BOOKS

BY FRANK HARRIS

A LITTLE while ago in London there was much talk of "the hundred best books," and this mandarin and that made out a list and frightened the semi-illiterate with a vast pretence of knowledge. That there is something interesting in the idea, however, is attested by the fact that a French newspaper has taken the matter up and called on some eminent men of letters to give the list of their "Twenty Favourite Books."

When I read this I was mildly excited. Now, I thought to myself, we shall see who appear to be the great men when viewed from the meridian of Paris. But to my disappointment nine lists out of ten were merely pretentious; they had nothing personal in them; they were purely conventional, and as untrue as if one said that one's favourite painters were Titian, Raphael, and Corregio, or one's favourite musicians Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart.

One man, however, has broken through the convention. The list given by Jules Lemaître, the famous Academician, has something in it of individual taste and personal pre-

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ference. Here is his list:—(1) "La Bible," (2) Homère, (3) Eschyle, (4) Virgile, (5) Tacite, (6) L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ, (7) Un Volume de Shakespeare, (8) Don Quichotte, (9) Rabelais, (10) Montaigne, (11) Un Volume de Molière, (12) Un Volume de Racine, (13) Les Pensées de Pascal, (14) L'Ethique de Spinosa, (15) Les Contes de Voltaire, (16) Un Volume de Poésie de Lamartine, (17) Un Volume de Poésie de Victor Hugo, (18) Le Théâtre d'Alfred de Musset, (19) Un Volume de Michelet, (20) Un Volume de Renan.

Now even this list is affected and pretentious. Is there any man of letters who could really put Homer among his twenty favourite volumes? Of course most of us have read Homer in our youth, or at least a dozen books of the Iliad and half a dozen of the Odyssey. But does any modern who has made a name for himself in letters look into Homer once a year? Surely not. Our life is too complex and too interesting to linger over such childish stories. And the same objection applies still more strongly to Æschylus and to Virgil. But take away the first eight or ten books on the list, and the others strike me as sincere—they represent a real choice, and, curiously enough, they are all French books. Not one foreign author is included among Jules Lemaître's favourites. The world of thought for him, the world of poetry and aspiration, is all French; his spiritual kingdom has French frontier lines, and little French *douaniers* protect him from foreign importations.

But hardly had Lemaître made out his list when he saw that it was insincere—conventional and not personal. He therefore wrote withdrawing the first ten numbers. "Is it true," he asked himself, "that I often feel a desire to read the Bible and Æschylus?" The question answered itself. He shrugged his shoulders, and substituted the books which he really does read, and "which have furnished forth his intellectual and moral being." He begins the second list with Sante-Beuve and Taine, "Adolphe," the "Dominique" of Fromentin, the "Pensées" of Marcus Aurelius, a little Kant, a little Schopenhauer, a volume of Sully Prudhomme, "Les Fleurs du Mal," a novel of Balzac, two of Flaubert, one of Zola, one of Daudet, some tales of Maupassant, and a volume of Loti; some comedies of Marivaux and Meilhac, and the "Silvestre Bonnard" of Anatole France.

Now, suddenly realising that he has made out a list of eighteen or twenty new books instead of ten, he throws away the whole of the first list except Racine and Renan. And thus we get to his real mind. It is even more French than I had at first imagined. There is still a little tincture of German philosophy, a reminiscence of Homer and Virgil, a pathetic cadence of Heine, a sonorous echo of Æschylus, a biting phrase of Tacitus, but that is all which this cultivated French writer of to-day cares to import from abroad.

This list of Lemaître is calculated to cause an Englishman some patriotic searching of heart: have we then contributed nothing to the world's literature finer or more peculiar than Kant or Schopenhauer or Marcus Aurelius? Surely, we reply—surely Lemaître does not know Shakespeare or Emerson, Bacon or Browning. For the best of these is finer than the best of Schopenhauer and Marcus Aurelius, finer at once and more peculiar, more necessary therefore to be known by a talented Frenchman.

Just to draw lines of exact relation I too have made a list which has, I think, the merit of sincerity. A short time ago I made a selection of books to take abroad with me, and I chose the books set forth here together with a few books of reference—an Encyclopædia and some dictionaries. Here is my list:—(1) The Bible, (2) Shakespeare, (3) Emerson, (4) Goethe, (5) Balzac, (6) Heine, (7) Dante, (8) Montaigne, (9) Cervantes, (10) Book of English Lyrics, (11) Book of French Lyrics, (12) Schopenhauer, (13) Charles Reade, (14) Flaubert (especially the letters), (15) Turgenieff, (16) Dostoievsky, (17) Browning, (18) Volume including the "Pensées" of Pascal, Vauvenargues, and Joubert, (19) Volume including the "Rubaiyat" and Bacon's Essays, (20) Volume including "Lorna Doone," "A Gentleman of France," "Sister Carrie."

The first thing to be remarked about this list is that it is almost as modern as the list of M. Lemaître. I do read the Bible, but I do not read Homer, or Æschylus, or Virgil. I do not open them or even think of them once in a blue moon. I no longer read Plato or Tacitus, whom I once read with unfeigned delight. I would not say that the years spent on learning Greek or Latin were wholly lost: I do say that no Greek or Latin writer means much to my maturity. The time spent on the classics would have been better spent on Russian or Japanese.

The next peculiarity of my list is that five French books figure in it as against three German books; and this proportion represents fairly, I think, the relative importance of French and German literatures.

Moreover, the five French books and the three German books are set against eight English books, and though there was no such intention on my part when I made the choice, it really seems to me that this proportion is a fairly true estimate of the relative values of these literatures to a citizen of the world. English literature, it seems to me, is nearly as rich as French and German literatures put together. though in this I am probably over-estimating English literature, for the German Bible of Luther is at least as fine as the English Bible.

It may be remarked further that there are only five modern English books as against four modern French books, and I am afraid this shows some English prejudice; for the novels of France in the last fifty years are ten times as valuable as our English novels, thanks to the prudery which has emasculated English literature. And I am very doubtful indeed whether that citizen of the world I spoke of just now would not substitute Victor Hugo for Browning and assign Emerson to America, and thus put modern French literature far above modern English literature.

Another peculiarity of my list is that Charles Reade is given a place in it among the greatest above Defoe, Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens. I cannot help it. I am persuaded that "The Cloister and the Hearth" is beyond comparison the best novel in English. It ranks in its own way with "The Crime and Punishment" of Dostoievsky, which, in my opinion, is more valuable than anything of Tolstoi. I cannot leave out Turgenieff, the creator of Bazaroff, the Nihilist; but I will admit that No. 20, which includes "Lorna Doone," represents merely personal taste.

I cannot pretend that "Lorna Doone" is better than "Vanity Fair" or "The Old Wives' Tales," or that "A Gentleman of France" is superior in any respect to a volume including the half-dozen best tales of Kipling. But I can and do read "Lorna Doone" and "A Gentleman of France" every now and then, and I do not re-read "Vanity Fair" or Kipling. "Sister Carrie" is in a slightly different category: it is an American novel, but it is published in the Dollar Library of Heinemann, and it is, I think, a better story than any of Hawthorne's—the best story, on the whole, which has yet come out of America, perhaps better than any realistic story which has yet been produced in England.

And now I perceive that I have not only put forth a list of my own, but explained and justified it; whereas if it were at all perfect it would need no commentary, but would be its own sufficient justification. My only excuse is that it is a better list than Lemaître's—more cosmopolitan, truer to greatness, and not so insular.

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STATE INSURANCE

WORKING-CLASS ANTI-SOCIALISTS

By Sir William Bull

Mr. Lloyd George's scheme of State Insurance is of especial interest in relation to the political ideas which have lately found increasing acceptance among a body of working-class voters. On the old lines of voluntary effort, the working-class had established great organisations for the grant of benefits in sickness, at death, and, to a less extent, in time of unemployment. Mr. Lloyd George has made no attempt to institute State "funeral benefits"; but, in the case of the other benevolent undertakings, he is founding a compulsory system of public assistance with which the voluntary associations are to be incorporated. The consequence is that great numbers of men who have hitherto made no provision for probable misfortune are put, roughly, on a level with those who have practised thrift and shown prudence, and the latter class has to bear its share of the brunt of the resulting dislocation of the old organisation. This development brings home to wage-earners with ability for self-help the operation of the Socialist principle of levelling down; they themselves have to accept a system applicable to the mass, instead of reaping the full benefit of raising themselves above the mass-level; and by this means they have a slight foretaste of the Utopian conditions promised by Socialism. In the Socialist State all would be workers under communal control; the deficiencies of those whose utility failed to raise them to the common level would be made good by those whose energy, intelligence, and goodwill placed them naturally above the common level; and the vast cost of State administration of all industry would have to be paid in meal or in malt, in money or in kind, by the productive workers.

It is therefore an instructive lesson in politics to see how two sections of the working-class, those who have made provision for themselves within the limits of individualism and those who acclaim Socialism, have treated Mr. Lloyd George's mild exemplification of Socialist principles.

The Chancellor of the Fxchequer, in planning the amalgamation of State and voluntary insurance, followed a wise policy. He consulted the representatives of Friendly Societies, he conciliated them, and by contriving that those Societies should gain a large addition to their membership, he offered them an advantage which won their approval. But in doing this he modified the Socialist spirit in his scheme. The voluntary organisations were not prepared to accept the bad with the good, they were unwilling to regard themselves as social contributories to every man's benefit irrespective of his worth as an accession to their numbers; a special class of "Post-office contributors" had to be formed, and Mr. Lloyd George, in introducing his Insurance Bill in the House of Commons, referred to this class in the following terms: "Every inducement is offered to a man under this scheme to join a Society, and I will show how that works. We propose that all the men in a county who have not joined a Society should be collected together in a body called the Post-office contributors. You will form a fund of these people. Most of the men who remain outside will be uninsurable lives, men who would be rejected by all sorts of Societies because really they are ill at the time or display symptoms of illness. Or they may be drunkards. These are the sort of reasons for which a Society now excludes men. That must necessarily make it impossible for us to pay the same benefits to the Post-office contributors as would be paid to men who are in the Friendly Societies, because they include pretty well all the bad lives."

That is a very significant utterance. It shows that the business sense, the traditional reasonable self-regard of the wage-earners who had organised themselves for mutual benefit, prompted them to reject the burden of Socialism. The Friendly Societies were not disposed to accept, in recognition of a theoretical social solidarity, "all the bad lives," and there is no doubt that the officials of the Societies, in governing their course by that objection, had the approval of the vast majority of those whom they represented.

Even when this departure from Socialist principle had been definitely made, the great Benefit Societies made reservations in welcoming the Government's scheme. The President of the Southern Conference of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows "sees in the Insurance Bill the outline of possible State interference which, if once allowed in any form, might mean the undoing of a century's work." The Chairman of the National Deposit Friendly Society admits that "personally he looks with regret on a system that is not voluntary," and "doubts whether the Bill will prove to be that panacea for sickness and poverty which Mr. Lloyd George has suggested." The Actuary of the Hearts of Oak and other important benefit associations says: "I do not know what view friendly societies will be disposed to take of the scheme. Some have been lukewarm in their appreciation of the Chancellor's enterprise, fearing that their liberty of action was about to diminish, and their concerns to be transferred more or less indirectly to the charge of the State." The Honorary Secretary of the Association of Industrial Assurance Companies and Collecting Friendly Societies, speaking on behalf of a large number of enterprises, states that "the members of the Association view with the utmost sympathy any actuarially sound scheme for helping working men and women to make provision for sickness, invalidity, and unemployment; but they urge that there must be no interference with the business or rights of existing institutions as by law established." The honorary secretary of a lodge of the Manchester Unity, writing to the *Times* on behalf of 60 per cent. of the members of his branch who had joined the society before they were twenty years of age, asked: "Is it fair that the thrifty should carry on their shoulders for the next twenty years those who for various reasons have not joined a friendly society?"

These are representative utterances, and they show that the more capable section of the working-class resolutely opposes the application of the Socialistic principle to enterprises which that section supports and controls. It is unlikely that the large body of shrewd wage-earners will change their attitude in this respect. Most Socialists are enthusiastic, and some are able, and as a body they miss no advantage which a well-sustained propaganda can offer to their cause; but they constantly fail to show that they are practical, and the tendency of each group of them to treat all proposals for social reform other than its own in the spirit of a fractious child unfits them for moving the judgment of a class which expects a patient appeal to experience as a condition of each advance towards improved social conditions. The reception given to the Government's Insurance Scheme by the Socialists exemplifies their habit of mind. They did not acknowledge with a tribute of gratitude the manifest signs in the Bill of the impression which Socialistic pretensions had made upon the Cabinet. They did not unite to support Mr. Lloyd George's proposal as a concession and an experiment in their favour. The *Labour Leader*, expressing the opinions of the Independent Labour Party and the more moderate Socialists, published a leading article on the scheme which praised it faintly as a whole and carped at it vigorously in detail. To make sure that too much value should not be accorded to the faint praise it gave prominence on the same date to a long article on the Ministerial plan by the Secretary of a Friendly

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Assurance Collecting Society, opening with the phrase, "The present Government will be known as the Government that betrayed the widows and orphans." In the same issue several leading Labour men in Parliament, including Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Philip Snowden and a quartet of prominent feminine Socialists, added their voices to the querulous chorus, and Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P., was permitted to deal frankly—perhaps justly, but not at a suitable moment—with the limitations of Mr. Lloyd George as a statesman. "In this insurance scheme the strength and the weakness of Lloyd George are once more displayed to the observant eye. His strength lies in an unerring instinct which enables him to strike the popular imagination with proposals of secondary importance. His weakness lies in his neglect of fundamental and important propositions;" and, "Of the two forms of expenditure, assuredly expenditure for the prevention of sickness would commend itself as immeasurably more important to Mr. Lloyd George if his statesmanship were less showy and more substantial."

Justice, pronouncing the verdict of the Social Democratic Party, inveighed against the Bill with its customary bigotry; and in the *Clarion*, Mr. Victor Grayson, assuming the editor's first person plural, declared, "We cannot conceive how any intelligent Trade Unionist, much less any Socialist, can be imposed upon by so transparent a device."

It is impossible to satisfy the Socialists with items of their own programme. From their noisy circle nothing issues but complaints, peevish demands, and recriminations. The resourceful section of the working class may, upon consideration, acquiesce in the Government's scheme or may reject it. But they will not accept it under an attraction towards Socialism or in the Socialistic spirit.

MOB LAW

A REMINISCENCE OF FORTY YEARS AGO

By an Eye-Witness

One bright day in May, forty years ago, I stood on the Bridge of Concord and beheld Paris burning, whilst Frenchmen with deadly purpose were springing at each other's throats, and the gutters on either side of the fair river Seine were flowing with their blood. As night came on the sky grew lurid with the reflection from countless conflagrations. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* had vanished, and *Væ Victis* was the motto of the hour. This was when France lay panting from a myriad wounds, crushed beneath the heel of a proud, victorious invader, who but a few weeks before I had seen march triumphantly down the Champs Elysées singing "Die Wacht am Rhein." But what had *la canaille* cared for that? It had seen its opportunity, had risen, gained the upper hand, and seized upon the once so-called Capital of Civilisation. Then for ten long weeks of rapine—from March 18th to May 28th, 1871—Paris, to the horror of every law-abiding citizen throughout the civilised world, had been left a prey to Mob Law.

The trouble had ostensibly arisen over some cannon which, in accordance with the articles of the capitulation, were to be delivered up to the Germans. In reality, however, the Red Republican leaders, backed up by a band of needy, rapacious aliens, had resolved on making a bid for power. As they were predominant on the self-styled Central Committee of the National Guard, they accordingly availed themselves of this opportunity, and refused to hand over the guns in possession of those troops. The reason they gave was that the convention ought not to apply to any cannon cast during the siege from the proceeds of public subscriptions, and this preposterous contention found numerous adherents. Becoming bolder, the Reds even laid hands on many other guns scattered about the city, over a hundred in number, some having been removed from the fortifications, and they placed strong guards over them.

This state of affairs continued until the 18th of March, when an attempt was made to assert the Government's authority. In the small hours of the morning a detachment of Regular troops was assembled under two Generals and sent to seize the ordnance parked on the heights of Montmartre, one of the hotbeds of the insurrectionary movement. The representatives of law and order at first met with success, but the horses and traces required for the removal of the guns failed to arrive to time owing to some blunder, with the result that during the wait the Regulars, who were for the most part raw levies, became demoralised. When the moment for further action arose they refused to obey their officers, but instead fraternised with the rabid citizen-soldiers who by this time had gathered in their thousands in response to the call of the *rappel*. The latter, accompanied by an angry crowd of vituperative viragoes and yelling children, practically surrounded the Government troops. At the word of command the Regulars, instead of fixing bayonets as ordered, raised the butt-ends of their rifles in the air and joined the insurrectionaries.

The armed, frenzied mob of Regulars and irregulars—for by now they had become nothing less—cast all discipline to the four winds, and with dire threats rushed upon the two generals and other officers. General Paturel's horse threw him during the *mêlée*, nevertheless he managed to escape with his staff. The other, General Lecomte, was less fortunate. He was dragged from his horse, made prisoner, and hurried to a small two-storeyed building in the Rue des Rosiers, where the Central Committee of the National Guard usually met. This cottage had once been the home of Scribe, the playwright. It was proposed to try General Lecomte by court-martial, and whilst the question was under discussion another important capture was made in the person of General Clément Thomas, an old, white-bearded veteran, who had commanded the National Guard during some part of the siege. The General had made himself very unpopular among the Red Republicans by disbanding some free corps for cowardice in face of the enemy. He was dressed in civilian attire watching what was going on, when, unfortunately for him, he was recognised, and seized on the pretext of being a spy; he was then haled off to join General Lecomte.

Before the Central Committee had come to a decision with reference to the two generals the military rabble outside, grown impatient, burst into the house and seized first Thomas and then Lecomte. They dragged them along a passage leading to the garden, and thrust Thomas against a wall on which grew a peach-tree. Holding his hat in his hand, he faced the mob proudly, and it was not until the seventeenth shot that he fell, so wretched had been the aim of his assassins. Lecomte struggled to escape, and was shot in the back before he reached the wall. The two bodies, after lying for some hours in the garden, were removed to an empty room of the house and laid on the floor. A sheet was placed over them, but the faces of the murdered men were left uncovered, and at night a candle was stood beside them in order that they might still be seen. During the three days they remained there unburied scores of women and children came to gaze through the open window on the victims of "popular justice"—otherwise Mob Law, as enacted on that Spring morning in the Street of the Rose Trees. This was the first act of the ten weeks' tragedy I was destined to witness.

Victorious at Montmartre, the revolutionaries descended on central Paris, raising barricades at various points on their way. Panic-stricken, the pusillanimous Government

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resolved to retire to Versailles. M. Thiers, the chief, left the city at 3 p.m.; General Valentin, Prefect of Police, retired at 7 p.m.; Jules Ferry, Prefect of the Seine, however, remained at his post until 9.55 p.m. They were followed by General Vinoy with what remained of the Regular troops, some forty thousand in number, and thus Paris was left to the mercy of the Mob. The Commune, consisting of seventy-five members, was soon formed. They were a motley crew—a few men of some talent but little principle, old men embittered against society in general, young ones eager for power and position, a whole tribe of authors and journalists, the famous painter Courbet, and a certain Allix, a lunatic, the inventor of "sympathetic snails" as a means of telegraphic communication. They quickly proceeded to pass many outrageous and often insensate measures which they forthwith put into execution.

All independent newspapers were suppressed, churches were turned into public clubs where demagogues perorated from the pulpits, while barricades sprang up on all sides. On the 5th of April came the atrocious decree concerning the hostages, followed by the arrest of the Archbishop of Paris, of the Curé of the Madeleine, of President Bonjean, and of more than six hundred priests, gendarmes, ex-Government officials, &c. On the 7th of April it was decreed that every citizen between the ages of nineteen and forty should be forcibly enrolled in the battalions in the fighting-line. On the 12th of April the demolition of the Colonne Vendôme was ordered, and this was carried out on the 16th of May, when the famous bronze record of the mighty deeds of the *Grande Armée* and the effigy of the *Petit Corporal* in Roman costume surmounting it were laid low on a gigantic manure-heap in the Street of Peace. The painter Courbet was mainly responsible for this act of vandalism. Crowds had been waiting for days to see the column fall, and I arrived on the spot just in the nick of time. On the 10th of May the destruction of Thiers' house and the confiscation of his portable property was decreed, and duly carried out; while several other private residences were broken into, searched, and pillaged. Indeed, many of the Communards stole whatever they could lay their hands upon and led riotous lives with the proceeds, arraying themselves in official uniforms and indulging in orgies in the palaces and Government buildings.

Nemesis, however, was at hand. On the evening of Sunday, the 21st of May, a few companies of the Versailles troops succeeded in entering Paris, and then what is known as the "Bloody Week" began, for by three o'clock on the following morning the bulk of the Government forces had poured into the capital, determined to put an end to Mob Law. The street-fighting lasted a full week, each day of which was marked with bloodshed and fire. The Versaillese were able to carry by outflanking movements all the barricades the insurgents had raised for their defence. Most of the latter who were captured were shot on the spot, together with several women charged with incendiarism. The man who had marks of gunpowder on his hands, the woman who was suspected of being a *pétroleuse*, I saw on many an occasion placed in a row and executed militarily without any form of trial. As the Communards retired from one position to another they set fire to both public buildings and private residences, after having drenched them with petroleum. Then, with yells of fiendish triumph, they retreated further afield to continue their dastardly work. On May 23rd the Tuilleries, the Palace of the Legion of Honour, and the Court of Accounts were blazing. On the 24th the Ministry of Finances, the Palais-Royal, and the Hôtel de Ville met with the same fate; and on the 25th the Villette magazines, the great storehouse known as the Grenièr d'Abondance, the Palace of Justice, two theatres, several district town-halls, and many private houses followed suit.

By this time more than half of Paris had been recaptured by the Government troops, but the insurgent rabble still fought on. Those gathered at Belleville and in the Père Lachaise Cemetery employed their remaining guns to fire on Paris indiscriminately. A shell carried away the upper corner of the house in which I was living near the Elysée. Meantime, other insurgents were busy putting to death a large number of the hostages they had been detaining since the beginning of April, the venerable Archbishop of Paris being the first to suffer. The crime was atrocious, the reprisals were terrible. When the Versaillese reached the prison of La Roquette, where the hostages had been massacred, 277 insurgents captured at various points were shot down in a heap, and when Père Lachaise Cemetery, which had been formed into a redoubt, was carried, 148 others were placed against a wall and likewise despatched, while there were numerous other summary executions. Corpses with ugly gaping wounds, on which the flies feasted in the hot May sun, lay unburied about the streets for days. I saw scores of them heaped one on the other lying against the parapet of the quays in the direction of the Bastille, where fighting was still going on. Cannon thundered on all sides, and bullets whizzed through the air.

Every non-combatant who ventured about the streets at that time carried his life in his hand, risking at any moment to be sniped by either Communard or Versaillais. Nevertheless, eager to see all I could, I many a time ran across the line of fire, ducking while the chassepot bullets whistled over my head. On May 28th the fighting came to an end, and the principal buildings of Paris were in ashes. It was a terrible catastrophe, which cost France thousands of lives and millions of money. And all because a weak Government allowed the Mob to get the upper hand.

THE ASCETIC ENTRAPPED

However much he was tripped into a headlong fall of error, however much his thwarted nature overcame him, driving him into deceit, craft, and cunning, it cannot be said of Angelo that he was of the tribe of hypocrites.

His was not the very demeanour of the hypocrite. He wore no cloak of sanctity to ensnare and entrap the guileless. If his visage was sour, the deeps of his soul were sour also. He was, or sought earnestly to be, of a piece throughout. Nor was he altogether as his distant cousin Malvolio. Like him, he was an egoist; yet since the best and the worst in this world is egoism, to say so much is not to advance the matter. But while Malvolio was an egoist whose soul mantled in a fatuous self-complacence, Angelo was an egoist who burned in contempt of the richness of the earth. He sought to delude none thereby; for what mattered it to delude frail men who were but brands for the divine flame to burn, wither, deracinate, and destroy utterly? If he held a sword of hatred against the richness of the earth, he held it naked and unashamed; he did not hide it beneath his cloak, and smile and smile and be a villain. It was the Duke who said of him:—

> Angelo,
> There is a kind of character in thy life,
> That to th' observer doth thy history
> Fully unfold.

Whether or no the somewhat egregious Duke meant to draw out the would-be ascetic, and show him to be compact of the one common clay of humanity by devolving the responsibility of office on him, such an utterance as this is at least a tribute to the fact that self-deluded he might be, but no hypocrite was he. And when Angelo replies: "Let there be some test made of my metal, before so noble and so great a figure be stamped upon't," this is the voice of a man

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who seeks thwarting and castigation that he thus might be purged of weakness. A hypocrite might have mouthed some self-depreciation, but would not have "evaded" the commission.

No! he was no hypocrite. A hypocrite is of simple tissue, whereas Angelo was complexity itself. A hypocrite would have connived for greater power or riches, for it is the pursuit of a purpose that creates hypocrisy; whereas the Duke explicitly says of him that he "stands at a guard with envy." Moreover he is "precise," a "man of stricture and firm abstinence;" and these are not the qualities of hypocrisy; they lack the savour of unction that is the inevitable concomitant of hypocrisy. But they are the firm indications of something far more deeply interesting in the annals of the humankind. They point the ascetic with a very positive digit. They mark out with unfailing accuracy the man who seeks to crush out all the rich juices from his flesh; the man who strives for a dominance in which the will shall be supreme; and who regards all the desires and loves of this world as snares about his feet. He is, like Malvolio, a censorious Puritan; but while Malvolio is the Puritan smug and sleek, he is hungry, gaunt-cheeked, and eager-eyed.

What shall snare such a man? What shall trip him by the heels? Malvolio needed but to be laughed at; but he, what can be done to him, seeing that laughter cannot touch him? Malvolio needed but to be shown himself; but Angelo is always seeing himself, though it is with a churlish eye he does so. Malvolio is self-satisfied; Angelo is self-dissatisfied; he curbs and whips his nature until it can be said of him that he is

> A man whose blood
> Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
> The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
> But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
> With profits of his mind, study, and fast.

That is to say, all those natural courses that alone exposure could fasten on he denies himself; until it would seem that he must needs go down to his grave with an unbroken will. For if he should fall, as he does not deny to Escalus that he may in the past have fallen, this not only makes his self-censure harsher, but drives him out in vengeance on all others who might happen to fall in a similar manner. He serves the god Principle, and stands to its service against all, including himself.

Yet Nature cannot be denied. If he will stopper all the natural vents of his appetite, then his appetite will seek vents that are hideous and unnatural. If he denies the sweet processes of Nature, processes must be aroused in him that shall shame the sun, even as a man's blood, if it may not sweat, will break out into irruptions. So he is to find it. He has forsworn women; and has just renewed the force of an ancient slumbering law whereby all the frailty of men with women shall procure the utmost penalty of the law. The very completeness of his hatred of such frailty makes us fear for him, so unhealthy is it. It does not matter to him if the intimacy be even subsequent to a contract, as was the case with Claudio and Julietta. Her he speaks coldly and contemptuously of, as a fornicatress, for which the barest sufficiencies of life must suffice; him he condemns impartially to death. The child of the union, too, would probably be hideous and revolting in his tainted, unnatural eye.

To such a man ordinary women are no temptation. Or, from another point of view, with such a man ordinary women would not mean a sufficiently monstrous sin to glut his curbed desire. His asceticism had given his appetite a diabolical refinement. His nature is perverted; for even as satiety requires to invent new and fiendish sins, so asceticism requires the delicatest morsels to conquer and satisfy it.

It might well have happened that his whole life might have run its course, and no such refined sin have tempted his appetite. But it did not so happen. Claudio's sister came before him to sue for her brother's life; and of her even the mocking Lucio could say:

> I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
> By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
> And to be talked with in sincerity,
> As with a saint.

She was cold, even as he; and pure, as he was not; and beautiful. Moreover, wisdom spoke on her tongue with apt metaphor and rich eloquence. No ordinary soul was she as she stood before him and pleaded her brother's cause. Her eloquence overpowered him; and she captured his moral argument, for he felt that she condemned her brother's sin with a severity not second to his own. And had she not laid by the cloistral veil to come before him with this plea? Already she appealed to his refined desires. But when she stood before him, cloistral and beautiful, and, pointing at him, bade him:

> Go to your bosom;
> Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
> A natural guiltiness such as his is.

What could be done then? His thwarted nature rose to it. She aroused a desire in him that would not be denied.

Quickly his will swept to his throat, and grappled with it. But it was useless; for now that his appetite had burst its shackles it would not, could not, be denied. "When I would pray and think," says he, tempest-tossed, "I think and pray to several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words; whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue, anchors on Isabel." Only one thought fills his mind, and that thought is Isabel. He had thought to beat Nature; to bind it in the icy bonds and restraints of asceticism; but the terrible confession is wrung from him, "Blood, thou art still blood." And that blood roared through him like a tide that all too long had been dammed up.

The rest is the ascetic swept away and engulfed by the flood he had sought to deny, to stem, ruthlessly to curb. His tale is over; for the rest is not the account of an ascetic, but of a man whose sharpened appetite, having been awakened to fury by the thought of cloistered purity, finds its vent in a fury of desire. Even as he was no hypocrite before, so he refrains from the attempt to deceive himself now. The mind that before had put out its utmost power of will to crush his flesh, to stand independent of it in frigid self-possession, now puts out no less an intensity of purpose to satisfy the imperative demand of a refined appetite. He sought to deny the sweetness of Nature, and Nature became unsweet. He obstructed its goodness and charm, and it became hungry and evil. There needed but the sufficient sin: it was proffered, and as he is swept away we hear his despairing cry, "Blood, thou art still blood." To him who denied it, it was indeed a despairing cry, for it meant hopelessness; but to them that know Nature for what she is, and use her sweetly and wisely, his cry is the voice of sanity and hope.

MUSIC

LEGENDS die hard, and there is one which, as it seems, will never die. This is the legend, held by foreign musicians to be sober truth, that London concert-rooms are paved with gold. Year after year the sweet-throated and the deft-fingered strangers come in their flocks, trusting to bewitch Londoners with their music-spell. They must, one supposes, have met in their own lands with artists who, having made their London pilgrimage, had returned sadder, wiser, and poorer, their only reward a few lines penned by the luckless

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reporter of some daily newspaper who has had to "look in at" twenty or thirty musical performances in a week. But still they cherish a touching hope that they will prove exceptions to what appears to be the rule. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh me." Thus they comfort themselves in advance. They engage their room, they give their concert, and then the place knoweth them no more, and the memory of them is blotted out. London is full of simple folk who like music and have leisure, so that the concert-agents have no difficulty in providing a respectable audience for most of these strangers by the gift of tickets. And so it comes to pass that numbers of people who, under other circumstances, would not infrequently treat themselves to a concert, decline to pay for a seat, hoping to get one for nothing. A consequence of this state of things is that artistes of name and fame suffer, and programmes of the highest interest are performed by them to audiences of the non-paying class. We are told that similar conditions, only much aggravated, prevail in Berlin, but that cannot bring lively consolation to the impoverished artists.

If any one could find a remedy for it all, and check the output of concerts, he would deserve well of the musical profession, and of the amateur as well. Seeing that we are offered far too many concerts in London, especially at this time of year, it is not surprising that even the best should not attract an audience worthy of them. But it is rather humiliating, when one thinks of the population of London and the number of musical people in it, to see such a conductor as Nikisch, let us say, directing before anything less than an overflowing house such orchestras as the London Symphony and the Philharmonic. When Nikisch paid his first visits to London it was sometimes difficult, even for those who pay, to obtain a seat at his concerts. He is a maturer musician now, and Schubert's C Major Symphony is not less beautiful than it was. Why, then, was not Queen's Hall filled to its last seat at the Philharmonic Concert when this great conductor was to play that great work? We do not believe it was because the man or the music have lost the love of the musical public. The reason is simply that we are overdone with concerts. It is a great pity, for there must have been many who would have sacrificed much to have heard Nikisch conduct the C Major, but who had already heard as much music during the last week or two as they could manage, and needed a rest. They missed what was probably as fine a performance of the symphony that Queen's Hall has heard. As regards its *Andante*, certainly the present writer thinks he has never heard so perfectly finished a performance, not even from Richter. One used to expect exciting, even startling, "readings" from Nikisch, and stimulating and interesting as these often were, one felt that in the long run Richter would prove the best conductor to live with. But in Schubert's symphony the other day Nikisch was as "legitimate" as the most old-fashioned amateur could have desired. He allowed the music to tell its own story, only he saw to it that the story was told with the most perfect elocution and the finest sentiment. Only in the last movement could any ground for criticism be found. In it he was possibly too correct in his propriety.

After this memorable performance we listened to Miss Katharine Goodson—a pianist of whom the English school may well be proud—playing the vivacious concerto of her husband, Mr. Hinton, and also to an excerpt from Mr. Dale's suite for viola and orchestra. The viola is an instrument which, when it plays solos, the English public has not yet learned to love. Another concerto played recently at a concert directed by Nikisch (that of the Symphony Orchestra) was the early work of Paderewski. Mr. Schelling played the pianoforte part very brilliantly. It contains much fresh and charming music, and is obviously the work of a composer who would in the future have deeper, more important things to say. It is not the least merit of this concerto that its language is so unaffected; but who would expect anything not transparently sincere and natural from M. Paderewski? It was pleasant to hear at this concert, under such a master as Nikisch, the "Queen Mab" of Mr. Holbrooke, which, since we heard it on its production at a Leeds Festival, we have considered to be the composer's best work. There is a decline of inspiration, surely, in the *Marcia*, but the rest is most fascinating fairy-music, and the scoring is delightful.

Among the many chamber concerts, that given by M. Rivarde and Mr. Bauer stands out prominently. M. Rivarde is one of those consummate violinists who play in public too seldom. He is one of the aristocrats in the violinistic world, and perhaps it is the fastidiousness which makes him so singularly delightful an interpreter that keeps him so much away from concert platforms. The programme offered by these fine musicians was a model of such things; Brahms' Sonata in D Minor, Bach's Chaconne, Schumann's Fantasia in C, and César Franck's Sonata—four masterpieces, four cantos of contrasted feeling in four different tongues, four instances of the truth that Music is the most completely expressive of the Arts.

Of the Vocal Recitals, one by Mme. Jomelli deserves notice. She has an unusually splendid voice and the easy manner of a finely-cultured singer, though on the occasion of her concert she did not appear to have her undoubted powers quite under her control. M. Van Dyck as a concert singer would hardly convince the younger generation that his reputation in opera had not been exaggerated, and the discretion which prompted him to sing some of the big things from the "Rheingold," "Siegfried," and "Walküre" to a piano accompaniment in a small room like Bechstein Hall cannot be commended. To those who remembered the fine intelligence, the fiery enthusiasm, of this eminent artist in the days when his voice was equal to the demands he made upon it this recital can hardly have been a cheerful occasion.

The Opera at Covent Garden, with Melba, Tetrazzini, and Destinn as protagonists, draws enthusiastic multitudes. Mlle. Destinn is really very good as Aïda, and M. Gilly was successful as Amonasso. He has a very fine voice—either it is that "Aïda" is become an absolutely popular opera, or else it is that present-day opera-goers are more easily pleased than their predecessors of ten years ago; but it is a fact that the creditable, but not more than creditable, performance of "Aïda" last week was awarded much more enthusiastic applause than that which this opera used to receive when it was sung by what we should now consider an almost incredibly "star" cast. Mme. Eames and Tamagno, and Scotti and Plancon and Journet, and then Caruso and Sammarco. Mme. Kirkby Lunn has always been a superb Amneris, but this year she does not seem so well able as formerly to vary the colour of her voice.

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

Is the average modern Briton softer or more of a grumbler than were his forbears, when men aboundingly felt the cheering power of Spring? To the Elizabethan Winter was the season of discontent, but with the lengthening of the days came a sense of stir and tumult, such as that which may be presumed to attune the blood of bird and beast and fill our copses and valleys with a growing chorus. The Elizabethan called the sprightliest of tunes for country dances, that to which youths and maidens were wont to foot it most featly, "a spring," from the old French word *espringier*—to dance. Thus, in that strange medley by

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David Lindsay entitled "Lindsay's Complaint," wherein the poet tried to recall his royal young master to the claims of kingship, we read :—

> Upon the lute
> Then playt I twenty springis perqueir [by heart]
> Which was great pieté for to hear.

In Allan Ramsay's eclogue of "Patie and Roger" the shepherd Roger, describing the harshness of his mistress, tells how she beat his favourite hound "till he youl'd sair." His efforts to attune her temper to his own proved fruitless :—

> Last time I play'd, ye never saw sic spite,
> *O'er Bogie* was the spring and her delyte,
> Yet tauntingly she at her nibour speer'd
> Gin she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd
> Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care;
> Ill break my reed and never whistle mair.

An anthology could be compiled illustrating the bland fullness of delight, the abounding sense of renewed vitality, which are inseparable from the English Spring poems of 250 to 350 years ago. Herrick's "Corinna's Maying" strikes the keynote of them all:—

> Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
> The dew bespangling herb and tree.

The whole poem speaks of a riotous exuberance of life. It must not be forgotten that our season nowadays is ten days earlier than was the case in the period above named. The Ides of March were apt to be a surly season three hundred years ago, even as they are to-day, and yet Perdita's craving for the young year's blossoming is recorded in lines that never grow stale or lose their perennial glory :—

> O, Prosperpina,
> For the flowers now, that, fright'd, thou lett'st fall
> From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.

The daffodil and the primrose and

> The coy anemone that ne'er uncloses
> Her leaves until they're blown on by the wind

have a literature of their own. The beauty of Wordsworth's vision of dancing daffodils, revealed to him by the poetic instinct of his sister, are a treasured possession.

Many of our early Spring flowers are poisonous, doubtless a form of protection against marauding cattle and nibbling flocks hunting for succulent herbage after the long fast of Winter. The fresh shoots of the common nettle, cooked in the same fashion, are every whit as good as spinach. The fact that the nettle may be gathered by every roadside and in every ditch is doubtless the reason why English folk make no use of it. Where the French peasant would thrive the Englishman will starve.

Our country lads gather sprays of the willow, studded with their fresh catkin blossoms, for "palm." No one who has ever attended a service in the tropics on Palm Sunday, in which branches of veritable palm are carried in procession, can forget the scene. Probably this association of the willow in our churches may account for the tree being an emblem of woe. Desdemona's song, "Sing willow, willow, willow," has its echo in many another doleful ditty of unrequited love. At that day to present a lover with a garland of willow was somewhat equivalent in modern parlance to giving him a rope with which to hang himself. Amongst the trees whose foliage is most conspicuous in early Spring is the aspen (*Populus tremula*). Aspen-leaves, said old writers, were women's tongues—they never ceased wagging.

When March gives place to April, and the first note of the cuckoo rings across the rathe foliage of our woodland ways, we all know that the riot of Spring is fast upon us.

> Every leaf in every nook,
> Every wave in every brook

tells the story of the ripening year. The lark hangs poised in the heavens and peurs forth an ecstatic flood of sound which affects us strangely. The late Mr. Haweis used to argue that there was no real music in his note, that the street corner-man, with his pipe and a glass of water, can imitate the lark's "strains of unpremeditated art" with absolute fidelity. To the rambler by meadow and stream, with the sweet of the year filling his eyes and ears with delight, such views are sacrilege. Mr. Warde Fowler has proved conclusively that the bird's vocal apparatus is a veritable musical instrument, and that the sound by it produced is thus a true musical sound. A raven croaks and a nightingale warbles because one bird is an artist and the other has not acquired the art of producing a concord of sweet sounds. The whole subject is a fascinating one, and mainly because its solution depends so largely on the temperament of the individual listening, rather than on the strict scientific canons of the art of music. Beethoven in his Pastoral Symphony introduces echoes of the songs of birds. If by selection and training a bird choir could be evolved, the music of the symphony would be justified, but it is in the failure to combine that bird songs fall short of our standard of music. "God's choristers" can never be brought to rule and method. A wild, irrepressible outburst of individual melody is the true charm of woodland and covert. The human voice can imitate bird voices with much exactness. Let some musician write a concerted number which shall blend the notes of our song-birds; then let him set a choir of half a dozen human imitators to sing his work. Would the result be true music in the scientific sense of the word?

Darwin's theory of sexual selection as the *origin* of bird song is perhaps too extreme a statement. Wallace's view is that in the singing season the male bird is letting off the steam of his superabundant Spring energy and that natural selection has intensified his vocal powers by inheritance. The starling, like the parrot, can be trained to imitate. Would it ever be possible by generations of hereditary training to modify the notes of wild birds? If those notes are acquired, provided the conditions and environment were capable of attainment, it does not appear as if this should be an impossible task. After all, it is the irresponsibility of the song of wild birds which is their charm for us. We feel that the songster is no mere copyist, that the delicious flutage of the nightingale, the ripe melody of the thrush, and the chorus of blended notes which rise in coppice and shaw, and by the meadow banks of whispering streams is a chord inspired at the source and fountain of all harmony. Each Springtide is thus a miracle and a revelation. The flush of green deepening over hill and valley, the sense of newness, as of life revisiting the earth, are at once the embodiment, the symbol and the sign of an everlasting awakening of men's powers and passions from the Winter of forgetfulness.

THE CORONATION EXHIBITION

NEVER has the Londoner been catered for so well and bountifully in the matter of exhibitions as in this year of the Coronation. A week after the "Festival of Empire" opened its splendours to public view at the Crystal Palace the renewed and ever-welcome "White City" became its familiar summery self—though not altogether familiar. There are attractions beyond its shining portals quite strange, and quite as fascinating as those which called the crowd to gaze in previous years; and although the Empire which is

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especially before us this season is well represented by typical industries and exhibits from the four corners of the earth, the whole scheme does not clash in the slightest with the festival in progress at Sydenham.

Visitors thronged the grounds on the opening day, but only a select few were permitted to pass the red rope barriers to be present at the actual ceremony. Shortly after four o'clock the Exhibition was declared formally open by Prince Arthur of Connaught, and a salute of reverberating bombs signalled to all concerned that the business of delight might begin. The visitors were not slow to take advantage of this permission, and on all sides expressions of pleasure were to be heard. It was pleasant to note that the Japanese Garden has been allowed to remain—it shone underneath a somewhat grey sky as a blaze of blossom; the flower-beds also, in various parts of the grounds, were a mass of fragrant bloom. Various special features will be noticed this year, such as the boat in which Oxford won the April race, and an interesting display showing the evolution of the modern newspaper from the smallest beginnings. Here the student of literary and artistic matters will find plenty of items to interest him; the famous "Round Table" of *Punch*, with its classic monograms and initials, has a railed space for itself, and the cartoons which line the walls are a history in themselves of our social progress. A part which is easily missed, but is well worth inspection, is the lengthy corridor, or series of corridors, leading to the Uxbridge-road entrance. This awkwardly shaped space has been cleverly utilised. Through the sections devoted to science and scientific instruments regions of an entirely different character are reached; a realistic representation of a coal-mine, clever panoramic views of the British Isles, rendered extremely effective by a judicious admixture of the real with the pictorial, and many other temptations, succeed in delaying the saunterer's footsteps.

After all, perhaps the best of this Exhibition is to be found out of doors at evening, when the bands, and the fragrance, and the shimmer of the reflections from a hundred thousand lights all combine to impart an air of Continental gaiety to prosaic Shepherd's-bush. Given the fine summer which weather prophets seem to anticipate, the new "Coronation Exhibition" at the White City should be an unqualified success.

THE THEATRE

"JULIUS CÆSAR" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

"JULIUS CÆSAR" lends itself to stage production almost better than any of Shakespeare's tragedies. It has always been a favourite with the public since it was first produced before Charles II. in 1663, and it is equally a favourite with the actor, who loves its grand passages, full of music, rhythm, and noble feelings, which enable him to display his declamatory powers to the full; it is replete with scenes of dramatic interest, and all the pomp and pageantry of the theatre can be employed to the fullest advantage. Yet it can hardly be considered as one of the greatest of Shakespeare's works—if we take as the supreme test of the master's powers his ability to portray human nature—because a theatrical atmosphere of unreality environs almost all the characters. Shakespeare, when he wrote "Julius Cæsar," was hardly treading on firm ground. He was dealing with what tradition and the mellowing influence of time would have us believe rather than with men as they actually were. A halo of noble sentiments, disinterestedness, and patriotism dims the sordid motives of the conspirators. Brutus' noble mind wavers tremulously between his love for his friend and benefactor and his duty towards the commonwealth; Cassius is more brutal but honest in his methods; and the revel-loving Antony appears as the embodiment of what a loyal friend should be. But as a matter of sober fact, Cæsar's tragic end was brought about by those same party passions, petty intrigues, and personal jealousies which recur in the history of every epoch.

Another curious feature of "Julius Cæsar" is the small part played in it by women. There are only two—Portia and Calpurnia. Portia appears in two scenes and has eighty-seven lines, while Calpurnia is restricted to one scene and has twenty-six lines. Yet Portia remains one of the noblest creations of Shakespeare's genius. He has managed in a few lines to portray a character so fully that we seem to know Portia intimately the moment she steps on to the stage. But Portia and Calpurnia, in spite of their relatively unimportant *rôles*, remain the only two really human characters in the play; for Shakspeare, having little to draw from but his imagination, has made them women, rather than mere historic characters. "Julius Cæsar" is essentially an all-star play. There are three *rôles* of almost equal importance—Mark Antony, Brutus, and Cassius. Cæsar himself has but little to do, and his utterances hardly approach the summit of Shakespeare's powers. He always appears to speak not because he has something of importance to say, but because he must pass the time until the moment comes for his assassination. His utterances for the most part are vapid, full of bombast and arrogance tempered by superstitious fears, and are the antithesis of Cæsar's character as it has come down to us in his written works, which are models of simplicity and conciseness.

The soul of the great actor is rent asunder when considering a production of "Julius Cæsar" by indecision whether to assume the *rôle* of Brutus or Antony. Brutus is undoubtedly the principal part, and lends itself to a superb display of the whole gamut of emotions before working up to the tragic scene at Philippi; but, as a rule, Mark Antony's great speech in the Forum proves an irresistible attraction, and the greatest actors have generally selected the part in preference to that of the more emotional, but less rhetorical, Brutus.

Of all the *rôles* in "Julius Cæsar" that of Mark Antony is the most untrue to life; it is in direct contradiction to Shakespeare's own representation in "Antony and Cleopatra," and totally at variance with the fairly extensive knowledge which we derive from history; but the superb oration causes us to forget all else. Even the speech in the Forum has little foundation in fact. There is no record of it and no mention of it by any contemporary writer except a vague statement by Cicero that Antony inflicted some harm to the cause of the conspirators by an injudicious speech to the mob on the occasion of Cæsar's funeral. The rough soldier, prolonged reveller, and free wine-bibber of Gaul could hardly have developed any great oratorical powers in the camps of the savage North or amidst the silken dalliance of his life at Rome. The subtle rhetorician of the Forum could hardly have degenerated into the idle paramour of Cleopatra's barge; that acute mind which swayed the multitude first like the gentle ripple of a breeze over a ripening cornfield, and then as a mighty wind tearing through a forest, would hardly have allowed itself to be lured to destruction by the coquetry of Egypt's Queen. The Antony of "Julius Cæsar" does not appear as "a plain, blunt man that love my friend," but rather as an astute politician of the Machiavellian School. The native energy and high spirits of Cæsar's lieutenant disappear, and we are lost in admiration not at the physical and animal qualities of the man, but at the astuteness and subtleness of his intellect.

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Theatre was interesting by reason of Mr. Arthur Bourchier's appearance in the *rôle* of Brutus, a part he has never taken since his Oxford undergraduate days. Let us say at once that Mr. Bourchier is not altogether suited to the *rôle*. He looked a hardy Roman centurion rather than the æsthetic, handsome, Hamlet-like conspirator of Shakespeare's creation, alternately trembling between his love for his benefactor and his duty towards his country. Some of his scenes were, however, extremely well acted, and he brought into excellent play the gentler emotions which Brutus felt when Portia pleads with him in the orchard for a renewal of the confidence of their matrimonial vows. At the assassination of Cæsar his acting was lacking in dramatic effect, and he wandered about the Senate more as a spectator than a man racked by varying emotions. His speech in the Forum was also lacking in power and would not have turned a vote at an East Notts by-election. His scene in the tent at Philippi was far better, and marked the highest point his powers reached during the evening.

When Cassius departs and Brutus is left alone in his tent to face the awful spectre of the murdered Cæsar, who warns him that they will meet at Philippi, a remarkable change came over Mr. Bourchier's acting. Brutus was no more; in his place we saw before us Macbeth, and Mr. Bourchier seems to revel in the change. Again, on the battlefield of Philippi the influence of Macbeth predominated, and we almost expected Brutus to drop his dagger and exclaim, "Why should I play the Roman fool and die on mine own sword?"

Nothing can be added to what has been said a hundred times in praise of Sir Herbert Tree's Mark Antony. It remains one of the very best things he has ever done, second to none, except, perhaps, his Richard II. The oration in the Forum stands out as a masterpiece. The actor towered head and shoulders above all others, and his marvellous handling of the crowd was never in greater evidence. Mr. Gill as Cassius was good, though, if our memory serves us right, he has usually taken the *rôle* of Brutus, and we are inclined to think that part suits him better. Mr. George as Julius Cæsar looked the part to perfection, and all that he had to do was well done. Here let us pay tribute to as good a piece of acting as we have ever seen on the English stage—namely, the Ligarius of Henry Morrel. Miss Frances Dillon made an excellent Calpurnia, and looked a worthy and dignified wife to Cæsar. Lady Tree acted Portia with genuine feeling, although we prefer her in her old *rôle* of Lucius, which was taken with great effect by Miss Margery Maude. The setting of the play is of course above criticism, and its immense popularity is shown by the faded colour of Mark Antony's robe, which, after prolonged use, has become several shades lighter than that of the other Senators.

"MARGARET CATCHPOLE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

Mr. Laurence Irving has been accused by several of the critics of freakishness, eccentricity, and "erraticness." One of them went so far in writing of his new production as to dub him the reinless "undergrad" among our playwrights and managers, and thus committed himself to a word—we have placed it in inverted commas—which is as hopeless as "genteel" and "serviette." All this because Mr. Laurence Irving has had the courage to be audacious, to produce a play at which all other managers would either laugh or shudder. In our opinion, "Margaret Catchpole" was well worth producing at this time. It comes to the jaded playgoer as a draught of honest beer to the man who has been supplied with absinthe. It is a stirring, picturesque piece, full of good sentiment, good villainy, good drama, and good comedy, and it has been produced by Mr. Irving as nearly as possible in the manner of the period to which it belongs. The result is that the very out-of-dateness of the thing makes it new and refreshing. We found ourselves vastly amused and interested from the rise of the curtain to its fall. The morris dances fascinated us, and the fine lilt of the old sea-songs made our blood run quickly. The series of pictures of life in the closing years of the eighteenth century, with smugglers and pressgangs, ostlers and turnkeys, preventive officers and Bow Street runners, rustic capers and tableaux of the deck of Lord Howe's flagship, H.M.S. *Queen Charlotte*, on the Glorious First of June, delighted the eye. The whole thing, with its front scenes and monologues, asides and high-flown sentences, the comic relief and desperate struggles, seemed to bring to life a collection of old prints. We left behind us as we passed into the theatre a town full of taxi-cabs, motor-omnibuses, and streets with people waiting to catch a glimpse of King George V. on his way to see the first performance of a musical comedy. But no sooner had we taken our seat in the theatre, opened the programme and found inside it a replica of one which was framed by our grandfathers, and listened for a moment to the full-blooded strains of a song to which the sailors of King George III. had danced on board his wooden warships, than we found ourselves flung back into a century dead and done with and almost forgotten, and there was not one moment during the evening when a modernism of any sort brought us back to the time and period we had left outside the theatre.

Surely this alone is an achievement. Surely this is enough to take all imaginative people with a sense of history to the Duke of York's Theatre. But when it is added that there is not one part in a long list which is not admirably performed, and that four of them are played to perfection, "Margaret Catchpole" should fill the theatre for many weeks. Quite apart from its historical value, the story of this old play is full of fun, excitement, vigour, and thrill. Margaret Catchpole herself makes a charming figure, and she performs deeds of daring and kindness which are enough to fill twenty plays as they are written to-day. Miss Mabel Hackney went through with it splendidly. She changed her clothes as rapidly as an Egyptian makes cigarettes, and she looked just as charming as the serving-wench of the Priory Farm as she did in the clothes of a jolly Jack Tar and an ostler's boy. She scaled 40ft. walls with all the agility of a member of an American gymnast troupe. She swung herself into the saddle and rode astride to the manner born. She had her moments, too, of genuine pathos, and in the short Court scene her scream made the blood run cold. Miss Hackney's performance was, indeed, in the nature of a *tour de force*. Mr. Laurence Irving as John Luff, Captain of a gang of smugglers, has never done anything so full of sardonic humour and Machiavellian cunning. He was a mixture of Svengali and Captain Hook, Uriah Heep and Scrooge, Tartuffe and Fagin. It was a delicious performance, lifted out of the ruck of mere stage villainy by Mr. Irving's extraordinary sense of character. Over and over again he lit the part up with a touch of genius. We forgot that John Luff was being played by Mr. Laurence Irving, and almost from his first entrance were convinced that it was John Luff and no other. Mr. Irving's possibilities are limitless.

The Jim Cook of Mr. A. Field Fisher was a gem. Whether drunk or playing the man, whether a begrimed smuggler or a spruce Jack Tar, Mr. Fisher made an irresistibly comic figure. Very high praise must be given to Mr. Percy Nash as Philip, a footman, who kept the house in fits of laughter; while Miss Beatrice Smith as Mrs. Clayton of Ipswich, Miss

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Amy Fauchette, hostess of "The Dog and Bone," Lambeth, Mr. R. G. Beard as Lieutenant Blunt, Mr. Cecil Kinnaird as the Preventive Officer were admirable. Mr. Godfrey Tearle as William Lund, the handsome weak lover for whom Margaret Catchpole sacrificed herself, was an attractive figure. He played with breadth and dash. The play is described as an exciting, vivacious, and spectacular drama, and it answers to the description completely. We advise every one who is tired of sex problems, adaptations from the French, and musical plays which have been made in Germany, to go to the Duke of York's Theatre if he desires a new sensation. It will be a well-spent evening.

"ARMS AND THE MAN" AT THE CRITERION

Mr. F. C. Whitney is imitating the octopus. Hardly a week goes by that we do not read curiously-worded theatrical announcements as to his spreading ventures. Already he has the Lyric Theatre for the "Chocolate Soldier," the Whitney Theatre, which, as the Strand, has had a chequered career, the Criterion Theatre in which to exploit Mr. Arnold Daly, who is under his management for a term of years, and Covent Garden Theatre, where he intends to produce a series of operas. As Mr. Charles Frohman draws in his horns, Mr. F. C. Whitney throws his out. Where the English stage would be without American money it is difficult to say.

Mr. Whitney has done well by giving London playgoers an opportunity to see the work of Mr. Arnold Daly, but we think that he would have been better advised had he placed him in an original play. Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" is one of those numerous pieces which may be vastly enjoyed once, and then only if it is played to perfection. As it happens, it has been revived several times. We saw it at the Avenue Theatre seventeen years ago, at the Court Theatre with Mr. Granville Barker, and a little later at the Savoy Theatre, when Mr. Robert Loraine played Bluntschli as Bluntschli should be played. In that particular production Miss Lillah McCarthy was the Raina, and Miss Auriol Lee the Louka. Both actresses were admirably suited. Mr. Granville Barker experimented with Sergius, His performance reminded us of a sheep-dog imitating a lamb. In other words, he was much too much like Mr. Granville Barker ever to give any suggestion whatever of Sergius.

We found Mr. Arnold Daly distinctly good. We liked his absolute absorption and his effortless humour. The only fault that could be found with him was that he was too gentlemanlike. He gave no suggestion of the bagman in uniform. He might have been brought up in an atmosphere of afternoon tea-fights. In the first Act, however, his picture of the man utterly unable to withstand sleep, and his final fall upon the delicate bed of the high-flown maiden was altogether beyond praise. There is something rather pleasant, too, in his touch of Irish brogue, which is charmingly reminiscent of Mr. Leonard Boyne. We look forward to seeing Mr. Arnold Daly in other and newer parts.

In all probability Mr. Daly was labouring under a disadvantage on the first night of Mr. Whitney's revival. It was only too evident that the piece had been hurriedly rehearsed and more or less thrown upon the stage. The long waits between the Acts were very tiresome, and the scenery is what may be termed scratch. So far as the male members of the cast were concerned Mr. Daly was admirably supported. It goes without saying that Mr. Fisher White and Mr. James Hearn were exactly right. They always are. Mr. Dawson Milward, too, surprised us by showing us a sense of character of which we had not believed him to be possessed. He was a little too refined, perhaps, a little too clean and well-groomed; but he was, on the whole, the best of the Sergiuses. Miss Jean Stirling Mackinlay gave a delightful performance. She had not got quite the devil of Miss Auriol Lee, but she had more sense of character. She suggested the present type very well indeed. It is when we come to the Raina of Miss Margaret Halstan, the Madame Petkoff of Miss Geraldine Oliffe, that we are obliged to speak unfavourably. Miss Halstan was not Raina. She over-emphasised almost every line and could not have taken in any man who was not both deaf and blind. Her movements were as awkward as her manner was insincere. We should have liked to have seen Miss Mackinlay in the part. Miss Oliffe never for a moment gave any hint of the characteristic mixture of simplicity and cunning of the elderly Servian woman. She was made up to look pretty, and more nearly resembled the wife of an unsuccessful stockbroker living in West Kensington than any other person. All the scenes in which these two actresses were concerned went for little. It was curious to see how all the comedy and point of the play was lost and misunderstood by them. We shall look forward to Mr. Daly's appearance in another play.

"NAN" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

Mr. Grant Richards has just republished "Nan" in a cheaper edition (1s. 6d. net), with an introduction, which fits in happily with Miss Lillah McCarthy's matinées of the same play at the Little Theatre on Tuesdays and Fridays. In his introduction Mr. Masefield says that—

> Tragedy at its best is a vision of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exalting and cleansing. It is only by such vision that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things exulting and eternal.

In point of fact, the whole introduction is worth earnest consideration, for it deals with questions that are not habitually dealt with. It is marked by his new, and unfortunate, manner of rolling what one may call "bullets" of sentences, and projecting them across his page. It is an irritating manner; but this introduction is so short that the irritation has not time to leave its effect. The following paragraph will serve to exemplify both the truth of his observations and the irritating manner of their delivery. "Commonplace people dislike tragedy, because they dare not suffer and cannot exult. The truth and rapture of man are holy things, not lightly to be scorned. A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deadly path across history." But when he goes on to say that "the poetic impulse of the Renaissance is now spent," and that "the poetic drama, the fruit of that impulse, is now dead," then he goes past wisdom, and enters on debate. In any case, the introduction is more than useful, inasmuch as it is his manifesto as to what, in his opinion, modern drama is, or should be; and therefore it is his explanation and prologue for "Nan."

It is too late in the day to praise "Nan." It has had its examination in these columns more than once, both as literature and as drama. It has met its tribute as one of the very few plays for many years past which give us ground to believe that English drama is not moribund. With regard to its present production a few words may be said. Strictly speaking, "Nan" is scarcely a tragedy. In the paucity of definition it is necessary to call it a tragedy, in the same way as we should speak of "Riders to the Sea" as a tragedy. Mr. Masefield is penetratingly true when he speaks of the exaltation that tragedy produces. The exaltation comes from the contemplation of the laws inherent in

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the beginning of the drama that must needs logically lead to the climax of terror. But when Nan stabs Dick Gurvil the act leaves a strong feeling behind it that that act is not so much a logical conclusion as an escape from the conditions of the play. If this be no more than an impression, it is at least an impression that follows and troubles the spectator for some time after witnessing the play. It is this, and the insistence on gloom, that go to produce the strange feeling of depression it leaves behind. And, as Mr. Masefield says, tragedy is exalting and cleansing, not depressing.

Despite this strange feeling of hesitancy, "Nan" is, as has been said, one of the few plays of the present day of which one can say that it cannot be permitted to die easily. That it should only be possible to see it at rare intervals, and then only at matinées, is a thing that makes one fear for dramatic art. At the Little Theatre most of the original cast is maintained—that is to say, one can still see Mrs. Tapping as Mrs. Pargetter, Mary Jerrold as Jenny, Mr. Hignett as old Gaffer Pearce, and, above all, Lillah McCarthy as Nan. It is a fault in the play, both in reading and on the stage, that old Gaffer Pearce is heard rather too much. The rare poetry of his noteworthy speeches would be enhanced by judicious elimination. He is not so much a person in the play as a symbol, and a symbol should not be insisted on. Nevertheless, Mr. Hignett's is a very beautiful and finished performance. As for Nan, Miss McCarthy adds a charm every time she puts it on the stage. There are signs of strain here and there that need to be toned away: such as her pose when Nan serves the Gaffer to supper. Mr. Claude King as Dick Gurvil is, however, a newer performance, but he lacked neither naturalness nor conviction, except, perhaps, in the concluding scene. Here he has to share the blame partly with the author. Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn as the Rev. Mr. Drew, and Mr. Arnold Lucy as Captain Dixon, made an admirable and inimitable couple. "Nan" should attract many to the Little Theatre.

THE STAGE OF THE FUTURE

From the office of *Poesia*, a so-called "international review" established at Milan to expound the principles of the Futurists – a militant association of Italian politicians, sociologists, writers, painters, and musicians who are bent apparently on revolutionising the world in each and every respect—we have received a manifesto on dramatic art, in which various old truisms are blended with several novel propositions. Playwrights are exhorted to cultivate a thorough contempt for the public, to hold "immediate success" in horror, to relegate love and illicit passion to a secondary and episodical place in their works, and to refrain from writing any so-called "touching" plays, in which, for instance, a mother loses her child or a girl is prevented from marrying her lover, all matters of that description being regarded by the Futurists as "balderdash." They also express profound disdain for every attempt to represent history and pourtray historical characters on the stage, and tell us that dramatic art must henceforth give expression to the great Futurist dream born of contemporary life, which has been intensified by speed on land, at sea, and in the air, and is dominated by steam and electricity. Our plays are to deal with the reign of Machinery, with the great revolutionary waves which stir the masses, and with the new ideas and scientific discoveries which have transformed human sensibility and mentality. Briefly, dramatic art must no longer be "psychological photography, but an intoxicating synthesis of life on significant and typical lines." Further, pending the abolition of all marks of approval or disapproval in a theatre, authors and actors are to enjoy "the rapture of being hissed," on which subject Signor Marinetti, by whom this entertaining manifesto is drafted, proudly adds:—"I have the joy of knowing that my genius, which has been hissed repeatedly by the public in France and Italy, will never be entombed beneath any weight of applause!"

Thirteen gentlemen who describe themselves as poets (we hope they are), five painters (perhaps of stage scenery), and one musician endorse Signor Marinetti's views; but no actor is brave enough to express a desire to be hissed, and the opinions of theatrical managers are naturally ignored. Some of them, however, may be inclined to adopt the idea of staging "dramas of speed," plentifully interspersed with aeroplanes, submarines, and taxi-cabs. Doubtless it would gladden the hearts of the Futurists to hear of Mr. Grahame-White and Mr. Farman competing as the "hero" and the "villain" in, let us say, the "flies" at Drury Lane.

DUTCH PICTURES AT THE FRENCH GALLERY

The ninety-ninth exhibition of pictures at this well-known gallery is an interesting one. Johannes Bosboom and the youngest Maris were both in their way entitled to rank as masters, and their works deserve careful study. Perhaps from the point of view of the student this is more particularly true of Maris, in whose style and *technique* the process of development is very marked, and the instruction to be gained proportionately greater. It is a pity for this reason that the pictures could not be dated—it is not difficult in most cases to infer the time of development, but certainty would have been preferable. At a comparatively early stage in his progress, as it would seem, William Maris reached a high measure of skill in that smooth and detailed finish so dear to the mid-Victorian epoch; and had his reputation rested upon these earlier works alone it would have stood high, for they always exhibit that close to fidelity and that appreciation of light and atmosphere that marked his work to the last. But as he progressed he gained extraordinarily in breadth and power, and shed completely the laboured methods which appealed to his earlier taste, and devoted himself more and more successfully to emphasising sunshine and atmosphere and colour and all that goes to the truer rendering of Nature; and the rest followed inevitably—cows and ducklings and what not expressed in these bolder and broader touches sprang into far more vivid and pulsating life than when detail obtruded itself overmuch in his artistic outlook. And few painters have ever understood better and expressed more sympathetically the lazy life of man and beast in the "sleepy world of streams" which he affects—the world of slow-running waters, of lush grasses in brilliant sunshine, of rich overhanging foliage and deep brown shadows, of level stretches of marsh-land and straight dykes melting away into grey distances of sea and sky. To select special pictures for praise is more difficult, however; there is in his work a certain sameness of sentiment side by side with the wonderful advance in execution. Perhaps the two most typical of his mature power are "The Young Brood" and "The Edge of the Meadow"—the former a beautiful study of ducklings by the waterside in vivid sunlight, with a background of rich foliage; the latter a marvellous pourtrayal of cattle in vivid sunlight, both rendered in a singularly sure style of great breadth and power. For sheer *joie de vivre* few painters are his equal, and corresponding is the joy to the beholder, who must be cold indeed if he does not respond to the appeal.

Johannes Bosboom is of a different cast of thought and vision, and his limitations are more marked. He painted in

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oils as well as water-colours; in the latter medium he is an undoubted master, in the former a painter of little more than average powers. He delights in rendering church interiors, but when using water-colours he is fully alive to all the mystery and charm of an ancient and historic building, while in oils he seems to be concerned with no higher aims than to record its features with cold correctness. The contrast is thus extraordinary. Some of his water-colours leave a haunting impression behind of brilliant lights cutting athwart dim and finely-graduated shadows, in a fashion that suggests all the mystery and variety of life itself, its pathos and its joy; in the other medium he seems to aim at nothing but the display of technical skill. Such a picture as "Visiting the Church," with its combination of grey walls, dim shadows, and streaks of golden light, is not easily forgotten; nor is the master less powerful in his rarer outdoor studies—"A Dutch Farm," with its noble breadth of handling, its softness of line, and its wealth of subdued colour, and "The Town Hall, Hoorn," with its delightful soft red and grey tints, and its deep feeling for the long traditions of an ancient town. And the struggling light of early morning has seldom found truer expression than in the beautiful "Early Visitors," which shows the dawning light penetrating a grey church interior. Some clever sketches, too, convey the same or even greater sense of mastery of the power to express space and form with a true and harmonious perspective both of line and colour.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE NEW ERA IN CHINA

Article I.—The Constitutional Movement

By Lancelot Lawson

In spite of the fact that railway communication will carry the traveller from Charing-cross to the heart of China well within a fortnight, and with an interval of less than a hour upon the sea; in spite of the fact also that, comparatively speaking, within a few minutes news may be transmitted six thousand miles over a long, thin wire stretching from the extreme West to the remote East, little seems to be known of the amazing transition that is in progress throughout the length and breadth of the great Chinese Empire. In no sphere of national activity has this transition made itself felt to such a wondrous extent as in that relating to the constitutional movement. As far back as 1905 a Commission consisting of five high Chinese statesmen, headed by Duke Tsai Tse, made a tour of the world with the view of studying political conditions in other countries preparatory to the shaping of a Constitutional Government for China. Since that time a National Assembly, or Senate, as well as Provincial Assemblies, have been instituted. An Imperial Decree, dated August 27th, 1908, proclaimed that in 1917 a Parliament would be established, and subsequently, owing to the pressure of public opinion, the period of preparation was shortened and the year 1913 substituted. And only recently the news has been received that the Grand Council and the Grand Secretariat have been swept away, and Cabinet, Privy Council, and General Staff inaugurated. It is a matter for more than passing regret that Prince Ching, whose instability of character and neglect of duty are notorious, should have become the first Prime Minister of China, and that the Manchu element should largely predominate in the new Administration. But these circumstances do not necessarily point to the conclusive triumph of the reactionary forces at the outset of the new era in China. It is almost an axiom among those who lay claim to any knowledge of the Empire that so uncertain is the situation, so many and complex its aspects and its possibilities, that to prophesy or even to speculate betrays the quality of ignorant temerity rather than that of prescience.

Again and again the constitutional movement in China at the present time has been compared to that which existed in Japan between 1880 and 1890. But certain all-important differences appear to have been overlooked. Japan possessed in the late Prince Ito a statesman of commanding genius, a statesman whose constructive work has been likened to that accomplished by Bismarck and Cavour. In China the ship has been launched, but there is no hand competent to take the helm. Ito was not merely a statesman of Japan; he was a giant in the universe itself, an ornament to a generation. The name Ching is a byword for odious contempt in China.

The foundations of constitutional government in Japan were laid in the unswerving loyalty and devotion of the whole nation towards the Sovereign. In the truest sense of the term, the Throne was "sacred and inviolable." In China, however, an alien dynasty rules, and a strong revolutionary party, which daily gathers adherents, has come into existence. In seeking a model China not unnaturally discovered that the Japanese Constitution would be best suited to her needs. Thus, while some very important concessions are to be made to the people, the Emperor is to remain an absolute autocrat. With him will rest the power to veto legislation. Parliament will be merely a deliberative assembly. It is argued that as the Constitution is a voluntary offering of the Emperor, not a surrender in consequence of a conflict with his subjects, then the Emperor must be supreme. Likewise it is contended that as he has the right to sanction measures, so he must have also the right to withhold sanction.

The privileges that the Constitution will confer cannot fail to be regarded as substantial by the Chinese masses, who for so many centuries have been kept in a state of political and intellectual bondage. There is to be freedom of speech, freedom of meeting, and freedom of the Press. The right to form societies is also to be allowed, and the sanctity of the dwelling-house respected. Yet it is already plainly discernible that unless the hour brings forth the man these privileges will be ignored and the Constitution set at defiance. China will find it impossible to maintain a corrupt and inefficient autocracy together with even a restricted measure of representative government and popular liberty. In Japan, where loyalty is still the dominating creed of the people, frequent murmurings are heard in regard to the iron-bound limitations of the Constitution, and the complaint is made that the Throne has become the shield for the autocratic sway of clan government.

Ito had not been slow to perceive the baneful influence of party politics in the West, and, while in framing a Constitution for Japan he found that the Prussian Constitution was alone of assistance in his labours, he determined to evolve something that went considerably farther than this instrument. Hence the Japanese Constitution not only perpetuates the very useful State doctrines of the Emperor's divinity, but it places in his hands the supreme power. The Chinese are anxious to adopt the Japanese model in all its essential details, but unfortunately they cannot reproduce Japanese conditions. Apart altogether from the circumstances to which I have alluded, and which in themselves render comparison between the two countries wholly misleading, it must not be forgotten that China is a vast Empire with inadequate communications, and that Viceroys and Governors in the distant provinces will naturally oppose constitutional principles in their desire to retain the ill-gotten fruits of oppression.

The West pretends that in representative government

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it has given its most precious gift to the Old World. It cannot be denied that the granting of constitutional privileges has raised from serfdom the masses of the East. But, once released, those masses immediately clamour for more privileges, and their rulers then begin to devise means by which such aspirations may be kept effectually in check. The nations of the West are afflicted with the same problems, although in their case the evil is more deep-seated, because centuries of freedom have created a vigorous, assertive, and at the same time highly organised democracy. Both Japan and China wisely realise that so-called representative government has its dangers as well as its advantages to the State, and they are anxious that their Legislatures should endure only as deliberative assemblies, and that their Ministers should alone be responsible to the Throne. But once having built up their fundamental institutions according to the examples of the West, they are destined to go the way of the West, and to be face to face with problems as acute as those which exist in the West. In China the growth of public opinion has been both sudden and sturdy. The hastening of constitutional government was the result of an insistent demand which ran from end to end of the land. Delegates from the provinces presented petitions smeared in blood; thousands of people surrounded the *Yamens* begging that a Parliament should be summoned instantly; and the *Tze Chung Yuan*, or National Assembly, and the Provincial Assemblies memorialised the Throne. Although half of the members of the *Tze Chung Yuan* were directly appointed by the Throne, and nominees of the Provincial Governors were also largely represented, the demands for the early establishment of a Parliament were received with enthusiastic unanimity. While in session this body did not hesitate to enter into open conflict with the Government, and not infrequently actions of Ministers were frankly criticised. In some quarters the early experiment of constitutional government has been regarded as somewhat in the nature of a failure. If to stimulate public opinion is unwise in the best interests of State, then the pessimistic view would be warranted. That public opinion has hastened the establishment of a Parliament and has brought about the formation of a Cabinet is beyond dispute. Meanwhile the *Tze Chung Yuan* is no longer in session, and there are not wanting ominous signs that the vermilion pencil is at work again writing out progress and writing in destruction.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

The past week has been practically without incident. Companies have come out and most of them have failed to attract the public. It may be considered that, on the whole, the business in the company-promoting world has been flat. The Galician Pipe Line, reported upon by Sir Boverton Redwood and Mr. Eastlake, seemed a fair gamble, and the Imperial and Foreign prospectus, with its array of names, will probably secure some support. The Cockshutt Plow was a sound Canadian industrial. There seems a perfect craze amongst promoters for bringing out what they call debentures. It has always been supposed in the City that a debenture is a sort of mortgage, and a mortgage in the eyes of most people presupposes something to be mortgaged. But the modern promoter thinks that he can issue debentures on nothing at all, or on what practically amounts to nothing. Thus he borrows his money at 6 per cent. and takes all the common stock for himself, markets this at the best price he can, and trusts to Providence that the company will earn enough to pay its debenture interest. The Canadians are very fond of this system of finance, and are continually giving us these so-called debenture issues. We are getting a great deal too much Canadian finance in the City, and I am quite certain that sooner or later we shall see a very serious collapse. For example, this week a perfectly ridiculous Canadian company is offering itself for approbation. It is called the Canada Provident Investment Corporation. Some of its shares are pounds sterling, and some of its shares are dollar shares. Although it has been in existence since 1900, it has not the politeness to give us any particulars with regard to its past history beyond telling us that the cumulative preference shares have received their dividends. Some moderately good names of Canadian politicians appear s trustees, and that is the best thing I can say of the concern. I hope none of my readers will subscribe to the venture.

Canada Cement Company.—The Canada Cement Company was floated in England as a merger or combine of some cement companies that had been working in Canada, and the 7 per cent. preference stockholders are now asked to convert their shares into mortgages bearing 5 per cent. This company appears to be getting into trouble, and the Canadian Government has ordered an investigation into its affairs on the instigation of Sir Sandford Fleming, a director of the C.P.R. This may or may not mean much. English investors will remember that Mr. Aitken, who is a Member of Parliament for Ashton-under-Lyme, was interested in the formation of the merger, and Sir Sandford Fleming desires that the circumstances of the flotation should be inquired into. Information with regard to this company is slow in coming over. Under all circumstances I cannot but advise my readers to clear out, especially as I am told that 40 per cent. of the Canada Cement Companies' plant is lying idle to-day.

Money.—Nothing has happened in the Money Market during the past week. Gradually the public deposits are being released, and the money held up in the Bank of England is coming into circulation. This will tell on the market. But there is no demand for money except on the part of the trading community. From the financial point of view the bull account has been so largely reduced that the Stock Exchange now requires very little cash. The rise in Home Rails, of course, added a good many millions to the demand, but, as the bull account here has been reduced, the position is righting itself.

Foreigners.—In the Foreign Market the bulls of Peru Preferred still get out whenever they can work the price up to 43. As regularly as it goes to $43\frac{1}{8}$ so does stock come upon the market. This is a warning to those who hold this share that they should follow the example of their betters and make money whilst the sun shines. Tintos have been bought, and this stock appears one of the best speculations in the House. I should not be surprised to see a ten point rise here within the next month.

Home Rails.—For some time past I have been advising everybody to buy the junior stocks of the Great Central, and I am glad to say that my readers have done well through following my advice. Great Central Deferred were $10\frac{1}{2}$. They are now over 16. Great Central Preferred have also risen in like manner. I am now getting nervous, for I observe that all the newspapers are puffing these two stocks. This is a most suspicious thing, and shows me that some of the big bulls are anxious to get out and are using the newspapers for this purpose. I have therefore very little hesitation in advising my readers to take their profits now. Great Central A and B were always a speculative lock-up. They are not likely to get a dividend for three years, and with such stocks a bull account is always dangerous. The public soon get tired of waiting, and the price sags away. The leading Heavies remain, however, remarkably steady, as indeed they have every reason to be. The Traffics continue to be good, and, if we get a fine Whitsuntide, this will set a seal on the rise in profits for the current half-year. There is a little boom in Dover A and Little Chats, and it is said

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that a bull pool has been buying these stocks on wild talk about the coal discoveries. No one should venture on a gamble in either of these shares. They are very likely to be landed at the top. The only safe things in the Home Railway market are the sound dividend-payers.

YANKEES.—Although American Rails have had a good rise during the week, I do not think that they will go much higher. My friends on the other side tell me that the big bankers do not want to see speculation get out of hand. They will therefore keep the market down. Trade in America is dull. There is not to be any slump; but whenever stocks get beyond a certain level they are to be sold by the bankers. This, however, does not apply to copper stocks, which are to be taken in hand and moved up. The greatest nonsense has been talked about the Rates decision. If it means anything, it means exactly what everybody supposed it would mean—namely, that the Government has the right to interfere with any Corporation when it thinks it is doing too much business. Every big company in the United States tries to obtain a monopoly of the business it is engaged in. Everybody in the world is striving for the same end. There is nothing either unnatural or disgraceful in monopoly. It never lasts for any length of time, and all laws aimed at it must fail because they are against nature. I do not believe that the Trust decision will have the least effect upon any of the other trusts.

RUBBER.—The Rubber Market, although it has improved a little from the worst, is still absolutely dead, and the public declines to either buy or sell. It is a good job for the market that holders of shares have such faith in their securities, for there is no doubt that, had it been otherwise, we should have seen a very serious collapse in values. The big dividends have steadied everything. The Linggi directors deserve the greatest credit in refusing to pay more than 87½ final dividend. They were expected to pay 100 per cent., and some people wanted them to pay 125 as the final dividend. They, however, prefer to build up the reserve fund. If all the other rubber companies followed their example, rubber shares would be much sounder investments than they are to-day; but the finance of the rubber director is the finance of a boomster who is always trying to live up to the fancy prices forced upon him by the Stock Exchange. The prices of the best shares are now almost on a reasonable level.

OIL.—Nothing has happened in the Oil Market except the Lobitos report, which, of course, was bad. It is very likely, however, that this company will have a better chance when all its wells get on to the deep oil. The cost of the other wells has now been written down, and the balance-sheet is a very praiseworthy document. This will be all the better for the shareholders when they once find oil, for they will not be compelled to use their profits for the purpose of writing down lost assets. Oil shares stick, and if I were a holder I should certainly take my profit. It is quite on the cards that the promoters may get tired of keeping up a market that the public does not come into. Prices, in my opinion, are too high throughout the whole Oil Market and are not justified by any results.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir Market still remains dead, and everybody in the City says that they are only waiting for a rise to get out finally. The disappearance of Wernher Beit from this market has had the most serious effect, and, in my opinion, it will take six months for people to get over the shock. Nevertheless, when everyone is advising a sale wise people often buy.

RHODESIANS.—The Rhodesian Market is if anything duller than in Kaffirs, and nothing seems able to stir people into enthusiasm. Every finance company has huge blocks of Rhodesian shares they want to sell. But each week something comes along that disconcerts them. The other week it was the Jumbo collapse, and now they are offering Willoughbys, in spite of the fact that Mr. Percy Marsden is busily engaged sending out a circular that expatiates on the vast wealth of the company. A deal is on here, but it is too dangerous for me to recommend.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A false impression has been created due mainly to the inferences of two of your morning contemporaries incorrectly allocating the authorship of the Crystal Palace Empire in miniature idea. This misconception is likely to cause some confusion in connection with the work and very much wider sphere of the domes and grounds of Empire project, contemplated for several years past, of which the Festival of Empire Exhibition is a result, and forms with its leading features, all-red route, and governing characteristics an extensive part of the original and future plan. Will you allow me through THE ACADEMY to foreshadow the very excellent prospect of the Crystal Palace as a permanent exhibition Empire centre being discussed at the Imperial Conference? This probably will arise through the introduction to notice of the proposition—"That the Crystal Palace and grounds (when acquired at a market valuation) should constitute London's gift to the Empire, to be maintained at the expense and by the joint control of the Parliaments in the King's Dominions for expositions of Empire in perpetuity." It has, Sir, been ascertained that there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion among Liberal, Conservative, and Labour politicians and public men throughout the Empire favouring the Crystal Palace becoming the corporate property of the Empire, supported also by London Borough Councils and many members of the London County Council and City Corporation.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

W. A. BAYST.

Woodford-green.

"THE PRINCESS VIRGINIA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We understand that you have printed a letter from Mrs. C. N. Williamson asking you to make it known that the book "Princess Virginia" which we recently published is founded on a story issued about twelve years ago. We believe that Mrs. Williamson also adds that she asked us to state this in the book, and had requested us not to send out copies for review. As you have published Mrs. Williamson's letter, we think it only fair that you should let your readers know—(1) That on the back of the title-page of "Princess Virginia," and facing the Contents, the following note is printed:—"This book is founded on a story by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, published more than ten years ago, but, being entirely rewritten and largely remodelled, 'The Princess Virginia' is practically a new book." (2) In accordance with Mrs. Williamson's wishes, we did not send out copies for review. THE ACADEMY certainly did not have a copy, nor did any other paper.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

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BOOKS RECEIVED

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The Gift of the Gods. By Flora Annie Steel. William Heinemann. 2s. net.
The Jew's House. By Fergus Hume. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.
The White Owl. By Kate Horn. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
A Woman with a Purpose. By Anna Chapin Ray. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
Nonsense Novels. By Stephen Leacock. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
Where Day Begins. By Alfred Buchanan. John Ouseley. 6s.

PERIODICALS

Mercure de France; La Revue; Atlantic Monthly; Book-Prices Current; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Revue Critique; Modern Language Teaching; Book-Buyer; Representation; The Periodical; Journal of the Gipsy Lore Society; Windsor Magazine; Scotia; Revue Bleue; L'Oeuvre; The Triad; Literary Digest.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

IT is with deep regret that we note the death of Sir W. S. Gilbert, in a manner sudden and exceptionally sad, during the past week. More than any other librettist he added to the nation's laughter, and the songs and inimitable lyrics, to which Sir Arthur Sullivan's melodies fitted so perfectly, have found their way round the whole world. Sir William Gilbert was something of a martinet in theatrical matters; we happen to know that he always insisted on the parts being rendered precisely in accordance with his own views. As he had never been an actor himself, his instructions in this respect were apt to be unpalatable to those who had to carry out his ideas, and who, having experience of the boards, considered that they knew better than he how a part should be played. "Randall's Thumb," a piece produced at the Court Theatre about the year 1875, was a complete failure, much to Gilbert's disgust and anger, for in his opinion it was the best thing he had written up to that time. This, however, was before the happy days of collaboration with Sullivan which gave us the series of operas whose humour and light-heartedness, even though in many cases enveloping subjects quite out of date, seem ever fresh and never wearisome. A most distinctly humorous effect lies in the extraordinary facility of rhyming with which Sir William could embroider a theme which was not at first glance particularly attractive—take the ditty "When I first put this uniform on," for instance. Apart from the irresistibly comic element, however, which runs through most of the Gilbert-Sullivan compositions, there was a clever daintiness which, wedded to its music, made exceptional appeal; such songs as "The Moon and I," from the "Mikado," and Jack Point's final lament from "The Yeomen of the Guard," may be regarded as very much more than merely "pretty." The law doubtless lost a brilliant exponent in Sir W. S. Gilbert, but the people gained songs which never seem to grwo old and laughter which bids fair to be perennial.

In the course of the conversation in the House of Lords respecting the removal of magistrates from the Worcester Borough Bench, it was stated, and not contradicted, that the chief Radical agent was a member of the Committee to advise the Lord Chancellor on the appointment of Borough Justices. Unless the new system of Advisory Committees is to be reduced to a farce and make-believe, we hold that under no circumstances should the political agents of either party be eligible to serve on these Committees. Political agents are very often solicitors practising in the County or Borough with a large clientèle, and they are especially open professionally and politically to pressure in such a matter as appointments to the Bench. Such agents, it will be apparent, are in either of their capacities badly placed to withstand pressure. On the one hand, the agent may alienate valuable political supporters and imperil the cause and his own position; on the other hand, he may lose valuable clients. No man should be placed in a position—unless necessity compels it—in which he may be called upon to make such sacrifices. We think that both in Counties and Boroughs active members of the existing magistracy should be largely utilised on the Advisory Committees, a certain number of substantial persons of known character being added as *amici curiæ* in each petty sessional division or borough.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral have obtained a faculty permitting excavations to be made within the churchyard in order to examine the state of the foundations of the edifice; preparatory, we believe, to the carrying out of the scheme for an underground tramway in the vicinity. The safety of St. Paul's is undoubtedly a very important thing; but at the present moment the safety of Westminster Abbey seems a more pressing concern. No one who passes the neighbourhood in these days and sees the huge stagings which have been erected close against the fine old walls for the benefit of sightseers during the Coronation Procession, can fail to note the grave danger which might ensue from a carelessly thrown lighted match or a chance spark. With the timber as dry as touchwood after a spell of hot weather and rainless days there would be a furnace in a few minutes. The subject has been mentioned, we are aware, in several daily papers, but it seems to have dropped, and we can only trust that the most stringent watch is being kept against this very real risk. Westminster Abbey is not, of course, the only instance which could be taken, but the mass of inflammable material is particularly obvious there. As to the æsthetic side of the question—the absurdity of absolutely spoiling the appearance of our loveliest and most historic building precisely when we should draw attention to its beauties—this is commented upon in an article on another page of the present issue.

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THE PRISONER

Day after day goes by without a sound;
More weary grows the silence year by year
For one to whom the things of life appear
As from within a cage with bars set round.
To him, locked in a stillness so profound
No notes of Nature enter glad and clear;
Alone in crowds, apart while seeming near,
A prisoner he, irrevocably bound.
The deaf man isolation knows. But some,
Who see with eyes unseeing, deem this nought.
They care not how a miracle be wrought,
By written word or spelt with patient hands.
Yet through such means may many a solace come:
Gift of the heart that sees—and understands.

C. M. PAINE.

A DETESTABLE OUTRAGE

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has played many parts in the half-century of his career. We have abundant glimpses of his versatility in his recently published Life. These glimpses are sufficiently appreciative, which may be perhaps attributed to the fact that his biographer enjoyed Mr. Shaw's "abundant sympathy and encouragement" in the production of the work. In our recent review we were guilty of a serious crime of *lèse-majesté*. We wrote: "There is far too much of the trivial in Professor Henderson's appreciation of his hero." We now come forward in deep contrition:—

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.

So may it be in our case. How can the description be true of any detail of the sayings and doings of a being who is all-wise in problems of heaven and earth, who knows all about the past, all about the present, and all about the unknown and the unseen—a being who dethrones God, and, wiser than the generations which have preceded him, declares pontifically that "Christ was a failure"?

It is really difficult to comment with any approach to reverence upon the astounding blasphemies which have been attributed to Mr. Shaw, and not denied by him, in his address at Cambridge on Monday last. The question whether Mr. Shaw has beliefs or has none may interest an egregious egotist. We are profoundly indifferent on the personal question. Our protest is against the dissemination of poisonous theories amongst young persons who have been placed for educative purposes in what are supposed to be seminaries of learning. This is what is permitted to be taught to undergraduates and Girton and Newnham students. Mr. Bernard Shaw is reported to have said, "The man who says Christ was the highest possible Being is not worth working with; Christ was a failure. When Charles Darwin came along with his theory of Natural Selection people jumped at it and kicked God out of the window."

We apologise to our readers for reproducing language so atrocious. But we do not observe that the lecturer was kicked out of the window or that he was thrown into the Cam. Unless public attention is called to the vile and blasphemous ravings which are permitted to be poured into the ears of University students, what guarantee can there be that the individual soul and the body politic will not go down to perdition?

There have been many schools of philosophy, but none are good, or bad, enough for Mr. Shaw. Antisthenes is his nearest prototype because of his intense scorn of all other men, and the insolence with which he expressed it. He was also an agnostic, but he hid his agnosticism under a veil of logic, and propounded his views with decorum to those who were disposed to listen to his teaching. Socrates, although he was condemned for corrupting the youth, was a religious man, of high ideals, a scholarly logician. Epicurus was no infidel, and only expounded in his own garden his theories of atoms and the void, following in this respect the teaching of Democritus.

That it is unnecessary to resort to coarse profanity to teach the doctrines of materialism is well known to students of the cogent and dignified hexameters of the noble Lucretius. Restraint and decorum and dignified exposition which can be observed in writings of periods many centuries before Christ have no attraction for the Fabian of to-day. All must be as coarse, as degraded and degrading as possible in order not that logic shall prevail, but that an atmosphere of social hate and religious unbelief may be brought about as the result of unreasoning prejudice.

The ordinary Socialist will not, we fancy, feel indebted to his intellectual leader for the declaration that "Christ was a failure." It has been a stock argument that the Christian religion is Socialistic in its tenets and in its tendency. Certain persons of confused intelligence have described themselves as Christian Socialists. If the Founder of the religion was "a failure," of what value or validity was His teaching? Socialism can no longer parade itself under a veneer of Christian sanction, but must stand forth naked and unashamed as resting for its sanction and basis on flagrant infidelity. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and, knowing them, it will not be so difficult to cast them down to public opprobrium and contempt.

CECIL COWPER.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S OPINIONS

BY H. BELLOC

I HAD occasion about a fortnight ago to meet a man more nearly ninety than eighty years of age, who had had special opportunity for discovering the changes of Europe during his long life. He was of the English wealthier classes by lineage, but his mother had been of the French nobility and a Huguenot. His father had been prominent in the diplomacy of a couple of generations ago. He had travelled widely,

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read perhaps less widely, but had known and appreciated an astonishing number of his contemporaries.

I was interested (without any power of my own to judge whether his decisions were right or wrong) to discover what most struck him in the changes produced by that great stretch of years, all of which he had personally observed: he was born just after Waterloo, and he could remember the Reform Bill.

He surprised me by telling me, in the first place, that the material changes and discoveries, enormous though they were in extent, were not, in his view, the most striking. He was ready to leave it open whether these material changes were the causes of moral changes more remarkable, or merely effects concomitant with these. When I asked him what had struck him most of the great material developments, he told me the phonograph and the aeroplane among inventions; Mendel's observations in the sphere of experimental knowledge; and, in the sphere of pure theory, the breakdown of many things that had been dogmas of physical science in his early manhood.

Since I did not quite understand what he meant by this last, he gave me, after some hesitation, a few examples: That the interior of the earth was molten; that a certain limited number of elements—not all yet isolated, but certainly few in their total – were at the base of all material forms, and were immutable; that the ultimate unit of each of these was a certain indivisible, eternal thing called the Atom; and so forth.

He assured me that views of this sort, extending over a hundred or a thousand other points, were so universally accepted in his time that to dispute them was to be ranked with the unlettered or the fantastic. I asked him if it were so in economics. He said: Yes, in England, where there was a similar dogma of Free Trade: not abroad.

When I asked him why Mendel's published experiments and the theory based upon them had so much impressed him, he said because it was almost the first attempt to apply to the speculative dogmas of biology some standard demonstrably true; and here he wandered off to explain to me why the commonly accepted views upon biology, which had so changed thought in the latter part of his life, were associated with the name of Darwin. Darwin, be assured me, had brought forward no new discovery, but only a new hypothesis, and that only a small and particular hypothesis, whereby to explain the general theory of transformism. This theory, he told me—the unbroken descent of living organisms and their physical connection with one another and with common parents—had been a favourite idea from the beginning of history with many great thinkers, from Lucretius to Buffon and from Augustus of Hippo to Lamarc. Darwin's, the old gentleman assured me, which he had defended with infinite toil, was that the method in which this continuity of descent proceeded was by an infinitely slow process of very small changes differentiating each minute step from the one before and the one after it, and these small changes Darwin's hypothesis referred to a Natural Selection. Nothing else in Darwin's work, he assured me, was novel, and yet it was the one thing which subsequent research had rendered more and more doubtful. Darwin (he said) said nothing new that was also true.

At this point I was moved to contradict the old gentleman, and to say that one unquestioned contribution to science of Darwin, as novel as it was secure, was his patient discovery of the work of earthworms, and of its vast effect. The old gentleman was willing to admit that I was right, but he said he was only speaking of Darwin in connection with transformism and the whimsical way in which his private name (and his errors) had become identified with Evolution in general.

I asked him, since he had such a knowledge of men from observation, why this was so.

"It seems at first sight," he said, "as ridiculous as though we should associate the theory of light with the name of Newton, who inclined to the exploded corpuscular hypothesis, or the general conception of orbital motion in the universe to the great Bacon, who, in point of fact, rudely repudiated the Copernican theory in particular."

"Did he, indeed?" said I, interested.

"I believe so," said the old gentleman; "at any rate you were asking me why Darwin, with his single contribution to the theory of transformism, and that a doubtful one—or, to be accurate, an exploded one—should be associated in the popular mind with the invention of so ancient a theory as that of Evolution. The reason is, I think, no more than that he came at a particular moment when any man doing great quantities of detailed work in this field was bound to stand out exaggeratedly. The society in which he appeared had, until just before his day, accepted a narrow cosmogony, quite unknown to its ancestors. Darwin's book certainly exploded that, and the mind of his time—ignorant as it was of the past—was ready to accept the shattering of its father's idols as a new revelation."

"But you were saying," said I, when he had thus dealt harshly with a great name, "that not the material but the moral changes of your time seemed to you the greatest. Which did you mean?"

"Why, in the first place," said the old man thoughtfully and with some hesitation, "the curiously rapid decline of intelligence, or if you will have it differently, the clouding of thought that has marked the last thirty years. Men in my youth knew what they held and what they did not hold. They knew why they held it or why they did not hold it; but the attempt to enjoy the advantages of two contradictory systems at the same time, and, what is worse, the consulting of a man as an authority upon subjects he had never professed to know are intellectual phenomena quite peculiar to the later years of my life."

I said we of the younger generation had all noticed it, as, for instance, when an honest but imperfectly intelligent chemist was listened to in his exposition of the nature of the soul, or a well-paid religious official was content to expound the consolations of Christianity while denying that Christianity was true.

"But," I continued, "we are usually told that this unfortunate decline in the express powers of the brain is due to the wide and imperfect education of the populace at the present moment."

"That is not the case," answered the old man sharply, when I had made myself clear by repeating my remarks in a louder tone, for he was a little deaf.

"That is not the case. The follies of which I speak are not particularly to be discovered among the poorer classes who have passed through the elementary schools. *These*" (it was to the schools that he was alluding with a comprehensive pessimism) "may account for the gross decline

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apparent in the public manners of our people, but not for faults which are peculiar to the upper and middle classes. It is not in the populace, but in those wealthier ranks that you will find the sort of intellectual decay of which I spoke."

I asked him whether he thought the tricks it was now considered cultured to play with mathematics came within the category of this intellectual decay. The old gentleman answered me a little abruptly that he could not judge what I was talking about.

"Why," said I, "do you believe that parallel straight lines *con*verge or *di*verge?"

"Neither," said he, a little bewildered. "If they are parallel they cannot by definition either diverge or converge."

"You are then," said I, "an old-fashioned adherent of the theory of the parabolic universe?" At which sensible reply of mine the old man muttered rather ill-temperedly, and begged me to speak of something else.

I asked him whether the knowledge of languages had not declined in his time. He said, somewhat emphatically, yes, and especially the knowledge of French, assuring me that in his early years many a Fellow of a College at Oxford or at Cambridge was capable of speaking that tongue in such a fashion as to make himself understood. On the other hand, he admitted that German and Spanish were more widely known than they had been, and Arabic certainly far more widely diffused among those officials of the Empire who took their work seriously.

When I asked him whether politics were more corrupt as time proceeded, he said No, but more cynical: and as to morals he would not judge, for he was certain that as one vice was corrected another appeared in its place.

What he told me he most deplored in the social system of his country was the power of the police and of the statistician by whom the policeman was guided. This he ascribed to the growth of great towns, to civic cowardice, and to a new taboo laid upon uniformed and labelled public authorities, who are now regarded as sacred, and also inordinately feared.

"In my youth," he said, "there was a joke that every man in Paris was known to the police. To-day that is universally true, and no joke with regard to every man in London. Our movements are marked, our earnings, our expenses, and our most private affairs known to the innumerable officials of the Treasury, our records of every sort, however intimate, are exactly and correctly maintained. The obtaining of work and a livelihood is dependent upon strong organisations. There is hardly an ailment or a domestic habit, from drinking wine to eating turnips, which some crank who has obtained the ear of a politician does not control or threaten in the immediate future to control."

"As for doctors!" he began, his voice cracking with indignation, "their abominable . . ." but here the old gentleman fell into so violent a fit of coughing that he nearly turned black in the face, and when I respectfully slapped him on the back, in the hopes of granting him relief, he made matters worse by shaking himself at me with an energy worthy of 1842. His nurse rushed in, clapped him upon his pillows, and was prepared to vent her wrath upon me for having caused this paroxysm, when the old man's exhaustion and laboured breathing captured all her attention, and I had the opportunity to withdraw.

PLAYS OR PAMPHLETS?*

We can quite believe that it is a good and praiseworthy thing to translate and to publish these "plays" of M. Brieux, if only because there are many people who refuse to acknowledge the existence of certain evils until these evils, or their consequences, are forcibly written down and exposed in pitiless black-and-white. The evasion of maternity, the fearful consequences of unrestrained desire, the tragedy of the wife unsuspectingly married to a man whose folly has ruined his health—these and other concomitant ills which have moved the talented French author to his present minatory mood do undoubtedly exist, although as a rule they are glossed over and treated as comparatively unimportant, except in the pages of medical essays or works devoted to pathology. That they should at times be discussed is right; the difficulty is that they are not often discussed by the right people, nor do the few—the very few—books such as the present volume fall into the right hands. Read carefully, however, by those who can eliminate the distortion apparently inseparable from all plays written with a moral purpose, the tremendous indictments of a certain phase of society—of most modern civilised societies—can but be beneficial.

On the other hand, there are definite and defensible reasons why these "Three Plays" should not be given on the stage. Take one, for instance—their lack of what we know as "art." The explosion of M. Brieux's ideas has projected at us these plays, and they are as hard, as penetrating, as unbeautiful as bullets. By sheer science they have been constructed—there is no better word; and as science constructs an article, be it weapon or loom, battleship or printing-machine, with one single end in view, sacrificing grace and beauty (and sometimes humanity) to utility, so in this volume we have the sharp, clean-cut result of a process—a process in which every thrill of beauty has been relentlessly throttled, every bud of emotion ruthlessly dissected, every upspringing flower by the wayside cruelly, calmly trodden down. Character is sacrificed to the need for emphasis; the atmosphere is that of the physician's study; graces of dialogue or conversation are ousted by the austere purpose impelling and pervading all. Rendered thus utterly inartistic by scrupulous elimination of all unnecessary matter, by impartial disregard of artistry and of intrusive, inconsequent beauty, the plays under consideration are no loss to the theatre, whatever gain they may be to the study. It would be, we imagine, almost unbearable to listen to them were they staged with ordinary care; no average audience would sit quietly through the performance. The poor Caroline—"great, stupid Caroline"—of "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont" is one of the nearest approaches to humanity to be found in these pages; she hovers, oppressed and troubled by her thoughts that every now and then burst through her restraint, in the background of the play. Unloved, unwanted, her reasonings with the distracted Julie in the final Act take upon themselves an air of tragedy more impressive than the actually intended tragedy, which lies in the relationship of Julie with her husband. In "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avariés") the precision of construction reaches its height, and in "Maternity" there is very little relaxation from the strain. We are not piqued, puzzled, or amused; we are interested, somewhat as we should be interested in watching a skilful surgical operation.

There are other reasons why we think the presentation of these plays in public would do no good. It is neither necessary nor wise to flaunt the repulsive aspects of life in the face of the people; even if they flocked to see "Maternity,"

* *Three Plays by Brieux: with a Preface by Bernard Shaw.* English Versions by Mrs. Bernard Shaw, St. John Hankin, and John Pollock. (A. C. Fifield. 5s. net.)

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for instance—which is inconceivable—a success of curiosity would not be worth having, as far as moral impression goes. A good deal of twisted smiling, some shruggings of shoulders and expressions of surprise—and that would be all; the play and its author would be forgotten. Men will not be preached at; and not all the appanages of a luxurious theatre could overpower the didactic effects of M. Brieux when he is riding his hobby of purifying a society which for the purposes of his play may be regarded as eternally lost to all sense of beauty and fine ideals. Fortunately we cannot quite see eye to eye with the distinguished French author in his despondent outlook. It is better to be an optimist, to cheer and help the world by laughter and hard work, than to be a pessimist engaged in the depressing task of holding up horrible bogeys to the popular gaze.

The series of little prefatory essays in which Mr. Shaw introduces M. Brieux and his play-pamphlets to whomsoever it may concern are written with all the ardour and much of the perversity with which we are bound to associate the prophet of the Gospel of Exaggeration. We have before remarked that poor old England would be a sorry place if half the things that Mr. Shaw believes about it were true. But Mr. Shaw has been so interesting that we will not pursue any farther our indictment of his method of arguing from exceptions. His remarks on "How to Write a Popular Play" are trenchant, and very true, and the paragraph entitled "The Interpreter of Life" is in his best and most brilliant style. We may quote a few sentences:—

> The great dramatist has something better to do than to amuse either himself or his audience. He has to interpret life. This sounds a mere pious phrase of literary criticism; but a moment's consideration will discover its meaning and its exactitude. Life as it appears to us in our daily experience is an unintelligible chaos of happenings. You pass Othello in the bazaar in Aleppo, Iago on the jetty in Cyprus, and Desdemona in the nave of St. Mark's in Venice without the slightest clue to their relations to one another. The man you see stepping into a chemist's shop to buy the means of committing murder or suicide may, for all you know, want nothing but a liver pill or a toothbrush. The statesman who has no other object than to make you vote for his party at the next Election may be starting you on an incline at the foot of which lies war, or revolution, or a smallpox epidemic, or five years of your lifetime. . . . Life as it occurs is senseless; a policeman may watch it and work in it for thirty years in the streets and courts of Paris without learning as much of it or from it as a child or a nun may learn from a single play by Brieux. For it is the business of Brieux to pick out the significant incidents from the chaos of daily happenings, and arrange them so that their relation to one another becomes significant, thus changing us from bewildered spectators of a monstrous confusion to men intelligently conscious of the world and its destinies.

This is well and cogently put, although the policeman referred to would, we fancy, be an uncommonly dull specimen. In another part of the Preface, however, we find Mr. Shaw subscribing to the dictum that "what we want as the basis of our plays and novels is not romance, but a really scientific natural history"! We tremble for the future of our literature and our stage if ever so appalling a prospect becomes harsh fact, but we imagine there is little danger of it—the angel of romance can occasionally win over even Mr. Shaw himself. We take leave of this remarkable volume with the feeling that it was written by a wise man who by mischance cast his ideas into the form of the play. He reaches, perhaps, a wider audience by such means, but his art suffers, and his audience, we fear, will consist largely of persons who are merely curious to hear how he puts his problems and what solutions he has to offer. Their first question will be answered easily; their second will be met with silence. WILFRID L. RANDELL.

REVIEWS

SIDELIGHTS ON NELSON AND HIS FAMILY

The Nelsons of Burnham Thorpe: Compiled from Unpublished Letters and Notebooks. By M. EYRE MATCHAM. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

WORLD-FAMOUS men, as a rule, the average man is too apt to regard in a false light. Hearing their names almost invariably associated with some deed of valour, some vivid half-hour, or some achievement that still burns with steady gleam across the dark waters of time, he imagines them superhuman, set upon a pinnacle apart from the little whims and fancies and humours which form so large a part of his own life. To him Wellington is always leading an army, Pitt is always in the maelstrom of politics, Macaulay is always writing essays, Longfellow is always immersed in poetry, George Stephenson is always driving the "Rocket" on its epoch-making journey. He does not conceive of Wellington as stooping to pat a stray dog in the street, of Pitt being measured for a suit of clothes; he fails to realise, unless forced to do so, that the hero or the celebrity does also most of the thousand trivial things that make up life for other people.

Nelson shares the same fate of standing ever in the glare of the limelight—standing always, as it were, on the deck of the *Victory*, and it is very pleasant to con the pages of this most interesting volume and to discover the great Admiral enjoying the quiet pleasures of a country life, sending home money for the poor folk of Burnham, and showing the man beneath the mantle of fame. When a boy he stole pears from an orchard like any other lively youngster, being lowered by sheets from the dormitory window; but he gave away all his spoil to his companions. This warm-hearted, generous disposition was continually in evidence. When the health of his father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, made it likely that his sister Catherine—"pretty, petted, lively Kitty"—would be left homeless, he wrote that in such an event he would "immediately come to England, and most probably fix in some place that might be most for poor Kitty's advantage. My small income shall always be at her service, and she shall never want a protector and a sincere friend while I exist." Later still we have some pretty glimpses in the chapter entitled "Captain Nelson at Home:"—

> Great was the family content over the domestic plans of the Parsonage. The active captain was constantly on the move among them all. Hilborough, Barton, the Boltons at Norwich, and Maurice in London, were all drawn into closer touch by his affectionate interest in their various situations. The poorer neighbours also shared in his sympathy and help. He well knew the poverty of their lives, and tried to enlist higher powers to recognise their want. . . . In the old home itself his energies expended themselves in following up G. M.'s [George Matcham] improvements in the Parsonage grounds, and the Rector awoke to fresh interest whilst watching his son's labours and joining in new schemes.

Striking is the contrast presented when we read, in a letter of the father to Kitty, that her "Good Bro: was in very Great danger of being Captured on the 9th, when Chaced by 17 Sail of the Line for 24 Hours. . . . All his Seamanship was necessary on this occasion." Or, again, when we read Pitt's answer to General Walpole when the latter urged that a higher rank than "Baron Nelson of the Nile" should be conferred on the victor. "Admiral Nelson's fame," he said, "would be coequal with the British name; and it would be remembered that he had

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obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking, Whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl?"

Continuous charm is given to this book by its constant exhibition of the sweetness of character of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, the gentle old man who remained at home in his tranquil rectory and followed so eagerly the fortunes and exploits of his distinguished son. His letters are full of wisdom, quaint humour, and solicitude. "My dear," he wrote to Kitty, "As you tell me that every letter of mine is kept a prisoner in the pocket till released by a Successor, it seems full time to dispatch this Act of Grace, which I should recommend to be always followed by a totall annihilation by Fire, least mischeif might arise from liberty." Fortunately, writes the author, "against her father's amused advice, Kitty kept and safeguarded them all, and her coloured satin ribbons, dainty as her little self, still tie them into separate packets." Hence we have this revelation of the old man's life and thought. He was wise in his unassuming way; let us note one of his comments:—

> Books [he writes] may amuse, but after a certain boundary reading is very unsatisfactory, and makes one often peevish when we find men of sense sometimes quarrelling about mere trifles, and discover that pride and ambition make authors, not a desire to inform others, or that by them the world should be one jott the wiser. . . . But walk forth into your fields, there Nature will meet you smiling, yeild to your will, and for one Grain, return you many a Golden Ear.

His quaint conceits are shown in a letter dated from Burnham Thorpe, January 1st, 1787:—

> . . . December has visited us in all the pomp and parade of Winter, wind and storm and rattling Hail; cloathed with frosted robes, powdered with Snow, all trimmed in Glittering Icicles; no blooming Dowager was ever finer. But she has Figured and is gone, leaving the Throne to '87, who begins with modesty and meekness, in a plain, rusty Green, with here and there the dead leaf spott. Attended only by gentle weeping Zephyrs; (all Hypocrysy I doubt).

He compares himself, in his placid way, to the "poor snail that just creeps from shrub to shrub;" the "Noisy Nonsense of Elections" disturbs him not a whit. The story goes that his morning sermon used to continue until he perceived the vestry door softly opening; this was the agreed signal given by his housekeeper—the rectory being close at hand—that "pudding time" was near, and the discourse promptly concluded.

His are not the only letters of interest, however, to which the author has had access. Mr. George Matcham, who married Catherine, is often quoted from, and reveals himself as a fine, thorough English gentleman. Towards the end of the book come hints and allusions bearing upon the fascination of Lady Hamilton for Nelson, and the trouble of the father at the threatened unhappiness.

It was well worth while to spend "certain winter evenings" among the old papers from which Mr. Matcham has made such a judicious selection, and the fifteen illustrations enhance the value of his work. Those who wish to study the characters and dispositions of a group of typical English men and women of that stirring period of our history will read every page of this volume with unqualified pleasure.

THE INDIAN POLICE

Police and Crime in India. By Sir Edmund C. Cox, Bart. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Sir Edmund Cox spent thirty years in India, and rose to one of the highest positions in the police force of the Bombay Presidency, so that he writes with authority on his own subject. He has, moreover, had literary experience, and has learnt how to condense superabundant matter and bring out the salient points. He presents the case of the Indian police, its history, shortcomings, and efforts, with suggestions for improvement in a readable shape. The object of the writer is to enable the public to form its own opinion upon this much-abused department. It is obviously fair that critics should not form conclusions without hearing both sides, but critics, especially those of the Parliamentary order, are not wont to observe fairness; they get hold of enough to frame a *primâ facie* charge, and leave it to the Government spokesman to defend the department and the individual inculpated. But when a statesman of the calibre of Lord Courtney of Penwith shows the objections to a certain portion of Indian police procedure, there is certainly room for different views as to such points as the recording of confessions and the limitation of police detention.

The first impression produced by a perusal of this book was not that the police are hopelessly corrupt, or incapable of correction up to at least European standards, as some allege, but that an enormous amount of work was required to get rid of the vicious native system inherited on our gradual conquest of India, upon which new foundations had to be laid. Perhaps some of Sir Edmund Cox's most interesting chapters are those which describe the appalling state of the country at the commencement of British rule and the nature of the police under the old Hindu and Muhammadan Governments. The ancient village watch was part of the system of village communities in the days of emergence from barbarism; what passed for law and procedure under native government can only be regarded, according to modern ideas, as simply inhuman.

The methods employed, the tortures and beatings inflicted to extort confessions, the cruelty of the punishments, such as mutilation, trampling to death, or dragging by elephants, were simply frightful. Monstrous cruelties could be stopped at once, but even with the lapse of time it has been impossible to remove the bad name attaching to the Police Department in India. "The traditions of the force are native, and, it may be added, so are the traditional beliefs regarding it. If an ideal police could be called into existence to-morrow it would be regarded as corrupt until it had lived down its popular reputation. So it is with individuals; the honest sub-inspector is likely to be suspected only of being more astute than his dishonest colleague." Before Lord Curzon appointed the Police Commission of 1902-03, a late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal wrote forcibly:—"In no branch of the administration in Bengal is improvement so imperatively required as in the police. There is no part of our system of which such universal and bitter complaint is made, and none in which, for the relief of the people and the reputation of Government, is reform in anything like the same degree so urgently called for. The evil is essentially in the investigating staff. It is dishonest and it is tyrannical. It is essential for a real reform that there should be a bold increase in the wages of a staff which wields so great a power, and in the more careful supervision of their work."

This Commission took infinite pains in their inquiries, but the Government declined to accept their exaggerated condemnation of the whole Department, and some of their recommendations had been found unworkable. Apart from the difficulty of eradicating inveterate and ingrained abuses, improvements cost money, and only by degrees can the expenditure of a million of pounds per annum recommended by the Commission be found by the Government. Again, money cannot do everything. Though the pay of the force is increased from top to bottom and other measures are adopted to strengthen its position, there will always remain the imperfections of the Oriental character to overcome,

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which cannot be extirpated immediately from the whole force. Education will do something, the police training-schools will do more, promotions and rewards will have their effects; but when all is said there will remain the old Oriental feelings that power and authority are to be utilised for personal advantage, that corruption is venial and truth of no consequence, that the demerit of irregularities consists in being found out. Until "honesty is the best policy" has come to be accepted as a working principle, it cannot be said that a decent standard of morality has been attained. This is the real fundamental difficulty of establishing a satisfactory Police Department in India. The mental attitude of Orientals towards crime on the one hand, and towards methods of suppression on the other, requires thorough change. So much progress has been attained that we need not despair of further advance, but it will take time.

Meanwhile the criminal classes avail themselves of the resources of civilisation to further their nefarious ends. The world has from time to time been startled with accounts of the use of bombs and revolvers against unoffending persons, of the murders of policemen in revenge for the evidence given by them, of the efforts made to terrorise officers from the execution of their duties. But probably few people know of the facilities afforded by the railways. Apart from the wandering tribes, which practically consist of professional criminals, such as the Bhamptas, Minas, and Kaikaris, there are many thousands of Pathans in India who, entering the country across the extended Afghan border, look on the plains of India as their happy hunting-ground. Some of them lead an absolutely nomadic life. Most of them claim to be engaged in some trade or profession, adopted as a specious cloak for their malpractices. They travel enormous distances to carry out their schemes. Sir Edmund Cox mentions that they "will travel hundreds of miles by rail on their errands of crime. When challenged they are always ready with a false account of their movements, and they will give any names and addresses which happen to come into their heads."

The chapter on the Criminal Tribes is of special interest as containing curious information of circumstances entirely unknown to England. Sir Edmund Cox, however, warns the reader of forming the impression that most, if not all, offences are committed by members of the "criminal" tribes or classes. "Unfortunately, a considerable proportion of the ordinary inhabitants of every village may be termed potential if not actual criminals."

The general opinion of Sir Charles Napier is that he was a brave, fiery old soldier who took Sind; a somewhat eccentric and wilful Commander-in-Chief who tried a fall with Lord Dalhousie and got the worst of it. Sir Edmund Cox has unearthed the information that Sir Charles was the father of the modern Indian police, by introducing into Sind "an efficient police force on the principles adopted in England. The police were to be a separate force employed solely on police work." The separation of police from military duties was made universal, but while employed under the civil authorities they are drilled and have such military organisation as is necessary.

Sir Edmund Cox has much to say of police departmental details, also of the admirable penal and procedure codes of India, which the general reader will presumably skip, but policemen of all grades should study this portion as well as the whole volume. There are, perhaps, two common opinions of police work—the one that it demands the highest intelligence, the other that it is dirty work, sometimes involving unsavoury methods. The truth probably lies between these extreme views. At any rate, civilisation requires that somehow it must be done. Sir Edmund Cox deserves commendation for showing so clearly and fully how it is performed in India and its benefit to the country.

B

LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Annals of a Yorkshire House, from the Papers of a Macaroni and his Kindred. By A. M. W. Stirling. Two Volumes. Illustrated. (John Lane. 32s. net.)

Those who desire an interesting picture of the lives of country gentlemen in the eighteenth century will find an admirable study in these delightful volumes. Mrs. Stirling is already known as a researcher of insight into family archives by the Life of her great-grandfather, Thomas William Coke, Earl of Leicester. In these volumes she writes of some other ancestors—the Stanhopes of Horsforth and the Spencers of Cannon Hall—more particularly of another great-grandfather, Walter Spencer Stanhope, whose father married into the family of the Spencers. We do not propose to follow the biography of Walter Stanhope, but leave that pleasant survey to the readers of the "Annals." We prefer to give some examples of the general human interest which is so deftly woven into what may be termed the literary tapestry of Mrs. Stirling's cunning work.

First, there is the picture of country life, which begins with a characteristic dispute about fishing. We all know how amazingly tenacious country squires are to-day of their rights over a small trout-stream, and the lasting quarrels between neighbours about fish. So far back as the reign of Charles II. one John Spencer, after a savage quarrel with a poor man named Dyson, who was fishing near Hoyland Swaine, ran the wretched angler through the heart with his rapier. Being a noted Cavalier, the King granted him a Royal reprieve, "which, with its Great Seal attached, is still in existence." In a later generation (*c.* 1740) we find the family at Cannon Hall with a *ménage* whose nomenclature suggests a comic pack of cards of our childhood. Yet Mrs. Stirling assures us of the fact as an undesigned coincidence. They were Mrs. Pickle, the cook; Mrs. Comfit, the housekeeper; Peach, the gardener; Fisher and Shooter, the gamekeepers; Saddler, the groom; Beat, the huntsman; Spur, the whipper-in. As might be expected, there are many accounts of sport—racing, hunting, shooting, and cock-fighting. The old kennel lists are still preserved, with the name, pedigree, and fate of each dog, showing an extraordinary number "annually ordered for execution," either on the plea of having worried sheep or in dread of madness. In the lists of the cocks used for cock-fighting the note of the fights arranged "is preceded reverently by the phrase 'Please God.'" This was but seemly, seeing that the parson was not infrequently found at the cockpit on a Sunday afternoon. Great funerals also were pompously reverent. When William Spencer died, in 1756, sixty-eight torches (one for each year of his life) were carried in procession, with the coffin covered with a black velvet pall, from a black-draped room to the black-draped church. Fox-hunting squires drank hard in those days. After one famous run twenty men drank sixty bottles of port at a convivial evening at Cannon Hall.

The details of a sojourn in London present a curious contrast to the luxury of the twentieth century. William Spencer writes to John Spencer in 1747 for his opinion "about how we must live in town"—a party of three with two servants, and expects to get lodgings for two guineas a week, and so much extra "per joynt for meat-dressing," while he should pay £8 a week for the "keeping of a pair of mares, and 10s. 6d. for the hire of a coachman." Eventually a party of seven boarded and lodged in Dorset Court, Chanel Row, Westminster, with one Mrs. Usgates, having the use of six rooms for £4 10s. a week for the whole party. We cannot imagine the daughter of a country house to-day entrusting her father with the purchase of her clothes in town, "a Camblet wth a Sattin Vest, embroidered loops in a

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Slight Maner, six yards and a Q^r for ye Peticoat, and fashionable black silk Cap;"—still less, concluding her letter "with proper Comp^t to Yourself and Bro^rs Hond Sir, Y^r m^t Dutifull Dau^re A. M. Spencer." An improvement in travelling from the North began in the latter half of the century, when it was announced (in 1763) that "Safe and Expeditious travelling with Machines on steel springs in four days to London could be performed from the Old King's Arms in Leeds every Monday and Wednesday." And not long after there was a notable acceleration of The Leeds Machine to two days and a half. In 1776 the time was reduced to thirty-nine hours.

There are some interesting pictures in the University career of Walter Spencer Stanhope, who now becomes the central figure in the book. He writes in 1768 of "a remarkable and unprecedented thing:" how Lady Huntingdon, Queen of the Methodists, as Walpole called her, "entered eight Methodistical Mechanics at St. Edmund's Hall: and five of them (*proh pudor!*) Gentlemen Commoners, in sooth a barber, a grocer, a soap-boiler, a tallow chandler, and a blacksmith." Thus was Ruskin's scheme forestalled by a century, though the experiment was too advanced for the period, and did not last ten days, for "these sweet Saints with long visages did not escape Persecution, but were on Friday solemnly expelled."

When Walter Stanhope first entered on London life he found the "gilded youth" divided into two classes—the Beauties and the Macaronis. The Macaroni Club, so-called from a dish then little seen in England, was formed by young men fresh from the grand tour, who introduced the wildest gaiety of foreign fashion and gaming, much to the displeasure of the King and Queen. Stanhope soon became a prominent personage of the Macaronis, also of Almacks, and of the Society of the Dilettanti. Gaining a seat for Carlisle by the Lowther interest, he was Member of Parliament for nearly forty years. In these spheres he naturally made many acquaintances and some notable friendships among men of renown in that brilliant period, among whom were reckoned Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and Wilberforce. He describes the famous dramatic scene, when Burke, crying excitedly "Let us go!" took several Members of the House to Westminster Abbey to search for a site for the grave of Chatham. Even before Pitt entered Parliament Stanhope predicted his future in a curious wager:—"Gave Mrs. Andrew St. John five guineas; to receive 15 guineas when Mr. William Pitt is Prime Minister;" and four years later (1784) the debt must have been honoured. The eloquence of Fox was "astonishing," but none surpassed the wonderful rhetoric of Sheridan. There is an interesting account of Wilberforce's great struggle against the powerful Whig families in Yorkshire, and of his speech to 7,000 people in York, when, as Boswell wrote, "I saw what seemed to be a mere shrimp mount upon the table, but as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." In 1804 Wilberforce writes to Stanhope of the remarkable fact that, owing to the lack of timber, "18 tons of iron has just now been used in the repair of a 74 gun ship."

Mrs. Stirling is a clever and judicial biographer, possessing the gift of selection, and in these volumes throws many charming sidelights on the social and political life of the eighteenth century.

CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN POETRY

Contemporary Belgian Poetry. Selected and Translated by Jethro Bithell, M.A. (Walter Scott. 1s.)

We welcome this new volume in the cheap and convenient series known as the Canterbury Poets, if only because it re-emphasises the fact that Belgium has a very interesting and striking contemporary literature of its own, a literature written in French, but as clearly and even passionately national as that of any civilised country to-day. Modern Belgian poetry is as characteristic of the country as the work of Jordaens or Teniers, and could as little have been produced by a Frenchman. In this connection it is significant to note that all the Belgian poets of any importance are of Flemish origin. Verhaeren, Albert Giraud, Maeterlinck, and Van Lerberghe are Flemings; Max Elskamp had a Flemish father; Iwan Gilkin, who is more important as a dramatist, a Flemish mother. And though they employ the French language as their medium of expression, the emotions they seek to express are undeniably Flemish. The healthy and barbaric brutality of Verhaeren's earlier work is as much beyond the reach of a Frenchman as the mysterious, and to our mind tiresome, symbolism of Maeterlinck's songs. He is too civilised to produce the first, and he is too practical-minded to produce the second.

When we leave generalities criticism of poetry always becomes a question of individual preference. Probably every one will agree with Mr. Bithell in regarding Verhaeren, to whom this little book is dedicated, as the leading Belgian poet, but we hope that there are many who will take exception to his extravagant statement that he is the greatest of all French poets, past and present. Such a statement should always be accompanied and restricted by a definition of poetry, for, lacking that, it is difficult to know by what means the critic has arrived at his opinion. How does Mr. Bithell measure Verhaeren against Verlaine or Victor Hugo or Alfred de Musset? How do people do these things? In the same way we have always wondered by what process it has been discovered that Shakespeare is a greater poet than Keats. Is there some mysterious yard-measure of which the initiate avail themselves, or is it merely an emphatic method of stating personal prejudices and preferences? For great poetry cannot be arranged in degrees, and, once its greatness is admitted, the man who attempts the task commands our sympathy rather than our admiration. Who can say whether the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" is greater or less than the wonderful love-scene at the end of the "Merchant of Venice"? The unwarrantable use of superlatives is a defect in much modern criticism, and phrases such as the greatest poet, the greatest sculptor, the greatest painter remind us of the tallest sky-scraper, the longest sea-serpent, and the most gigantic gooseberry.

Nevertheless, we do not quarrel with Mr. Bithell for devoting sixty of his two hundred pages to the work of Verhaeren, for this is without doubt the most interesting and the most characteristically Flemish section of the book. There is no need to criticise the poet at length, for Verhaeren's work is probably better known in England than that of any other contemporary foreign poet. On the other hand, we imagine that few English readers have seriously wrestled with the lyrics of M. Maeterlinck, which leave our admiration for the poetical qualities of his prose works unaltered. A far more interesting poet is Albert Giraud, who expresses his personality in verse of a classical purity of style. He is very badly treated with only six pages, which will hardly give the reader an idea of his merit. Such a poet as Sylvain Bonmariage should not have been included at all, while personally we would also have dispensed with specimens of the work of Isi-Collin, Jean Dominique, Georges Rency, and Georges Marlow. But in justice to Mr. Bithell we should add that he has not given us much of any of these writers, and on the whole he may be said to have performed his task of selection very well.

The translation of poetry from one language to another calls either for a miracle or a crime. The miracle happens when a poet finds himself so much in sympathy with an alien *confrère* that he succeeds in pouring the wine of his

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song from one flask to another without loss or adulteration. We remember certain translations of Swinburne, of Rossetti, of Edward Fitzgerald, and we know that the feat is possible. But almost invariably the translator of poetry is compelled to choose one of two criminal alternatives. He must either sacrifice fidelity to the original to the exigencies of a new medium of expression, or be content to produce a faithful version from which all the poetical qualities of the original are absent. Mr. Bithell has compromised by sinning in both directions. For instance, there is nothing in the poetical merit of this—

I know full well to-day, my dream was mad;
My love of autumn was a crime, no doubt;
And like a nail I tear the yearning out
That my too simple heart for childhood had—

to justify it as a translation of:—

Je comprends aujourd'hui que mon rêve était fou,
Que mon amour d'automne était presque une offense,
Et j'arrache à jamais de mon cœur, comme un clou,
Le tragique désir d'une impossible enfance.

This will serve as a compendious example of the liberties that Mr. Bithell takes with his text. He has changed the metre and the order of the rhyme-endings; he has translated *presque* in the second line by "no doubt;" he has not translated *à jamais* in the third line or *impossible* in the fourth at all, and to fill up he has attached an epithet of his own to the word "heart." Allowing himself such a freedom as this, we cannot but feel that he should have produced better results poetically.

But, in spite of this, we think that this little book will serve its purpose very well in giving English readers who cannot read French verse an opportunity of realising certain aspects of contemporary Belgian poetry. A literal prose translation accompanied by the original text is, in our opinion, always more satisfactory. But doubtless that lies outside the scheme of the present series. And when we consider the difficulty of giving anything like an adequate version of the work of twenty different poets, we realise that it is unjust to apply too high a standard to Mr. Bithell's renderings.

We must end with a word of caution. Flemish art is outspoken, and, as Mr. Bithell has sensibly and courageously published his translations without expurgation, this is emphatically not a book for the young. Indeed, when we recall the outcry that was raised against Swinburne's relatively innocuous "Poems and Ballads," we wonder what Robert Buchanan and his blushing comrades would have made of such a book as this. But as a rule the bluntness of the Belgian poets may be taken to be a sign of barbaric healthiness of mind rather than of any unwholesome absorption in the sexual. At the same time, if this book had been the original work of an English poet it would never have found a publisher. R. M.

THE AGONISTS

The Agonists: a Trilogy of God and Man. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

A critic with a poem before him strange as to manner and uncommon as to its substance has always a difficult task to achieve the perfect balance between an eagerly receptive mind and a clear reliance on certain ineradicable principles. For there are such principles. There is a class of stolid unwieldy minds for which To-day expresses the utmost possible summit of achievement, and to which all things new wear the clear brand of the pit. With that, of course, no sane mind has any sympathy. We must go on: if we cannot progress, we must discover things new; if we cannot discover things that are new, then we must express the old things with the new charm of hot life, which is in itself a manner of discovery. But there is another class of mind: and it is very much the rule with a certain type among modern literary critics. The exploits of this class of mind are very interesting. Put before it a poem cast from pure gold, but fashioned in old-time Spenserian stanzas, and the chances are that it will not even be read. But put before it some shapeless mass of versicles, and something very like ecstasy will ensue. A poem that expresses man's perennial love for woman it will put by with a gesture of scorn; but a poem that deals with a sporadic, if not a coxcomb's, hatred of woman it will hail as a sign of strength—whereas it will probably be the outcome of an irritation that is the very essence of weakness.

So in approaching Mr. Hewlett's poem it becomes absolutely necessary to have certain fundamental principles clearly in mind. For instance, it is the business of poetry to express beauty. Whether that beauty be its own sufficiency, as some say, or whether it be the most exquisite concomitant of a higher morality, as others will say, does not very much matter at the moment. The main thing is that beauty, and not ugliness, is the goal, or, to put it in terms of the reading mind, the thing to be stirred in us should be exaltation and not revulsion, ecstasy and not distaste. So much for the substance of poetry. As for the manner of its expression, there are broad rules here too, not less unfailing. For the whole course of poetry is the history of the attempt to articulate beauty in an eternal, universal rhythm—such as the planets swing to, such as guides the stars and dominates our own minds and emotions. That rhythm admits of diversity; it even demands diversity, since without it the monotony is intolerable. But it is a diversity of the rhythm and not a defiance of it. Or, to phrase it in the terms of our own literature, we say that Norton and Sackville were incompetent because the thump and stump of the iambic metre in Gordobuc hypnotised them (and wearied us), and we say that Occleve was incompetent because his lines have not the wildest suggestion of rhythm. We go to sleep over the one, and we could "hurl things" at the other. The finest example of an artist who can keep ever true to his dominating rhythm, and yet ever keep shifting his weights and marshalling his metrical legions, is, of course, Milton.

Therefore when we find Mr. Hewlett saying in his preface that "surely poetry may borrow from prose without ceasing to be poetry," it gives us pause. As a point of fact (and it would be a good thing if this were more clearly recognised in certain quarters to-day) poetry and prose, or, rather, metrical and unmetrical expression, are so distinct that a true artist has actually to *conceive* the thing he would say in one or the other form. Mr. Hewlett goes on to say that "the burden of the iambic pentameter has been too many for the poets—and, it seems, for their readers." Well, if it was one too many for the "poets," it would very naturally be one too many for their readers. That goes without saying. But it is by no means so clear that in overcoming feeble poets the iambic pentameter did not prove its own heroic qualities. Long before Milton appeared on the scene it proved one too many for poor Occleve, but that does not prove Occleve right and the iambic pentameter at fault. Read the following passage from Mr. Hewlett's present work, and judge whether it or the much-despised iambic pentameter is more apt to stupefy the reader.

Britomart's ghost, querulous,
Men say, still flits about
The precinct where her heart
Was fixt, and in the night
Her prayers sob round the aisles.
So the haplessly dead,
Pluckt too soon from the earth,
Haunt it still, living
Unsubstantially there!

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It simply is not rhythm of any kind, and to print it as poetry is to beg the whole question Printed as prose it would defy reconstruction, and the ear aches with the effort to hear a rhythm that is not there, and the mind is irritated beyond measure. The attention instead of being assisted, as is the business of metre, is destroyed; and the mind, instead of being charmed by a richness of music, is puzzled by cacophony. This is not a question of novelty; it is simply a question of laws that dominate all things, from Sirius with his dark companion to the emotions in our own bosoms—laws which Mr. Hewlett, either in weakness or in unhealthiness, has defied, and which have therefore broken him. It is too late in the day to make a new universe. Creation is not mere novelty; it is discovery. Even at its best Mr. Hewlett's verse, by irritating the expectation, proves that the fundamental laws of the mind are being violated. The mind floats on such a passage as the following with an extraordinary feeling of rest:

> O steadfast and sure, O holy,
> O grey-eyed Maiden far-seeing,
> O lovely as light on the hills,
> O kind as the sun on the hill-tops!
> O clear and pure, to whose beam
> Is given to cleave things hid
> In men's dark souls—lift now
> The shroud of pain from our heads!

Then we realise that it is the equable rhythm that has given our expectation its ease.

Inasmuch as we can only know a poem by its appearance, it has seemed wise to deal first with the somewhat repelling shape Mr. Hewlett has seen fit to give his Trilogy. Yet, when one approaches the matter and substance of it, one finds a similar repulsion there. We may be forgiven the thought that it is surely time we outgrew the myths of two and a half millenniums ago. Not only do they fail absolutely to express our conceptions, but they strike us as very puerile for the most part—always excepting the beautiful myth of Demeter and Persephone. Even its tales are far remote from us: the great story of Oedipus, for example, with its clockwork cynicism of the gods, having to overcome an undesirable resistance before attention can be won. Yet even if a poet elect to be so far recessive at this time of day as to go back to the Greek tales, worked through so often as they have been, there are still many of them that make a sufficiently desirable proffer without choosing so repulsive a story. This whole Trilogy is based on the sin of Pasiphaë; that is to say, on a thing that is horrible. If, as has been said, it is the business of poetry to express beauty, then Mr. Hewlett has stumbled at the very threshold of the matter by expressing something that is ugly and revolting. No ethic teaching can be drawn from Pasiphaë's sin, because it is outside human, or, at least, legitimate experience. Her sin, and the death of Minos' son, is the burthen of the first of the Trilogy. In his Introduction Mr. Hewlett tells us that Power, Love, and Knowledge being the essential qualities of God, and therefore of Man when likest God, each unit of the Trilogy has as its business to expose the failure of God or man from the lack of one or other of these essential qualities. Minos, for example, fails because although he had knowledge he had not power. Incidentally he seems to show a singular lack of knowledge. Perhaps he had it, however, but was not given an opportunity of showing it. But exactly wherein he shows his lack of power, seeing he was broken through his wife's monstrous sin, does not appear.

The next unit deals with Ariadne in Naxos; and through it all there is a subtler unhealthiness, though it is not less undesirable. It purports to show that the god Dionysus has power, but not the faculty, of winning love. Truly enough the structure of the story conveys it, but it is not brought home to us. The adultery of Ariadne with Dionysus is so arbitrary, so mechanical, that the mind calls out against it. Let the matter be put clearly. When Macbeth commits his murder, were his evil twice as great as it is, the story of his deed twines about us, for he is one of us. He acts from a propulsion that we can understand, however we may condemn it. Therefore his story need make no effort to convey a moral, for in the deepest sense it is in itself a moral. It moves on the plane of our understanding. The evils he may do may be great, may be heinous, but they are not monstrous. But when Ariadne is led away by Dionysus, or when Theseus is sent away by Dionysus, it is not Ariadne nor Theseus nor Dionysus who acts, it is a harsh, arbitrary, ugly old story that pushes them about. Like the incoherence of the verse, it irritates us and violates our sense of fitness. The mind objects to being irritated and harrowed simply to please the undesirable caprice of an unlikely old legend. Mr. Hewlett tells us that poets have hitherto avoided this cycle of legends. That in itself should have made him suspicious of them.

All this is a pity. Lofty endeavours are not so numerous nowadays that we can look on a ruin of this kind unmoved. Poems that aim as high as this cycle aims are urgent to be done. But when we see a poem like this fail, both in matter and manner, we may be forgiven the thought that its maker has scarcely the equipment for their achievement.

HENRY VIII.'S PERSONALITY

Henry VIII. and his Court. By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. With Four Full-page Plates. Sixth Edition. (Cassell and Co. 1s. net.)

We have received the sixth edition of Sir Herbert Tree's notes on "Henry VIII. and his Court." The little work is only intended as a useful commentary upon the stage production of Shakespeare's play. Sir Herbert Tree writes: "Henry was every inch a man, but he was no gentleman," and he proceeds to support this view by giving the family history of the Tudors, who were a Welsh family of somewhat humble stock. "Henry VII.'s great-grandfather was butler or steward to the Bishop of Bangor, whose son, Owen Tudor, coming to London, obtained a Clerkship of the Wardrobe to Henry V.'s Queen, Catherine of France." A morganatic marriage took place, the two sons of it, Edmund and Jasper, were favoured by their half-brother, Henry VI.: Edmund became Earl of Richmond, and, in 1543, was formally declared legitimate and enrolled a member of the King's Council. Two years later he married the Lady Margaret Beaufort, a descendant of Edward III. It was this union between Edmund Tudor and Margaret Beaufort which gave Henry VII. his claim by descent to the English Throne.

A chronicler who saw Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold describes him in a somewhat different manner to that which Sir Herbert Tree has put forward:—

> The goodliest prince that ever reigned over the realm of England, *honnete, hault et droit,* in manner gentle and gracious, rather fat with a red beard, large enough, and very becoming.

If the chronicler is to be believed, there is no reason to attribute to Henry coarse or ungentlemanly behaviour, and therefore the actor who represents the Tudor monarch must choose between the statement that Henry was no gentleman and the description which we have just quoted, and which would certainly lead one to suppose that in his manners at least he was one. At any rate, we cannot conceive that Henry's musical ability could possibly be the

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attribute of a boorish person. We are told that he "played with taste and execution on the organ, harpsichord, and lute;" also that he had "a powerful voice, and sang with great accomplishment." He had many other accomplishments, amongst which we may mention that he was a practical architect. On the whole we think that he was an accomplished man, and that he should be portrayed on the stage in that light.

There are many smart epigrammatic phrases in the book. We note that "To-day the pen is mightier than the sword; the stylograph is more deadly than the stiletto."

The little volume goes on to trace with accuracy Wolsey's magnificence:—

> His gold and silver plate at Hampton Court alone was valued by the Venetian Ambassador at 300,000 golden ducats, which would be the equivalent in modern coin of a million and a half. The silver was estimated at a similar amount.

Perhaps it would have been better if Wolsey had restricted his prodigality, bearing in mind that his royal master had a very keen eye to the magnificent as well as an unerring instinct to convert it to his own use. Thus we find the King asking of Wolsey:

> Why he, a subject, should have so magnificent an abode as Hampton Court; whereupon Wolsey diplomatically answered (feeling perhaps the twitch of a phantom rope around his neck), "To show how noble a place a subject may offer to his Sovereign." The King was not slow to accept this offer, and thenceforth made Hampton Court Palace his own.

The fall of Wolsey proceeded apace henceforward, and followed very closely on the lines of Shakespeare's play.

Sir Herbert Tree treats with considerable skill the intrigues and transactions which led to the Reformation, the whole *raison d'être* of which was whether the King could obtain a divorce from Queen Katharine in order to make Anne Boleyn his Queen. Of course these facts are well known to the historian, the main idea of the present work being to bring them together in a very concise and convenient manner, and the little book may well be recommended to those who during a half-hour like to be transported into a past of magnificence and great interest.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Imperial Telegraphic Communication. By CHARLES BRIGHT. (P. S. King and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. BRIGHT has gathered together in this small volume a number of papers, addresses, and articles contributed by him at various times to learned societies and monthly reviews upon the urgent need of the extension and cheapening of the cable system throughout the British Empire. This is one of the problems which is engaging the earnest attention of the Colonial Premiers at present visiting England—a problem the importance of which, in connection with Imperial unity, it is impossible to overestimate. The effective control and protection of our cable connections in time of war is as important as the efficiency of our fighting forces themselves. It is true that "wireless" has already proved a valuable auxiliary, but as matters stand its radius of activity is limited, and it would be a colossal error for any Government to await its perfection instead of using the materials already at hand in order to strengthen strategically the position of the Empire as an entity. When it is remembered that the cost of a first-class battleship is approximately twice that of an Atlantic cable, it seems scarcely credible that there is no British-owned cable between Canada and the British Isles. In fact, all indications point to the pooling of the existing Atlantic cable systems into one huge American combine, which would probably lead to a raising of rates, and might even be used as a means of checking trade between Great Britain and the Dominion.

But apart from the Atlantic connections, the position of the cables linking up the Mother Country with the more distant colonies is equally unsatisfactory. With the exception of the trans-Pacific cable between Australia and Canada, all the other lines pass through some portion of foreign territory, and are thus liable to interruption at any moment. There can be no guarantee against their being interfered with in the event of international complications, a sufficiently serious position of affairs considering the necessity, at all costs, of protecting the outlying portions of the Empire. In addition to the strategic side of the question, however, is the factor that lack of mutual understanding generally lies at the root of most Imperial difficulties. It is quite impossible to gauge accurately the legitimacy or justice of some grievance without being thoroughly conversant with the local conditions and the trend of popular feeling. No doubt the responsible officials are kept well informed, but even so it is the great mass of the general public which is indirectly responsible for a definite line of policy. Cheaper cable rates would mean increased communication of all kinds, leading up by degrees to mutual understanding and sympathy. The case of England and France is an excellent example of how public feeling can be swayed by closer acquaintanceship. Not so long ago France was regarded with deep suspicion as a species of hereditary enemy; but travel became easier and cheaper, visits were more frequently paid from the one country to the other and *vice versa*, with the result that distrust rapidly merged into sincere friendship. An all-red cable route linking up the distant portions of the Empire could not but prove an invaluable asset in strengthening the bonds of sympathy and understanding, upon which the whole structure of the Imperial ideal rests.

Nouveaux Récits des Temps Révolutionnaires. By ERNEST DAUDET. (Hachette and Co. 3f. 50c.)

SURELY it is time for M. Ernest Daudet to call a halt. He has been writing for more than fifty years, during which time his output has been enormous. It is seriously a question whether several of his later works deserved to be printed, at any rate in volume form. Never was there a more scrappy book than the one before us. We agree with M. Daudet that, although one may fix the date at which the French Revolutionary Period began, it is difficult to say when it ended (if, indeed, it has ended now), in such wise that one may perhaps be allowed to include in it matters pertaining both to the First Empire and to the Bourbon Restoration. But this *olla podrida* of M. Daudet's contains nothing of value and little of real interest. An account of the Empress Elizabeth, consort of Alexander I. of Russia, which is merely a kind of *précis* of a three-volume work issued by the Grand Duke Nicholas Michaelovitch; a few inconclusive particulars of a fraud of the "Spanish prisoner type; a reprint of the fragmentary story of an adventuress named Adélaïde Riflon, who duped sundry personages of the First Republic and the Consulate; a narrative of the case of the Chevalier de Gonault, who was shot at Troyes in 1814 for "treason" to Napoleon; a few glimpses of Louis XVIII. and his unworthy nephew the Duc de Berry; and a gossipy sketch of life at Aix-la-Chapelle during the Congress of 1818—such are the contents of M. Daudet's volume. The last paper, which is chiefly based on French police reports, is by far the best of the bunch, as it affords entertaining glimpses of the Russian

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and Austrian Emperors, Metternich, Wellington, and others, including Lady Castlereagh, who is shown dancing nimbly and incessantly with one or another crowned head, though she is described as a person of most colossal proportions, whose diamond-decked hair is surmounted by three long feathers (in fact, a Prince of Wales' crest) "rising perpendicularly towards heaven." There is also in this same paper some amusing information about the many *bas bleus*, vocalists, lady-aeronauts, and fortune-tellers who flocked to Aix in 1818; but in the rest of M. Daudet's volume we find little that is really new to us.

A Woman of the Revolution: Théroigne de Méricourt. By FRANK HAMEL. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

THE question which presents itself on examining this handsome volume is whether it was really worth while to expend so much time, trouble, ink, and paper on the biography of such a creature as Anne-Josèphe Terwagne, otherwise Théroigne de Méricourt. Mr. Frank Hamel has written previously, and wrttten well, on the Dauphines of France and Mme. du Châtelet, and those biographies were fitting themes for his skilful pen; but is it not excessive to devote a volume of nearly 400 pages to the career of a woman whom one may describe without hesitation as a harlot and a liar, and whose influence on the Revolution was brief, intermittent, and far less important than the legendary accounts of her (popularised in this country by Carlyle) would have us to believe? If a bulky octavo volume is to be allotted to a third or fourth rate character of the Revolution, we may have to revert to folios when we are dealing with the chief personages of that period. In our opinion, moreover, there is nothing attractive in the story of Théroigne's life. She is in no sense *sympathique*. Doubtless she was less guilty than some have asserted. Mr. Hamel shows that a good many lies have been told or written about her; but his book also contains proof that she told or wrote a good many lies herself. Her kindness to her brothers, who did not scruple to take from her money she derived from her protectors, is adduced as a proof of her "noble" nature; but many similar examples might be adduced among women of her character. She is also described as being very attractive in appearance, if not exactly beautiful. It is difficult to decide, however, which of the portraits of her given in this volume is the least ugly. Possibly it is the one serving as a frontispiece, for in this she merely looks anæmical.

Our criticism of Mr. Hamel's book is levelled solely at its subject, for we gladly acknowledge that he is a very careful and well-informed writer. We trust that he will select for his next work a more reputable and attractive heroine than the so-called "brown beauty," over whom Carlyle contrived to wax sentimentally eloquent, but who leaves us profoundly cold.

THE *Illustrated London News* is described on its title-page as a "Coronation Record Number," and, from a somewhat cursory glance through the many charming pages which go to make up this souvenir edition, it would appear that the appellation is well merited. There are twenty-four coloured and other plates, many illustrations, and portraits. The frontispiece consists of the reproduction of a special painting of King George expressly designed for the *Illustrated London News* by Mr. C. Ouless. Other pictures include an excellent likeness of Queen Mary, after the painting by Mr. G. C. Wilmshurst; one of Edward, Prince of Wales, after Mr. S. Begg; illustrations of representatives of the King's "Own" Regiments of the Indian Army, and photographs of the Regalia to be used at the Coronation. There are also several pages devoted to the illustration of some very interesting legendary fantasies, such as "The Legend of the Egyptian Origin of the Stone of Scone," "The Fisherman's Vision," and "The Virgin Appearing to Thomas à Becket."

In such a number as this the reading-matter naturally takes a secondary place, although a very large amount of interesting information is given with reference to the many and varied matters in connection with the coming ceremony. The very handsome borders surrounding the illustrations must not be passed by without a word of comment. We think that it is no exaggeration to say that these constitute some of the most artistic portions of the "Record Number." The designs are most beautiful and dainty, while the colours are made to blend in a manner only possible to any one who has a very keen appreciation of the beautiful. No one who spends half-a-crown on *The Illustrated London News Coronation Number* can possibly be disappointed in his purchase.

FICTION

The Ship of Coral. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

MR. STACPOOLE'S latest novel may be bracketed with "The Blue Lagoon" for several reasons. It is a return to his best manner—the real, adventurous, vivid story-telling manner which holds any reader but a misanthrope charmed until the last page is finished. Gaspard Cadillac and a shipmate, Yves, are wrecked on an outer island of the West Indies, sole survivors. Yves, wandering at the edge of the lagoon, discovers the wonderful sunken vessel encrusted with coral, gleaming with a thousand hues, which is the theme of the book, and the story of Gaspard's unfortunate quarrel with Yves, of his meeting with the extraordinary Captain Sagesse of Saint Pierre, and of their subsequent adventures in search of treasure, forms a romance quite as enthralling as any Mr. Stacpoole has previously given us. Running through it all we have a delicate little love-episode, which ends happily, although the climax is reached among the ruins of the city which Pelée's awful eruption wellnigh erased from the map.

None of Mr. Stacpoole's skill in description has deserted him; he makes his readers see the wonderful tropical dawns and sunsets. Here is a word-picture difficult to excel:—

> The world now seemed dipped in the cup of a great golden flower, and the little ripples that came sighing in round the low-tide reefs showed their foam like fleeces of gold. Not a trace of cloud showed in the golden sky, not a wave on the golden sea; in that wonderful sunset the palm-tops burned like fingers of flame, and, as music lights the soul of man, so did the golden and glowing atmosphere the heart of the lagoon.
>
> The ship in the water below answered to the magic of the light; the thing that had been grey and dismal as death was in a moment transformed to a dream of colour; the grains of frost-white coral became golden lamps; starfish, sea-flowers, coralline growths, pink, crimson, indigo, pale yellow—colour and form, all lent their adornment. Shadowless on her bed of dazzling sand, she hung for a moment burning in full sight, clear to the eye as though she were floating in air, and exquisite as a jewel; then, just as she had bloomed she faded out, her colour and beauty passing with the fading light; and as night swept over the sea like the shadow of a violet wing, she vanished utterly, whilst the lagoon filled with darkness, and the first stars cast their shimmer on its surface.

Such vivid colour is the note of this fascinating story, and

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if we cannot set sail for these isles of light and beauty, the next best thing is to read of them in Mr. Stacpoole's delightful romances.

The Major's Niece. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

HERE is a capital book, with many a laugh in it. There are not so many books written at the present time that compel laughter as to put this one in danger of being overlooked. Mr. Birmingham has made a "corner" in this kind of natural, spontaneous, mirth-provoking Irish tale, and in "J. J." he has a real character, a character that made the success of "Spanish Gold" and will sustain this. Major Kent receives a letter from his sister living in Australia, where her husband rears sheep, while she rears a big family, the size of which is loosely defined by being called the convenient number of ten. It may be more or less, her brother thinks; but it is some good round number, and he cannot be exact about it. In the letter his sister says that she is on a trip to Europe, and she proposes to send her daughter Marjorie to stay with her uncle what time she and her husband "do" the European capitals. The Major is a bachelor, devoted to the breeding of ponies and to his yacht. His house, called "Portsmouth Lodge," is unique in the district by reason of the fact that the Major has raised up a thoroughly tidy Irish housekeeper, only, however, to fall into deep subjection to her. His domestic requirements are further arranged for in the shape of a maid called Mary Garry, a man to look after his horses called Jamesey Deneril, and a boy engaged to do odd jobs called Pandeen Canavan, which he either does or does not, according to the proximity of the strap. It is into this house that a niece is to be shot from Australia, and in his anxiety to know how best to meet so desperate a situation, the Major calls in the advice of his friend the Rev. J. J. Weldon, who is the curate of Ballymoy, and called by his friend "J. J."

After reading the letter "J. J." assures the Major, from internal evidence, that she is a grown-up young lady, and draws up an elaborate programme, including tennis parties, At Homes, cycling (a new machine is bought for her at the instigation of "J. J."), and other innocent diversions for a charming young lady just entering into the world. The story of her beauty and her talents is set abroad quite innocently by "J. J.," and the whole countryside is looking forward to her arrival. At last the day of her arrival is reached, and the Major and "J. J." set off to meet, at the distant station, the grown-up young lady whose coming has excited so much calculation. Marjorie is met, and Marjorie is ten years old. The fun and frolic of the child, the blarney of "J. J." who carries off every situation in triumph, make capital reading. This is a book for the idle-born, and makes idleness profitable unto health.

The Valley of Regret. By ADELAIDE HOLT. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE name of the author of "The Valley of Regret" is new to us. The consequent inference is, therefore, that it is her first book. If this is the case Miss Adelaide Holt is to be congratulated on the triumphant success which it will undoubtedly make. It is a masterpiece of characterisation, style, construction—of everything, in short, that constitutes the art of novel-writing. The lapses, faults, and jarring *clichés* which almost invariably escape the blue pencil in the vast majority of first novels are non-existent in "The Valley of Regret." Miss Adelaide Holt's characterisation does not consist of the long-winded, over-elaborate, and wholly tiresome stuff which most authors seem to consider good writing. She has sketched in her characters with light, delicate touches which are peculiar to a master craftsman. Betty, John, Edward, the German Jew—without exception, all her characters are strikingly alive. Everything that they do and say, one feels instinctively, was done and said by them. It would be impossible for them to have acted or spoken differently. The tragedy of Edward—which is not half so awful as the tragedy of Betty or of John—is worked out step by step with consummate skill, the last scene being one of almost painful drama and reality. The pictures of slum life, with Father Ben, John, and Betty as their centre, are beautifully told. The writer does skate lightly and easily over the surface of things. She holds up their souls for our inspection. "The Valley of Regret" is one of the best novels of the year, and we shall look forward with keen interest to all Miss Adelaide Holt's subsequent work.

THE THEATRE

"HEDDA GABLER" AT THE KINGSWAY

IN his own grim manner Ibsen answered the protest of his opponents, embodied in the words of Judge Brack, "People don't do such things," by writing "Hedda Gabler," and incidentally giving the principal part a difficulty, a mysterious emotional appeal, which few actresses can grapple with successfully. Hedda is Ibsen's inevitable revolutionist; or, to put it more poetically, his inevitable symbolic bird of freedom—angrily, fruitlessly, hopelessly beating its wings against the bars of its cage. Like Ellida, in "The Lady from the Sea," she cannot breathe in the strange atmosphere of her new home; but, unlike Ellida, her solution of the problem ends in cloud, storm, and oblivion instead of sunshine and peace. "I, at any rate," wrote Ibsen in a letter to Georg Brandes, "shall never be able to join a party which has the majority on its side. Bjornson says, 'The majority is always right;' and as a practical politician he is bound, I suppose, to say so. I, on the contrary, of necessity say, 'The minority is always right.'" Flying in the face of conventions, he investigated the result of revolt, and of that peculiar, unsatisfactory sort of courage which comes from nerves strung up to the breaking-point; and we, to-day, watch the cruel struggles of his imprisoned, rebellious souls with a curious kind of interest—half fascinated, half repelled; the echoes of the acclamations and derisions of the 'eighties still ring in our ears, mingled with the sense that these studies in psychology are even now not out of date, not without their meaning.

Madame Yavorska finds in Hedda a character peculiarly suited to the wonderful acting with which she has surprised those who have seen her. She is, perhaps, a trifle too sinuous, too provocative (for lack of a better word), for the Hedda of the play, but there can be no doubt that she interprets the part thoroughly. Some critics might say that she interprets it too thoroughly, since into her slightest sentences she throws a vivid emphasis, an almost strenuous significance; but this is partly the result of her thrilling voice and its exotic accent. In the scene where she tears up the manuscript of Lovborg's book she was superb; her passion of mingled emotions was fierce, seeming to carry her away. She is full of gesture and movement, yet always exquisitely graceful; but at times, without a motion, still and tragic, she can convey a whole mood of fear, loneliness, and revulsion. With her excellent performance must be coupled the fine exposition of Mr. Franklin Dyall as Judge Brack. He was restrained without being stiff, intense without the slightest approach to melodrama; the finest moments of the

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play, from an artistic point of view, came when he and Madame Yavorska occupied the stage together.

It was a pity that Mr. F. Kinsey Peile took the part of George Tesman too broadly. By acting it so freely in a low-comedy manner, and by a rather too comic make-up, he rendered it inconceivable that Hedda, as portrayed by Madame Yavorska, should have married him for any reason whatsoever. His recurrent exclamation, "Fancy that, Hedda!" was delivered in a manner which became irritating; indeed, we imagine it would be to the advantage of the play to cut a good many "Fancy thats" out completely, for they simply made certain members of the audience laugh when no laughter was intended or needed. Mr. Lewis Willoughby as Eilert Lovborg, again, would have gained by a less emphatic rendering of his lines; he was too tigerish in his love-making, if the reminiscent moments with Hedda Tesman can so be called. On the other hand, in his more quiet appearances he proved himself very capable. Miss Helen Haye improved as she went on in the part of Mrs. Elvsted; Miss Florence Haydon as the aunt, Juliana Tesman, knew and gave precisely the value of her part; and the servant was well rendered by Miss Jean Bloomfield, who ought some day to be seen in an Ibsen play which should give her more scope.

Much applause and many flowers were the portion of the Princess throughout and at the conclusion of the play, and once more we must congratulate her on a success in which a vivid personality is enforced by remarkable histrionic powers.

"THE CHERRY ORCHARD" AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

On Tuesday afternoon the Incorporated Stage Society produced the above comedy in four Acts, translated from the Russian of Anton Tchehov by Mrs. Edward Garnett, before a large but not enthusiastic audience. No blame can be attached to the audience for its lack of enthusiasm, for although the actors and actresses concerned were perfect in their parts, and excellent in their interpretations, the prevailing idea must have been wonder,—wonder at what it was all about. The characters, to an English mind, express very little. They saunter on the stage, make observations which seem to have little to do with the piece, and utter small jokes which hardly raise a smile and altogether fail to justify their existence. As a picture of Russian manners and society such a production may have its value; it cannot, however, be called a play, since there is no dramatic progression, nor, for English hearers, is there anything to grip the attention. Miss Katharine Pole, Mr. Franklin Dyall, Mr. Harcourt Williams, to mention but three members of a lengthy cast, did their best with the unpromising material at their disposal; but the Stage Society has a weary task before it if it hopes to educate us up to an appreciation of plays which by their nature cannot signify much to a public brought up under totally different conditions from those portrayed.

"THE ONLY WAY" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

"The Only Way," like "The Broken Melody," is a perennial. Men may come and men may go, but these go on for ever. We saw "The Only Way" when Mr. Martin Harvey first produced it and sprang from general utility to a leading man. Having served a long apprenticeship with Sir Henry Irving at the old Lyceum Theatre, where he played innumerable small parts, and where he was likely to remain as merely Mr. Harvey, the production of Mr. Freeman Wills' adaptation of Charles Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" was apparently his only way to fame and fortune. We have never seen this play since its memorable first night, many years ago. We were vastly interested in seeing not only how it wore, but how Mr. Harvey had survived the monotony of so many performances.

As a piece of dramatic work it is not a very great effort. Its construction is rather feeble, its dialogue old-fashioned and high-flown. It requires a man with great gifts, of a very winning personality, to carry it through with any success. We were glad to find Mr. Martin Harvey much freer of the actor's tricks than we had expected. It is true that he no longer brings into the earlier Acts the variety of notes which he used to employ. We found him all too sad and sweet and, if we may say so, sickly. But in the tribunal scene his work showed a great improvement, and of course his almost ethereal manner was very useful in the last Act and in the tableau. We think that he now overdoes that curious out-of-tune intonation which has been so greatly imitated with such fatal effects, and his slowness rather induces somnolence. But the popular Lyceum audience greedily accepts Mr. Harvey's air of inspiration. He certainly has what is known in theatrical parlance as ecstasy. No man ever gave up his life for love's sake so splendidly or so self-consciously. Mr. Harvey even makes the over-indulgence in the drinking of port wine saintly, and he cracks the few jokes with which he is provided with the air of an archangel. He is indeed altogether angelic.

We found, however, in the general representation of the play a rather unfortunate reproduction of Mr. Harvey's methods, mannerisms, and vocal effects in all the other leading parts. This was especially noticeable in the actor who appeared as Charles Darnay, son of the Marquis de St. Evremonde, and the actress who took the part of Lucie Manette. The love scene between these two in the country garden of a house in Soho was a very amazing thing. It was almost operatic. Mr. Cowley Wright and Miss Brenda Gibson sang to each other, and while doing so put themselves in all the stereotyped attitudes of grand opera. We momentarily expected them to break into a duet. We suppose, however, that it is the only way in which such a scene can be treated. The words they had to speak were exactly those of the drawing-room ballad.

In the part of the faithful Mimi Miss N. de Silva played so confidentially that we rarely heard any of her lines. Perhaps this was as well. It had the effect of keeping us awake and putting us into an acrostic mood. It provided us with so much that we had to guess. Apart from this Miss de Silva's performance seemed to be a very charming one. Mr. Charles Glenney, as the villainous Defarge, left nothing to the imagination. He was unutterably villainous, and whenever he was on the play took a very welcome speed. Mr. Glenney is an actor of the old school and is no believer in the supersubtle. His performance was a very robust one. The same criticism may be applied with equal cordiality to all the actors and actresses who howled and shouted, screamed and waved their arms in the famous Act—*sans-coulettes* as they were called on the programme. Incidentally, it will be seen that the producers of this play are a little shaky in their French. So are the actors, who give more than the usual number of stage pronunciations of the word monsieur. When dealing with the name of St. Evremonde they make it easily understandable to every one who does not live in Soho. These are, however, the merest quibbles. The fact remains that "The Only Way" has justified itself. We may quarrel with its construction, writhe under its bombast, and watch with awe and wonder some of its acting. All the same its story goes straight to the great heart of the public, and for the reason that it holds self-sacrifice, honest love, and all the other splendid things of life up to admiration, it well deserves to continue

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in its successful career for many years to come. Mr. Martin Harvey has in his time strutted the stage in far more ambitious parts; he has played Hamlet and Richard III. and Pelleas; but when he says in his inimitable way, as he stands beneath the guillotine, "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done," he speaks truly. As Sydney Carton he plays a part which fits him like a glove, and there is nothing in his acting of it which has anything of the unintentional comicality which was noticed in his Hamlet and in his Richard III.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AT THE HAYMARKET

On Thursday, May 25th, at the Haymarket Theatre, Miss Ellen Terry gave a discourse on "Some Shakespearean Heroines," with illustrative acting. Introducing her subject, she commented upon the dangers of approaching Shakespeare's plays with preconceived ideas, or of endeavouring to make each particular play fit with a particular theory; Shakespeare was as changeful and fluid as life itself. It was out of the question to include all his heroines, even in the most superficial way, in a short appreciation; the most natural division, when considering his principal women characters, was between the triumphant heroines of his comedies and those condemned by character or history to a tragic destiny.

Beginning with Viola, Miss Terry observed that into Viola's mouth Shakespeare has put some of the most incomparable words of love that even he, master of love's expression, could find. Even his less developed heroines have plenty of character. Desdemona, for example, was no simpleton, but possessed a very strong personality, and many actresses failed to realise the part in the least; she was not many-sided, but exhibited one quality to perfection—a boundless constancy. There was something of the nun in Desdemona, and it seemed strange that Shakespeare should have given the whitest of his heroines to a Moor. "Most writers," said Miss Terry, "when they draw a pure woman draw a silly one. Shakespeare made no such blunder." Very vividly she then gave the scene between Emilia and Desdemona, and in the following theme interpreted the potion-scene of "Romeo and Juliet" with thrilling effect. It was a mistake to express the youth of Juliet in terms of to-day: "Juliet was more than a girl in love—she was a poet in love; quieter and graver than her years would suggest, in her eyes there burns a splendour as in all eyes that dream of things to come." Destiny seems to hang over her from the first, and to shadow forth her end. She was a tender girl with a man's heart.

In the second half of her address Miss Terry treated of various other well-known heroines more briefly, and referred to the brilliant volume by Mr. Frank Harris, "The Man Shakespeare," in which the evidence for the dramatist's love for Mary Fitton is so cogently presented. Shakespeare drags nobility out of frail human passion. He was not only poet, it must be remembered, but dramatist, therefore his personal sympathies must not be held responsible for all he wrote. In conclusion, after remarking on the racial distinctions of Shakespeare's heroines—the Italian Juliet, the Spanish Katharine of Arragon, and others—Miss Terry evoked the unbounded enthusiasm of the audience by a magnificent rendering of Ophelia's famous scene. The whole course of her lecture was an intellectual feast, and her vivacity and insight appealed irresistibly to all. Her second lecture, on "The Triumphant Women of Shakespeare," will be given at the Garrick Theatre on Sunday, June 11th, at 8.30, for the Pioneer Players.

"Olaf Liliekrans," a "national play," by Henrik Ibsen, is to be given its first presentation (it has only recently been translated) in English by the Ibsen Club on Sunday, June 18th, at the Rehearsal Theatre, Maiden-lane.

This play, oddly enough, ranks as Ibsen's *second* attempt at play-writing, *third* in his produced works, and *fourth* as a finished play. It was produced on January 2nd, 1857, at the Bergen Theatre with considerable success.

The theme—the old legend of the "Ptarmigan of the Justedal"—was so well known to the Norwegians that it could not startlingly advance the reputation of the young poet and playwright, though it proved that he was a man to be reckoned with in the future. In fact his next play laid the foundation of his world-wide fame, for with "Olaf Liliekrans" he closed his romance period, and began to write his more intimate dramas of real life, with which most of us are now familiar.

A MODERN MAGICIAN

By Frank Harris

For something over one hundred years the best steel and iron were produced in England. Sheffield razors and English shot-guns were the best in the world. Then one heard that the finest dental instruments were being made in the United States, and a little later German razors began to take the lead, and Krupp barrels. German papers do not hesitate to say that it is German science which has beaten English traditional and rule-of-thumb methods, and the other day the representative of Krupp declared that the heavy guns in the English Navy were markedly inferior to the German weapons. "The English can't make first-rate guns" was his dictum. There was probably some truth in this patriotic boast; we must therefore console ourselves with the belief that the Englishman behind the gun may see straighter or shoot straighter than his German rival, and thus make up for the inferiority of his cannon. Unfortunately we have also been beaten in armour-plating. The best ship armour at present is made by the Harvey-Krupp process, and all English warships have had to pay toll to Krupp for his superior cleverness. The Harvey-Krupp patents are now running out, and there is some reason to believe that the disgrace of our inferiority in the manufacture of armour-plating is about to be taken away—if indeed it has not already been taken away.

A leading article recently appeared in *The Times* Engineering Supplement drawing attention to the Simpson armour:

> Some three years ago Mr. W. S. Simpson, in the course of experiments, discovered by chance, says *The Times*, that copper and steel when treated in a certain way formed a molecular mixture or solid solution of the two metals. After some trials he found that when two plates of steel, with a section or layer of copper between them, were placed in a mixture of carbon, brown sugar, and water, of the consistency of compressed snow, and the whole mass submitted to a temperature of 2,000deg. F., the copper melted away into the steel and formed a perfect weld. So complete was the union between the two plates that, however treated, they would not part or split at the juncture. Not only was this the case, but the copper, when it entered the steel, increased the tenacity of the latter metal. Samples of such welds were submitted to Professor J. O. Arnold, of the University of Sheffield, who examined them by alternating stress tests and micrographic analysis. Referring to one micrograph he said that it showed
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> "A portion of the thin weld line in which a considerable part of the copper seam has disappeared, owing to the metal dissolving in the steel, to form a solid solution micrographically almost indistinguishable from the steel itself. Had the welding been continued for some time longer there would

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be no visible weld line left, but merely a solution of copper in the steel, molecularly continuous with the steel itself, and considerably strongly than the main body of metal, because the copper will have disappeared (visually) after having brought into perfect continuity the molecules of both faces of the steel. The fact that the copper joint is completely soluble in the steel means that to the eye there is no copper visible, it being in a molecular form beyond the range of microscopic vision as an inter-molecular absorption of the copper and steel considerably stronger than the steel itself. The weld, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, no longer exists, hence securing absolute molecular continuity; it is therefore obvious that welds made by this process are stronger than the steel itself."

It may readily be imagined that such a welding process may be put to many uses, but for the purpose of the present article its application to armour plates is especially interesting. As is well known, by the face-hardening processes which have been in use for some time past, carburisation of the armour-plate does not extend to a greater depth than seven-eighths of an inch. A hard face and a tough back are obtained, but the hard face is neither as hard nor as thick as could be wished. If, then, it were possible to take high-speed steel, say, of double this thickness, and weld it to a soft steel backing, an immense advantage would be gained, and this is what can be done with the Simpson weld. Not only is the high-speed steel many times harder than ordinary steel, but the hardened face of the plate can be made of any thickness desired. It is understood that trials have been made already with plates of the usual regulation size, in which two inches of hard steel were welded to four inches of soft, and which, when attacked by a 6-in. gun, gave entirely satisfactory results.

The Simpson discovery has sent the engineering world talking. The *Glasgow Herald* shows that the Simpson welding process is also valuable in the manufacture of ordinary ship-plates, for Mr. Simpson can weld a skin of copper on steel one-hundredth or one-quarter of an inch in thickness at will, and this mixture does not corrode.

The *Glasgow Herald* concludes:—

> If that proves really to be the case, the effect on ship-building will be tremendous, for the cost of coating hulls in order to preserve them and the cost of docking for hull-cleaning will be eliminated from the economy of shipowning. The new plates will, as a matter of course, cost more than those made in the ordinary way. But the increase will be very small. I asked a gentleman to-day who knows something about it, and according to his calculations the cost of treating the material for a vessel of 500ft. drawing 25ft. of water will be no more than £1,250.

It now costs £1,000 to clean the hull of the *Mauretania*, and the hull must be cleaned three or four times a year. The saving by the use of the Simpson process is therefore evident.

But who is this Mr. Simpson, and what else has he done? It is easy to learn all about him, for he lives in London, and London is the Enchanted City. You can find China in it and New York, Lima and Suez; I have seen the moon rise over the Serpentine so that I took it for the Nile, and a sunset on Westminster Bridge has transported me to the banks of the Limpopo. There is everything in London, and Aladdin's Cave is in Victoria-street. It is on the ground floor, and as soon as you enter you meet the magician—a man five feet ten or eleven in height, but so broad that he seems shorter, of extraordinarily powerful physique; the hair and beard are snow-white, but the brow and eyes are leonine and full of life.

Looking at him, with his long, white hair and high forehead, one would take him for a poet; and, indeed, William Spiers Simpson is a poet—a poet who works not in words, but in metals—one of the wonder-workers of the modern industrial world.

Like most great men, the little known of his life is very simple. He was born of good farming stock in Renfrew, in Scotland, in 1845. Like many Scottish lads, he gave himself as willingly to his books as to athletics; he was one of the best runners and boxers in the place, and yet spent most of his leisure reading mechanics.

He went to Glasgow University when he was seventeen or eighteen years of age, and studied under Macquorne Rankin, Professor of Engineering. The lad was fortunate in having such a teacher; under his guidance he learned a good deal, and, like most men of talent, made the best of what he learned.

Glasgow could not keep him long. Before he was twenty-one, what Dr. Johnson called "the most beautiful view in Scotland for the Scotsman"—"the high road to London"—drew him, and he has been in London ever since.

"Extraordinarily fortunate" he calls himself in all that he has done and is doing. One of the instances of good fortune which he always gives is that he has never been refused a patent either in America or Germany, and he has taken out about thirty in each of these countries. This is probably a singular fact, for the Britisher in Germany who applies for a patent is called upon to justify his demand to the hilt.

Now my readers will be asking what Mr. Simpson has done and what he has discovered. His sympathies and activities are endless. Like all the rest of us, he has taken a certain interest in aeroplaning, and accordingly has discovered a metal, or rather has invented a metal, which is as tough as wrought-iron and lighter than aluminium. This metal can be used for the ribs and wings of aeroplanes with great advantage, and for the bodies of motor-cars, for it is not only incredibly light and strong, but also incorrodible. The worst of it is, it is somewhat dear.

Mr. Simpson, too, is patriotic, like most large-hearted people, so he turned his attention to gunnery, and has invented an electric cannon which can throw a missile from Dover to Paris, and which has no recoil whatever. Colonel Maude, an expert gunner, declares that this is "the greatest modern invention in gunnery." Mr. Simpson has given it to War Office.

But his pet achievement—the lyric of his art, so to speak—is the use of electricity as a motor force. Mr. Simpson is still working on this, improving and changing, and he is reluctant to talk about it yet. All that he will say is that he hopes in a short time to send a ship round the world at a cost of something less than a shilling.

"But why not complete it? There must be millions in such an invention," the average man exclaims. No doubt there are millions; but Mr. Simpson is an inventor-poet, and not a money-grubber. As soon as he has invented one thing he lays it aside for another discovery.

"Man does not live by bread alone," he says, smiling, "and if I had tried to make money I should have made fewer discoveries, and I prefer the discoveries."

When will some Krupp come along and mobilise Mr. Simpson and his discoveries, and turn the poet-inventor into the greatest Captain of Industry our time has known?

Or perhaps it would be wiser still to encourage him to go on inventing. The age is ripe for a larger unveiling. We have done more towards the conquest of Nature in the last hundred years than was done in twenty or two thousand previous centuries. And the greatest wonders are the most recent—the X-rays by which we can see through bodies and the aeroplanes that dart from place to place above us in the blue faster than bird can fly.

Already distance is annihilated and national boundaries made ridiculous and Custom-houses as antiquated as sedan-

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chairs. We are all alive with hope; thrilling with expectation. As Hugo cried:

> Que ce soit pour mourir ou que ce soit pour vivre,
> Ce siècle va voir un accomplissement.

But in THE ACADEMY one has to ask what is the spiritual meaning of all our material progress and all our discoveries; or have they alone among the mysteries no significance for the soul? First of all, one notices that the new spirit came into the world about the time of the American Revolt and the French Revolution. "The Rights of Man" was the first dogma of the new creed, spiritually construed, the first declaration of faith in twenty centuries. And with the dawn of the new Belief the old scepticisms and inanities and formalisms all vanished like unclean ghosts. Europe thrilled to the pulsing feet of French soldiers; but these were only the outward and visible sign of the quickening new ideas; at length the peoples awoke from the age-long lethargy and slumber.

The new hope and new trust in the spirit of man brought ever new discoveries; here and there the light was pushed forward into the encircling gloom. "Space and time," cried the solitary thinker, "are only forms of man's thought," and forthwith railroads and steamships and aeroplanes began to annihilate distance and make the philanthropic dreamings of a Howard possible. Time, too, is under man's control, and with the timorous hope the number of his years was increased and the length of each day extended by new and startling experiences.

In measure as our faith grows our mastery over Nature must increase; every generous impulse obeyed, every new insight acted upon and turned into law must extend the material conquest: as the spirit grows it makes for itself a new body as easily as the serpent a new skin.

If we trust the best in us and act upon it fearlessly, the age of wonders has only begun: the curtain of the Invisible is nothing but our doubting and the Impossible nothing but our cowardly apprehensions: for we are the children of the Almighty, and in nature one with the Creator.

MUSIC

To feel "out of it" when one is in the company of the intelligent, or of those who pass for such, is a sad experience. No one, perhaps, likes to feel an alien. If we could suppose Lord St. Aldegonde to have accepted a "dinner invitation" from Mrs. Gashleigh, not all the richness of the fine mock-turtle and the stewed pigeons would have comforted him. He would still have preferred his own "set," and the people who thought as he did and liked cold beef. The present writer is conscious of unhappy sensations of inferiority when he finds himself at Queen's Hall in the midst of an eager throng of the rapturous and the hopeful about to hear a new *magnum opus* by that admirable composer Sir Edward Elgar. If he were allowed to enjoy Sir Edward's clever music without having to accept it as something superhuman, to delight in the beauty of the orchestral colouring, to be charmed by the deft interweaving of themes and the graceful elegance of the lyric passages; if he might say, "this is very pleasant to listen to, and happy is the nation that can produce so talented a composer," he would not feel so wretchedly inferior, so disposed to reproach the Providence which has seen fit to deny him the full enjoyment of the Elgarian masterpieces. But he knows that he is among those to whom these compositions are very great masterpieces, something sublime and wonderful. For these a great day has come; they are confident of an hour's exquisite thrill. Breathlessly they listen, their faces excited yet reverent; and there are some who, though they look so bored, will, before midnight, have written an ecstatic pæan of praise in their journal. Is his inability to share in the universal enthusiasm a sign that the age of musical fogeydom has arrived to the solitary who can only enjoy the new Symphony with a tempered pleasure? He fears that it must be so, for he knows of a young whipper-snapper, who cannot be more than forty, who thinks Elgar a much greater composer than Schubert, and it is hopeless for him ever to try and reach the platform from which such a judgment can be delivered. Yet would he be thankful if his limitations were not so great, if he were permitted to feel the enthralling power of all this music, if he could honestly recognise in Sir Edward Elgar the profound philosopher, the prince of mystics, the "sanest of the moderns," as he is told he ought?

But on the evening when Elgar's Second Symphony was produced it was difficult to repress an inquiry as to the possibility that the number of enthusiasts about the composer's music is not increasing, nay, that it may even be diminishing. One had naturally supposed that, according to custom, every seat in the hall would be occupied on so great an occasion. This, however, was far from being the case. The gallery, indeed, which is usually besieged by members of what is certainly the backbone of the musical amateur class (for not only do you pay less for your seat there, but you hear better than anywhere else) was almost empty! In all seriousness one suspected that the gallery amateurs had stayed away because they feared to find no room there; otherwise it seems impossible to account for the sparse attendance. While unable to join with the young people who exalt Elgar above Schubert and Co., we certainly look upon the *première* of a new Symphony by so deservedly popular and eminent an Englishman as an occasion when Queen's Hall should be entirely filled. We believe that the reputation of Elgar as a composer will be all the more fairly established when his adorers have ceased, in speaking and writing about him, to "toss their splendid epithets about them" in the way they do. It will be time to begin to regard him as a great prophet when we see the depth and extent of the influence he has exercised upon the coming schools of composition, when we see whether, like Wagner, Brahms, Strauss, Franck, he has founded a school. But we must all admit that he is one of the most interesting figures in the history of British music, and we were sorry to see the empty seats at Queen's Hall.

We liked the Symphony better in the evening than we had done at the rehearsal in the morning, and this was a good augury, for, except in the case of the "Variations," which must still be regarded as incontestably his finest work, we have not found that Elgar's music has improved on further acquaintance. The first movement, we had been told, was to take us into the country on a morning of Spring. Well, it was very pleasant to be there; we were reminded of the "Printemps" of J. F. Millet, for it was clear before long that there would be showers as well as sunlight. When the clouds came, we found their musical expression really beautiful and moving; in fact, this second section of the first movement seemed perhaps the most original and imaginative part of the Symphony. Now and then Spring threatened to "set in with its usual severity," but on the whole it was decidedly agreeable weather, and though the country may not have had any specially prominent features to make it picturesque—no mountains or lakes—yet the colour of it all was so rich and varied that this absence of striking "motifs" was not severely felt. Sometimes the composer had treated us to so fresh and vivid a contribution of orchestral tints that his fields seemed really to be "dressed in living green." It was like the view of a young cornfield in Tuscany as you flash past it in the train, and then we were in the brown wood again. The "Larghetto" is, no doubt,

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an eloquent elegy; but during its course we were conscious of a feeling of monotony. One need not expect a composer to have something quite new to say every time he puts pen to paper. Still he may choose new language for his old thoughts, and here Elgar's "pretty filchings" from his former works are fairly numerous, and his passion for a sequence is specially apparent. The movement is plaintive rather than pathetic, and if it was designed as something in the nature of an elegy on the death of King Edward, it is not a very congruous tribute.

With the meaning of the "Rondo" we do not greatly care to concern ourselves. It is brilliant, and the opening, at any rate, is fully in harmony with what one would expect in a Symphony of Spring. Its Strauss-like section, with its Berlioz-like accompaniment, came upon us surprisingly; but, then, Spring has its surprises, and the section may not be quite out of keeping. The "Finale" will probably prove the most popular movement of the four on account of its evident tunefulness, its healthy swing, and a certain magnificence of energy. We ourselves were inclined to rank the first movement as the best, as being the most spontaneous and the most freshly coloured. But we cannot deny praise to the composer, who has succeeded in evolving a "Finale" so strong and so suitable. Two days after the production of Elgar's Symphony, M. Mylnarski, the Polish musician who conducts the Glasgow Orchestra, introduced us to his Symphony "Polonia," and to a Symphony in B flat minor by Wischnegradsky. Both of these showed great competence in orchestral device and abundance of what we may presume to be "local colouring" (though a conspicuously Scottish bit in Mylnarski's music sounded anything but Polish), but neither of these clever works approached that of Elgar in mastery, science, or feeling.

A great deal of beautiful music has been heard in London of late. The augmented band conducted by Sir Henry Wood at the London Musical Festival performances was one of the finest we ever heard, and its playing of Strauss' magnificent "Zarathrustra" was superb, to mention nothing else among its achievements. Mr. Harold Bauer, by his playing of Mozart's Concerto in D minor, proved his right to be considered the finest interpreter of Mozart's piano compositions now before the public. His delivery of those simple phrases which are, in fact, the most difficult of any in the world to do well, was even beyond that of M. Pugno in its perfection. Mr. Theodore Stier, at the first concert of his "Bechstein Hall Orchestra," a delightful concert, gave Londoners a first hearing of the enchanting little overture to Wolff-Ferrari's opera "The Secret of Susan," which is promised at Covent Garden this season. Casals, Kreisler, Mmes. Culp and Gerhardt have been among the great artists who have been heard, and we must not forget to give a cordial word of praise and gratitude to Dr. Walford Davies for his brilliant and very attractive suite "Parthenia," produced at the Musical Festival. A composer who can write such tunes and handle his orchestra so lightly is as worthy as Elgar himself of a European reputation.

A STORM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

By W. H. Koebel

The blue of the sky has become obscured by heavy masses of grey cloud. The ominous gloom has rolled overhead to the accompaniment of lightning flashes and dull peals of thunder. The noisy threat, however, has proved no empty one. In Misiones, this far north-eastern province of Argentina, there is seldom a cloud without its watery consequence. There is no doubt that all Nature in the neighbourhood is acutely aware of this. Although a couple of the great, hawklike Carancho birds are scurrying in haste across the grey horizon, the lesser feathered folk are already snugly hidden within their leafy shelters. The flowers are bereft of their nimbus of gorgeous butterflies, and the vicious-looking giant wasp that has been darting in straight lines to and fro through the air has betaken himself to his own particular refuge—probably a tree where the wasp honey is stored. Even the great inch-long ants have ceased to hurry their bodies in brisk aggressiveness over the earth. It is as though the weather-wise creature life of the world here had shortened sail in preparation for the outburst that it knew was imminent.

Then has come the warning breeze, heavily laden with moisture—and then the rain itself! Its advance is as perceptible as that of a host of living beings. The dull grey curtain comes on with a rustling sigh that increases in volume as it advances. A few seconds later it has enveloped the small encampment. Rain such as this has many notes. The great drops are roaring upon the canvas of the tent, striking a sharper, drumlike rattle from the hard, broad leaves of the resounding palms, and belabouring the wet earth itself with stinging, liquid plashes until the red soil churns into new and swelling puddles. The force of the downpour searches every corner of the land, beating with the same undiscriminating zeal upon the fragile blossoms and upon the corpulent backs of the great frogs as they rejoice at the edges of the pools.

An hour later the storm has passed away to bury its rumblings and crashes beneath the horizon that has once again resolved itself into a brilliant and undimmed blue. A short but sharp deluge this—the rearguard of a procession of rains that have recently come and gone. The countryside, freshly washed and glistening, is marked by neither habitation nor human being. The solitude of the spot is not necessarily to be accounted for by the recent storm; it is a not unusual phase of the sparsely populated stretches of rolling hills and woodland. Any reflection on this point, however, is soon disturbed by the appearance of an object that has emerged from behind a shoulder of the country, and that is moving across the level spread of natural meadowland which intervenes between the camp and a forest belt that separates the small plain from the rising ground beyond.

The *galera*, the public coach, viewed from this distance, appears to proceed at a crawling pace, although in reality it is speeding along in right gallant fashion. To the naked eye the sunlight glistens upon yellow paint and upon the white of the tarpaulin that covers the pile of luggage on the roof of the vehicle. By the aid of the glasses the livelier details of the progress become evident. Harnessed to the front of the coach nine horses are galloping along in a confused but vigorous bunch, the water of the pools spraying upwards in sheets from their hoofs as the cumbrous body of the vehicle itself rocks to and fro in the full flight of its career. The exhilaration of this rapid motion through the surface waters is obvious enough from even this distance. The whip of the driver is waving through the air now, and the speed of the team increases as it gallops down a slight dip in the ground.

Then something has happened. The vehicle has slowed abruptly in its course, and the horses are plunging wildly, first straight ahead, and then to right and left, as the coach is jerked to a halt. For a minute or two the driver's whip is whirling through the air as ceaselessly as a skipping-rope in the hands of a child, while the maddened animals in front surge to and fro in frantic eddies that continue remorselessly restricted in area. Presently the commotion dies away. The horses stand motionless as the movements of the lash cease, and the driver descends reluctantly from his

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seat. The contest has been abandoned for the time being. The *galera* is firmly stuck in a mudhole.

The appeal of misfortune, when distant, is unjustly faint. Viewed through glasses at a range of a couple of miles, this drama of arrested progress is curiously impersonal in its effect. The driver and his assistant have evidently conferred together for a long while ere the disconsolate forms of three passengers emerge from the body of the *galera* to join the officials of the expedition. Then, pulling their feet laboriously from the mud, they each seek the least moist spot in the vicinity. There they wait—there is nothing else for them to do. It is a clear case of utter shipwreck on land. A common enough incident of the road in such weather, but none the less disconcerting for that. There is the *galera*, that by now should have sped over the hill and far away, a stationary point in a hopeless calm, reflecting all the while the sun's rays from its paint in a mocking parody of joy.

The sun has risen to its highest point in the heavens, and has already begun to sink when the five forlorn land mariners gather together once again. On this occasion it is evident from the violent gestures of the passengers that they have begun to discover the value of time—a question that no reasonable being would suppose to interest the driver of a *galera*. Nevertheless the argument has undoubtedly borne fruit: for half an hour or so later there is a stir about the body of the coach. The jehu and his assistant have clambered to the roof. There ensues a cataract of trunks and boxes that, flung from above, strike great splashes of water from the earth as they fall. The act is doubtless the revenge of the driver. The ship is being lightened—at the expense of the passengers, the pathos of whose bearing is not to be mistaken even at this distance. Presently the forms of the horses are struggling desperately forward again, while tiny smokelike clouds mark the explosions of the whip. And this time the cumbrous *galera* lurches slowly forward, gains in impetus, and rushes up in triumph from out of the dip. When the sun has all but sunk there is no more *galera*. Filled again with passengers and luggage it has climbed the hill until the tiny speck of its body dips over into the horizon. Its passage is rather regrettable, for the landscape has become quite lonely again. And what do four hours either way matter to a *galera?*

THE TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW

In the short space at our disposal last week it was impossible to do more than outline the main features of the above show and to mention a few of the more notable novelties. Amongst new orchids, the most remarkable were Caelogyne Burfordiensis, which was granted an award of merit; it was shown by Sir Trevor Lawrence, and is the result of a cross between Caelogyne Asperata and Caelogyne Pandurata. Odontioda "Coronation," exhibited by Mr. Vuylsteke, was awarded a first-class certificate; and Cattleya Schroderae "Queen Mary," shown by Messrs. Sander and Son, was granted an award of merit. A new rose is "Freda," a hybrid tea, exhibited by Messrs. Paul and Son. A fine seedling was "Mrs. George Shawyer," raised by Messrs. Lowe and Shawyer, and shown by Mr. George Mount. A rather striking flower is "Mrs. Longworth," which is a striped Caroline Testout.

Amongst the carnations "Princess Juliana" will undoubtedly be a great favourite, as will "Queen Mary," a dark crimson clove, exhibited by Messrs. Cutbush. The progress made by hybridisers of Gerbera Jamesoni has indeed been remarkable. The fruits of their endeavours were much in evidence. Eremuri were again superb. When once their culture is properly understood they will undoubtedly be extensively grown. A complete departure from the ordinary run of flowers was seen in Mr. Hemsley's hybrid Myosotis, a cross between Alpestris Alba and Royal Blue: its distinctive feature is a white cross upon a blue ground.

The time of Sweet-peas is as yet scarcely ripe. Sterling Stent should hold its own among the salmon coloured varieties. Two beautiful peas are Iris, of the palest salmon pink, and Hercules, also of the palest imaginable pink.

We were glad to observe the silver cups awarded to Mr. Clarence Elliott and to the Craven Nursery. Mr. Elliott's display included a fine group of the rare Campanula Alliona. Mr. Reuthe had two notable introductions in Saxifraga Brunoniana and Lewisia Cotyledon. Mr. Lloyd Edwards had some more good mossy saxifrages, and Dr. Macwatt brought a nice lot of primulas, amongst which we noticed particularly Lissadel hybrid and Forbesii. A fine silvery saxifrage was "Dr. Ramsay," a hybrid from Macnabiana and Lantoscana Superba. Annuals do not bulk largely at the Temple Show. Amongst the few shown Dimorphotheca Aurantiaca made a brave display. A good new Cosmos is the pink early-flowering "Rose Queen." One of the best of the Darwin Tulips was "Clara Butt." Good yellows are "Bouton d'Or" and "Inglescombe Yellow."

"Aquilegia Stuarti" was as beautiful as ever; a pleasing foil would be Pyrethrum Roseum Nanum of a most pleasing shade of pink.

In the Novelty Tent was to be seen an alpine long desired by enthusiasts—the pink Ramondia Pyrenaica Rosea, exhibited by Messrs. Backhouse. Messrs. Veitch had a good new Impatiens called "Herzogii." Once more a protest must be entered against the floral overcrowding. People attend this great show to admire, not to be blinded. We were accordingly most grateful to Messrs. Reamsbottom and to Messrs. Lilley for the tasteful way in which they staged "St. Brigid" anemones and bulbous flowers respectively.

A ROMAN IN LONDON

Maximus Sabellius to Quintus Marius

I promised you, my dear Quintus, to write of that which I saw in Albion during the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary. London will be a strange term to you. It is the Londinium of our great Julius, who found it a village amidst the marshes which lie round the Flumen Thamesis. Now it has developed into the greatest city of the world, the capital of a mighty Empire which surpasses in extent and population even our Roman Empire at the apogee of her fame. But first let me tell you, Quintus, that if you expect a description of how London looks on this historic occasion you will be grievously disappointed. You would naturally expect that the good citizens of the metropolis would wish to show their city at its best whilst so many strangers from all quarters of the globe are in their midst; but not so: they have deliberately gone out of their way to disfigure it. All the principal streets, public buildings, and monuments, of which we have heard so much, have been hidden altogether or hopelessly disfigured by the unsightly stands erected by the Government or by seat speculators. It surpasses all we ever heard of the lamentable taste of the English in the management of their public affairs. Could anything be more absurd than deliberately to disfigure your city, every street and every building of which recalls some bygone page in her history, in order to celebrate the Coronation of your King and Queen?

London is packed, Quintus, with foreigners, in the same manner as our Rome became the centre of attraction for

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all kinds of colonials and barbarians in the days of her decadence, when luxury had sapped the primitive prowess of our race. One morning I wandered down to see Westminster Abbey and the St. Margaret's Church, and also the Houses of Parliament. They were almost hidden by the huge stands erected around them, whilst the statues of the great Senators alone arose above the boards as if refusing to be immersed in this wave of wood, and to protest against the desecration of this historic ground. I then traversed the route over which the Procession will pass. They now resemble the cheap seats in a travelling circus, and at intervals of fifty yards are hideous wooden poles painted yellow; and on the day of the Procession these are to be decorated with cheap paper festoons and lighted at night by electric arc lamps. The houses of the nobles, of the merchant princes, and of the wealthy party hacks—many of whom soon hope to receive the patent of nobility in return for cash down—rival each other in the gaudiness of their trimming; the innumerable clubs where so many of the youth, middle-age, and dotage of England are wont to idle their time away in futile discussions over the lamentable decline in their country's greatness are already covered with boards and hoardings.

The seats in the public stands are sold for as much as £10 to £5; rooms with a single window are being offered at £100, and they tell me that the rents of private houses have risen as much as 100 per cent. all over London. The great hostelries have doubled their charges, and force their guests to take their rooms for the entire month of June. But the depredations of these seat-sellers are likely to defeat their own end, for many of the barbarians who are expected from America have been frightened by the rumours that have reached them of the expense of even a brief sojourn in the Imperial City. This has come as a great shock to the hostelry managers and seat speculators, who were relying on the primitive simplicity of these hordes of barbarians, with their love of pomp, pageantry, princes, and peers, to fill their purses for a long time to come. The result is prices are certain to come down with a sudden rush. The sole idea of every one, Quintus, is to make money out of the Coronation. Verily Napoleon was right when he called them a nation of shopkeepers. To-day they are a nation of seat-sellers. The discomfort of it all is past belief. It is unsafe to take exercise, because there is literally no place to walk. In the streets you are always in danger of being run over by huge, noisy, motor-'buses or quickly-darting taxis, and if you stay on the pavement your passage is blocked by workmen with long beams who are erecting the stands, which adjut out over your head, so that it is no uncommon thing for a log of wood to fall at your feet or for a fallen pole to stop your passage. If you endeavour to sleep in the morning, the constant sound of the hammering renders slumber impossible.

Then how can I describe the streets to you? They literally swarm with citizens and visitors, who gaze in wonder and awe at the preparations. The barbarians from across the Atlantic are in the majority. Many of them have taken the houses of the nobility—most of whom, having little money, are only too pleased to make hay while the monarchy lasts—and they proceed to decorate these houses and to entertain on an even more lavish scale than the English themselves. Next in numbers, Quintus, come the Germans, who stroll about in strange raiment, carrying guide-books, and examining everything with minute thoroughness. They talk in deep gutturals, and gaze in envy on the wealth and luxury around them, which, according to common report, they are to own one day.

A few days ago the Emperor of the Germans came to London on a visit. I should explain, Quintus, that his mother was the daughter of Victoria, the great Queen who reigned so long over Albion. Now the English, to recall for all time the virtues of Victoria, have erected a memorial in front of the Royal Palace. As a work of art, Quintus, we would not have tolerated it in Rome. It represents everything that is bourgeois and puritanical, and therefore it pleases the English, the great majority of whom are bourgeois aud puritanical to an incredible degree. It is on conventional lines, the figures are mothers and angels holding infants or treading on serpents, and the inevitable Neptunes spout water from their mouths. Over all is a winged figure of Victory standing on a mound which gives him so little foothold that at any moment it looks as if Victory might fall into the fountain underneath. But then the idea of the sculptor was to show that Albion's power depends on her ruling the waves, and, therefore, I suppose, the precarious position of Victory is singularly appropriate. The Emperor of Germany, out of his customary filial devotion, came over to attend the unveiling of this memorial. He was very well received by the English, who fear him, but at the same time admire his great qualities and strength of character. There are rumours that his daughter may marry the eldest son of the English King, and this causes great joy because the English hope the Germans will then stop building *Dreadnoughts* against them. But all this is but the idle gossip of the markets and clubs, and there may be no truth in it.

Many Gauls are to be seen in London, especially ladies of the kind who haunt the boulevards and frequent the cafés, for they are always attracted by events like these. The Gauls are very popular, for Britannia and Gaul are close allies, not because they love one another, but from a common fear of the Germans, whom both at heart detest. . . . Then there are Austrians, Slavs, Iberians, Syrians, Turks, Indian Princes, great Rajahs, Japanese, and Chinese. In addition many visitors have come from the overseas dependencies. Each of the great Provinces of the Empire has sent over its Prime Minister as a special delegate to discuss questions affecting the security of the Empire. I do not envy the lot of these Colonial Premiers, for so they are called. You must understand, Quintus, that one of the great questions which divide the Popular Party from the Patrician Party at the present day is Colonial Preference and Fiscal Reform. They have been squabbling over this matter and turning what should be a business discussion into a party question for the last eight years. Now, the Free Traders never cease telling the Colonial Premiers that the future of the Empire depends on Free Trade, and that the mass of the people are bitterly opposed to Protection; whereas the Protectionists never cease telling the Premiers that the future of the Empire depends on Protection, and that the people are only awaiting the next Election to return the Protectionist Party by an enormous majority. So what can the overseas Premiers do?

Indeed, Quintus, nothing could be stranger than the apathy of the masses towards all political questions and towards the future of their country. A very large number go about openly saying, "We must see this Coronation, because it marks the apogee of our greatness; from it will date our decline and downfall." But very few seem to take the matter seriously to heart, or to have any remedy to suggest, and there is no leader strong enough to come forward and boldly tell the nation that something is wrong. Really, Quintus, London at the present time reminds me forcibly of the state of Rome just before the invasion of the barbarians from the North under Attila the Hun. Love of amusement and of new sensations predominates, and there is complete indifference toward the vital questions of the day.

The Senate which has played such an honourable *rôle* in the past has now fallen into disrepute, and excites the contempt of the populace. In it are to be found men of

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first-rate ability, but three-fourths are devoid of special talent, and take no part in politics except to vote the way they are told. Now the Liberals, who are known as the Popular Party, wish to do away with the Senate altogether, and to concentrate all the power in the hand of their own unscrupulous and corrupt executive. The Patrician Party, who compose four-fifths of the Senate, have now awoken to the fact that it has not kept pace with the times, and so they wish to reform it, and thus preserve some of their former power and social position which a seat gives to the occupant. As no Bill can become law until it has passed the Senate, it is very difficult for the Popular Party to do away with it. Therefore, they propose to create five hundred new Peers to swamp the vote of the Patricians. Did you ever hear of a more ridiculous situation, or one more calculated to make Albion the laughing-stock of all nations? Does not it seem strange that after all we have heard of their past history and its glories that it is possible to find five hundred Britons who will accept titles on such terms? Yet such, Quintus, is the love of titles and orders and all that appertains to outward show that the Popular Party expect to have no difficulty in finding amongst their followers enough nonentities who are willing to accept this seal of shame.

You see, Quintus, to what a depth of degradation this once proud nation has fallen. There is a perfect mania for titles and patents of nobility. Formerly they were only given for great services to the State. Now they are bought for gold. To the poor man they are a very good investment, for let me tell you what has become quite a common practice. When they get made members of the Senate they take unto themselves the name of some blameless village hitherto unknown to fame, and call themselves after it. Then they borrow a little money and sail unto the land of the barbarians and offer themselves in marriage to some rich chief's daughter. Now the latter love titles, and, knowing nothing of those who come over, are only too willing to ally themselves with these usurpers of honour, and thus you have the strange spectacle of totally unknown ladies, from a land four thousand miles away, going about bearing the name of some peaceful hamlet they have never even seen! They tell a funny story, Quintus, of one of these marriages; but first I must explain that a bicycle is the lowest and cheapest mode of self-propelment, used by mechanics and navvies and poor yokels. Now one of these Senators, having secured a rich bride, took her to a fashionable temple of Hymen in the land of the barbarians. She, according to their strange custom, promised to obey him for all time, and he in return has to say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Whereupon a voice was heard to say, "Why, that poor fellow's lost his bicycle!"

Then, Quintus, let me tell you more of these islanders. You know what brought about the decline of our beloved Rome more surely than any other cause; was it not the decay of the military spirit? When we ceased to recruit our legions from amongst our countrymen and relied on foreign mercenaries then our doom was sealed. Well, you will find exactly the same process of decay here. As their mighty Empire has extended so have their legions contracted. Instead of increasing the number of their legions they have actually reduced them. They have a small Army, 90 per cent. of whom are recruited from amongst those who cannot find work. But the mass of the nation have no acquaintance with the use of arms, and openly declare that the days of warfare are obsolete and that all questions can be settled by arbitration. Holding these views, they go about boasting of the extent of their Empire and to the fact that they control 300,000,000 of people in India alone. These ideals are no doubt sound in themselves, but what is the use of considering them seriously when Europe remains an armed camp?

You remember, Quintus, how the Emperors kept the Roman mob quiet and loyal by providing them with free bread and wine and continuous public games, at enormous cost to the State, with the result that the people became so pampered and spoilt as to be incapable of defending themselves when the invader appeared at our gates. But these bribes are as nought compared with what the Popular Party offer to the people in order to retain their support. They give away millions each year in non-contributory old-age pensions, and now they are going to insure the whole nation practically free of charge. Then the public games here are on a scale undreamt of in Rome. In return for votes they are prepared to give the people anything they ask for except work, which alone is of practical value to them.

Now, Quintus, I must bring this letter to an end, but before I lay down my stylo I must tell you of a strange happening of the last few days which has caused much comment. You have heard of the bitter struggle which has raged during the last five years between the Patricians and the Popular Party, the most bitter struggle known in English political history. Every form of personal abuse and vilification has been indulged in, acquaintances have been broken off, and long-standing friendships between political opponents have come to an abrupt end. A few days ago two of the younger members of the Patrician Party gave a fancy dress ball to their friends and supporters in a public dancing-hall. Naturally the majority of the invitations were extended to the members of the Patrician Party, but out of courtesy a few were issued to the leaders of the Popular Party; it was thought, however, that their sense of the fitness of things would prevent them from attending. But, to the surprise of all, the leaders of both parties were present, and one of the most prominent of the Popular Party had the bad taste to come arrayed as the devil, Quintus, although, considering the feelings with which he is regarded, his disguise was somewhat unnecessary. This affair has caused much comment, and will give you better than any word of mine an idea of the hopeless state of apathy and insincerity into which all parties have sunk, and how little they hold their Constitution or the future of their Empire at heart. For all are willing to foregather in perfect amity at a fancy dress ball, which fact strikingly recalls our own Nero playing one of his vile selections on the violin whilst Rome was burning.—Your friend,

MAXIMUS SABELLIUS.

DUTCH DYKES IN ENGLAND

ENGLAND is a microcosm. In race, landscape, atmosphere she has learnt the secret of a dozen different climes and peoples. For centuries she steadily assimilated Dutch immigrants, who poured into East Anglia to escape intolerable political servitude in their own land. The ravages of the sea on this coast line have gone on throughout the historic period without let or hindrance. In Stuart days "Hollandyrs" were for the most part engaged when any attempt was made to check sea encroachment.

There is one branch of marsh craft in which the Dutchman was supreme in those days and has not now lost his cunning—*i.e.*, in the making and holding of what may be termed amphibian lands. There are vast fertile tracts of England which lie below the level of high water. Their maintenance is the result of perpetual and unwearied watch and ward. Along the estuary of the Thames, for instance, the clay embankments, "which serve it in the office of a wall," are liable to breaching at any unguarded link in the chain of protection. A liner or a battleship blundering into collision with a sound wall, such as those which exist in

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this district, might let in the waters and swamp huge areas of pastoral and industrial lands. These "levels" are under the control of bodies of Commissioners, mostly country gentlemen or those engaged in the industry of the county affected. Their duties are carried out without reward or ostentation, and they afford an object lesson in that system of sound county government which has hitherto been the pride of rural Britain. We hear of town rates crushing in character, tales of jobbery and waste crop up from time to time in cities, but in the affairs managed by county gentlemen no such stories come to light.

The protective embankments in local parlance are called "walls." The stranger coming down to the locality and seeing grassy embankments asks, "Where are the walls?" They have many of them performed their protective function for centuries—how many centuries who shall say? Legend or history of the old writers credits the Romans with their formation. That Balbus built a wall we all know from our school days. Be that as it may, Act upon Act was passed in Tudor and Stuart days for "inning" particular stretches of swamp and marsh. In our enlightened times we say that the land costs more to make than it is worth. By all means, then, adds our collective wisdom, let the land wash away, an it will; as for making it, that is an old-fashioned and outworn idea. The Dutchman holds the other view. He sees a vast potential wealth in lands reclaimed; he boldly attacks the problem. Near the famous Kamperdun is an area of pasturage guarded by three tiers of embankments—"the Waker," "the Dreamer," "the Sleeper." Thus jealously do the Dutch guard their paternal acres.

Etymologically the old sea walls are quaint and interesting. Their nomenclature reveals their origin, the slow wisdom of the village sage dipping his nose into profound draughts of old ale and laying down the law in the sanded parlours of inns, which inns have braved the battle and breeze of many a century. The Dutchman calls his embankment a *dike*, as the Frenchman uses the word *digue*. His English counterpart in some localities employs the same phrase, *dyke*, to describe the ditch. On many Essex levels the word *delph* is substituted for this. No one but a tyro would there suggest any deviation from this phrase. Delph it was in the beginning, and delph it must remain. The words dyke and delph are, after all, first cousins. The dyke is that which is dug (and both ditch and bank come under this category), the delph is that which is delved. In South Wales a ditch or drain is called a "reen," and in the North of Ireland the same thing on a small scale is a "river," on a large scale a "porn;" whereas the English equivalent of a river is known to the Hibernian humourist in language as a "stream."

Recent engineering developments have come about in protective work of this class, due to the initiative of a Dutch State engineer, Mr. de Muralt. That gentleman has brought out systems of armour-plating embankment walls with a veneer of concrete. One system consists of thin slabs or tiles of concrete, secured to the bank with concrete pins and so arranged that at small cost they sheath a clay wall. In another a heavier type of armoured concrete plating is employed. The latter type is laid down in Holland in many localities where sea exposure is extreme. In Great Britain, as usual, the authorities have bided their time. They have let others experiment, and now that over fifty thousand pounds has been expended in Holland on protecting sea embankments by these novel methods, the custodians of our English levels are adopting the same methods with similar success.

The human side of the picture of Holland in England must not be left out of consideration. In the wide wind-bitten marsh lands of East Anglia, teeming with larks and plover, where the quaint old farmhouses are toned and tinted with lichens, so as to look like copies from some rare masterpiece of the Dutch School; where the air is washed to incredible clearness and the din and turmoil of the city are forgotten echoes, a patient, stalwart type of men, closely resembling the "Hollandyr," is reproduced. The tendency of modern conditions is to level these elements down to one monotonous tone of uniformity. Every man who prizes the gaiety of the nation will resist that dulling action, that stealthy blight, under which all colour tends to die from out the picture of life.

The Fenland *régime* has its own fauna and flora, and land drainage has greatly modified these. Drainage has rendered extinct the great copper butterfly (*Chrysophanus dispar*), a species which was unique to England. This butterfly wore a half-tropical livery, the forewings of the male being a bright copper red, the hind pale blue. As to bird life, England is vastly more retrograde than Holland. In Holland wide areas are strictly guarded from disturbance as bird sanctuaries. All bird-lovers would rejoice if an adequate tract of marsh and river, woodland and meadow could be set aside in East Anglia, isolated and protected from marauders of every kind, and left year by year to go to prairie. Who knows? Perhaps the bittern might come back to such a spot, the avocet and other vagrants be tempted to resume possession of their old-time quarters.

The flora of a countryside is much less liable to destruction than are its bird and insect life. Bogbean and rare wild orchids and a legion of water-loving plants still tempt the man who "peeps and botanises." All would be well if "hands off" could be called to the professional collector. To such an one a break in the chain of living things is as nothing if he can but make a record bag.

THE BOY IN THE GARDEN

THERE were two kinds of gardening to employ our sunny hours—the one concerned with the vast tracts of the Olympians, the other with the cultivation of those intimate patches of earth known as the children's gardens, wherein was waged an endless contest between Nature and our views of what a garden should be. Of the joys of this nobler order of tillage I have written elsewhere, and I may not penetrate now into that mysterious world beyond the shrubbery, where plants assumed the proportions of mammoth trees, and beds of mustard-and-cress took the imaginative eye of youth as boundless prairies. But if the conventional aims of grown-up gardening set limits to our fancy, if their ideal of beauty in the garden—unfriendly as it was to cricket and the fiercer outbreaks of Indians—was none of ours, we found, nevertheless, certain details in the process by which they sought to attain their illusory ends stimulating and wholly delightful. Flowers might inspire in us no more than a rare and shortlived curiosity, but the watering-pot (and even better the garden-hose) were our very good friends. Tidiness was no merit in the garden of our dreams, but our song of joy rose straight to heaven with the smoke of bonfires. Meadows were more to our taste than the prim culture of lawns, but in our hands the lawn-mower became a flaming chariot, and we who drove it as unscorched Phaetons praised for the zest with which we pursued our pleasure by all Olympus.

It was one of the charms of childhood that such praise would sometimes fall from the lips of our rulers as suddenly and as mysteriously as their censure. It was pleasant, after a gorgeous afternoon spent in extinguishing imaginary conflagrations with the garden house to be congratulated on the industry with which we had watered the flowers. It was pleasant to be rewarded with chocolates from France for burning witches on the rubbish-heap behind the greenhouse.

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As a matter of fact, we never "helped" the gardener unless it suited us, and we would have hidden in the shrubbery a whole day rather than be entrapped into half an hour's weeding—an occupation which we regarded in the light of a severe punishment. And the odd confusion in the grown-up mind between right and wrong never ceased to intrigue us. When my elder brother, in a sentimental hour, flung a wreath of roses on to the stately head of the aunt of the moment, we knew that it was a pretty thought, very happily translated into action; but the Olympians treated it as a crime. Yet it was not his fault that the thorns tore her hair; had there been any thornless roses he would probably have used them. And, being honest, we wondered no less when we were praised for playing with the garden-hose, that coiled about our legs like wet snakes, and made our stockings wet on the warmest summer day; for in our hearts we knew that into any occupation so pleasant must surely enter the elements of crime. But the rulers of our destiny would bid us change our wet clothes with a calm brow, and would congratulate each other on our interest in the garden. We lived in a strange world.

The judgments of the gardener we could better understand, though, alas! we had to sum him up as unreliable. He was a twisted little man who had been to sea in his youth, and we knew that he had been a pirate because he had a red face, an enormous clasp-knife, and knew how to make every imaginable kind of knot. Moreover, there was a small barrel in the tool-house that had manifestly held gunpowder once upon a time. Such evidence as this was not to be refuted, but we had to conclude that he had been driven from the High Seas in disgrace, for he was pitifully lacking in the right pirate spirit. No pirate, we felt, would have taken the tale of our petty misdeeds to the Olympian courts for settlement, yet this is what Esau did under cover of a duplicity that aggravated the offence. In one and the same hour he would expound to us the intricacies of the Chinese knot with with many friendly and sensible observations, and tell the shocked Olympians that we had thrown his rose-sticks all over the garden in the manner of javelins. Captain Shark, of the barque *Rapacious*, would not have acted like this, if it was conceivable that that sinister hero could have turned gardener. Perhaps he would have smitten us sorely with the Dutch hoe, or scalped us with his pruning-knife by means of a neat twist learnt in Western America, but whatever form his revenge might have assumed he would have scorned to betray us to the people who had forgotten how to play. Esau was a sad knave.

And, unlike the Olympians, he had no illusions as to the value of our labours in the garden, treating our generous assistance with the scantiest gratitude, and crediting our enthusiasm with the greater part of Nature's shortcomings. Whenever our horticultural efforts became at all spirited he would start up suddenly from behind a hedge and admonish us as the boy in "Prunella" admonishes the birds. He would not allow us to irrigate the flower-beds by means of a system of canals; he checked, or at least attempted to check, our consumption of fruit, deliciously unripe (has any one noticed that an unripe greengage eaten fresh from the tree is a gladder thing than any ripe fruit?); he would not let us play at executions with the scythe, or at avalanches with the garden-roller. The man's soul was a cabbage, and I fear that he regarded us as a tiresome kind of vermin that he might not destroy.

Nevertheless, as the Olympians liked to see us employed in the garden, he could not wholly refuse our proffered aid, and he would watch our adventures with the garden-hose and the lawn-mower, with his piratical features incarnadined, as it were, by the light of his lurid past. Naturally, water being a good friend of children, to water the garden was the most popular task of all, and as I was the youngest brother it was but rarely that I was privileged to experience that rare delight. To feel the cool rush of the water through fingers hot with play and the comfortable trickle down one's sleeve, to smite a plant with muddy destruction and to hear the cheerful sound made by the torrent in falling on to the soaked lawn—these and their fellow emotions may not be those of adult gardeners, but they are not to be despised. But as I have said, they were not for me, and usually I had to be content with mowing the lawn, an occupation from which I drew a full measure of placid enjoyment.

Age dims our realisation of the emotional significance of our own actions, and it is only by an effort of memory that I can arrive at the philosophy of the contented mower of lawns. I suppose that professional gardeners find the labour monotonous, lacking both the artistic interest of such work as pruning, and the scientific subtleties of cucumber growing; but youth has the precious faculty of finding the extraordinary in the commonplace, and I had only to drag the lawn-mower from its rugged bed among the forks and spades in the tool-house, to embark on a sea of intricate and diverse adventure.

The very appearance of the thing was cheery and companionable, with its hands outstretched to welcome mine, and its coat of green more vivid than any lawn. To seize hold of its smooth handles was like shaking hands with an old friend, and as it rattled over the gravel path it chattered to me in the gruff tones of a genial uncle. Once on the smooth lawn its voice thrilled to song, tremulous and appealing, and filled with the throbbing of great wings. Even now I know no sound that cries of the summer so poignantly as the intermittent song of the lawn-mower heard far off through sunny gardens. And cheered by that song I might drive my chariot, or it might be my plough, where I would. Not for me the stiff brocaded pattern beloved of Esau; I made curves, skirting the shadows of the tall poplars, or cutting the lawn into islands and lagoons. Over the grass-box—or the nose-bag, as we called it—the grass danced like a mist of green flies, and I beheaded the daisies with the zest of a Caligula, pausing sometimes to marvel at those modest blossoms that survived my passage. I marvelled too, with the cold inhumanity of youth, at the injudicious earthworms that tried to stay my progress, and perished for their pains. Sometimes a stray pebble would grate unpleasantly on the blades and waken my lulled senses with a jerk; sometimes I would drive too close to a flower-bed, and munched fragments of pansies and wallflowers would glow amongst the grass in the grass-box.

No doubt a part of my enjoyment lay in the feeding of that natural spirit of destructiveness that present-day Olympians satisfy with frequent gifts of clockwork toys, ingenious mechanisms very proper to be inquired into by young fingers. But there was more in it than that. I liked the smell of the newly cut grass, and I would run my fingers through it and press damp, warm handfuls of it to my face to win the full savour of it. I even liked the more pungent odour of the grass-heap where last week's grass lay drying in the sun. And the effort necessary to drive the worker of wonders across the lawn gave me a pleasant sense of my own sturdiness.

But the fact remains that, with all these reasons, I cannot wholly fathom the true philosophy of lawn-mowing with my adult mind. I have set down all the joys that I remember, but some significant fact, some essential note of enchantment, is missing. What did I think about as I pressed to and fro with my lawn-mower? Sometimes, perhaps, I was a ploughman, guiding vast horses along the crests of mountains, and pausing now and again to examine the treasures that my labour had revealed in the earth, leather bags of guineas and jewelled crowns that sparkled through their mask of clay. Sometimes I might be a charioteer driving

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a team of mad horses round the circus for Nero's pleasure, or a fireman driving a fire-engine scatheless through bewildered streets. But with all I believe that sometimes I was no more than a little boy, mowing the lawn of a sunny garden, loving the task for its own sake, and inspired by no subtler spirit than that which led Esau to cultivate cabbages with dogged enthusiasm. It would not do to condemn that dishonoured pirate because he saw heaven as a kitchen-garden and regarded flowers as the fond toys of the Olympian dotage. He, too, had his illusions; he, too, while he sowed the seed had visions of an impossible harvest. His ultimate fate eludes my memory, but doubtless he has finished with his husbandry by now. I, too, no longer mow the lawn save when arrayed in fantastic knickerbockers and dream-shod as of yore I trim the grass-plats of sleep with a lawn-mower that sings as birds no longer sing. What the purpose of my youthful labours may have been I do not know. . . . *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.* Perhaps I was already enrolled in the employment agency of destiny as a writer of idle articles.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

A SHAKESPEARE BIBLIOGRAPHY*

THE long-projected has arrived. For many years Mr. William Jaggard, as some of us have been aware, has been putting his inexhaustible patience into the compilation of a complete Shakespeare bibliography, from the earliest days onward—an undertaking, surely, enough to quail the doughtiest. It now lies before us, a handsome, weighty, goodly tome, at the goodly price also of three guineas. Not that it lacks the value. That very thought may be decried, for a book such as this is worth whatever an intending purchaser may feel disposed to pay for it. It defies valuation, because all labours of love and indefatigable zeal are impossible to appraise in terms of Mammon; whatever the price that may be paid for them, there must ever remain the fairest portion over and above all payment, for which no payment can suffice, and which must therefore be a royal gift from man to man. Were we properly framed, for example, we should hold ourselves under an obligation to purchase all books of poetry, and for the very paradoxical reason that no book of poetry can possibly be undertaken for payment or gain. One feels somewhat of the same emotion towards this book of Mr. Jaggard's, for there never was, nor ever could have been, any question of gain in the matter. It could only have been undertaken for something higher than gain, and therefore it can only belong to the things of the spirit.

Let it be clearly understood exactly what is meant. In his Historical Introduction Mr. Jaggard bids us know that this book of his—

> Seeks to be something more than a bibliography—in fact, to be an encyclopædia of Shakespearean information and stage history, or, as Bacon says, the "image of men's wit and knowledge," instantly pointing out all recorded data. . . . It contains over thirty-six thousand distinct entries and references, including many hitherto unrecorded editions, with thousands of illustrative notes and extracts. It gives minute details and available locations of every known issue of Shakespeare's writings (whether written, printed, separate, collective, authentic, attributed, private, public, in or out of print); likewise of every tract, pamphlet, volume, or collection of Shakespearean comment; of each analogue or source, with notes of the passages affected; of every important contemporary or subsequent allusion to, or article on, the dramatist or his productions; of each autograph, genuine or forged; of all engraved Shakespeare portraits; with market values of the rarer entries. Key-references are embodied to all incidental Shakespearean actors, actresses, artists, attributes, bibliographers, blind-type printings, celebrations, centenaries, clubs, collaborators, commemorations, commentators, composers, controversies, critics, editors, engravers, exhibitions, festivals, forgeries, illustrations (pictorial or literary), jubilees, managers, manuscripts, memorials, monuments, printers, prompters, pseudonyms, publishers, societies, theatres, translators, vellum-printings.

Tinker, tailor, plough-boy, apothecary, thief, one feels apt to continue, in irreverent mood. But it is no matter for irreverence. It is a thing profoundly full of awe, the more so when we consider that it has taken "twenty-two years' effort, chiefly in time ill-spared from rest and recreation." "At last," says Mr. Jaggard, "I have reconciled aim with achievement, faith with fulfilment." And thus the work comes into the hands of the reader to use, and also to criticise.

It is not to be expected that the compilation is invulnerable. Indeed, having given it a somewhat vigorous examination, it is possible to say that there are some strange and unaccountable omissions that will be apt to confuse the modern reader. Shakespearean study henceforth will be less and less concerned with the byways and hedges of the matter. Perhaps this is to speak somewhat too hopefully, and certainly such a faith receives a very salutary reprimand from a survey of Mr. Jaggard's pages. For dry-as-dust inquiries that have been profligate in the past over such questions as Shakespeare's Biblical references and indebtednesses, and pious wrangles over what happened to have been Shakespeare's tenets on matters of faith, or even if he held tenets at all, have had their full meed in what has purported to be, but which most emphatically has not been, Shakespearean inquiry, and therefore Mr. Jaggard's pages bear the imprints of the feet of the patient wayfarers along these dusty roads. Nevertheless, one may be forgiven the thought that this kind of "study" belongs to the past. The future will be, or at least most emphatically should be, given up to a study that shall illuminate its subject. For example, one of the questions that remain to receive adequate examination is the dramatic environment that led to the production not only of Shakespeare, but also of his contemporaries in Elizabethan drama. The history of the companies themselves requires fit treatment, not to speak of the conditions of the actual stage. On this latter point much has been written during the past few years, and on going carefully and exhaustively from magazine article to magazine article, tracking the subject from book to book, most of them published not in the ordinary way, but included in the lists of remote American Universities, it must be said, however regretfully, that there are some rather serious omissions in this present bibliography.

To set out a list of such publications would, however, be to miss an opportunity in a thousand. There are few entertainments more complete and absorbing than an aimless wander through a bibliography—unless it be a dictionary or a map. One would have said offhand that there could not possibly be mentioned three kinds of books that were less tinctured with the personal element. Yet that would not be said by any one who had once put the method to the test. Loves and hates have possibly a greater opportunity, because they have to hide their heads behind an uninteresting exterior. Battles leap out of names, and blood and glory sweep through mere nomenclature. It is certainly so in this learned and weighty compilation. For instance, we avoided looking for Dr. Lee's works, thinking that their very fame would

* *Shakespeare Bibliography.* (The Shakespeare Press, Stratford-on-Avon.)

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frustrate inexclusion. Imagine, therefore, the slow and incredulous surprise that came spreading over the features on seeing no list where a somewhat considerable list had been expected. Close examination very naturally bent intimately over the page and discovered the following entry:—"Lee (Sidney Launcelot). *See* Levi (S. L.)" Perplexity succeeded to amazement; and when Levi was turned to the entry was discovered thus:—"Levi, *Sidney L. Lee* (Solomon Lazarus)," with a long list following, which we inevitably recognise as Dr. Lee's.

Naturally this is a subject that cannot but arouse and quicken a considerable interest. So a later page is turned, a page that deals with Dr. Lee's book on Shakespeare's "Life." And we find this note appended to the notification of the sixth edition of that work:—"The author says in the preface 'this issue gives him an opportunity of correcting errors,' an opportunity he makes careless use of, seeing that his time-worn blunder that the Jaggard canon was produced in Fleet Street still appears on page 251, although the writer has pointed out the mistake over and over again." A ray of light strikes across the scene, and so recourse is made to Dr. Lee's "Life." It is, of course, a well enough known fact that the printing house that published the First Folio had been established, and was under the direction of William Jaggard, of whom Dr. Lee says, "as the piratical publisher of 'The Passionate Pilgrim' he had long since known the commercial value of Shakespeare's work." Moreover, on earlier pages Dr. Lee had recorded that, with regard to the 1599 edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim," Shakespeare was "much offended with Mr. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name," since there was but little in the volume that was truly his, and had also spoken of this William Jaggard as "a none too scrupulous publisher." The result of all this is that some three hundred years after another William Jaggard arises in vindication of his namesake, if not his ancestor, with the effect that the sober and prosaic pages of a bibliography have to bear record of thrust and counter-thrust, lunge and tierce.

To strike so human a trait in Mr. Jaggard in so vast a subject is, in a strange way, to feel reassured as to him. Though, in truth, there is no need for such reassurance as this in a work that no Shakespeare scholar can afford to neglect in his future study of the work of one who was lofty in his thought, wide in his sympathy, gentle in his nature, inflexible in his sense of justice, and startling in his unerring intimacy of intuition. It is true—it is, perhaps, unfortunately true—that no such future study can afford to neglect scholarship, if by scholarship be meant research and care and collation of detail with detail. A book that shall strike a new note in the interpretation of the great dramatist should be a rare thing, though not an impossible thing. And yet, to be assured of one's originality one would need to have read such a book as this of Mr. Jaggard's. For this is a day when each man who delves in the Shakespearean field is very jealous of his "claim;" though it is true that such pretensions would have had short shrift in the very Elizabethan age of which he writes. They, at least, were not tender as to plagiarism. They had not invented the word: they had not even invented the idea. What passed at the "Mermaid" was for the use of the first man who could fit it into some work of his. This, however, is a different day—withal a less manly day—and so the worker in the Shakespearean field must not be ignorant of the work of his predecessors. In a word, he must have recourse to this book of Mr. Jaggard; for, assuredly, without it he will indeed be like a man searching in dark archives with no light other than a taper. This bibliography is a blazing torch.

ART

MODERN MEZZOTINTS AT THE REMBRANDT GALLERY

We owe it to Mr. Frank Short to confess that we visited the exhibition of trial proofs of his mezzotints with some apprehension. Speaking generally, the art of mezzotint is not one that has progressed with time. The reason is, generally speaking, that the discovery of processes which have enabled copies (and profits) to be multiplied have at the same time, by hardening the plates, deprived the prints of that softness and delicacy which was their highest attraction. Something is lacking, too, in the mezzotinters themselves. Many of them seem to have no sense of the charm of the great eighteenth-century masters whom they seek to reproduce and interpret. Beautiful lips, expressed by those masters in deft and seemingly shapeless touches, become under the hands of the modern interpreter hard and over-defined; and the fresh loveliness which they recorded so marvellously gets "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of the modern life of blue-stockings and Suffragette. Visit the Print Room at the British Museum and compare these modern efforts with the works of the Wards, of John Young, of Valentine Green, and half a dozen smaller lights, and the causes of our uneasiness will be clear. But we are bound to confess that we have been agreeably disappointed. Whether because he had a sense of his own limitations or not we cannot say; but Mr. Short has thrown out no challenge to the giants of the eighteenth century—he has occupied ground on which he felt himself at home; and the result is beyond all question a success.

Mr. Short has realised as none of his predecessors have done the possibilities of mezzotint as an interpreter of atmosphere, and in this direction he has achieved not a few triumphs. For his reproductions of some of the best prints from Turner's *Liber Studiorum* we have reason to be especially grateful. The present generation is familiar with these masterpieces, for the most part in hand impressions from inferior or worn-out plates, and to behold them as Mr. Short has now given them to us will be a revelation to all except a few experts. These were practically the fruit of a challenge from the late Mr. Ruskin; and Mr. Short rose magnificently to the occasion. They have all the light and shade, the depth and mystery, that mark the best of Turner's work, and to study them is a real education in art. But there is plenty also of Mr. Short's work to be seen besides, and nearly all of it shows the same high level of achievement, both in *technique* and in depth of feeling—we may instance especially "Per Horse-power per hour" and "Nithsdale." He has seized and interpreted wonderfully, too, the spirit and style of that noblest of water-colourists, P. de Windt, in "A Woody Landscape" and others, which almost suggest, through their wonderfully truthful values, the very colour of the master; and the same may be said of his fine "Sunset on the Beach" after Copley Fielding. In him Watts, too, finds a generous and exact interpreter. If any justification were needed for the step taken not long since in electing Mr. Short to the membership of the Royal Academy, this exhibition would furnish it in ample measure.

THE NEW WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY

An hour spent at the Carlton Galleries in Pall-Mall Place, where the New Society of Water-colour Painters is holding its fourth exhibition, should be a pleasant one to the visitor. It is an interesting exhibition. Nearly all the pictures are

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landscapes on a comparatively small scale, and there is plenty of good work among them. Best of all—with one or two exceptions—it is legitimate water-colour painting, and one can only hope that the members will not feel tempted to follow the example set by Mr. Bennett's "Cogitation." There are a great many pictures, and a certain number are of necessity placed in a very indifferent light. It is only possible here to mention two or three. The strongest and finest work exhibited is that of Mr. Gerald Ackermann, whose "On the Common," "Carling Turf," and "The Old Oak"—broadly handled somewhat in the David Cox manner—are the antithesis of the charmingly delicate "Netley Hospital" and others by Mr. T. Butler-Stoney—whose fault, however, is over-flatness. Mr. A. Carruthers-Gould's "Road to the Quarry" is a piece of good, bold work. Mr. Tatton Winter is represented by several sensitive landscapes full of wind and weather; while in the first room hangs a very beautiful water-colour—a dexterous treatment of figures and wet sand—by Mr. Vignoles Fisher.

THE BAILLIE GALLERY

One can hardly fail to be interested in Mr. James Pryde's pictures at the Baillie Gallery. In nearly all there is some quality—something in which one recognises at once the artist hand. But the qualities which go to the making of a real work of art are several, and they are not all present in any one of these pictures. Mr. Pryde's treatment of colour errs, strangely enough, between the two extremes of muddiness and crudity. He inclines to the first, but the second is apparent in "The Green Wave" and "The Flying Dutchman." On the other hand, the *technique*, the management of the paint—in "The Laundry," "The Rehearsal," and the suggested figures in the foreground of "The Fight," for instance—is good enough to leave one wondering why it is that these pictures seem to have stopped where one would have wished them to begin. "The Betrothal," with its incomprehensible sky, is perhaps the one exception.

Mr. Edgar Seligman's paintings in the adjoining room are less interesting. Their subjects are taken from Seville, Alcala, &c., and are brightly and gaily painted but somewhat theatrical in colour.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By Lancelot Lawton

THE NEW ERA IN CHINA

Article II.—Behind the Walls of the Forbidden City

The Chinese situation has ever been characterised by lightning changes and evident contradictions. Frequently indications have pointed to the beginning in earnest of serious and far-reaching reform. No sooner were all authorities agreed that an awakening had been accomplished than the Vermilion Pencil sent forth its reactionary edict from behind the walls of the Forbidden City. And China, having opened wide her eyes and gazed in wonderment, as it were, at the world of progress around her, closed them again and lapsed into sound slumber. A little later, disturbed by makehaste reformers knocking loudly and insistently at her portals, she yawned, and was aroused once more, but only, as before, to stare with half amusement, half interest at her surroundings, and then to resume the sleep of ages. Again and again has this process been repeated, but each time that China has opened her eyes she has seen something new and has profited. At last there is overwhelming evidence to show that she has risen refreshed from her couch, or, to speak with greater regard to accuracy, from the tomb of her past glories, and it is safe to assume that she will not seek repose again until a cycle, or perhaps many cycles, of Cathay have passed away.

But it must not be imagined that China is wide awake. She is still half awake, half asleep, groping her way with faltering steps, the while, with rude glare, her tortuous path is illuminated by the fierce light of Western civilisation. And among the Powers who represent this civilisation there is not one disinterested enough to take her hand and lead her gently to her goal. Rather do these Powers seek to place obstacles in her progress that she may stumble and give them an opportunity of falling upon her and robbing her of all the riches that she has hoarded beneath her pillow throughout the centuries of slumber. While it may be said that the State as such is only partially awake, it can with truth be declared that the masses are not only wholly awake, but that with spirited energy and sturdy purpose they have begun the work of the day. The opium habit is being courageously stamped out; foot-binding is no longer a cherished custom; the queue is condemned and only waits to be executed; there is a positive hunger for education throughout the land; and patriotism is the dominant note of popular sentiment. There are clear signs that in their eager desire to preserve China from disintegration the masses, imbued as they are with the national spirit, will enter upon an open conflict with the dynasty. The pressure recently exercised by Russia and Japan has everywhere aroused deep and bitter feelings of resentment. Rumours have been assiduously circulated far and wide that the Powers were agreed upon an early partition of the Empire, and the members of the National Assembly are eagerly clamouring for an extra session so as to enable them to discuss, among other topics, the foreign relations and defences of the country.

Meanwhile in reality the fate of China is being decided in Peking, where an interesting drama, full of deep-laid plot and elaborate intrigue, is gradually unfolding. After the lapse of only a few years history is repeating itself with marvellous accuracy. Once more feminine influence is making a brave bid for the supreme power. To appreciate thoroughly the situation which has arisen it is necessary to bear in mind some of the principal events of the late reign. The Emperor, it will be recalled, had been won over to the side of the advanced reformers, of whom the famous Kang Yu-wei was a prominent leader. Swiftly the Imperial policy was translated into a remarkable series of edicts which declared boldly for the immediate adoption of Western ways and institutions. These edicts led up to the never-to-be-forgotten *coup d'état* of 1898. The Dowager-Empress, seizing her opportunity, summoned troops to the capital, placed the Emperor in captivity, and arrogated to herself the supreme power.

The Boxer rising was the sequel. So salutary was the lesson administered to China on this occasion that the Empress-Dowager paused to reflect, with the result that she, too, turned reformer, and it was due alone to her initiative that practical steps were taken with the object of introducing Constitutional Government. Amid an atmosphere charged with treachery this masterful woman controlled the destinies of China for ten years. In 1908 the Emperor lay upon his death-bed, and to provide for the succession a solemn Council was convened. Powerful statesmen, including Yuan Shih-kai and Prince Ching, urged that the time had arrived for a return to direct lineal succession in accordance with the laws of the dynasty. The

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Empress-Dowager would not listen to thoir advice. She wished to maintain her power unimpaired, and for this purpose it was necessary that a puppet should be nominated. Her strong will overcame all opposition, and the infant in arms, Prince Pu Yi, was chosen to be the Son of Heaven. Thereupon the Empress-Dowager constituted herself the Empress Grand Dowager, and the Emperor's widow, Lung Yu, became the Dowager-Empress. Following with amazing suddenness upon the demise of the nominal Sovereign came the strange tragedy of the Grand Empress Dowager's death, a tragedy surrounded by suspicious circumstances and veiled with that mystic secrecy which enshrouds Oriental life.

Before she passed away, however, the Empress appointed as Regent Prince Chun, the father of the infant Emperor. But, in her inflexible will, she provided that in all questions of importance he must consult the Empress-Dowager, Lung Yu, and act strictly in accordance with her directions. History will doubtless assign to the late Empress a place not only among illustrious women, but among illustrious rulers. To this day her policy survives in China. In her own wonderful personality she made feminine influence supreme in a land where, generally speaking, her sex are enslaved; and, moreover, she provided that after her departure from the scene feminine influence should continue to hold sway. At the present moment it is clear that the Regent is completely under the domination of the Empress-Dowager. It is she who has the deciding voice in all questions vitally affecting the welfare of the State. Again and again it has been suggested that Yuan Shih-kai should be recalled. But the Empress-Dowager, fearing the power of this great reformer, has steadfastly refused her consent. By sheer force of character she has made herself the central figure in the State, and all who seek advancement must pay her court. Only recently she gave a reception to eleven of the Legation ladies. It is recorded that the infant-Emperor, clad in mandarin robes, was present, and that he "stared in astonishment at the strange visitors."

But it must not be imagined that the Empress has the field all to herself. She has indeed a formidable rival—one all the more dangerous because of her own sex. This rival is none other than the wife of the Regent. From all accounts that have passed without the Forbidden City it would appear that the relations between these exalted ladies are frankly strained. To employ the phraseology of the West, one would be compelled to say that they are not on speaking terms. Naturally Princess Chun exhorts her husband to adopt a firm policy with the object of relegating the Dowager-Empress to the background. The Regent, however, keeps ever in mind the *coup d'état* of the last reign, and, though a man filled with worthy intention, is quite ready to sacrifice his patriotic principles in the cause of domestic peace. As the mother of the child-Emperor and the wife of the Regent, Princess Chun considers herself entitled to exert authority. On the other hand, the Dowager-Empress has in her favour all the points that belong to possession. She was a staunch supporter of her aunt, the late Dowager-Empress, who has not only handed down to her power, but, apparently, stern methods of enforcing power. Fears have been expressed that so soon as she considers circumstances favourable she will follow the precedent of the last reign and make a sudden attempt to constitute herself both Regent and Ruler. Already two camps are gradually shaping themselves, and both the Empress and Princess Chun are drawing to their rival banners a considerable number of influential adherents.

It would seem that, amid the battle of the ladies, the Regent himself is more or less a negligible quantity. Princess Chun can only triumph by inducing him to show more courage than has hitherto characterised his relations with the Empress. For it is impossible to conceive that Princess Chun, were she so disposed, could elbow her own husband out of the Regency. Her power can only be reflected in his personality, and, as we have already seen, he is ill-equipped for a struggle with the strong and astute woman who has so worthily succeeded the late Empress-Dowager. In spite of the subterranean intrigue of feminine factions which is undermining the foundations of the Empire, edicts still continue to be issued solemnly commanding the people to 'tremble and obey"! Recently there have not been wanting feeble signs that the Regent is summoning up courage on paper by a free use of the Vermilion Pencil. In a panegyric on the Manchu Dynasty he has gone out of his way to refer to "the Emperor's ceaseless labour spent in gaining a peaceful home for the people, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, nor heeding their own health and interest." While plots and counter-plots are being hatched within the sacred precincts of the Palace the forces of progress are lapping up to the very walls of the Forbidden City itself. Peking now possesses fine buildings of Western architecture, foreign shops with fashionable displays; well-paved streets and even boulevards and an electric light supply. And Manchu ladies of high degree have emerged from their isolation to take afternoon tea with cream-buns at the European hotel. The craze to be up to date has seized upon all classes of the population. Few statesmen any longer oppose reform, but all are desirous of acquiring power. And the disposal of power rests with the rival ladies of Royal rank who are quarrelling in the seclusion of their palaces. Perhaps ere long the people will settle the issue for themselves and place a man upon the throne.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

So soon as a serious attempt is made to elaborate a machinery for giving effect to the idea of closer Imperial unity difficulties that are for the moment of an insuperable character begin to manifest themselves. Already two definite projects have been presented to the Imperial Conference, and neither has met with approval. Sir Joseph Ward suggested the formation of what he termed an "Imperial Parliament of Defence," to be advisory to the Imperial Government. This body was to consist of representatives of Great Britain and of the overseas Dominions elected on the basis of one member for each 200,000 of the population. "To the Imperial Parliament of Defence," declared Sir Joseph Ward, "should be transferred exclusively those matters common to the whole Empire, including questions involving peace or war, treaties, foreign relations generally, Imperial defence, and the providing of revenues for the foregoing purposes. For the first ten years after its election this Parliament of Defence should have no power of taxation, but the amount payable by each of the overseas Dominions should be taken as a debt due by them.'

While Sir Joseph Ward achieved what was doubtless his main purpose—the stimulation of a useful discussion—his scheme possessed many obvious objections, and was rightly judged to be impracticable. Free and open debate on delicate issues affecting foreign policy and defence, by an unwieldy Council or Parliament of some three hundred members, would hamper, if it did not positively menace, the true interests of the Empire. Such an innovation would certainly be regarded by our friends and allies among the nations with stark amazement. Finally, against Sir Joseph Ward's scheme there was the cardinal objection that upon the Dominions expenditure might be imposed arbitrarily of which they might not approve, but which they were compelled to meet by taxation.

The Government on their side have brought forward

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a project that a Standing Committee of the Imperial Conference should be formed consisting of the Secretary of State, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, the Permanent Under-Secretary, the High Commissioners, or representatives of the different Dominions, and a representative of Newfoundland. It is to be distinctly understood that a Committee of this composition shall be merely advisory and not executive. When it comes down to a discussion of detail the Premiers appear to hold to the view that change is unadvisable. Considerable difference of opinion exists concerning the *status* of the High Commissioners. For example, Sir Joseph Ward contends that as they are frequently asked by their Governments to obtain information preparatory to a decision being arrived at in certain matters their position on a Standing Committee would be an embarrassing one. Sir Wilfrid Laurier frankly opposes change, and in an attempt to define the *status* of the High Commissioners, declares them to be "not only the representatives of autonomous Governments to the Government of Great Britain and the whole British people, but also confidential agents." Mr. Fisher expresses the opinion that the duties and functions of High Commissioners are undefined, while Mr. Malan says that the High Commissioners are not political agents, but business representatives, and believes that their position as such would be unduly interfered with if they had to act as semi-political agents with the duty of meeting the Secretary of State to discuss matters of high politics. Briefly, the objections of the Colonies to the project appear to be twofold:

1. That the High Commissioners being at present the confidential agents of their Governments are in a position, whenever necessary, to advocate the case for their Governments, whereas on a Standing Committee their capacity would be consultative. 2. That the interests of any single Colony could not be satisfactorily submitted to a committee consisting of representatives from all the Colonies. While the Conference is straining hard to serve in a practical manner the cause of Imperial unity, singularly enough it so happens that all the proposals brought forward up to the present reveal on discussion insurmountable obstacles. Naturally the Colonies are exceedingly jealous of their privileges as self-governing nations. They wish their High Commissioners to voice the interests of self-governing nations in the truest meaning of the term, and are determined to avoid any measure likely to create a consultative body that, in a general and loose sense, may be taken as speaking for and representing the Empire as a whole. To devise a machinery that will meet their wishes in this respect, and at the same time supply the urgent need for shaping a common foreign and defence policy, calls for extraordinary qualities of statesmanship – the qualities of Imperial statesmanship. So far, as I have already shown, attempts to solve the problem have only produced projects of a somewhat rigid kind, and these projects the Colonies, rightly or wrongly, regard as exhibiting a tendency to group them altogether in haphazard fashion, thus threatening their fundamental privileges as "independent nations within an Empire."

It is extremely unlikely that the question will be settled satisfactorily at this Conference. But, nevertheless, the Assembly will be memorable if only for the reason that Colonial Missions have been admitted to the secret deliberations of the Defence Committee. They will leave this country fully informed in regard to the inner workings of Imperial Foreign Policy and Imperial Strategy, and in the future will be in a position to interchange views with the home Government on those highly important subjects. It is beyond all doubt that the Conference chamber holds no traitor to the cause of Imperial Unity, but the danger is present that from what must necessarily involve little more than tentative deliberation the false impression may be created that the Mother Country seeks to tighten her hold over the individual liberties of the Daughter States. Such a supposition is preposterous, and ill accords with the affectionate loyalty that reposes in the hearts of every one of his Majesty's subjects in the Dominions beyond the seas.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

NUMBERLESS companies make their appearance, but hardly any are subscribed. Underwriters are now getting chock-full of scrip which they cannot dispose of. Some of the issues have, of course, been fairly sound concerns, but the majority of the companies that make their appearance to-day are not of any value whatever. However, it is miserable work perpetually disparaging everything, and it is, therefore, with great pleasure that I call attention to the Slazenger Company, which was a sound industrial issue on first-class lines. The success that attended the offer showed that the public are perfectly well aware of what is good and what is bad. We are always fond of sneering at the public, but it appears that in matters of finance they are not such fools as the promoters think them to be. Slazengers went well, and it deserved its success. The Baring Brothers' issue of Oregon Bonds, guaranteed as it was by the Union Pacific Railway and issued at a reasonable price, was also a success, and I can strongly recommend the securities as a thoroughly sound investment. The British Canadian Lumber Company have offered 4,000,000 6 per cent. preference shares, and indulged in the vicious habit of giving away common stock in the proportion of one share for every 100 preference shares. There is only one report on the property, and although Canadian lumber is no doubt profitable, the present concern must be regarded as a speculation pure and simple.

The Consolidated Gas Electric Light and Power Company of Baltimore asked us to buy a million dollars 4½ per cent. mortgage bonds at 8s. 9d. The business is progressive, and the margin of past profits appears small, but the bonds appear reasonably well secured and are a fair investment. The Malaysian Rubber Company is asking the public to subscribe for shares at £2 premium, a quite preposterous figure in view of the present condition of the Rubber Market. At par the shares would have been a reasonable gamble. The £2 premium was simply stupid. The underwriters probably would have to take the lot. A tin company also asked for money, but these tin companies are great gambles, and up to the present can hardly be said to have been conspicuous successes. The Fishguard Castle Estate is a very modest concern. It appears desirous of selling 1,200 5 per cent. debentures at £25 a-piece. Those who purchase these have the option of exchanging them for bungalows or land sites. It is a curious little company, with Earl Russell as the chairman. Curtis, Gardner and Co. are also asking the public to underwrite their Woldsea Freehold Town Planning Syndicate, with Lord Grimthorpe as chairman. It is somewhat unusual to scatter underwriting contracts broadcast, and it does not improve my opinion of the concern, with which I am sorry to see Lord Grimthorpe's name associated.

MONEY.—The Money position has been complicated by a demand from Brazil, and it would appear possible that a great deal of the gold that France is sending us in payment of her foodstuffs may be exported to the Amazon to hold up the rubber position. There is therefore no certainty that the Bank Rate will be reduced. On the contrary, it is probable that we shall see a 3 per cent. Rate all through the summer.

FOREIGNERS.—Paris again sends over support for her favourite Russians, and whenever there is the slightest unsteadiness this market firmed up. I do not think we

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shall see any big rise, but we are not likely to see a fall. The Peru Market looks distinctly weak and has been dribbling away almost every day. It will probably fall another point or two, for there is a large bull account in Perus.

HOME RAILS.—Home Railways have taken on a new lease of life, and, whether it is the near approach of the holidays or the large traffic returns, it is quite certain that the Stock Exchange is again buying all the shares. I say the Stock Exchange, because I do not think that the public has come into this rise at all. There is a certain clique in the House that, having been bears for many years, has now turned round and is to-day just as enthusiastic as it was once despondent. The increased traffic on the heavy lines is very remarkable, and must result in a reasonable advance in dividends. At the same time it is necessary to warn my readers to be careful not to gamble in Home Rails. If they buy them they should buy for investment, for as sure as a large bull account is created so surely will the money-lenders shake out the bulls and force them to lose their money. As an investment Home Rails are in front rank, but I am chary of advising them as a speculation.

YANKEES.—The event of the week has, of course, been the decision in the tobacco case. The politician in the United States plays to the gallery, and although the big bankers pretend that they do not like State interference with financial affairs, they have long since taken the measure of Congress, and they do not care one rap for their decisions. This they showed most conclusively on Tuesday morning by booming up American Rails and putting Canada Pacifics to 247½. Wall Street was closed, and the buying orders came through from the big banks who were operating in London. I think we are certain to see a reaction, as the last thing desired is unlimited speculation. The harvest in the United States looks like being a record, and latest advices are that there is to be a big autumn boom in Yankee Rails. Atchisons have been a great favourite during the past fortnight, as they are to be dealt in on the Paris Bourse, and they will practically be the first ordinary share of an American railway that has thus been honoured. If the American financier can once get the thin end of the wedge into this market, and thus tap the huge supply of French gold, he will be able to unload at a gigantic profit.

RUBBER.—There is nothing to be said for the Rubber Market except that it is flatter than ever. The wildest stories are going about with regard to the position in raw rubber. What will happen no one knows. Personally I think that the bottom has been reached. There has been wild speculation for the rise by people who were quite unable to carry their stocks, and they are being relentlessly squeezed out. The trouble is that it may react upon Brazil and cause financial disaster in Para and Manaos. This is not the moment to buy rubber shares. The dealers are confident that Linggis will go to 35s. But of course if the price of rubber falls, the value of all the rubber shares must fall also, for if rubber continues low in price, the profits for 1911 will be enormously reduced. The Rubber Syndicate in Para seems to have completely failed to effect its object. There are dozens of rubber companies ready to come out, but none of them dare face a slumping market. In this they are quite wise.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir Market is dull but steady. We are promised a record production for the month of May, and I understand that every effort is to be made to continue this production with the idea of getting the public again interested in the Kaffir Market. Whether the magnates will succeed in doing this is somewhat doubtful. But perhaps two or three months of records will change the public view.

RHODESIANS.—The long-talked of pooling agreement is now complete, and all the Rhodesian houses have promised faithfully not to sell and to keep the market steady for the next six months. The leading shares will therefore be supported, and we have already seen a slight rise in Giants, Rhodesian Exploration, and Shamvas. If the Rhodesian magnates can only refrain from ratting all will be well. The mines are not doing badly, and the jobbers, when they are assured of loyalty on the part of the big houses, could easily get the public in.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Marconis are very much to the front now in the miscellaneous market; but it is a dangerous stock to buy, and I should be inclined to advise caution, although I am told that the company has had a very good year. The Nitrate reports that are now coming out are most of them good, and those who hold Nitrate shares should certainly not sell, as this market might improve.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

The Silver Shamrock. By Captain Henry Curties. Greening and Co. 6s.

The Devil in Solution. By William Caine. Illustrated by George Morrow. Greening and Co. 6s.

The Downfall of the Gods. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G. John Murray. 6s.

In Fancy's Mirror. By Violet A. Simpson. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.

The Sea-Sphinx. By Marshall N. Goold, M.A. George Allen and Co. 5s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

A New Geometry. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d.

Disturbing Elements in the Study and Teaching of Political Economy. By James Bonar, M.A. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, U.S.A. $1.

A Mashona Dictionary, with Notes on the Grammar of the Mashona Language commonly called Chiswina. Compiled at St. Augustine's Mission, Penhalonga. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

Elementary Regional Geography: Europe and the Mediterranean Region. By J. B. Reynolds, B.A. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

Memoirs and Memories. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. With Portraits. Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

The Nelsons of Burnham Thorpe: A Record of a Norfolk Family compiled from Unpublished Letters and Notebooks, 1787-1842. By M. Eyre Matcham. Illustrated. John Lane. 16s. net.

PERIODICALS

Studi Critici di Filologia e Glottologia, Naples; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; La Grande Revue; Bookseller; Good Health; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Fortnightly Review; La Licorne, Antwerp; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Everybody's Story Magazine; Sunday at Home; Friendly Greetings; Woman's Magazine; Boy's Own; Harper's Magazine; Nineteenth Century and After; Cambridge University Reporter; The Sphere, Coronation Number, 2s. 6d.; *Illustrated London News, Coronation Number,* 2s. 6d.

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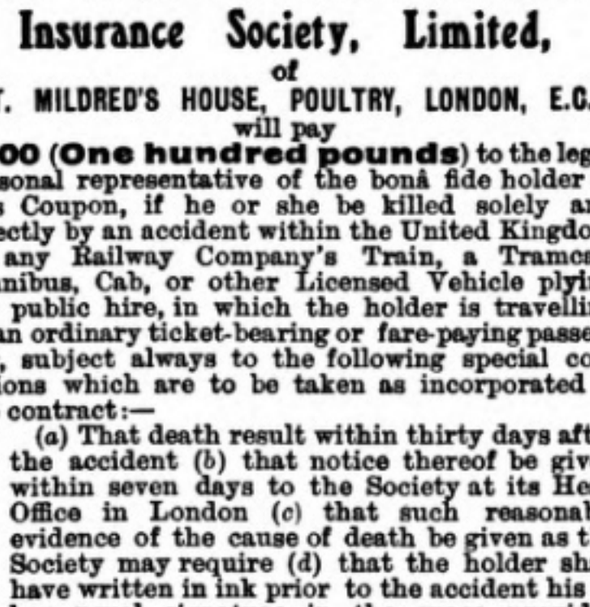
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

PREPARATIONS for the approaching Coronation are so energetic that, as Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop humorously observes, many of London's famous buildings look as if they were being packed up carefully for a long journey. The neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey is transformed; at Hyde Park Corner a barrier is being erected across the road; St. George's Hospital appears as though bandaged after a severe operation; and we imagine that if "Maximus Sabellius," who protested so energetically against the desecration of London in our last issue, takes another tour of the route, his protests will be redoubled. It is well, however, that so historically important an event should be celebrated, and we note with pleasure that the Duke of Norfolk, with the approval of the King, has authorised Mr. H. Farnham Burke to prepare a record of the forthcoming Coronation, a companion work, as it were, to the one he successfully undertook in connection with the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. The volume will contain approximately two hundred pages of historical matter and twenty elaborate illustrations, and will be issued by Messrs. McCorquodale and Co. at the price of four guineas. Meanwhile, amid all the inevitable confusion and the sudden heat which has enveloped the country, the King is taking his usual thorough interest in social and military affairs. He paid a surprise visit to Aldershot, and spent the day in the broiling sun watching the evolutions of various troops—a day which most people with opportunities of leisure would have preferred to spend in idleness.

When journals which may be regarded as national institutions and pillars of the Empire devote whole columns, and even lengthy leading articles, to the exposition of so uncontroversial a subject as the heat, we may surmise that something unusual is happening in the way of temperature. We do not propose to discuss the reasons for this heat-wave—by the time these words are in print it may have vanished, and every daily paper has its own theory; but it is interesting to note our dependence on Nature's vagaries. A few weeks more of this brilliant sunshine, and politics would be forgotten; let the mercury creep higher in our thermometers by a few degrees, and the importance of keeping cool would rank above the importance of being earnest on any other matter. Conventions are set aside even as it is; even the conservative Englishman appears arrayed in "whites" along Piccadilly—route sacred to sombre masculine fashion for a hundred years!—and in offices devoted to commerce, finance, and literature the shirt-sleeves and light wear suggest the tennis-court. Nature is at the wheel; at her nod we defy fashion, change our diet, shirk our duties, and upset the placid course of ordinary life until we find ourselves more in harmony with the altered environment. Not yet—save in one or two solitary Soho byways—have we reached the stage of the tall shrubs on the pavement and the little friendly café tables so familiar, and so grateful to our eyes, on the other side of the Channel; but it is safe to assert that if the weather of the past week or two remained unbroken for a month or six weeks, the City Fathers would come round to the French notion of comfort in hot periods, and would be seen sipping their iced coffee or cider in the full glare of publicity. Till then, we have our meals in ovens to the sinister humming of electric fans.

The question of the expurgation from literary work of paragraphs, poems, and matter in general which might "disturb the delicate sensibilities" of various people is amusingly touched upon in a couple of letters which we print in the present issue of THE ACADEMY. It is always a large question, fertile in discussion, and it is one which might with advantage be aired at the present day, when so much that is of debatable benefit is published in the name of Art. Expurgation is, of course, in one sense an injustice to a translated work; the author whose pages are doomed to be mutilated hardly obtains a fair representation whereby he may be impartially judged by the critics—and the standards—of another country. All difficulty would be at an end if the volumes containing such passages fell only into the hands of the critics; but when, in the nature of things, a book is sold to whomsoever chooses to buy it, "concessions to Mrs. Grundy" seem inevitable. The danger is that in our revolt from the "prunes and prisms" of early and mid-Victorian days we swing the pendulum too far in the opposite direction. It is no easy matter to hold the balance true between the hide-bound propriety, the comfortable "properness" of the past and that degree of outspokenness which shall result in good both to Art and to those whom it influences. The exploitation of horror for horror's sake, of secret evils for the sake of the prurient, is absolutely opposed to the cause of Art and to its progress, and the difficulty is, when an artist in revolt takes up pen or brush, to determine his position and the effect of his work. We shall be pleased to receive any well-considered letters from readers who may be interested in this important subject.

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THE STARS AND EARTH

"When," said the Stars to the Earth, "will your winds have done moaning?
When will they rest from their wrath and their dreary complaint?
And the voice of your waters have ended the dirge's intoning?
Will your children for ever be crying, or loudly or faint?"

"We are weary," they said, "of the sound of your wailing,
Rending our silence with sobs and unrestful exclaim;
Little we welcomed your birth and your life unavailing,
Little we love the rude noise of your failure and blame!"

"Know," said the Stars to the Earth, "e'er you came with your sighing,
In the wide firmament round there was nothing amiss;
Wrapt in a silence serene, with our guidance complying,
In peace, like our ages, profound, we dreamed on, and in bliss."

"Yea!" said the Earth to the Stars, "Ye are calm in your duty,
Slumbrous and silent ye wend in your motions and ways,
Nightly I watch and revere, and I muse on your beauty;
Ye are the Early Created, the Ancient of Days!"

"Yet," said the Earth to the Stars, "do ye deem I would borrow
Your peace, or would sleep and be silent for ever as ye?
Think ye I faint and am wan for my children's long sorrow,
Or tire of the wail of my wind and the moan of my sea?

Nay, I rejoice and am glad, and my strength is unbroken,
Great is my pride in the life and the strife that I bear!
Ye are but old and asleep, but my pain is the token
That I am full young and alive; not a pang would I spare!

"Know," said the Earth to the Stars, "when the cycles are finished,
Ye shall be faint and decay in your silence supreme,
But I shall be perfect and stay with my strength undiminished;
I live for a longing I have, and rejoice for a dream!

Like corn 'neath the scythe, like my armies that died 'neath the sabre,
Ye shall be senseless and cold as an impotent clod,
While I bear the noble of soul and the splendid in labour
And over me hovers the flag of the Kingdom of God!"

D. M.

MR. BERNARD SHAW AT CAMBRIDGE

In another column we print a letter from the President of the Cambridge Society of Heretics. The writer, it will be observed, takes exception to our article in last week's issue of The Academy based on the report of a lecture purporting to have been delivered by Mr. Shaw before his Society.

We have referred to the *Cambridge Review* of the 1st instant, which, Mr. Ogden states, discloses the "official attitude of the University" as to Mr. Shaw's "brilliant" and "inspiring" address. Unfortunately the carefully edited notice in the Review is neither "brilliant" nor "inspiring." It consists of some two hundred words, occupying twenty-two lines. With the exception of the remarkable suggestion, couched in doubtful grammar, as follows:

> If we once realise that God is not omnipotent, but that it is our duty to help Him make himself, we shall have a religion again, and that a native-born religion,

the official two hundred words represent a discourse which might have been delivered by the Reverend Doctor Dry-as-dust.

But what says Mr. Shaw himself? Telegraphing to the *Daily Express*, in answer to the inquiry whether he had used the expression, "Christ was a failure," Mr. Shaw used these words:—

> Have not seen report, but the fact you mention is sufficiently obvious in the modern smart sense of the word.

We think that Mr. Bernard Shaw's address was rather more "brilliant and inspiring" than "the official attitude of the University" compressed into twenty-two lines would lead the reader to suppose. Else why were such extraordinary precautions taken to prevent an adequate and true report of his pearls of wisdom attaining wider publicity than the comparatively attenuated membership of the Heretics admits of?

Another correspondent, Mr. Johnson, says, speaking of the lecture: Mr. Shaw "was often blasphemous, but there was always a serious meaning not far below." Was Mr. Shaw "often blasphemous"? According to the official notice of his lecture he was not. It is obvious that a wagon and horses will never drag out of the select community of the Heretics what Mr. Shaw did say.

Two hundred words is enough, in their opinion, to devote to what their chosen notice describes as "vigorous outbursts of irreverence."

Perhaps Mr. Shaw will himself emerge from most uncharacteristic obscurity. According to the *Christian Commonwealth*, "Mr. Shaw embarked on an indictment of the current creeds of the Churches, an avowal of faith in democracy, an exposition of the Dionysian philosophy of the Superman, the Life-Force, and the Transvaluation of Religious Values." Two hundred words! Bernard Shaw is not the Bernard Shaw of yore if such pitiful treatment does not raise his gorge:—

> Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurned me such a day; and other time
> You called me—dog; and for these courtesies
> I'll lend you this much monies.

Shylock, temporarily at least, had his revenge. No better advertisement than two hundred words! Certainly Mr. Shaw should have his bond.

We abstain from repeating or adding to the phrases attributed to Mr. Shaw, and in the course of nine days not repudiated by him; but the atmosphere of the lecture-room is pleasantly pictured in the *Christian Commonwealth*, as follows:—

> It was pertinently objected by one Heretic that Mr. Shaw should endeavour to avoid the unpleasant word God, with its unsatisfactory associations. Mr. Shaw admitted the difficulty, but complained that he could do no better. For the views of one somewhat boresome critic Mr. Shaw requested twenty minutes' silent prayer.

The *Christian Commonwealth* proceeds:—"It was a magnificent meeting; Mr. Shaw appeared the very incarnation of G. B. S., gloriously irreverent, transparently sincere, divinely prophetic, and inspiring—the very thing for our older Universities." But only two hundred words for the public!

"The very thing for our older Universities," remarks the *Christian Commonwealth*. "Why drag in Socialism," shrieks the presidential Heretic.

Ay, there's the rub.

Last week we wrote:—

> Unless public attention is called to the vile and blasphemous ravings which are permitted to be poured into the ears of University students, what guarantee can there be that the individual soul and the body politic will not go down to perdition?

"The body politic"—the Heretics are not greatly dis-

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turbed at our condemnation of the revival of old schools of philosophy as the stock-in-trade of an itinerant lecturer to be foisted alike on willing and unwilling listeners, to undermine conviction, and to sap the centuries-old foundation of civilised communion. The gravamen lies in the fact that we hinted, not obscurely, at the ulterior aim underlying an active propaganda. That aim is in certain channels to use the Christian religion to support Socialism so far as its tenets appear to conduce to that end, and in other channels to overthrow its influence in order that the atmosphere of social hate and civic revolt in which Socialism-cum-Atheism flourishes in such rank luxuriance may be developed.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, the Heretics, and the ten professors may without comment from us indulge in any esoteric system of philosophy which is agreeable to them. We excuse the annoyance which has been caused by publication; but, publication having occurred, we are entitled to comment on signs of the times which are of national and individual moment.

CECIL COWPER.

TOGO AND NOGI

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

AMONGST the crowd of foreign representatives and visitors who are coming over to see or to take part in the Coronation there are two men who will stand out prominently above all others as true makers of history. They are Admiral Togo and General Nogi. Both have other titles: Nogi, for instance, is a Baron; and I believe Togo possesses an even higher patent of nobility. Not only in Japan, but throughout the world, they are so well known by their deeds, that William Pitt's remark when he was criticised for only making Nelson a Baron after the Battle of the Nile, "Admiral Nelson's fame would be co-equal with the British name; and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been created a Baron, a Viscount, or an Earl," equally applies to them.

It is now just six years since the Russo-Japanese War was brought to a close by the Treaty of Portsmouth, and already, except to those who took part in that mighty struggle between the East and the West, the battles and the names of the heroes who controlled the battle scenes are already forgotten, or else the mists of time have obscured the significance of the one and the prowess of the other. But to the people of Japan the names of Togo and Nogi are more than household words; they are enshrined in their hearts as deities rather than men, and they have taken their place in the imagination of the people amongst that galaxy of heroes who enlighten the pages of history and tradition, and who play such a decisive *rôle* in inspiring the lives and moulding the character of the Japanese people. Togo and Nogi are esteemed above all the brave and talented warriors who led Japan's army and navy during the war. And what a splendid line of soldiers she produced!

Who will forget Oyama, the Commander-in-Chief of all the Army, a grim old warrior, his face pitted with smallpox, a giant in size amongst his companions, who thirty years before the war had fought in chain armour, and armed with a battle-axe, in the revolutionary struggle in which the power of the nobles was finally crushed and the Mikado established the *de jure* and *de facto* head of the State? To what other general has science brought such unique changes? How could Oyama have foreseen that in less than thirty years his battleaxe would be cast aside and he himself would be the commander of a million warriors fully equipped with modern weapons and directed by modern science? Kodama, the famous chief of the Staff; Kuroki, the Commander of the First Army Corps; Oku, the Commander of the Second Army Corps, who would hurl his troops against almost impregnable positions and see whole divisions perish without turning a hair,—all these were brave and notable men. Nor must we forget Nodzu, the talented leader of the Fourth Corps, whose services to Japan were second to none.

All these men have left great reputations, and their names are respected throughout the length and breadth of Japan; but without being in any way wanting in respect, or without saying anything derogatory, none of them has acquired quite such a hold on the affections of the Japanese people as Togo and Nogi. There were many officers in the Japanese Navy probably as up-to-date, and having possibly a greater technical knowledge of their profession than Togo; there were certainly officers in the Japanese Army of equal determination and strategical skill as General Nogi. The former was constantly successful in all that he undertook; the latter met with a series of deplorable reverses for month after month which would have crushed the confidence and broken the heart of an ordinary man. Yet both the one in the hour of victory, and the other with the grim shadow of defeat and disaster hovering constantly over him, never lost the affection and confidence either of the Emperor or of his subjects.

Therefore it is to the moral qualities of these two remarkable men that we must turn for a proper understanding of why they occupy the unique position that they do in the hearts and in the imagination of the Japanese people. Both are typical representatives of the ancient Daimio spirit of Japan, and the Daimio spirit breeds the same heroes who thrive in the knightly annals of mediæval romance and chivalry. Simplicity, modesty, bravery, a profound sense of duty, and a love of their country are the keynotes of the characters of both Togo and Nogi. Whether on land at an Imperial garden-party, or on the bridge of the *Mikasa* during the height of an engagement, Togo was always the same good-natured, modest, courtly gentleman, full of humour and playfulness, and apparently as free from care or anxiety as a child in the nursery. I visited him on his flag-ship at the Japanese naval base at the Elliott Islands in June, 1904. We were forty miles from Port Arthur, and at any moment one of his cruisers might signal that the Russian Squadron was on its way out to give battle to his fleet. Already the rumours that Russia was fitting out a second fleet in the Baltic, which she would despatch as early as possible to unite with the squadron in Port Arthur, had assumed a practical form. Two of the Japanese battleships—the *Hatsuse* and *Yashima*—had recently been lost on mines, thus considerably reducing the fighting strength of the Japanese fleet. Admiral Togo had to face the problem of destroying the fleet in Port Arthur before the arrival of Rojesvenski's fleet, otherwise the combined Russian squadron would have been in overwhelming strength. At the same time he had to hold the Vladivostock squadron in check and prevent any interruption of the transport service between Japan and Korea.

This was the most critical moment of the war, and the future of his country rested on Togo's shoulders. Yet nothing could disturb the serenity of his character and the even balance of his temperament. No disaster to his ships or failure of his plans could draw from him a sign or a gesture of annoyance, surprise, or disappointment at the caprices of an unkindly fate. In the midst of his harassing duties and pressing anxieties he received us, who had come to visit him, as a charming host in the most hospitable manner, showed us round his ship, explained the actions she had already taken part in, and then invited us to his cabin to drink champagne. Togo never courted publicity. When, after the battle of Round Island on August 10th, 1904, which settled the fate of the Port Arthur squadron, he returned

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to Japan to consult with the authorities at Tokio on the future conduct of the war, he could hardly be induced to show himself in public. The municipality of Tokio wished to do him special honour at a grand civic reception. But he modestly declined, declaring that his work was not yet done, and that it would be time enough to think of honours and entertainments when the war was at an end.

That which I have written of Admiral Togo applies in an equal degree to General Nogi. I was with him constantly from the day the army arrived before Port Arthur at the beginning of August, 1904, to the historic January 1st, 1905, when Stoessel finally surrendered. During this period I saw Nogi and spoke with him every week under various circumstances. The first occasion was just prior to the first assault on the Eastern Section of the Forts in August. At that time his army was flushed with victory; it had gained a series of successes on the Liatung Peninsular, and expected to take Port Arthur at the first assault, and then to hasten north to complete the destruction of Kuropatkin's army. Nogi was calm, polite, and full of consideration for us foreigners, and endeavoured even amidst his pressing responsibilities to make us feel welcome and to provide for our comfort. We asked him if he anticipated a speedy triumph. The General smiled, and replied that only a higher power could foretell that. I did not see him again to speak to until a week later, after the complete failure of the assault and the loss of 18,000 of his best troops. His face displayed no sign of the emotions which must have inwardly stirred him when the extent of the disaster became known and minute by minute the telephone brought in news of the loss of his best officers and bravest men. He was just as considerate for our welfare, and inquired how we had fared during the fight and if our present quarters were comfortable.

The siege dragged on, outlying works were captured, and at length the day arrived for the second general assault, which was fixed for October 30th, the Mikado's birthday.

saw Nogi at his headquarters the day before, and he told me of his plans. His manner was the same, but three months' constant strain and anxiety had caused a few grey hairs to appear. Again the assault ended in complete failure, and the General, taking the full responsibility on his own shoulders, is said to have written to the Emperor requesting permission to commit suicide on account of his repeated failures to take the fortress. But the Emperor and his advisers, with a full appreciation of the difficulties with which he was faced, expressed their full satisfaction, and ordered him to retain the command. Another month passed, and during this period Nogi was to be found constantly in his advance lines superintending the placing of batteries and encouraging his troops to fresh exertions. Then came the fateful 26th November, 1904, a day which will ever live in the military annals of Japan. Again the Eastern section of the forts was assaulted. From 1 p.m. until night cast her friendly pall over the dreadful carnage Nogi saw wave after wave of his choicest infantry break over the Russian forts and fall away like the scattering serf at the heights of a mighty storm. The Japanese had anticipated success, but they were beaten on all sides, and nearly twenty thousand killed or wounded strewed the pathway of their premature and futile gallantry.

This was a reverse calculated to break the strongest will, and it must have been a night of bitter reflection for the Japanese General. But he showed no sign of wavering or of despair. On the following morning, November 27th, he turned his horse's head towards the West, and ordered that series of assaults on 203-Metre Hill which has made the name a byword in war. From November 27th to December 5th assault succeeded bombardment and bombardment assault until the devoted Russian garrison were literally pounded into submission, and the Japanese stood victorious on that hill on which lay 14,000 dead and wounded men. Among the slain was Nogi's son, his other having fallen at Nanshan. After the siege, when General Stoessel sympathised with him on his loss, Nogi replied: "One of my sons fell at Nanshan, the other on 203-Metre Hill: both these positions were important for my army to take, and I would not have it otherwise."

During December the siege dragged on, and one by one the Russian forts fell, and then at length, on January 1st, Stoessel surrendered. On the following day I visited headquarters to offer my congratulations. Surely, if ever, on this occasion, the generalissimo of the army was entitled to feel some little pride and elation at his triumph, but I found absolutely no change in Nogi. He was just the same modest, courteous gentleman, taking no credit to himself, but attributing it all to the wisdom of the Emperor and to the goodness of his ancestral deities. From all parts of the world congratulations were pouring in on him. The Mikado had favoured the army with a special message, and the impetuous Kaiser had telegraphed bestowing on him the order of the Black Eagle. Nogi seemed surprised at these manifestations, and incapable of understanding their significance. He felt himself an unworthy recipient of so many honours, and would only accept them for the army's sake. His one idea was to hasten to the North and assist his comrades at the battle of Mukden, in which he played a decisive part. Since the war Nogi has presided at the head of Japan's military college, where he has continued to mould the character of his country's future leaders just as did General Lee at the close of the American Civil War.

Such men as Togo and Nogi are rare in these days. They are not bred in the commercial and material environment of the twentieth century. They belong rather to that epoch of knightly chivalry which filled the ranks of the Crusaders, and which later produced Bayard. They are the children of centuries of isolation, tradition, particular environment, and, above all, of that simplicity which does not arise from ignorance, but which is the result of a profound belief in spiritual guidance as embodied in the person of the Mikado. They were educated in the school of the warlike Samuri and courtly Daimois. Neither had any other thought than to serve his country, and, if necessary, to die for her. Neither possessed the least trace of personal ambition. Both were incapable of taking any credit to themselves for their deeds, and cared nought for honours or rewards. It was their privilege and pleasure to serve their country. The only reward they coveted was to see Japan victorious, and once this had been accomplished both were content to retire to the solitude of those beautiful gardens which they love so well. In adversity both were serene, confident in the justice of their cause, and in the wisdom of the supreme power which guided their actions, and were therefore certain of eventual success; in victory both were magnanimous, humane, and modest. Togo and Nogi can say of themselves, which but few have a right to say:—

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

THE STORY OF A BOOK

I.—THE WRITER

THE history of a book must necessarily begin with the history of its author, for surely in these enlightened days neither the youngest nor the oldest of critics can believe that works of art are found under gooseberry-bushes or in the nests of storks. In truth, I am by no means sure that everybody knew this before the publication of "The Man

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Shakespeare," and for the sake of a mystified posterity it may be well to explain that there was once a school of criticism that thought it indecent to pry into that treasure-house of individuality from which, if we reject the nursery hypotheses mentioned above, it is clearly obvious that authors devise their works. That the drama must needs be closely related to the dramatist is just one of those simple discoveries that invariably elude the subtle professional mind; but in this wiser hour I may be permitted to assume that the author was the conscious father of his novel, and that he did not find it surprisingly in his pocket one morning, like a bad shilling taken in change from the cabman overnight.

Before he published his novel at the ripe age of thirty-seven the author had lived an irreproachable and gentlemanly life. Born with at least a German silver spoon in his mouth, he passed after a normally eventful childhood through a respectable Public School, and spent several agreeable years at Cambridge without taking a degree. He then went into his uncle's office in the City, where he idled daily from ten to four, till in due course he was admitted to a partnership, which enabled him to reduce his hours of idleness to eleven to three. These details become important when we reflect that from his childhood on the author had a great deal of time at his disposal. If he had been entirely normal, he would have accepted the conventions of the society to which he belonged, and devoted himself to motoring, bridge, and the encouragement of the lighter drama. But some deep-rooted habit of his childhood, or even perhaps some remote hereditary taint, led him to spend an appreciable fraction of his leisure time in the reading of works of fiction. Unlike most lovers of light literature he read with a certain mental concentration, and was broad-minded enough to read good novels as well as bad ones.

It is a pleasant fact that it is impossible to concentrate one's mind on anything without in time becoming wiser, and in the course of years the author became quite a skilful critic of novels. From the first he had allowed his reading to colour his impressions of life, and had obediently lived in a world of blacks and whites, of heroes and heroines, of villains and adventuresses, until the grateful discovery of the realistic school of fiction permitted him to believe that men and women were for the most part neither good nor bad, but tabby. Moreover, the leisurely reading of many sentences had given him some understanding of the elements of style. He perceived that some combinations of words were illogical, and that others were unlovely to the ear; and at the same time he acquired a vocabulary and a knowledge of grammar and punctuation that his earlier education had failed to give him. He read new novels at his writing-table, and took pleasure in correcting the mistakes of their authors in ink. When he had done this, he would hand them to his wife, who always read the end first, and, indeed, rarely pursued her investigation of a book beyond the last chapter.

We buy knowledge with illusions, and pay a high price for it, for the acquirement of quite a small degree of wisdom will deprive us of a large number of pleasant fancies. So it was with the author, who found his joy in novel-reading diminishing rapidly as his critical knowledge increased. He was no longer able to lose himself between the covers of a romance, but slid his paper-knife between the pages of a book with an unwholesome readiness to be initiated by the ignorance and folly of the novelist. His destructive criticism of works of fiction became so acute, that it was natural that his unlettered friends should suggest that he himself ought to write a novel. For a long while he was content to receive the flattering suggestion with a reticent smile that masked his conviction that there was a difference between criticism and creation. But as he grew older the imperfections in the books he read ceased to give him the thrill of the successful explorer in sight of the expected, and time began to trickle too slowly through his idle fingers. One day he sat down and wrote "Chapter I." at the head of a sheet of quarto paper.

It seemed to him that the difficulty was only one of selection, and he wrote two-thirds of a novel with a breathless ease of creation that made him marvel at himself and the pitiful struggles of less gifted novelists. Then in a moment of insight he picked up his manuscript and realised that what he had written was childishly crude. He had felt his story while he wrote it, but somehow or other he had failed to get his emotions on paper, and he saw quite clearly that it was worse and not better than the majority of the books which he had held up to ridicule.

There was a certain doggedness in his character that might have made him a useful citizen but for that unfortunate hereditary spoon, and he wrote "Chapter I." at the head of a new sheet of quarto paper long before the library fire had reached the heart of his first luckless manuscript. This time he wrote more slowly, and with a waning confidence that failed him altogether when he was about half-way through. Reading the fragment dispassionately he thought there were good pages in it, but, taken as a whole, it was unequal, and moved forward only by fits and starts. He began again with his late manuscript spread about him on the table for reference. At the fifth attempt he succeeded in writing a whole novel.

In the course of his struggles he had acquired a philosophy of composition. Especially he had learned to shun those enchanted hours when the labour of creation became suspiciously easy, for he had found by experience that the work he did in these moments of inspiration was either bad in itself or out of key with the preceding chapters. He thought that inspiration might be useful to poets or writers of short stories, but personally as a novelist he found it a nuisance. By dint of hard work, however, he succeeded in eliminating its evil influence from his final draft. He told himself that he had no illusions as to the merits of his book. He knew he was not a man of genius, but he knew also that the grammar and the punctuation of his novel were far above the average for such works, and although he could not read Sir Thomas Browne or Walter Pate with pleasure, he felt sure that his book was written in a straightforward and gentlemanly style. He was prepared to be told that his use of the colon was audacious, and looked forward with pleasure to an agreeable controversy on the question.

He read his book to his friends, who made suggestions that would have involved its re-writing from one end to the other. He read it to his enemies, who told him that it was nearly good enough to publish; he read it to his wife, who said that it was very nice, and that it was time to dress for dinner. No one seemed to realise that it was the most important thing he had ever done in his life. This quickened his eagerness to get it published, an eagerness only tempered by a very real fear of those knowing dogs, the critics. He could not forget that he had criticised a good many books himself in terms that would have made the authors abandon their profession if they had but heard his strictures; and he had read notices in the papers that would have made him droop with shame if they had referred to any work of his. When these sombre thoughts came to him he would pick up his book and read it again, and in common fairness he had to admit to himself that he found it uncommonly good.

One day, after a whole batch of ungrammatical novels had reached him from the library, he posted his manuscript to his favourite publisher. He had heard stories of masterpieces many times rejected, so he did not tell his wife what he had done.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

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REVIEWS

THE MIDDLE AGES

The Mediæval Mind. By HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR. (Macmillan and Co. Two Vols. 21s. net.)

ONE thing at all events may be said of this carefully studied, sincere, and scholarly book; as Miss Evelyn Underhill's "Mysticism" will always be essential to the student of mystic thought, so this conspectus of mediæval forms of emotion and intellect will be an unfailing help to those who seek to navigate the vast and wonderful seas of the Middle Ages. Above all, it is a well-founded and careful book; Mr. Taylor traces the steps on which the great monument of the Middle Ages was built with unfailing patience. He shows us Greek philosophy, Latin law, Oriental Christianity all mingling into one stream. He traces the mixture of peoples, the influences of Teuton and Italian, Celt and Norseman resolving themselves into one great synthesis. He takes account of the mystic passion of St. Francis on one hand and of the military feudalism on the other; he surveys the whole field of the mediæval Ethos. Again, "The Mediæval Mind" resembles Miss Underhill's survey of mysticism in this, that it is a book to be indicated, not reviewed, unless the services of a whole battalion of specialists are to be requisitioned.

So much being allowed in all fairness, it may be doubted whether the author would not have done well to have called in an assessor, who would have supplemented this ingenious and laborious marshalling of facts and dates and biographies and quotations with that grain of insight which would have made all live. So far as one can see, the facts are all right. What is wanted is the explanation of the facts, the unveiling of the secret fountains from which all the amazing and beautiful streams of mediæval thought and fantasy and romance and devotion proceeded. "I wonder if there is anything back of all this," an American once said to me, speaking of some subject or another; and so, after reading Mr. Taylor's book, one is inclined to ask much the same question—Was there any motive power behind this set of facts and that set of facts; and if so, what was it?

To give an instance—or instances. The author writes a blameless and accurate outline history of the Celtic Church, he is instructive on the romances of chivalry, useful in the matter of the Graal legends. But, to be quite frank, he does not seem to understand, in any deep internal sense, any one of these subjects; and he does not perceive how all three are linked together, how in the immortal travesty of "Don Quixote" we hear from far off the lonely, thrilling accents of the Celtic monk:—

> As they were thus proceeding, then, they discovered a small boat, without oars or any other gear, that lay at the water's edge tied to the stem of a tree growing on the bank. Don Quixote looked all round and bade Sancho get down from Dapple and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that stood there. Sancho asked him the reason of this sudden dismounting and tying. Don Quixote made answer, "Thou must know, Sancho, that this bark here is plainly, and without the possibility of any alternative, calling and inviting me to enter it . . . for this is the way of the books of chivalry and of the enchanters who figure and speak in them.

True enough, this was the way of the books of chivalry; but many centuries before the books of chivalry were heard of it was the actual practice of Irish and Welsh and Scottish monks. Even the detail has survived in the parody; the boat was without oars or any other gear; and it was even in a boat without oars or sails that the Saint of Briton set on his strange way across the deeps. What did he seek? Who knows? perhaps the saints themselves could hardly have told us. In their hearts, perhaps, there was the mingling of many desires: the mere animal longing for change of place, the human longing for adventure, for the glimpse of the land, whatever it may be, that lies beyond the farthest wave; the motive of the missionary; the Celtic dream of paradise under the name of Avalon lying somewhere in the sunset, across the glassy waterfloods: all these may have entered into the heart of the saint as he pushed out his oarless, sailless boat into the foaming deep. At any rate such was the common practice of the Celtic monk—even in the days of our King Alfred such strange voyagers were washed on the shores of Cornwall—and there can be no doubt that this routine of the Celtic monastery is the origin of the "errancy" of the knights in the romances, of their readiness to embark on such an adventure as that which is burlesqued in "Don Quixote."

Here, then, we get the two chief sources of the typical knight of the story-books. He is a fighting man, as in the "Gestes;" but to the Norse hardihood has been united the spiritual, magical questing instinct of the Celtic monk: the mighty feats of Lancelot are Norman, his love-making is French, but his ardours for the Graal betray the mystic robes of the old dim Welsh saint, still discernible beneath the courtly surcoat and the warrior's chain mail.

Again, still following the same line of thought, one cannot but feel that Mr. Taylor's treatment of the Graal Legend is somewhat dry and banal. He lays stress on what is called the "human" side of the legend—as if the passion for God were less human than the passion for a woman!—and thereby, as it seems to me, quite misses the point—the *differentia*—of the Graal romances. Not for a moment do I wish to disparage tales of mortal love; far otherwise. But the essential quality of the Graal romances is, after all, their possession and treatment of the Graal motive. Lancelot and Guinevere make a brave story; but there are parallels to it in the great book of romance: the splendours and ardours and wonders of the Graal are unique: Galahad is a lonely figure. And this essential quality of the Graal story—its mystic spiritual ardour—is without doubt a part of the contribution of the Celts to the literature of the Middle Ages. And the signs accompanying the manifestations of the Holy Vessel, the shining of a great light and the odours as of paradise, are all to be paralleled in the lives of the Celtic saints.

There is an odd admission in the author's very interesting treatment of the Scholastic Philosophy. Speaking of the famous Duns Scotus, he says:—"If you enter *his* lists you are lost. The right way to attack him is to stand without and laugh." And Mr. Taylor adds that this was done afterwards, when whoever cared for such reasonings was called a *Dunce*.

The admission, I say, is an odd one, since it really amounts to a denial of the reasoning faculty. "Logically," says Mr. Taylor, "the argumentation is inerrant." There is nothing false, that is, in the premises; there is no objection to be brought against the way in which the conclusions are drawn from these premises: technically and in all other respects the reasoning of Duns is inexpugnable—he is not to be confuted. And the only thing is to laugh; if you argue, if you use that noblest faculty of man—as it used to be called—the reason, you are lost, you will find yourself hopelessly in the wrong. Duns proves to you that two and two makes four; you cannot deny it, so you raise a loud guffaw and retain your private and sacred opinion that the sum of these two numbers is really five. And there are

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still people who contrast the stern reasoning of modern times with the simple credulity of the ages of faith—or superstition. To laugh at an opponent, taking all the while the greatest care not to cross logical swords with him, may be a capital plan, but it seems an odd way of showing your superior reasoning power.

There are two wonderful passages cited from the angelic doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. One affirms that "man's final beatitude, which is his perfection, cannot consist in the cognition of sense-objects." The other describes all law, all civil government, all morality, all the arts of hygiene, sanitation, and medicine, all the rules of living as existing for one end, and for one end alone: that is the contemplation of God. Here you have one of the most exalted conceptions of human life that the mind of man has ever framed; and, comparing the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas with the doctrine of to-day, one is enabled to measure the terrific height from which we have fallen in the course of seven centuries.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

LIGHTS OF YESTERDAY

Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. With numerous Illustrations. (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER gives us to wonder what he might have been. Being what he is in spite of his early environment, we are moved to imagine the Ford Madox Hueffer of other juvenile surroundings. He prefaces his book by a dedication to "My dear Kids," and, in years to come, Christina and Katharine, in comparing the dedication with the book itself, will also jump for joy when thinking of the great escape of their father. He has missed "the spiritual gift of heredity."

The dedication has been written in a vein of pessimism. Mr. Hueffer sees much of his early life through the business end of a telescope; some of these memories of a young man are greatly magnified. The author was trained in the awe of the Great Victorians, in the heavy atmosphere which surrounded his grandfather, Madox Brown. Instead of taking upon himself the stolidity of his surroundings, instead of bathing in the reflections of their greatness, young Hueffer built up for himself a philosophy of contrast. The spirit of the child who would be a bridge-builder because father is a bridge-builder is not here; rather the feeling of the broken-hearted child who unwillingly is receiving pianoforte lessons. The shade of the music-master—with a thin cane held behind his back—is here. Perchance his father's remark that "Fordie" was a "patient but extremely stupid donkey" left its mark on the youth. However, all this is now of the past, though not a very distant past, for, he says, "I made for myself the somewhat singular discovery that I can only be said to have grown up a very short time ago—perhaps three months, perhaps six." As a child Mr. Hueffer was severely disciplined, and when free from this discipline moved among those Victorian giants who appeared to the youngster to be "morally and physically twenty-five feet high." We wonder whether Mr. Hueffer's children feel him to be Lilliputian: we hope not. "Life was simply not worth living" because of the existence of Carlyle, of Ruskin, of Holman Hunt, of Browning, or of "the gentlemen who built the Crystal Palace." But Mr. Hueffer must be of good cheer: he must live for the future and for "his dear kids," and then, as Wordsworth said—

> An old age, serene and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night,
> Shall lead thee to thy grave.

The sadness of unattained ideals and never-ending homilies must exist only as memories of that long adolescence.

In a light and humorously serious postscript Mr. Hueffer explains that the book is one of impressions and that he has throughout attempted to recreate the atmosphere of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. "This book, in short, is full of inaccuracies as to facts, but its accuracy as to impressions is absolute. . . . I have for facts a most profound contempt." This last remark is a sweeping assertion, which we are thankful is not borne out in the book itself. The licence of the artist who paints carrots in royal blue and hay-stacks in heliotrope cannot be allowed in a volume of memoirs. The picture of the human side of the individuals at the centre of the Æsthetic Movement, which succeeded the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, is one of great interest, and those of us who came into contact with the camp-followers of the movement will cherish this touch of humanity. The names of great men often are besmirched because of the inanities of their satellites—those superficial nobodies who invent a cult or found a club to enclose a tinsel shrine whereon a true worshipper would commit a hasty suicide. Enough of these imitators, who only imitate the clothes of their departed saints!—a matrimonial agency for the cultivation of small talk best describes their efforts. Their very existence is a travesty, which brings scorn upon their heroes. In the next generation we may expect a Shavian cult, one of the features of which will be the wearing of a Shavian beard. But at the heart of the movement there was "no inclination to live on the smell of the lily."

Wilde first formulated this "poetically vegetarian theory of life," which is Mr. Hueffer's apt description of the ambition for "poetic pallor and ascetic countenances." Very human are Madox Brown's anecdotes of William Morris. So, too, must be described the vision of Rossetti stretched on a sofa with lighted candles at feet and at head, while having grapes dropped into his mouth by two extremely beautiful ladies. This was not the vision for the vision's sake, but simply the love of beautiful ladies and of grapes. The leaders of the movement quarrelled like schoolboys: we see Ruskin, who had the toothache, reading to a friend the first hundred and twenty pages of "Stones of Venice." There is something very exhilarating about Madox Brown's thinly-veiled anxiety over an escape of gas when Burne-Jones had persuaded the President of the Royal Academy to accompany him to a private view in the twilight. How Mr. Hueffer's grandfather hated the Royal Academicians!

All these light touches must have relieved the monotony of Mr. Hueffer's early days. There is almost a suggestion that some of these memories must be largely of the impressionist type. We will quote two of the many interesting sidelights upon those of the inner circle:

> Charles Dickens called loudly for the immediate imprisonment of Millais and the other pre-Raphaelites, including my grandfather, who was not a pre-Raphaelite. Blasphemy was the charge alleged against them, just as it was the charge alleged against the earliest upholders of Wagner's music in England. This may seem incredible, but I have in my possession three letters from three different members of the public addressed to my father, who was the musical critic of the *Times*. The writers stated that unless Doctor Hueffer abstained from upholding the blasphemous music of the future—and in each case the writer used the word blasphemous—he would be respectively stabbed, ducked in a horse-pond, and beaten to death by hired roughs.

Those must have been stirring times for musical critics. Or, again, consider the fatherly thought of the author's grandfather as exemplified in the following:—

> I remember an anecdote which Madox Brown's housemaid was in the habit of relating to me when she used to put me

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to bed. Said she—and the exact words remain upon my mind:—

"I was down in the kitchen waiting to carry up the meat, when a cabman comes down the area steps and says: 'I've got your master in my cab. He's very drunk.' I says to him—and an immense intonation of pride would come into Charlotte's voice—'My master's a-sitting at the head of his table entertaining his guests. That's Mr. ——. Carry him upstairs and lay him in the bath.'"

Madox Brown, whose laudable desire it was at many stages of his career to redeem poets and others from dipsomania, was in the habit of providing several of them with labels, upon which were inscribed his own name and address. . . . The poet having been put into the bath would be reduced to sobriety by cups of the strongest coffee that could be made. (The bath was selected because he would not be able to roll out and to injure himself.) And having thus been reduced to sobriety, he would be lectured, and he would be kept in the house, being given nothing stronger than lemonade to drink, until he found the régime intolerable. Then he would disappear, the label sewn inside his coat collar, to reappear once more in the charge of a cabman.

Yet, in spite of such stories, the youthful Hueffer's life was one of monotony. Would a Sydney-street fusillade have moved him?

Belonging to the outer ring of friendship were most of the men of prominence of that time; some, like Whistler and Meredith, quickly carved out distinct paths for themselves, but, of those famed in the arts, few escaped influence. Meredith's poems attracted the pre-Raphaelite painters and writers, and Meredith became a fourth in Rossetti's household, but, as is well known, he did not appreciate the life, and quickly ended the compact. Later Mr. Shaw came into Mr. Hueffer's life, and we are treated to an amusing, yet sad, picture of G. B. S.'s early life in London. Mr. Shaw possessed no presentable garments except his suit of dress-clothes, and received an invitation to a soirée given by some high political personage, who added a postscript begging Mr. Shaw not to dress. What was Shaw to do? He pawned his dress clothes, and was able to appear at the function in a suit "resembling that of a Wesleyan minister." The first person he encountered was Mr. Balfour in evening dress; and to his surprise, but, we suspect, also to his delight, he quickly perceived that he was the only undressed person present! The philanthropic and thoughtful host had not realised that the only material asset of the rising genius was his evening dress. Mr. Hueffer would not go back to those early days. He prefers the civilisation, the politeness, the kindliness, and the polish of to-day. Still there is bitterness; art is so materialistic, finance is king, the newspaper is sacrificed to its advertisers: "life is good nowadays, but art is very bitter."

Mr. Hueffer's book must be read to be fully appreciated: its light and airy style will serve as a perpetual tonic to the reader. The glorious contrast from the majority of the autobiographical compilations of the present day adds to its charm. We envy the "dear kids."

AN AMERICAN ON INDIA

The West in the East. From an American Point of View. By PRICE COLLIER. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

A SECOND book from the author of "England and the English" was not to be anticipated without some mental stirrings. Now that it is an accomplished fact its matter has fully justified the most pleasurable of these. Its title covers the broadest geographical range of political and social problems. The volume, in fact, comprises a study of the British rule in India and of the European life in China and Japan. This description of its contents is neither subtle nor adequate; but it will have to serve until further insight can be obtained into the subject of this remarkable work.

There are some who on first opening the pages may feel inclined to regard the book with some doubt. At the outset Mr. Collier confesses frankly that the scenes and impressions he has rendered are the result of no more than a year's travel in the East. Now, it is an axiom in the Anglo-Indian community that a lifetime spent in India leads only to the dim threshold of the knowledge of its life. There are some who go further, and who deny that a full comprehension of the workings of the Eastern mind is ever possible to the Westerner. In which case a year of conscientious travel through the land of Sikh, Pathan, and Babu should supply as efficient a result in its way as a prolonged residence. So far as Mr. Collier is concerned, one may safely take it that the period of his stay was as productive as would have been a decade on the part of less intelligent and observant travellers. The author's journeyings, moreover, were through a country with whose problems he had already become familiar by prolonged studies. His work, therefore, demands to be taken very seriously. It may have its detractors; but even to these it cannot fail to give ample matter for thought.

The most salient feature in the work is one that must cause even the most lethargic of Englishmen to prick his ears—a dispassionate appreciation of British rule in India. To this end Mr. Collier was afforded opportunities that fall to the lot of few. He experienced the hospitality of the high officials, from the Viceroy downwards; he accompanied Civil servants on their official peregrinations and lived the tent life in their company; he was the guest of native Rajahs; he pottered amongst the bazaars, saw the seamy side of Eastern existence, and spoke with many who were avowedly hostile to the British dominion. With all this to his hand something rather out of the ordinary was to be expected from one who has already exhibited a profound and remorseless power of analysis. We are not disappointed.

Mr. Collier's verdict is strongly and overwhelmingly in favour of the British rule. Such praise as he gives is all the more valuable from the fact that not even the most complacent could regard it as unqualified. The author's appreciation of merit is shrewd, but his scent for weaknesses is equally keen. His admiration for those quiet men who, unadvertised und unproclaimed, help to govern India with infinite integrity, courage, and patience is unbounded, and is expressed with an unreserved generosity. His condemnation of the red-tape methods, of the crassly indulgent and wavering policy engendered from London, an anxiety to please at all costs that the Hindus mistake for fear and despise accordingly, is equally direct and equally justified. No undiluted diet of sugar-plums occupies Mr. Collier's pages. Here, for instance, are some of his comments on one of the men, Clive, whose names stand at the foundation of the Empire:—

> He changed the East India Company from a band of plundering pedlars into the beginnings of a beneficent Government. He won for England the greatest dependency she has ever had, or ever will have. He realised to the Indian a white Governor as powerful and more just than any ruler in their history. The shadow of his greatness still lends security to every white man, woman, and child, and likewise to every brown man, woman, and child in India.
>
> He forged a friend's name, he lied to an accomplice, he accepted wealth from those he conquered, he died by his own hand.

No, Mr. Collier has no intention of sparing us when his lancet has found a spot into which to probe. Here again are

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a few words on the Mutiny of history and on the continent of to-day :—

> Women and children outraged, suffocated, pitchforked on bayonets, burnt, stabbed, starved. and strangled: it is a horrible tale. Say what one will of all that, it is British business, British vengeance, not ours, but it is a disgrace to the whole white race that British callousness, and lack of taste and reverence, should permit these graves to be overgrown with weeds, should suffer that miserable little graveyard on the ridge above Delhi, should allow the lettering on the Kashmir gate to become defaced.

The censure is scathing. Yet it need not put the reader out of sympathy with the author. There is no jeer in the earnestly bitter note that comes from an understanding of what has been suffered and achieved, of the work that is being carried on now, and of the hampering and harassing of the workers that frequently suffices for their sole reward. There are some who may bring it against Mr. Collier that his tendencies are more imperialistic than those of a certain proportion of Englishmen. If by Imperialism is meant a broad and practical grasp of the duties and responsibilities of the white race in India, then this is indeed the case. The author has pointed out in pungent fashion the truths that strike with such compelling force in the East, and that are so lamentably ignored elsewhere. Bringing to bear his exceptional power of analysis, he scoffs at that ridiculous myth of Indian self-government which has duped so many in the West who are ignorant of even the first principles of caste, and to whom Sikh and Bengali, Mahratta and Gurka, Mohamedan and Buddhist are all one.

In Bombay Mr. Collier conversed with a native journalist of violent anti-British convictions. Speaking of Mr. Keir Hardie, the man was frankness itself. "We do not follow him," he replied, "we are only using him as we should use anybody else who will follow us! The men he influences," he continued, "are of little use to us, but they are a nuisance to the British." Now this testimony must be of a certain interest in that it reveals the true attitude of the Hindu towards the efforts of a white agitator who has taken the race beneath an ill-balanced wing. But the words carry a more weighty significance than this. In the House of Parliament the purveying of nuisances for the British is a fair and innocuous game, legitimate strategy, well understood by all parties. In the hothouse atmosphere of India this identical procedure is fraught with a peril that must cause even the European agitator himself to shudder did he but understand, the drenching of Indian soil with the blood of white men, women, and children to the accompaniment of the usual unspeakable horrors. To some this may sound an impossible nightmare; yet a propaganda to this very end is even now being carried on by many a smooth-tongued Bengali. Should such an attempt ever be made, where could the blood of the murdered lie but on the heads of the agitators whose crass ignorance had led them to judge of Eastern philosophy by that of West? For in justice to those born on British soil the crime must be stamped as an unwitting one. I, for one, will never believe that those who trampled in where even a Western angel would have stammered among strange gods were actuated by any motive more sinister than that of consummate self-conceit. Were it otherwise, the shame would lie on the land that bred them.

To a thinker and observer such as Mr. Collier the intricacies of the Indian situation were not long in revealing them. It is necessary once again to quote his words at length :

> It is somewhat disconcerting to an observer and student of Indian affairs, therefore, to find that it is from the Hindu element and largely from the Brahman caste that the murderers, bomb-throwers, seditious editors of the vernacular press, and the men who shoot down the English officials on platforms and in theatres are drawn. . . . The Brahman is the leader of the reactionist party. He prefers, apparently, that the mass of the people should remain ignorant, debased, diseased, and helpless, as his position is magnified by just the width of the social chasm between himself and them. . . . This attempt of the Brahman agitators to oust the British . . . is an effort to replace British control by the rule of the Brahman, which represents the most tyrannical, the most un-American, and the most revolting social, religious, and political autocracy the world has ever seen. How any American, whatever his ideals or his sympathies, can lend his influence in support of a movement to increase the power of the Brahman caste in India, politically or otherwise, can only be explained on two grounds: he is either maliciously mischievous, or he is ignorant.

The "West in the East" is a dangerous book from which to quote. Had I my own way, I would take a truth such as this from every page, and thus end by rivalling the bulk of the book itself. It is one the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. The work will doubtless circulate freely in the clubs, and more especially in such neighbourhoods as constitute the special haunts of the Anglo-Indian. But it is not in such places alone that I would see it. I would have it in every spot where the working men congregate, and where the advanced doctrines of the day are uttered in frank good faith. To many a portion of its epigram and of its delightful descriptive passages may be lost. That, again, matters not in the least, for there is not a reader who will not obtain an accurate picture of India from its pages, and who will not find himself—probably for the first time—face to face with the real problems of that great conglomeration of countries. He will understand why the rights of mankind, as understood in the East and in the West, are respectively as oil and water, and the unalterable reasons why the distinctions between the two must remain. He will realise something of caste, of racial feuds, and of the circumstances that win the respect of the Oriental, and he will open his eyes more widely than ever before.

As to those many thousands, of which the reviewer may count himself one, who themselves have some practical acquaintance with India, and whose kith and kin are helping to guard the Empire in the East, they have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Collier, who, frankly disinterested and coolly critical, has supplied a testimony that it behoves every Englishman to read. We may swallow his praise, and stand up to his hits with a wry smile. The accurately-weighed mixture cannot fail to be of service to the nation at large.

W. H. Koebel.

THE FAMILY OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

The Family and Heirs of Sir Francis Drake. By Lady Eliott-Drake. Two Volumes. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 31s. 6d. net.)

"What's in a name?" A very great deal if we may judge from the present bulky volumes before us. It seems that the pre-eminence of Drake has been the excuse for presenting us with an acconnt of the illustrious seaman's family and heirs. There is a pretty legend to the effect that when England is in danger a few taps upon Drake's drum will bring its owner to our aid. We feel like striking that drum and asking Drake if he could reasonably countenance the publication of a work that is far more suitable for private circulation than to be issued in the ordinary way. Had the great Drake himself left issue there might have been a vast difference in the interest of the material available; but he

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died childless, and, to be perfectly frank, we have to deal with a number of people who were in no way remarkable. Many of them seem to have had a mania for litigation, and though not a few were good and useful citizens, staunch Protestants and Whigs, none of them stand out as being particularly noteworthy. Only in the last generation do we find two vice-admirals carrying on something of the old tradition of the sea.

Lady Eliott-Drake has written but little concerning the great Sir Francis on the ground that others have done so, fully and excellently, elsewhere. Although a detailed account would have been beyond the scope of the present work, we could have wished that the author had set aside her modesty and given us a brief but intimate sketch of her famous collateral ancestor. As it is, we have a few cold facts strung together, always with such a due regard to treading on the toes, or domains, of other writers on the subject, with the lamentable result that we get a Drake almost entirely shorn of his unique spirit of adventure on the one hand, and of his loyal love of Queen and country on the other. Why, we may ask, has much space been given to Drake's scheme for bringing fresh water to Plymouth and to the present-day "Fyshynge Feaste" held in commemoration of that event, while the victory over the Spanish Armada is passed by almost without a reference?

Certain details, however, are of special interest. Lady Eliott-Drake writes:—"Until cocoa-nuts were brought to Europe in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, none had been seen in England—at least not as fruits. It is true that, carried along by the Gulf Stream and washed ashore as flotsam and jetsam, such things had been picked up singly and at rare intervals, but no one regarded them as having anything to do with the vegetable world; they were much more mysterious objects—nothing less than griffin's or dragon's eggs!" It was Drake who gave Elizabeth one of these cocoa-nuts, and she had the happy idea of returning it to him "set in gold, and mounted in a way which had reference to this credence, to her own Royal Arms, of which one of the supporters was a Tudor griffin, and to Drake's arms and name, 'El Draque' (the Dragon) as the Spaniards called him." This was certainly an inspired thought on the part of Queen Elizabeth; but the complimentary symbolism does not end here, for on one of the three divisions of the cup is a representation of the *Golden Hind* being towed by four vessels. Thus Hakluyt writes of the occupants of those boats:—"Attired in white cloth of Callicut and having over their heads, from one end of the canoe to the other, a covering of thin perfumed mats borne up with a frame made of reeds, under which every one did sit in his order according to his dignitie, to keep him from the heat of the sunne, divers of whom being of good age and gravitie did make an ancient and fatherlie shew."

Lady Eliott-Drake observes of Thomas Drake: "A somewhat limited nature has to be pourtrayed in the immediate succession to a remarkably gifted one, the lesser character is sure to be unduly dwarfed by the contrast." This is true enough, but whether the succession is immediate or so far removed as to deal with descendants in our own time the effect is pretty much the same. It was not altogether wise to drag out of the past certain men and women just because they happened to be related to one of our greatest Englishmen. While the former were busy proving wills, attending to other legal matters, arranging marriages, standing for Parliament, and leading in Devon the life of an English gentleman, the great Drake himself was above the pettifogging ramifications of his far-reaching relatives. While his contemporary Shakespeare gave to English literature its crowning glory, so did Drake make that "precious stone set in a silver sea" the supreme monarch of the wave, a reign of triumph carried on by Nelson and by our Navy of to-day. We like to remember the words upon a sword given by Queen Elizabeth to Drake: "Whoso striketh at thee, Drake, striketh also at Us." We gladly part company with the five baronets mentioned in these volumes to return all the more eagerly to him who captured Spanish gold and crushed the Armada. We have found him in the work of Froude, Corbett, and Mr. Alfred Noyes. In the book before us he is almost hidden from view, and we are left very much at sea with those who carried on his name without repeating the glory and distinction of his life.

THE AUTOCRAT AT THE RIVER-SIDE

Modern Development of the Dry Fly. By FREDERIC M. HALFORD. (George Routledge and Sons. 15s.)

THE publication of a new book by Mr. Halford is an event which always arouses the keenest interest in angling circles. This is the last word on the subject of dry-fly fishing, and Mr. Halford winds up his treatise in a manner which he clearly intends to be final. The fortunate anglers who are privileged to fish for the large trout and grayling of the Itchen and Test (to whom this book is primarily addressed) are comparatively few in number. But many who are not dry-fly purists will read his book, try his thirty-three patterns of flies, discuss his methods, and argue over his conclusions—and that, let him be assured, in no hostile or captious spirit, for all anglers, of whatever school, highly appreciate the work that Mr. Halford has done for the sport which they love.

The first half of the volume is entirely admirable, a monument of patient investigation, proving the author an accurate entomologist and an accomplished fly-dresser. The illustrations of flies are excellent, and the colour-chart should prove most useful as a standard of colours and shades. The second half, where Mr. Halford sets himself the task of proving the success of his patterns, is almost necessarily egotistical. Chance seems to be eliminated, as we read of fish after fish successfully stalked, accurately covered at the first cast, played by the book, and brought to net without a mistake. We shudder to think how we should bungle such casts beneath the cold, grey eye of the master! Such fishing almost ceases to be a recreation; it becomes in his hands a sacred ritual, with F. M. Halford as its great high priest. We hear him exclaim "Procul este, profani" as we put down one fish after another with a false cast, an alarming drag, or an imperfectly cocked fly. Angling is not all joy when a critical keeper is watching to report progress; it must be a severe ordeal for a mere man with our author looking on. There is something perfunctory about the way in which he apologises for his apparently uniform success; it is his concession to the weaker brethren.

It may be that anglers in general will think Mr. Halford too dogmatic. In a case which lately gained considerable notoriety a noble witness was asked by the K.C. who was examining him, "Is that a matter of opinion?" To which he replied, "No, it is a matter of fact, and my opinions are facts." So the impression that this book leaves on our mind is that Mr. Halford's way is the only way of attacking chalk-stream trout, and that his patterns are the only possible flies to use. Yet he admits that very few of his friends have followed his example by limiting their flies to his patterns; in truth the scientific angler is the exception, if this is what science requires of him. But most people are fond of experimenting on their own account, and each has his own favourite flies; and ready as he may be to accept advice and to try new patterns, he does not as a rule like others to dictate to

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him: he thoroughly believes in the element of luck, and prefers to buy some of his experience for himself.

What then, it may reasonably be asked, has Mr. Halford proved? He shows conclusively, almost *ad nauseam*, that he can catch big fish on his new patterns, but he does not show that they cannot be caught equally well on others. His *dictum* that you should on all occasions imitate as exactly as possible the natural fly on which the fish are feeding will seem to many an unnecessary limitation. It puts all fancy flies at once out of court. Yet there seems no reason why we should not make an appeal to the curiosity of a fish as well as to his appetite. The red quill has always proved very successful on our chalk-streams, and one well-known angler on the Itchen seldom uses any other pattern. But perhaps its success is due to its resemblance to the female olive (red) spinner, on which, in 1904, Mr. Halford caught more fish than on any other pattern, and perhaps the inventor of the red quill was really something of a naturalist himself. Jup's Indispensable, again, is a most useful fly; on one occasion our author was quite jealous of its success. The Wickham's Fancy will certainly die hard, also the gold-ribbed hare's-ear. If we could imagine Mr. Halford so far forgetting himself as to confine his attention for a whole season to fancy flies, we do not believe that his total bag would suffer much in consequence. This is, of course, rank heresy, but it would be rather an interesting experiment. Probably all who grant Mr. Halford's premisses must agree with his conclusions; but many good anglers will rebel in practice against his restrictions. It is even possible that he overestimates the education of his chalk-stream trout.

THE RULE OF HEALTH

Regimen Sanitatis: The Rule of Health. By H. Cameron Gillies, M.D. (Printed for the Author by Robert Maclehose and Co., Glasgow.)

In these days, when scarcely a month passes without the announcement of some new and unfailing remedy for all the ills which flesh is heir to, a book such as that which is before us is of the greatest possible interest. Dr. Gillies has been fortunate enough to discover a Gaelic manuscript which in all probability belonged to John MacBeath, a member of the family which for many centuries provided the hereditary physicians of the Lords of the Isles and the Kings of Scotland.

The text probably dates back as far as the latter part of the fifteenth century, and offers an interesting field of study to the student of Gaelic etymology. As regards its substance, it is no doubt largely based upon and owes its essential character to the ancient mediæval school of Salerno. Maxims laid down in the "Regimen Sanitatis Salerni," a rhymed treatise which issued from that school, are in close accord with those found in the present work. Thus the lines from the Salernian poem:—

> Parce mero, caenato rarum, ron sit tibi vanum
> Surgere post epulas. Gomnum fuge meridianum.
> . . . . .
> Si tibi deficiant medici, medici tibi fiant
> Haee tria, meus laeta, requies, moderata dieta,

afford the theme of much wise reasoning in the "Regimen."

Our worthy modern medicine-men would have us believe that all we need do to be saved from illness, old age, and death is to drink sour milk, avoid meat, live on fruit, starve, skip, and otherwise make ourselves uncomfortable. It is comforting to observe that apparently each and all of these specifics was well known to the worthy doctors MacBeath, and no doubt equally well known to the learned physicians who managed in some obscure way to keep alive the dim lamp of science through the Dark Ages. Now, according to the "Regimen," the whole duty of man is, like Julius Cæsar's *Gallia, in tres partes divisa est*, that is to say, *Conservativum*, "an intelligent understanding of the conditions of health and life, and a rightly careful application of this most useful and saving knowledge, to conserve the healthful state;" *Preservativum*, foreseeing a falling away from the healthy state and taking precautions accordingly; *Reductivum*, a leading back to health for those who, neglecting the precepts of *Conservativum* and *Preservativum*, fall into a state of ill-health. Food is to be eaten only when there is an appetite for it, and appetite should never be satiated. *Dum adhuc appetitus durat manum retrahe.* It is quite a mistaken notion that one ought to get drunk once a month. Don't drink with your meals if you can avoid it; but drinking with meals, like other bad habits, should be given up gradually. You should only take three meals every forty-eight hours—thus Mr. Upton Sinclair is not the first in the field with the starvation theory by many centuries. Bathe often in sweet water. Don't partake of a heavy meal late at night. Feed well in the winter, but do not indulge in overeating during the warmer months, and in summer-time eat during the cool of the day.

Quantum vis sume de mensa tempore brune, tempore sed veris eibo moderate frueris. Et calor aestatis dapibus nocet immoderatis. Autumpri fructus extremos dant tibi luctus. Drink sour milk in the summer time—apparently there were Metchnikoffs even in those early days. Food should be thoroughly cooked. Above all things remember the words of Galen, "*Commedo ut vivam non vivo ut commedam.*" And do not worry nor give way to passion. *Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum, curas tolle graves: irasci crede profanum.*

Such are a few among the many wise precepts laid down for us by the "Regimen Sanitatis." The book contains a facsimile of the text, a transliteration, translation, notes, and an ample glossary.

Raymond E. Negus.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Les Psaumes de Salomon, Introduction, Texte Grec, et Traduction. By J. Viteau, Docteur ès Lettres. With the Principal Different Readings of the Syriac Version, by François Martin, Professeur de Langues Sémitiques à l'Institut Catholique de Paris. (Letouzey et Ané, Paris. 6f. 75c.)

This is a concise, clear, and judicious account of an interesting but baffling problem, or, as we should rather say, of a sheaf of problems. About the "Psalms of Solomon" nothing is certain—the time, the place, even the language of their composition are the subjects of more or less plausible conjecture. The problem of authorship, as we should have expected, has never come near being solved; one thing is certain, that the Psalmist was not King Solomon. The English edition of Ryle and James somewhat boldly gives to the work the title of "Psalms of the Pharisees," thereby assuming a certain solution of one of the minor controversies involved, as to whether the author was strictly speaking a Pharisee. It seems probable that he was, and the other probabilities are that the Psalms were composed at Jerusalem about the time of the Roman occupation of Judæa by Pompey, and that

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they were originally written in Hebrew, though this version is no longer existing. They have made sundry attempts to incorporate themselves into the Canon of the Old Testament, and they seem to have served to some extent in the religious Offices of the Jews at the beginning of our era. The anathemas of which they are largely composed seem clearly to be directed against the Sadducees and the Asmonean destiny; and there is a curious passage which apparently refers to the death of Pompey: "I waited not long for God to show me his ignominy, stabbed among the hills of Egypt, brought to nought more fearfully than the least of men, . . . his body tossed to and fro upon the waves, . . . and there was no man to bury him." The author believed firmly in the near approach of the Messiah; one, at least, of the Psalms is entirely occupied with this expectation, and there is a very useful chapter of introduction on the general subject of Messianism. With regard to the literary value of the Psalms there are at least two opinions—a former critic has called them "a real gem;" Dr. Viteau considers them, with certain exceptions, mediocre. They are imitations of sacred poetry by a writer impregnated with the Jewish Scriptures. Dr. Viteau suggests that this imitative character was no blemish in the eyes of the Jew, "qui se complaît dans l'intensité et l'acuité des sentiments exprimés, plus que dans leur variété." An apt comparison is made with the canticles of the New Testament, such as the Song of Simeon, the period, the language, and the ideas all justifying this parallel.

Argentine Plains and Andine Glaciers. By WALTER LARDEN. (T. Fisher Unwin. 14s. net.)

MR. LARDEN'S volume has every right to be classed in the category of useful books, although it is almost entirely free from literary or impressionistic distinction. Much information, however, is given concerning the peculiarities of Argentine farming. We are told the seasons in which the various crops are sown, and those others in which they ripen; the details of colonist labour are explained, and the ways and means of agricultural life are very fully gone into. Although valuable enough in itself, the form which the matter takes is of a nature too stilted for general interest. Considerable trouble has evidently been taken with the cataloguing of the various fauna with which the author came into contact, although the treatment of the subject is somewhat marred by the occasional introduction of philosophy such as the following:—"Who is it that has pointed out the curse that Socialism has been to ants and bees and such-like?—how it has killed all progress; a stereotyped and elementary civilisation? A community of bees may be, *quâ* community, superior to a community of dogs. But, as a companion, a tame bee or a tame dog? One can, for the purpose, assume the bee to have suitable dimensions. I am sure that its stupid lack of adaptability would be most annoying." Now, a very little of this will go as long a way as the author is attempting to stretch the unfortunate bee! Fortunately the volume contains very few attempts such as this amazing feat of comparison. The latter portion of the work is concerned with scenes and travel in the Andes, and the description here is good.

The photographs which illustrate the text are worthy of all praise, and those which accompany the chapter on "The History of a Locust Invasion" are of great interest. The pictures here are unusually successful and comprehensive. They include the various stages through which the creature passes, from the bunch of eggs to the voracious winged insect itself. The photographs of the baby ostriches and of the other denizens of the plains are almost equally admirable. Indeed, did the letterpress of the book attain to the level of its illustrations it would be a notable work.

Nonsense Novels. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN a mild way Mr. Leacock repeats the exploits of "Lewis Carroll," for, while in his serious moments he is a Professor of Political Economy at a Canadian University, his spare time is occupied with the construction of articles and skits which are generally humorous, and often very funny indeed. The present volume is an improvement upon "Literary Lapses"—the errors of taste which we noted in that amusing collection are here absent, and we can thoroughly enjoy the shrewd and witty manner in which the author has "taken off" various styles of story-writing.

Quotation is almost useless when so much of the effect depends on the mood induced by the accumulated paragraphs. "Gertrude the Governess," with its excruciating picture of Lord Ronald who, cut off with a shilling, "flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions," is one of the best of these "Nonsense Novels;" "Caroline's Christmas," a parody of the homely-pathetic Yuletide yarn, runs it very close; and "'Q,' a Psychic Pstory of the Psupernatural," is another laughable extravaganza. There are ten of them altogether, and only half-a-dozen times or so does a really poor witticism occur. For an hour when boredom is imminent or serious fare distasteful this book will be most welcome.

CORONATION NUMBERS

IT always seems to be expected when any notable event is toward that the *Sphere* in some way or another will celebrate it in true and proper form, and in the present beautiful Coronation number which Mr. Clement Shorter offers for half-a-crown the well-earned reputation is adequately sustained. The brilliant heraldic cover at once attracts attention, and is symbolical of the Mother Country surrounded by her Colonies in front of the national flag. The book is divided into five sections, which describe the "Nature of the Ceremony," "Some Historic Coronations," "King George's Predecessors," "King George's Coronation," and "King George and his Empire." There are excellent pictures of their Majesties, as well as many other facsimile portraits of previous Kings and Queens. The issue is brought to a fitting conclusion by a series of articles which deal with subjects of world-wide interest.

During the early part of last week the *Sketch* brought out a very dainty and interesting Summer Number, only to be followed within a few days by the Coronation Souvenir Number, which carries with it a large presentation plate in colours of King George, who is represented in the act of lighting his cigarette. The likeness is very good and most naturally taken. The book itself deals with some very interesting details, not only with regard to the King and Queen, but also in connection with those who are to take important positions in the coming ceremony. Like its contemporaries the *Sphere* and the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch* should have not only a fleeting but an historical interest for all who have the welfare of the Empire at heart, and is well worth the 2s. asked for its purchase.

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FICTION

The Trail of '98: a Northland Romance. By ROBERT W. SERVICE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

WE know Mr. Service as a poet, as the "Canadian Kipling," as one destined to reflected glory. In this, his first experiment as a novel-writer, he seems to have set before him a task to show us that he has a style of his own, and is weary, in the manner of poor mortals, of being eternally hailed by another man's name. In that respect he has succeeded amply; his book bears no more resemblance to any known work of Kipling's than has chalk to Cheddar cheese, and in it Mr. Service proclaims himself one of that great school of transpontine romance which has most completely solved the problem of laying on colours with a shovel and adding high lights with a pail.

Athol Meldrum, a young Scot of dour character, sets off for America to join a cousin on a Saskatchewan sheep-ranch. But San Francisco delights him, and, being neatly robbed of his money in that easy-going city, his yearnings for Saskatchewan fades apace, and he seeks work. After some experience of living on next to nothing, which he enjoys, he finds himself destitute in San Francisco, and is rescued by a reformed gambler called Jim. He is, however, persuaded by a prodigal son of a rich man in the East, who is amicably sowing his wild oats, to join the "Great Stampede" to the Klondike. On the boat, the human cargo which Mr. Service well describes both in humour and pathos, Athol falls in love with a Polish girl, Berna, travelling with a helpless grandfather and a villainous Jewish couple. But, on landing, the parties take different routes. The hardships of the trail Mr. Service recounts with considerable power and appropriate ruggedness. Presently Berna's grandfather is killed in an avalanche, and Athol, meeting her again beside the lake where the journey down to Dawson commences, she tells him that a "Klondike King," Locasto, is in league with the Jews to make her his mistress, and she begs Athol to marry her. The Scotch caution of that young man prevails over his love, however, and they agree to wait a year. Then follows the exciting journey down the rapids and the arrival at Dawson, where the new-comers are told that all the claims worth having are staked, and they had better go home. After a time, during which Athol has worked on one of Locasto's mines, and had his life pleasantly attempted, they find a good claim, and are soon on a fair way to make their fortunes. Meanwhile, the Jews have a restaurant at Dawson, and Berna waits at table, immaculate in that city of vice. But when the year is up Athol is in hospital with typhoid, and Berna falls by treachery into the hands of Locasto. Afterwards there are explanations, but it is apparently too late for happiness, and a melodramatic ending is conjured up to convince us of this.

In his love scenes Mr. Service does not shine greatly, and there are a few which would be better away; they are much over-written, restraint of any kind not yet being one of Mr. Service's qualities in prose composition. Nor are his characters of much subtlety. Locasto is a stage villain, Athol is human at times, Berna pleases in a shadowy way, the rest, though often convincing, are mere types. It is in the, as it were, journalistic part of his book that Mr. Service is seen at his best—in the sights and people of the trail, the miners and the sharks of Dawson, the cold, the snow, and the desperate toil. We regret that the use of another medium has betrayed our author into many literary excesses, to which in his verse he has not yielded. The novel has a habit of giving people away, but we trust that the faults of this one are not beyond easy remedy, and that Mr. Service will soon learn to handle his pen with more delicacy, and that without foregoing his great birthright of vigour and genuineness.

Revelations of the Secret Service. Being the Autobiography of Hugh Morrice, Chief Travelling Agent of the Confidential Department of His Britannic Majesty's Government. Chronicled by WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

THERE are too many mysteries which are devoid of mystery about this volume, which is, of course, a lineal descendant of the Sherlock Holmes series. Although the composition and grammar are above Mr. Le Queux's ordinary standard, many of his other cardinal vices remain. He expends a great deal of ink and uses a good deal of paper to lead up to what the reader is induced to believe will be a most entertaining and unusually surprising climax. When all this prefatory matter has been read through, the climax is found to consist of a very ordinary series of incidents. The fact is, Mr. Le Queux requires to be taken in homœopathic doses. A story now and then from his pen in a periodical might be quite interesting, but when his output is collected into a volume of over three hundred pages, it is decidedly oppressive to those who have not brought the gentle art of "skipping" to perfection.

Vittoria Victrix. By W. E. NORRIS. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

IT speaks well for the strength of will of Mr. Norris that he could endure the task of living with the characters of this book for the length of time it took him to write of them. But there is no need for one who reads for pleasure to endure the discomfort of the company of Vittoria Victrix. This name was given, under circumstances that do not matter, to a young girl named Vittoria Torrance. She is the daughter of an English gentleman of considerable estate, who never sees her if he can avoid it, and of an Italian lady, about whom the less said the better. The hero, if there be one, is a young man named Edwin Tratham, who is thirty-one years old, an R.A., and a sculptor of world fame. If one can get hold of that idea and come to like it, there is, of course, just the chance that one might read on with interest. But when on page 4 we read that he was "at the top of the tree" and on page 10 that he was thirty-one we became somewhat incredulous. He loves Vittoria, and in the end marries her, but not before some complications crop up in the shape of the heir of an Earl and an American millionaire. However, we left them together at last, and are more than content to part with them for good.

If Mr. Norris were capable of nothing better than this we could bear with it, at least with pity, but as it is we feel the annoyance of those who look to him for better things. There is not a single strong human situation in the book from the first page to the last, and only one live character at all, the old Aunt, and she only appears about six times, and then in a quite unimportant way. We can promise those of our readers who take up "Vittoria Victrix" at least two hours of genuine boredom.

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO

By FRANK HARRIS

POPULARITY is the varnish of talent, as Fame is the patina conferred by Time on genius. The varnish brightens the colours, holds them together, tends to preserve the picture: but it is not otherwise important. We know all about Fame: it comes from a man's peers, and is slowly built up by generation after generation; but popularity is a sort of

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wind-blow, and falls at haphazard. For more than a year now d'Annunzio, the Italian poet and novelist, has been living in Paris in a perfect blare of applause. Whatever he says is noted by the papers and trumpeted abroad; his every movement is a triumphal progress. In the gay, artistic capital he is throned as a monarch and holds a sort of Court with a vast retinue of admirers. Naturally one hears now and then what one might call a cæsura in the rhythm of adulation.

At a reception one evening d'Annunzio dropped his handkerchief by chance; a young lady picked it up and handed it to him with a pretty smile: "Il suo fazzoletto, Maestro." D'Annunzio bowed and, seeing she was pretty, replied with royal amiability: "Keep it, Mademoiselle; you may keep it." The girl's smile vanished; holding the kerchief carefully between finger and thumb, she walked to the fire and dropped it on the embers. A smile spread on every face but the Italian's. Such incidents, however, hardly supply discord enough to spoil the universal harmony. On all hands D'Annunzio is hailed as a genius, a great artist, a lord of words, a master of deathless music.

Snobbishness is responsible for half the fuss, and jingoism for nearly the other half. The pyramid of praise stands on its apex, and I looked the other day to see it overthrown. For a play in French verse by d'Annunzio was announced, "Le Mystère de St. Sébastien," and it is a fixed belief of mine that no one is ever master of two languages at the same time. Accordingly I ventured to predict that the French verses of d'Annunzio would bring about an anti-climax, and tumble the gigantic card-board palace of his notoriety about his ears in hideous ruin.

At first it seemed as if this were going to happen. Monseigneur Amette, the Archbishop of Paris, warned the faithful that the play was a sacrilege; but playgoers are not pious, it appears, for on the first night the Châtelet Theatre was crammed with a cosmopolitan crowd who cheered and cheered as if a bad imitation of an old-fashioned mystery play were a world's masterpiece. The warning of the Archbishop, however, was more than justified; the only interest in the play was, as I think, an interest of indecent blasphemy. The verses moved mechanically, like eight-footed insects, without rhyme or rhythm, and for five mortal hours one listened perforce to platitudinous drivel which was broken at intervals by the antics of a scantily-clad Polish Jewess, who mimicked the Passion and danced the Crucifixion. I believe in freedom—license even—and though the whole thing was inexpressibly disgusting and fatuously stupid, after all it could do no harm.

The artistic failure should have overwhelmed d'Annunzio, but he is as chirpily complacent as ever: when interviewed he declared that there was no country in the world like France, no people like the French; French cooking, and French taste, and French manners, and French dress, and French verse, and French—goodness knows what—were the best in the world. But, who is Signor d'Annunzio, and what are his titles to honour?

In person he is insignificant: a little man of five-feet-four, or thereabouts, with podgy figure, tightly cased in ultra-fashionable clothes (open war between vanity and gluttony). He looks a typical Southerner of forty-five or fifty; his head is quite bald, his moustache preternaturally black; his nose well-formed, his eyes remarkable—large, almond-brown, vivacious, bright.

His works every Latin knows: half-a-dozen novels, all stories of passion, or jealousy, or the hate engendered by desire. Himself the hero always, half-panther, half-poet, humane-cruel; an irresolute, sensual, artist, who is utterly unable to see himself from the outside and is without any faintest gleam of humour. Now and then a woman recognisable as the Duse by cicatrices of age and the malady of an unhappy love. The figures seem to move before us as in a furnace; the half-naked bodies glowing like baked clay in the vibrating heat-mist. The prose is like a soft carpet under one's feet and silken curtains half-hiding, half-revealing.

His poems show D'Annunzio's literary gift better than his prose: they are full of pictures, full of sonorous, beautiful cadences, with now and then hints of life, suggestions of desire. His plays, on the other hand, discover his essential weakness of thought, his want of originality, of what Goethe and Carlyle called genius. D'Annunzio is certainly not a *seer;* but lives with unconscious complacency in all the modern conventions. An almost perfect type of the man of talent, he has a superb gift of rhythmic, sonorous speech; it is as if an ordinary, very sensuous nature had been endowed with an astonishingly melodious and beautiful voice.

Of course, the better French critics know this perfectly well; one or two indeed have been at pains to prove D'Annunzio a plagiarist, showing in detail how he has borrowed with both hands from French writers. It may be worth while just to note the results of their efforts, and add one or two little discoveries.

In 1896 there appeared in the *Temps* of January 26th and February 2nd a couple of articles on D'Annunzio's borrowings by M. Gaston Deschamps. M. Deschamps, helped by an Italian critic, Signor Enrico Thovex, showed that "Il Piacere" was really made up of situations, figures, and observations lifted from "L'Initiation Sentimentale" of Peladan. Any one who wishes can turn up the articles and examine the parallel passages for himself: they are countless.

In the poetry of D'Annunzio, too, the indebtedness is just as evident. The "Roman Elegies" are simply echoes of French authors. In the "Tentation de Saint Antoine" Gustave Flaubert writes:—

> Les marchands d'Alexandrie naviguent les jours de fête sur la rivière de Canope et boivent du vin dans des calices de lotus.

This is turned word for word into Italian by D'Annunzio. Here is his version:—

> I nitidi mercanti Alessandrini,
> profumati di cinnamo e d'issopo,
> bevean sulla riviera di Canopo
> nei calici del loto, i rosei vini.

Again Flaubert writes:—

> Il est jeune, imberbe . . . et les perles de sa tiare brillent doucement comme des lunes.

D'Annunzio takes the very phrase:—

> . . . Le perle della sua tiara
> Splendeano vagamente come lune.

Or let us take the "Éducation de Saint Antoine:"—

> . . . Aux coins du dais étendu sur la tête quatre colombes d'or sont posées. . . . De la coupole pendant à des fils que l'on n'apercevait pas, quatre grands oiseaux d'or, les deux ailes étendues. . . . Un dromadaire, chargé d'outres percées, passe et revient, laissant couler de la verveine pour rafraîchir les dalles. . . . Des clochettes d'argent qu'ils portent sous la mâchoire. . . .

And here is what D'Annunzio makes of the four passages:—

> Quattro colombe d'oro con l'ali tese
> in alto, tra le frange di Palmira
> a invisibili fili eran sospese,
> Due dromadari, aventi in su la schiena
> Otri forati, ed une campanella
> di fino argento sotto la mascella
> spargean su i marmi essenza di verbena.

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Or let us take the "Tentation" again:—

> Le secret que tu voudrais tenir est gardé par les Sages. Ils vivent dans un pays lointain, assis sous des arbres gigantesques, vêtus de blanc et calmes comme des dieux. Un air chaud les nourrit. Des léopards tout à l'entour marchent sur des gazons. Le murmure des sources avec le hennissement des licornes se mêlent à leur voix. . . .

D'Annunzio scarcely does more than translate this:—

> L'hanno in custodia i Saggi. A l'ombra d'un arbore immensa
> candidi nelle vesti, placidi come iddii,
> vivono. Un' aria calda li nutre. Su l'erbe d'intorno
> rapidi i leopardi piegano i dorsi gai.
> Il mormorio dei fonti, il sussurro dei rami, il sommesso
> fremito de le belve mescesi alle parole.

In fact, he uses Flaubert as his predecessors, the Italian peasants, used the antique temples, breaking them up and cutting the marbles to make doorways for their little cottages. But now and then he goes further afield. He takes even the famous couplet of Baudelaire—

> Et dans tout ce qu'il boit et dans tout ce qu'il mange
> Retrouve l'ambroisie et le nectar vermeil—

and renders it as follows:—

> e sappi in quel che mangi et in quel che bevi
> trovar l'ambrosia et il nettare vermiglio—

But though he shows a preference for Flaubert and Baudelaire, D'Annunzio, quite willing to borrow from any one, even Maeterlinck, writes:—

> Les vierges du couvent regardaient passer les vaisseaux sur le canal, un jour de jeûne et de soleil. . . .

D'Annunzio translates this word for word:—

> Le suore, alle finestre
> del convento, sul fiume
> guardan passar le barche;
> guardano mute e sole
> mute e digiune al sole.

Again, in Maeterlinck's "Serres Chaudes" we find:—

> Les prisonniers qui entendent faucher l'herbe dans le jardin de la prison . . . ils sont pâles comme des malades qui écoutent pleuvoir sur le jardin de l'hôpital.

And D'Annunzio translates it:—

> I prigionieri assale
> un' ansia: falci lente
> falciano l'erba nuova,
> a la prigione intorno.
> Gli infermi (inclina il giorno)
> pallidi sul guanciale,
> ascoltano la piova
> battera dolcemente
> l'orto dell' ospedale.

In the *Mercure de France* for November, 1904, M. Edouard Maynail proves that the "Novelle della Pescara" are taken almost wholly from the stories of Guy de Maupassant.

The "Regret" of de Maupassant is turned into "The Dead Watch." The "Abandonné" is turned into "Il Traghettatore;" "La Ficelle" into the "Fine di Candia." Even word-pictures of de Maupassant are translated literally; he describes a donkey, and D'Annunzio copies the description word for word. Here is the passage:—

> La peau de sa tête semblait couverte d'un duvet vaporeux, comme le corps d'un poulet plumé qu'on va flamber, . . .

and so forth.

D'Annunzio translates the whole passage faithfully, only changing the chicken into a fat goose.

He even takes pages from de Maupassant's "Yvette," and incorporates them in his own story "The Return."

All this is merely amusing. We all borrow what we don't possess, but none of us can borrow above our level. We only take what we appreciate, what in some sort, therefore, already belongs to us, and so we find D'Annunzio annexing beautiful and sonorous phrases.

The real question for us is how has d'Annunzio used his borrowings? If it has helped him to masterpieces, he is more than justified. If he has failed to reach that height, he is nothing worse than an excellent translator. In both cases the reader profits.

We make too much fuss about plagiarism; the Latins, who borrowed shamelessly from the Greeks, were always pluming themselves on their originality. After all, originality can be shown even in borrowing, though the man of rich and puissant nature borrows least, for he has enough to do to get on paper his own view of life, his own passions, his own emotions.

THE MYSTERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON LIFE—I.

WHAT was Shakespeare's occupation during the years 1586 and 1594?

It is practically an insoluble query, but nevertheless a query asked alike by Shakespeareans, by Baconians, and by adherents of Dr. Bleibtreu's theory of the Rutland authorship of the plays generally attributed to Shakespeare. A satisfactory answer would decide a host of knotty points—*e.g.*, how many months of his first year in London did Shakespeare pass standing outside James Burbage's Shoreditch playhouse, yclept "The Theatre," holding the mounts of the City gentles? How long did he undertake the duties of call-boy, scene-shifter, and prompter within? When was he promoted to the post of Reviser of Plays at the "Rose"? In spite of Mr. Sidney Lee's optimism regarding the future of Shakespearean research, it seems probable that the mystery of these eight years will never be unveiled.

The smaller units of the Elizabethan theatrical world were of little account. There were stars then as now: Richard Burbage was the Henry Irving, William Kemp the Arthur Roberts of the day. So realistic was Burbage's conception of "Richard III" that his contemporaries travestied the part; in his "Scourge of Villanie" Marston has "A man! a man! a kingdom for a man!" in his "Eastward Ho!" "A boate! a boate! a full hundred markes for a boate!"

Bishop Corbet, in his account of a visit to Bosworth Field in his "The Boreale," says that the average playgoer was so impressed with Burbage's enunciation in his personification of the King that—

> When he should have said King Richard dyed
> And called a horse, a horse, he Burbage cry'd.

Kemp was a dancer and comedian of no mean attainment; in fact the Court and the nobility seem to have run wild about him, much in the same manner as fashionable London society of the twentieth century hastened to book seats at "the Palace" last spring for Miss Maud Allan's representations of Salome. At Augsberg Kemp had danced before King Rudolph; he had also visited the Italian Court. When he set out on his Morris-dance to Norwich half London thronged the streets to catch sight of him. At Chelmsford some two hundred city folk were still amongst the crowd. At Norwich he received an official welcome from the Mayor and corporation, and his buskings were hung in the Guildhall. Tradition has it that Shakespeare impersonated

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"Adam" in "As You Like It" and the ghost in "Hamlet;" the latter Rowe mentions as "the top of his performance;" but, at any rate, he must have been an actor of more than average ability or he would not have received the Royal command to appear before the Queen at Greenwich, in company with Kemp and Burbage, on St. Stephen's Day, 1594.

The Elizabethan actor masqueraded daily on his sceneless stage attired in the costume he would wear to dine or sup at his patron's board. Some of his properties in the way of apparel he may even have purchased from the former's servants, who, according to the unpublished manuscript diary of Thomas Platter, of Basle, who visited London in 1599, did a thriving trade among the players in the turnover of their masters' wardrobes. In the summer, when the aristocracy retired to their country houses, the Elizabethan actor, like his Edwardian descendant, toured the provinces, or journeyed further afield to Scotland or the Continent. But Shakespeare's name appears in no extant list of actors who visited the outlying parts of the kingdom; some commentators affirm, nevertheless, that he journeyed to Italy in 1593 and to Scotland in 1599, but this would seem to be mere guess-work, unfortunately.

During the last decade of the sixteenth century Shakespeare's position gradually became more assured; he was daily retouching, revising, and readapting the plays of his company in the small space in the Shoreditch Theatre which did duty for a library, where the soiled and torn MSS., thumbed by successive actors, were stored. Sometimes the professional "improver and polisher" of plays would be required to rewrite whole passages or recast entire scenes for the sole purpose of introducing a few topical allusions. When Shakespeare's Company was on tour, he would probably continue his work of revision in the house he rented in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. Later, when his attendance was required at the "Rose," built by Philip Henslowe, on the Bankside, Southwark, he lodged near the Bear Garden on the south side of the Thames to be within easier reach of his new workshop, and in 1613, when his acting days were over, and he was chiefly interested in watching the histrionic display of his actor-friends on the boards of the Burbage's Blackfriars Theatre, he purchased a house some 600 yards from the stage-door to serve as a *pied-à-terre* when he journeyed to town from Stratford.

"The Theatre," Shoreditch, had known Shakespeare as call-boy, scene-shifter, and prompter; the "Rose" as an actor-author of no mean ability, a veritable "Johannes factotum" to his theatrical manager; but when the "Globe" opened its doors in 1599 his reputation as playwright and poet was already assured. He was no longer in the same category as Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Kyd, and Lyly, and he was on the highroad to out-distancing Dekker, Marston, Middleton, and Heywood. Other authors, too, were willing to admit his power. Meres speaks of "honey-tongued Shakespeare;" Barnefield writes of his "honey-flowing vein;" Gabriel Harvey scrawls on the flyleaf of a Chaucer folio: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' but his 'Lucrece,' his 'Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' have it in them to please the wiser sort." Although the Elizabethans looked down upon a playwright, a poet was a different being altogether; the former wrote *for* the people and was generally *of* the people, whereas the latter, as often as not, was a courtier and addressed his sonnets and verses to a Royal mistress or noble patron.

By piecing together the details we know of the lives of other actor-managers, and of Shakespeare's contemporary poets, we may obtain a glimpse—far-off it may be—of Shakespeare's daily environment during these years in London. But of the inner life of the man himself what do we know? And before aught else Shakespeare was human. His humanity, to use the word in its original sense, is one of his most striking features. Coming to London in his twenty-third year, full of the sensations of love, of life, and of youth, the intoxication of the city must wellnigh have overwhelmed him. The old temptations, the old desires, would be quickened and live again a thousand times more ardently than in the days of his calf-love when he courted Ann Hathaway in the Warwickshire lanes. The boy-husband had attained manhood, his virility must assert itself. He might mean to be faithful to her whom he had made the mother of his three children, and for the sake of the boy Hamnet he might try to quench the fire of passion as it throbbed through his veins; but he was in the heart of the gay city; for the first time in his life he was feeling the glorious *joie de vivre*, and could he have sung of human love and of human passion if he had not felt a deeper affection, a deeper desire, than that inspired within his breast during the courtship of the wife, seven years his senior? Women grew older earlier then than now; the present period of perpetual female rejuvenescence had yet to dawn.

Yet the name of no woman he loved during those years of London life has come down to us; then, as now, the mothers of the "merry begots" and "by-blows" of our sixteenth and seventeenth century parish registers paced the streets of high-gabled, two-storied, wooden houses, and instead of slinking away from the glare of the electric light, drew back from the horn-box with its tallow dip which did duty for a lantern. Yet there are whispers of scandal which show that Shakespeare was not too virtuous in his day and generation—tales at which his prudish, Puritan son-in-law, John Hall, would hold up his hands in pious horror. Manningham, in his diary under date March 10th, 1601, writes:—

> Upon a time when Burbage played Richard Third there was a citizen gone so far in liking with him, that before she went from the play, she appointed him to come that night unto her by the name of Richard the Third. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was entertained, and at his game ere Burbage came. The message being brought that Richard the Third was at the door, Shakespeare caused return to be made that William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third. Shakespeare's name William.

A few seventeenth-century gossips credit Shakespeare with the paternity of Sir William Davenant, some time Poet-Laureate. On his journeys between London and Stratford Shakespeare lodged at the Crown Inn, Oxford, of which John Davenant was the landlord. This and the renowned good looks and general comeliness of the hostess are enough to give colour to the tale. Another version says that Shakespeare was godfather to the boy, and adds that he was equally attentive to his brother Robert. The latter reason for the intimacy between the poet and the Davenant family seems more probable, for in an elaborate Jacobean MS. poem on the inns and innkeepers of Oxford, now preserved at Alnwick Castle, there is no mention either of the Crown Inn or of its host or hostess.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN INDIA: A POLITICAL DANGER

THE religious problem has presented enormous difficulties in the solution of the education question in England. In India any question connected with religion is apt to assume the proportions of a political danger, for the reason that religion is the basic element of Indian life. And yet the suggestion is being made in various quarters that the Indian Govern-

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ment should add to its troubles in connection with Indian unrest by embarking upon a policy of religious instruction in that country. It has hitherto wisely adopted the principle of rigid abstinence from all interference with religious instruction, either in aided schools or Government schools. The education despatch of 1854, the Magna Charta on the subject, laid this down so clearly that, while recognising that religious instruction would be given in the aided schools, it distinctly enjoined the inspectors to take *no notice whatsoever* of any religious doctrines taught in those schools. The Government of India has, so lately as 1904, reiterated the orders that in Government institutions the instruction is and must continue to be exclusively secular.

In searching for the causes of Indian unrest the theory has been advanced that the education policy has been all wrong, that it has produced a disregard for all authority, human or Divine, and that a reformation of that policy is the panacea to be applied, the provision of religious instruction to be one of the chief items. Mr. Valentine Chirol, in his book on "Indian Unrest," has developed this theory, proposing that, while no real departure is made from the time-honoured principle of religious neutrality, time should be made available in the educational curriculum for religious instruction in each creed, and that "some supervision would have to be exercised by the State." So lately as on the 16th of March Mr. Claude Hill, C.S.I., C.I.E., in a paper on "Education in India," read before the Society of Arts, Lord Northcote presiding, discussed the subject of religious or moral training in Indian schools. He is well aware of the Education despatch of 1854 above-mentioned, and of the principles therein asserted. But he urged that the Court of Directors in 1854 contemplated that in the elementary schools religious instruction would be *arranged for*, and that Sir Charles Wood's despatch *only* laid down that we should not interfere with that branch of education. Mr. Hill's proposal is that the elementary schools under local bodies should be regarded as falling within the category of aided schools, and religious instruction should be *introduced* therein under Government supervision. He pointed out that this supervision would be required, at the same time mentioning an instance when the liberty to teach religion unfettered by any check was grossly abused to serve political ends. And then he advanced the astounding statements that "Inspection is not interference, Supervision is not direction," and in explanation added:—"The aim should be, by regulated instructions, to cause our educational inspecting officers, while abstaining from interference, to satisfy themselves that the religious instruction conveyed is of an appropriate, or at least harmless, character, and the regulations could be so framed as to secure that no initiative, in dubious cases, should be taken without the sanction of the local Government." He did not suggest—nobody out of a lunatic asylum would suggest—that Government teachers should themselves give religious instruction. He argued that the policy of 1854 imposed no absolute bar to the introduction of *moral instruction* based on religion in aided schools, that schools supported primarily by local bodies and administered by them come within that category, and that moral instruction upon a religious basis should be introduced therein. If the difficulties confronting the Government on this proposal should be found insuperable, he advocated a scheme of secular moral instruction, modelled on the work of the Moral Education League.

Against moral instruction, whether imparted orally or by moral text-books, there is nothing to be said, though the supply of sufficient qualified teachers would be impossible at first. But it is against the Government directly or indirectly arranging for, introducing, or being made in any way responsible for religious or *quasi*-religious instruction, that a strong protest should be made. No protest can be too strong. It is simply astonishing that a responsible officer of Mr. Hill's standing and experience should state that "inspection is not interference," and that "supervision is not direction." Both statements are *absolutely incorrect*. In the eyes of the people the Government is held responsible for whatever a Government inspecting or supervising officer approves. Whenever he disapproves he interferes or directs, and the Government is similarly held responsible. These statements cannot be disputed. Persons affected or displeased by the disapproval or direction of any Government officer can immediately raise the cry of "Religion in danger," and there is no cry that a seditious vernacular Press—or even the loyal newspapers—would take up with greater violence and animosity. Such a cry would unite and convulse India and lead to a civil rebellion of the entire population worse than any military revolt. An alleged interference with caste-marks led to the mutiny at Vellore in 1806; the alleged grievance of cartridges greased with the fat of cows and pigs united Hindus and Mohammadans in the Mutiny of 1857. Other instances could be collected. Every Indian administrator should know—why does not Mr. Hill know?—that the remotest suspicion of interference with the practice of any religion gives rise to petitions or demonstrations of remonstrance until relief is afforded.

The fear is that the Government, in its desire to repair the unfortunate results of its Education policy, may make a wrong diagnosis. A spirit of rebellion against all authority—political, social, parental—has for some time pervaded the world, and the teaching of selected English literature—Milton, Mill, Herbert Spencer—provided in the Indian schools has fostered this spirit therein. The parents have neglected their duty, discipline has not been maintained. It is not clear that unrest should be attributed to the want of religious education. On the other hand, the frightful danger incurred if the Government allows itself to be in any way made responsible for, or connected with, religious instruction cannot be too seriously regarded. An immense responsibility lies upon the newly-appointed Minister for Education in India. It is to be hoped that the Government will not, for the sake of popularity or "doing something," depart from the policy of rigid abstinence laid down in 1854. There are many irresponsible advisers who will tempt them to go wrong. It is their duty to avoid the political danger to which we have thought it most desirable to invite attention. Lord Hardinge, as a diplomatist, and Mr. Harcourt Butler as an *emeritus* Foreign Secretary should recognise and avoid the political danger.

A POEM OF JAPAN

Among those traits of Japanese life which have not yet changed under the new *régime* one of the most agreeable is the delight in poetry and in the making of verse.

When I crossed the Pacific from Vancouver last November, conspicuous among the newspaper cuttings brought on board at Yokohama and posted up outside the saloon was the announcement that the subject of the Emperor's prize poem for the coming New Year would be "Pine in the Snow."

As I write this I have before me a poem, written with delicate brushwork upon a long piece of paper over a yard in length and a foot wide. Towards one end of the paper with the same brush has been drawn a branch of a plum-tree with some blossom as it appears a little before the leaves come, and beyond the branch are the signatures of the writer. His name is Kurimoto, which means "Under the chestnut-tree." I propose to tell of the place where Mr. Kurimoto

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composed this poem, and how he came to write it out for me—a stranger.

I was staying near Kyoto, and my windows looked out upon a wood. One morning I rose early, for I was going to visit the building called the Western Honganji. Leafless trees appeared pink in the early light, and fir-trees sage green with pale red trunks. The ground was partly covered with russet leaves, but all was thinly coated with white frost and the sky was a faint azure. Where the wooded hill sloped suddenly down I could see the beginning of the town of Kyoto, which is upon the plain between the hills, but only a few gray roofs and gable-ends were visible, for a soft rosy mist hid almost everything down there.

It was a good forty minutes' rickshaw ride to the outer walls of the monastery. Beyond the great gateways a wide road leads to a moat, then there is another wall, and within this is the Western Honganji.

I left my boots on the pavement outside, walked up the wooden steps, and began to wander through the rooms of the monastery. They are among the most perfectly decorated chambers I am ever likely to see. There was the one of the wild geese with a gold-panelled ceiling covered with paintings of white clematis, and the chamber of the chrysanthemums, of which the ceiling panels are groups of fans floating in gold between cross pieces of black lacquer ornamented with brass.

The back wall of that room is divided into four large square panels, each of which is itself a sliding screen halved vertically. Between these and the ceiling there are four oblong panels of gold with filmy clouds upon them—streaks of paler gold—and as I moved to one corner a white moon appeared emerging from behind a cloud in the starless sky. The light came in very softly through the paper screens along the outer side of the corridor.

Presently a young man came up to me and, saying that he was a friend of the High Priest, asked me to speak with him, as he was learning English and would like some opportunity of conversation. He had just learned from an English book the sentence "Somebody's knocking at the gate," which made me think of master-builders.

This young man was twenty-one years of age, and had come from a distance to Kyoto, where he was a student at the University; he lived at the Honganji because his family were private friends of the High Priest, and he enjoyed the privilege of free access to its wonderful library.

He showed me the cedar doors with Kano Ryotaku's paintings of cats and white peonies, and outside the chamber of the sparrows he asked me to listen to the little squeaking of the floor as I trod upon the wide brown shining boards with my stockinged feet, and to notice how it gave two notes like the twitter song of the singing birds called Ugiusu; and he showed me one of the platforms of the "No" dance and a dressing-room with hunting scenes.

Some tea was brought to us while he talked to me about the great warrior and one-time master of all Japan, the Shogun Toyotomi Hideyoshi, who in his lifetime owned all the buildings of the Honganji. It was in one of these rooms that Toyotomi used to inspect the heads of his slaughtered enemies.

My new friend asked me to come with him to a country house where Toyotomi had once lived, which still belonged to the Honganji. This was at Fushimi, which is upon Momoyama Mountain, about half an hour from Kyoto by railway. I was nothing loth, and we went together.

When the train stopped at Momoyama station, a number of Japanese gentlemen got out, and I found that almost all of them were priests, and that, like us, they were going to the country house of the Honganji. The little irregular procession of gentlemen in kimonos with clogs on their feet passed under walled farmhouses and tea plantations, and lovely bamboo woods and houses of military officers, and near where a camellia was in bloom we all turned up a steep path with steps between key-masoned walls. At the top was a wooden gate leading into the gardens, amid which, on the slope of the mountain where Toyotomi had once dwelt, the house looked out across a very lovely valley, with a river flowing through it and a lake beyond.

On silk in lacquer frames there hung upon the wall of the chief room three characters, pronounced "San Ya Cho" (reading from right to left), which means "three-night house," and stands for the name of the house.

"Is it because you stay here just three nights?" I asked.

"Oh, no; this house has three nights because from where we are we can see on a night at full moon the moon in the sky, and we can see the moon in the river, and we can see the moon in a wine-cup, so that we can see three moons at the same time."

Tea was brought to us, and pale biscuit-coloured oval cakes with white sugar edges, and in brown of hot-stamp the word "Teikisuee," after the name of a garden at the Honganji in Kyoto.

We were sitting in the sunlight upon mats of pale gold, all the front screens of the room having been slid back, and I should say here that during all that day at Fushimi, in the house of San Ya Cho and its gardens, I saw no European clothes or furnishings.

Among the priests it happened there was one who spoke French well, and my young friend took me to this gentleman, who was sitting in the plum-tree garden composing verses, as were others of the company. It seemed that this house is always open for any priests of the Honganji to come on days of leisure. They were men of all ages, except that none was so young as my friend, and some of them were married and had families.

A special thing had attracted the visitors that day. The plum-tree garden was in a peculiarly sheltered position, and, in spite of its altitude and its wide outlook, the leafless branches were already starred with blossom, only a little warmer in colour than the cold flakes of snow that fell intermittently. It was a little festival to write poems upon this garden.

The priest who spoke French left off regarding the landscape to talk to me, and in answer to my questions told me that their religion is that of the Shinzu or "Shin" sect (not Shinto), founded by Shinran, sometimes called Kenshin daisha, who lived about seven hundred years ago, and was a prince and a Buddhist. The Shinzu sect, he told me, is the same as the sect Monto, and was originally so-called by other Buddhists.

Here the priest paused to blow his nose gravely on six paper pocket handkerchiefs.

"We worship only the Amita Buddha," he continued. 'He is our God. Our principle is absolute faith in Amita Buddha. Our faith is in God—in the absolute belief in Amita Buddha. We understand three epochs—the present, the future, and the past. Other sects believe that future happiness is dependent upon their own efforts. Other sects seek by their own efforts to attain holy reward in a future life. The sect Shinzu, on the contrary, believes absolutely that by the power of Amita Buddha alone come the pleasant things of the future world.

"At the same time we do not believe that faults and bad actions come from Amita Buddha—these are caused merely by our ignorance, and it is we ourselves that commit them. The difference between Amita Buddha and Christ is that Christ and His Father created a world, whereas Amita Buddha did not create the world."

"How do you think, then, came the creation of the world?"

"Ah! that is a great question. We believe in cause and effect

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and that everything is under this law. And effect becomes cause and cause produces effect, so that all things are like parts of a circle and there is no beginning and no end—*voilà tout!*"

We all remained silent a long time composing verses, and to each a tray of seven dishes with chopsticks was presently brought for dinner. After we had eaten we left the garden and went again into the house. There each wrote out the poem which he had composed.

And here it was that I met Mr. Kurimoto, who made the poem which has been lying in front of me all this time. He was one of the older priests, and his poems were "Utar" poems, which are of the same style as those of old time in Japan, and quite different from the "Shi" poems, the manner of which comes from China.

My young friend said of him: "Mr. Kurimoto is clever, so he makes poems and writes pictures and letters very well. He lives simply and quietly and is very fond of the game of 'Go,' which I think is like your draughts. Being a poetical man, he does not do any bad actions. I think all poetical men are good, and most priests in the Shinzu sect are poets."

Upon the leafless branches snowflakes settled and mingled with the warmer whiteness of the plum-blossom. Sometimes, at the stirring of a breeze, petals fluttered down; and through the falling flowers and the falling snow the cold river gleamed like liquid jade, while guardian hills loomed softly in the distance, a pale amethyst.

Deftly Mr. Kurimoto wrote the words with his brush from the little notes he had made of his poem:—

Oh but how lovely
Are the interlaced branches
And how the blossom
Is scented—oh how sweetly!
White in the plumtree garden.

Ogurano
Over thy water travels
Wind of the Springtime
With invitation
To the white plumtree garden.

In the mist calmly
Appearing what it is not
White snow looks flower-like.
Ah! but how much more lovely
Are the opening plumflowers.

A. H. F.

THE THEATRE

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AT HIS MAJESTY'S

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Sir Herbert Tree deserves our gratitude continuously for his superb revivals of Shakespeare's masterpieces. There are some who hold that Shakespeare is more suitable for the study than for representation on the stage. There can, however, be no question that, staged as are the various plays at His Majesty's with all perfection of conception and detail—the wealth and beauty of the poet's imagination and the luxuriance of his language are enhanced, the senses are transported into the atmosphere in which the plays are laid, and poetry of vision and motion is allied to poetry of thought.

Sir Herbert Tree's presentment of Shylock is a great performance. We have seen many other actors of eminence in the part, including Phelps and Irving, but we are inclined to award the palm to Sir Herbert Tree. His performance in the Ghetto scene and in the Trial scene was powerful in the extreme. In the Trial scene he bore himself with a strange dignity, and it must be confessed that the Christians who were baiting him appeared by comparison to be utterly mean and despicable. This was particularly true of Gratiano, whose manner left much to be desired. When the play was written Jew-baiting was a robust survival, and it probably did not occur to Shakespeare that in a later age, when tolerance was firmly established, the sympathy of the audience would be with Shylock. Yet such was the case, and we cannot help thinking that a certain dignity and grace which Sir Herbert Tree imparted to his delineation was responsible for the feeling which was manifest.

Miss Evelyn D'Alroy looked charming, and was very winsome in Portia's earlier scenes. The Trial scene, so far as Portia's performance is concerned, is, we think, very absurd; and if neither Ellen Terry nor Miss D'Alroy were quite satisfactory, the fault was rather with the author than with the actress. The Duke presides at the trial, with some twenty scarlet-robed Judges to assist him. The Socialist ideal appears to have been consummated, because the Judges have presumably comfortable berths, in return for which they do nothing useful. They are never consulted, and never offer a suggestion, but watch with awed countenances a foolish youth who is delivering speeches to Shylock.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.

And so on; very beautiful language, but the salaried Judges perhaps expected something a little more illuminating on legal problems from the "young and learned doctor" from Padua. We only make this reference to show how difficult it is for any actress to be satisfactory as Portia.

Mr. Basil Gill was a very handsome Bassanio, who spoke the verse excellently and acted with dignity and discretion. Antonio was not so good. He stood stock still whilst Shylock was reviling him in the speech beginning:—

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me.

One would have supposed that Antonio would have stamped his foot, have turned to Bassanio in disgust, or have shown some other symptoms of feeling; but Mr. Cookson took it all lying down, or rather standing still, as if, having obtained a front position to view the Coronation Procession, he was afraid to move lest someone should dispossess him of it. Mr. Cookson was also lacking in dignity in his final speech in the Trial scene. Mr. A. E. George as Lancelot Gobbo was quite good. Mr. Walter Creighton, in the very small part of the Prince of Aragon, gave a delightful representation of the quintessence of foppishness. Mr. Gerald Lawrence as Lorenzo repeated the very unfortunate habit he has acquired of snapping at his words as soon as they are uttered. This actor should certainly cure himself of a habit which inevitably recalls the action of a terrier snapping at a fly. Miss Laura Cowie, the charming Anne Boleyn of pleasant memory, was excellent as Jessica, and Miss Margery Maude as Nerissa gave a delightful performance. It is needless to add that the staging of the play was perfect.

C. C.

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"RICHARD III." AT HIS MAJESTY'S

WHAT a pity it is that we do not see more of Mr. F. R. Benson in London! He is one of our very few actors who really understand Shakespeare's work and how it should be interpreted. His pourtrayal of Richard III. on Tuesday afternoon was a rare treat; it is seldom that one sees a finer piece of acting of a very difficult and complex *rôle*. Mr. Benson helps us to understand Richard III., and surely there never was a more involved human problem to unravel. Even after seeing the play we are at a loss to understand the motives and brutal callousness of the man. He was a freak of nature, one that, happily for the peace of mankind, is not often produced, or is at least confined at an early age to prison-walls. Richard was a great statesman, and an unscrupulous intriguer, who allowed no obstacle to stand in his way. He arrived at decisions with unique speed. His first thoughts on any subject were carried out with all the promptitude of true ability, but as these usually took the form of clearing a rival from his path by the axe, or by poison, or by some other form of murder, his name has become a byword amongst monarchs for callousness and cruelty. He is the Caligula of Rome or the Jonolia of China. The superb cynicism of his character often led to the most unexpected successes. He had the lowest opinion of women; he could handle them with unrivalled skill and make them first the innocent victims of his ambition and then the outraged instruments of his policy. At times he is astonished at the success of his audacity, and, reflecting on his success, exclaims after Lady Anne has accepted his hand:

> Was ever woman in such humour wooed?
> Was ever woman in such humour won?

His manner of winning over Elizabeth, Queen to Edward IV., is equally blatant and callous.

Richard was mad; as his body was deformed, so was his mind warped, and only his extraordinary insight into human nature together with his cunning carried him through his chequered intrigues for the Throne. Then came the end, and, to do him justice, he died like a man, or rather as a savage beast without a friend, and the common enemy of society. No one loved him, but many feared him; but once a stronger than he appeared his bolt was shot.

Mr. Benson was well supported by Miss Genevieve Ward as Queen Margaret, by Miss Violet Farebrother as Elizabeth. In fact, the whole company was excellent.

"AS YOU LIKE IT"

THIS play was produced with great success at a matinée. Every character in the delightful pastoral play was excellently rendered. The Rosalind of Miss Lily Brayton calls for special commendation. This talented actress is more fitted by nature than are some Rosalinds to play a youth's part, and yet unconsciously at intervals to display the woman's nature to everyone but a blind lover. Where all were good we should like to mention Mr. Herbert Grimwood, who, as Adam, acted extremely well. We do not remember to have seen a better. The melancholy Jacques did not deserve any pity, for, underlying his professed philosophic calm, appeared an undercurrent of robust enjoyment of life, notwithstanding its drawbacks. The moralist who can deliver himself of "All the World's a Stage" between bites of an evidently good apple is more a philosopher than a hypochondriac. We cannot say that we admire the introduction of fruitarian diet throughout the play. The scenery—especially the Forest of Arden—was appropriately sylvan, the music unobtrusive and well rendered, and the usual songs of the play were well sung. We make one criticism only. The gentle shepherd, Corin, although he looked the part admirably, was a shepherd of unusual, if not impossible, education. The whole production was most delightful, and was received with enthusiasm.

THE ROYALTY THEATRE

MESSRS. VEDRENNE AND EADIE are, it appears, without a policy. They have, at present, shown no reason why play-goers should make their way into the purlieus of Soho. Having the choice of all the money-making plays which are so obviously excellent that they have been refused by actor-managers, and being free to engage a company of actors and actresses who are far too excellent to stand on the same stages as actor-managers, they have fallen victims to the ineptitude of theatre-management. If Mr. Jerome's play was weak, Mr. Frank Howell Evans' farce is amazingly unfunny, and belongs to a type long ago dead and done with. There is only one place for "Half-a-Crown," and that is the Working Men's Institute in some belated village, in which, acted by kind-hearted local amateurs, the performance would serve a good purpose. It would raise a few pounds towards a half-size billiard-table fund, and keep field-workers out of the public-house for at least one evening. Conceive, then, the unreasonableness of "presenting" such a thing to a sophisticated London audience, except as a sort of joke.

And yet Mr. Vedrenne's name has been associated with many of the most interesting, most intellectual plays of the century. He has assisted in the production of work by Mr. Masefield, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. St. John Hankin, Mr. Frederick Fenn, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, Mr. Douglas Murray, and Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Dennis Eadie has earned a high reputation as an actor of quiet, unemotional parts, and he has done more than well in a long list of characters to all of which he has taken imagination, finished technique, a nice personality, and intense earnestness. If ever there were two men, therefore, who were, on the face of it, admirably cut out for the management of a theatre in partnership, we had them in Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie. Their first production failed, though not lamentably. There was much, as we said, that was very interesting in Mr. Jerome's "Master of Mrs. Chilvers." In dealing with Suffragists it dealt with a set with which the British Public has no sympathy. Their second production, in which Mr. Eadie cast himself for a part not only beneath his attention, but altogether unsuited to his method, must have come out of the portfolio of Mr. W. H. C. Nation, the former lessee of the theatre.

Already, it will be detected, we are speaking of these gentlemen in management at the Royalty Theatre as though they had retired from business. They have, of course, not done so, but their exchequer will have to be a very large one if they continue business on present lines. There is no public for "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers" and "Half-a-Crown." If Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie cease at once to choose plays for themselves, and secure half a dozen of those plays which have been labelled dangerous, the first of them, if it is dangerous enough, will make a fortune, and they will be able to "present" the remaining five at their leisure. "Nobody's Daughter" was dangerous. Having been refused by everyone else, it registered a great and well-deserved success with Mr. Gerald Du Maurier. Nearly every play which wins success has been refused and refused and refused, and always because it is "dangerous." One of the reasons why London theatres are so unsuccessful, and its productions so poor, is because their managers define as

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dangerous something that contains a serious human story, dealt with strongly and courageously.

The only good thing that Messrs. Vedrenne-Eadie have done is to revive "The Cat and the Cherub." This enthralling little play, written picturesquely and with a keen sense of atmosphere, revives well. The story is thrilling, and holds the attention with ever-increasing interest. All the characters are well and clearly defined, and the murder at the end of the play is terribly grim and realistic, and one which all right-thinking people witness with perfect satisfaction. Never was there a more cringing and despicable creature than the murdered man. He is superbly played by Mr. Campbell Gullan, an actor whose name is new to us. To the life he was Chin Fang, keeper of an opium den in Chinatown, who enticed into his cellar Hoo Chee, only son of the rich merchant, Hoo King, and thus eventually brought about the epoch-making scene in the moonlight, where Wing Shee, the learned doctor, makes him understand that he knows who killed his son, Wing San Luey. Mr. Norman McKinnel added another amazingly strong portrait to his already large gallery. His work is always perfect. He is beyond question our finest character-actor. Miss Gillian Scaife improved he good reputation as Ah Yoi, and moved the audience to tears. Mr. Shiel Barry, whose versatility is really extraordinary, played delightfully as the boy in love. If "The Cat and the Cherub" were put second on the programme there might be some hope for it.

THE COURT THEATRE

The Irish Players

The opening bill, on Monday, the 5th, of the Irish National Theatre Society for their annual visit to London consisted of a one-Act play, "The Piedish," by George FitzMaurice, and "The Playboy of the Western World." The latter needs no introduction at this hour of day, but the former is one of the new plays in the repertory of the company, at least so far as London is concerned. In the way of all new movements, tentative ventures, being the natural expression of pioneers breaking new soil, have found favour with a new school that has come to earn an almost Continental recognition as indicating the way of dramatic progress. Thus it is that one-Act plays have become so much the rule at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Even as Wordsworth, in ruling aside the stilted diction of a poetic age outworn, found it necessary to rely on the simplest efforts, so the younger Irish dramatists, faced with a drama whose pompous methods have worn themselves to a shameless artifice that has ceased to convince even the uninitiate, have been compelled to weave a drama that is not only simple in texture, but simple in ambition. They have been wise. It has not been possible to see too far along the new road; but one step has revealed itself, and that one step (one act, one might say, and promptly crave forgiveness) they have courageously elected to take. Hence the predominance of one-Act plays. Hence, too, the lack of what one may call "intellectual muscle." It has, indeed, been part of the simplicity in acting and production; though, unlike the acting, it is not a goal in itself, but should be an isthmus to a larger continent. The challenge now to the directors of the Abbey Theatre is to prove that they have indeed been pioneers; that in leading us out of Egypt they have a Canaan for goal, and not the desert. It is a very excellent thing to be out of Egypt. The leeks and garlic have wearied on our palate. But it is not excellent to be in a desert. It begets a hunger even for leeks and garlic.

One could not say better of "The Piedish" than that it is more redolent of milk and honey than leeks and garlic, which is admirable; but it is not Canaan. The plot of it, what plot there is, deals with old Leum Donohue, who, somewhere about the age of fifty, left his daughter Johanna to live with his other daughter, Margaret, and forthwith began making a piedish, which he had deliberated thirty years, and having laboured at it for another twenty years, is discovered at the point of death with the piedish uncompleted. Asleep, or unconscious, he is put into the settle-bed to die, and the priest is sent for. Instead of dying, however, he awakes, and his face becomes radiant at the sight of his piedish, which he rouses himself to continue. Margaret and Johanna are, very naturally, deeply concerned at this. The priest having been sent for, surely it is the proper business of him to die like a decent man, and not put the "great shame" on them of having brought his reverence out on a useless journey. Die he will not, however, so long as the piedish continues incomplete; and the priest, on his arrival, is very properly annoyed and perplexed at the state of affairs, which neither Johanna nor Margaret, nor the latter's two sons, Jack and Eugene, can make intelligible to him.

So far so good. Or rather so far and not quite so good as it might have been. The dialogue too frequently hangs fire disastrously, particularly the over-lengthy bicker between Johanna and Margaret. When we say that Johanna was played by that really great actress Maire O'Neill, and that yet her speech invited a wandering attention, it will be seen that something was deficient somewhere. Dialogue, to grip, must be pertinent or impertinent, and the speech between the sisters too often is neither. That between Jack and Eugene is much better, and also shorter. Yet, having arrived so far, we wonder when the climax is coming—of course, in the death of old Leum and the breaking of the piedish; but that is so much foreseen that something must be superadded to make the climax complete. Now, here a curious thing arises. The something more is given, not by Mr. FitzMaurice in the matter of the play, but by Mr. Arthur Sinclair in the matter of the acting. We have seldom seen a piece of acting so extraordinary as the death of Leum Donohue in the hands of Mr. Arthur Sinclair. Simple, unstrained, unrhetorical in speech and gesture, the writhing of the body, the twisting of the limbs, and the slow, unhasting, agonised stumble of speech, as in paroxysms of pain the old man besought God or devil for time in which to finish his piedish gripped the soul with attention. But it was not in the play; it was Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair's excellence was the play's deficiency. No! "The Piedish" is not Canaan. It is even a little insipid, which is to say it is free of leeks and garlic; but it is also to say it is too free of milk and honey.

Of "The Playboy" it is too late to speak in detail. Over four years ago it came out to perplex, mystify, and amaze; but now it has won to something of understanding. It has even become the proper thing to praise it, and profess complete comprehension with regard to it, and here a danger has beset the play of which the present production gives an unfortunate instance. For there is a certain characteristic in all these Irish plays. Some may term it a lack of resolution, some a lack of characteristic, others a lack of dramatic energy; but in truth it is that essentially Irish mental manner of brushing past externals to the main psychic portents.

In this J. M. Synge was fairly typical of the school though in many ways he dwelt outside it. What a wonder it is to see the sunshine of hero-worship pouring on Christy Mahon's newly-emerged, fritillary soul, and to behold it widening to self-assurance in that warmth of praise! There are some who hold that "The Playboy" is a wayward and frail achievement in Synge's work; and by that word they seem like men oppressed by a spirit of contradiction, for who that

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has seen the inner beauty of this work can ever regard it lightly thereafter? It is possible to understand those who, finding no dramatic stresses in it, but rather a strange incommensurable lustre, dismiss the whole of Synge's work. But it is not possible to understand any who accept the rest, and yet miss the beauty of "The Playboy." Surely, indeed, it has the brackish irony Synge flavoured all his work with in varying proportions. And this is not an element that woos with siren tongue. Yet it is Synge.

It is here fault has to be found with the present production. We are very sure Synge himself would never have favoured it. There is, it is true, rich humour in the play; but it is a humour that is more mordant than relaxing. Nevertheless, it was played throughout almost as though it were broad comedy. A wave of laughter—sometimes a very distressing wave of laughter—accompanied it always; whereas it should have been played gravely and with broad intensity. Laughter there should have been surely, but such laughter as is afraid to trust itself to the throat and lips, moving through the mind in gentle accompaniment of an almost mordant vision. For "The Playboy" is no gentle candy; it is like a nut, rich and bitter. It is an unhappy irony that when "The Playboy" is winning its way it should be popularised.

To clear all initial fault-finding, it should perhaps be said here that Mr. Fred O'Donovan was not the best of Christy Mahons. We have not seen him in this part before, and we consequently puzzled not a little at the energy he put into his words and actions at times. It was not happy, and for two reasons. First, because he missed thereby that quiet, unobtrusive, rhythmic beauty which makes one turn from the London West-end theatres to these Irish Players as from a hot and glaring desert to cool, grave waters; and secondly because he missed that winsome wonder and slowly expanding musical flower of speech that is Christy's essential beauty. It was he who was chiefly responsible for the farcical element in the play, mainly because he had not the strength of soul to cease from being restive. Miss Maire O'Neill and Mr. Arthur Sinclair, in their original parts of Pegeen Mike and Michael James, were, of course, a joy to hear and see. Never once did they haste in their speech; never did they move an inch nor raise a hand without absolute occasion. To say of them that they perfectly exemplify their school, and of their school that they perfectly exemplify it, is to praise it and them with rare fitness. Mr. Sidney Morgan as old Mahon, and Mr. Kerrigan as Shawn Keogh, were newer in their parts, but they acted them well. So also did Mr. O'Rourke as Philly Cullen and Mr. Wright as Jimmy Farrell, the first of whom was in his original part. Miss Eileen O'Doherty as the widow Quin has a difficult part to play by reason of its contrasted energy. She filled it well, however. It will be strange if these Irish players fail to win them audiences.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Maunsel, we are enabled to draw attention to their new edition of "The Playboy" at 2s. 6d. net. There is room for such an edition, for not all can purchase the collected issue.

MUSIC

Musical Congresses, whether they partake or not of an international character, are institutions of which we must all speak with respect; and if every address delivered at the Congress recently held in London had been as stimulating, useful, and agreeable as that of Sir Hubert Parry on "Ugliness," even Matthew Arnold might have admitted that a Congress could be a desirable thing. But the arguments of the most eminent professors at a Congress would be put aside for another day's reading by the majority of musical people when anything so exciting as the production of a new opera by Puccini claims attention. So, with every suitable apology to the eminent musical scientists who are London's guests, we will leave them to their discussion of æsthetic problems, and try to answer the question, now being put by every amateur whether he has been to Covent Garden to hear it or not, "What do you think of 'The Girl of the Golden West?'" The shortest and simplest answer is that the first Act was decidedly interesting and effective, the second rather tiresome, and the third so musically ingenious and so admirably "set" as a stage picture, that in spite of the deplorably fatiguing conclusion, it remains quite a pleasant memory.

The arrangement as an operatic book of the story of Minnie and her friends the miners, has been well done. It is very melodramatic and highly improbable; it is steeped in a sentimentality so old-fashioned as to be almost novel and refreshing in these truthful days, and it desires, as ardently as the Fat Boy, to make our flesh creep. But what does all this matter to musicians? To them, we hope, it is the music that counts, and how many operas are there, we should like to know, whose musical value depends very much on their libretto? Real composers, whose musical thoughts must come out, have written, and will continue to write, music that is worth hearing to the weakest, most stupid "books." The characters in "The Girl of the Golden West" may be old friends with new faces, and their doings may recall the proceedings now of the desperadoes in a "twopenny dreadful," now of the converted villains in a tract, but it does not follow that the real composer who takes it in hand to give musical illustration to a story of this kind will be inspired by it only to give us what is conventional and tiresome. He may make the dry bones live, and lead us to the opera-house to enjoy his music and be excited by it in spite of the story-teller and his unavailing attempts to thrill us by his antique tricks. We hear that some people consider the "book" as the best part of Puccini's "Girl." They have even spoken of it as a "good book spoiled by the music." Such a judgment seems to us astounding. The book has plenty of incident, of "situations," but they are not situations in which we can pretend to be interested, we can foresee them all beforehand.

To this sentimental melodrama Puccini may not have written great music, he may, as we think he does, respect himself rather too much in it, but he has certainly been as successful as the most hopeful could have expected in creating the right "atmosphere" by his music, and while faithfully dealing with the various situations of horror, he has not striven to make them worse. We could pardon the repetition of his many mannerisms for the sake of this manifestation of self-denying virtue. And, further, the story is only bearable on condition of its being told rapidly. Puccini has seen this (no doubt his librettists saw it too), and he carries the audience on with the utmost briskness, only pausing to introduce a lyrical episode very sparingly. Nothing is easier to this clever Italian composer than to write honeyed tunes, whether he draws them out or presents them in snatches. In this new opera he has spared us that torrent of facile tune which makes one so anxious not to hear "Bohême" and "Butterfly" too often, and some portion of which we could well spare in "Tosca." He shows that his old and very remarkable power of making the orchestra his best interpreter is in no sense weakened—nay, we think that in "La Fanciulla del West" the power is more evident than in any of his works except "Tosca"—there he has relied more than ever upon the orchestra for the effective illustration of the dialogue, but he does not rely so exclusively as of old upon "colour" effects; his weaving of themes seems much more intentional, and some of the themes them-

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selves, though not, as we have said, of the kind that everybody can hum at once, have more real force than many of his most popular melodies.

One would hesitate before saying that Puccini is chiefly successful as a writer of music which is coarse rather than refined in quality. He can, of course, be amply tender and delicate when he chooses. But, on the whole, he has seemed in the past to be more thoroughly himself when engaged in writing music that has strength—perhaps a crude strength. In fact, he is at his best when his methods are rough and ready, for then they have breeze and spontaneity. In the new opera the strong unrefinedness of touch has been of great value. Minnie and her men are no wearers of kid-gloves (though Minnie, with charming folly, tries to get into a pair when expecting her lover), and the first Act is undeniably happy in the way the music suits the scene. Whether miners, anywhere or at any time, were the sort of people to sob and throw themselves into each other's arms because a wandering minstrel sang about "home" is a question we are not careful to answer. The miners whose favourite haunt was the "Polka" Tavern are said to have so behaved, and the music of this scene is as tender and touching as anything Puccini has written. The valse scene is charming because it is so simple; the love duet, in which the valse theme appears again, is quite interesting, if sentimental; indeed the only bit that "drags" in this Act is the wooing by the rather conventional Sheriff Rance. The second Act is not so successful. We are perhaps a little tired of the valse theme now, and the effective enough music in which Johnson declares his passion is spoiled by the tiresome reiteration of one of Puccini's favourite devices, soprano and tenor singing it in unison with a liberal use of high notes.

The scene of the shooting, the game of cards, &c., have only the merits of rapidity and roughness. The music is not really fine and dramatic. We were relieved when the curtain came down, for we had not been impressed. But the scene of the last Act was so good as to excite pleasant anticipation that the music would be as clever as the art of the scene-painter, and so it turned out. The orchestra (which in one part of the card scene, we ought to say, had been fearfully appropriate) began by being as clever as it is at the opening of the third Act of "Tosca," and, though one was constantly reminded of the manner of Debussy, there was always the Puccini influence paramount. The Italian may be indebted to the Frenchman, but always in a perfectly legitimate way. The music is consistently vivid, and the lyric outburst of Johnson when at the gallows' foot is sincerely felt passion. Minnie's pleading for her lover's life is not nearly as sentimental as we are sure it would have been had Puccini written it in the days of his "Bohême," so that we were carried on by the musical interest of the Act, and full of praise for its masterly construction, till, the pleading having prevailed, the hero and heroine took their leave of the weeping miners on so prolonged an E flat that we almost wished Minnie had not arrived in time to save her tenor.

If Signor Puccini must be congratulated on an opera which we think on the whole an advance upon "Bohême" and "Butterfly," though we do not anticipate for it a popular success equal to theirs, the directors of the Opera House must also be given warm praise for their execution of the work. We think we have seldom seen an opera so full of bustle and rapid dialogue so well played all round. Of course, Mlle. Destinn was very well suited by the music as Minnie, and for an operatic actress she really acted well. Signor Bassi, too, was quite a competent lover, and M. Gilly did admirably as the Sheriff. But we were most of all struck by the excellence of *ensemble* among the miners and the rest. Messrs. Zucchi, Marcoux, Alan Turner, Warnery, Verheyden, Sampieri, d'Oisly, Lheureux, Sargeant, Malatesta, Huberdeau, Burke, Defrère, Mlle. Bourgeois—they all deserve to be mentioned, for all were so uncommonly good, and M. Crabbé sang the "Home" song beautifully. Of course, Signor Campanini and his orchestra were brilliant.

ART

At the Modern Gallery in New Bond-street Mr. Herbert J. Finn is exhibiting some water-colours of "The Thames," &c. The particular quality in the best among these pictures is to be found in their colour, as well as in a certain largeness—of effect, not of treatment—and a suggestion of atmosphere, inspired no doubt by Turner. Most definitely reminiscent of Turner are "Golden Light" and "Richmond," the famous valley of the river under the hill. In "Hungerford Bridge," however (unhappily catalogued as "A View from Hungerford Bridge"), one feels that the realisation is closer to the idea; but then the idea is a lesser one, for in most of these pictures the artist has attempted a great deal. One is surprised, therefore, to find that in several instances—notably in "Oxford from the roof of the Sheldonian Theatre"—he has allowed himself to become almost topographical. The Exhibition includes some interesting etchings.

The newly-formed little club to be known as the XIX. Club is fortunate in numbering Miss Phœbe Stabler among its members. Her exquisite little plasters and bronzes—the "Fagot Woman," the "Grannie," "Sauce," and the tiny "Sleep"—lend a special attraction to the Exhibition now open at Messrs. Wilde's Galleries in Mount-street. There is a somewhat unique individuality about them all, even to the simple little coloured earthenware called "Bath Towel." Miss Edith A. Hope, a pupil of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, contributes some good, strong work, a collection of etchings in which her own individuality has not been overpowered by that of her master. Mr. Herbert Bedford's miniatures, Mr. F. F. Ogilvie's finely-treated water-colours of Egypt, and Mr. Stacy Aumonier's careful landscapes complete the Exhibition.

The portrait of the German Emperor, by Mr. Philip A. László, now being exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution is naturally attracting some attention at the moment. The painting of Royal robes and regimentals with a due regard for dignity is by no means an easy task, however kingly the wearer. Mr. László has not succeeded in doing much with the appurtenances of Royalty in this case. The strongest part of the portrait is the face. The study which hangs near by promises more than the finished picture it is true, but of studies that may often be said. There are a number of other portraits of well-known persons in the room, all of which are treated with the easy fluency which the painter has always at his command.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By Lancelot Lawton

SWEEPING REFORMS IN RUSSIA

Since, some weeks ago, I wrote in these columns describing the remarkable era of prosperity that has dawned upon Russia the subject has attracted considerable attention in the daily press. Dating from the conclusion of an

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agreement in 1907 defining the interests of Russia and Great Britain in all parts of the world, the sentiment between the two countries has developed an unmistakable warmth. The Entente has not been without its practical value. The Russian Government and people have welcomed the introduction of British capital, and as a consequence enormous sums of money have been invested in Russian enterprises. It would be no exaggeration to term this year in London an essentially Russian year. Russian *artistes* are literally taking the London stage by storm, Russian officers are to make a bold bid for honours at the Olympia show, and hundreds of Russian sightseers are crossing the Channel to witness the Coronation and its attendant ceremonies. Next year we are promised an Anglo-Russian Exhibition. Apart from the political value of such intercourse, the mingling of the two peoples at social functions will tend to familiarise them with each other and will lead to a proper appreciation of national qualities and characteristics.

It so happens that, so far as her internal conditions are concerned, this growth of sentiment is coincident with a happy change in the fortunes of Russia. In a previous contribution to THE ACADEMY I was able to show that Russia has completely recovered from the effects of war and revolution, and that she is now in the enjoyment of a period of unparalleled prosperity. A handsome surplus, following upon two bounteous harvests, enabled the State to undertake agrarian reform of a sweeping and far-reaching character. It will be recalled that the memorable Ukase of 1906 allowed the peasant to withdraw from his commune, and gave him the right to require that a certain portion of land should be permanently assigned to him as his individual property. In order that the true significance of this provision should be thoroughly understood it is necessary to present briefly some historical details in regard to the Russian land system.

Only fifty years ago the Russian peasants were serfs. It was due to the wise statesmanship of Alexander II. that their liberation was accomplished. But when they ceased to be the serfs of the landowners they became the slaves of the commune. They were compelled to abide by the laws and regulations of the commune, their land was allotted to them and parcelled out by the commune, and the methods of farming were to all intents and purposes ordered by the primitive customs prevailing in the commune. In short, initiative was stifled, and agriculture as an industry made no real progress. In face of these conditions, it is not surprising that the "three-field" system of farming should have been perpetuated. This system requires that large areas of land should be left to lie fallow, and necessitates the farms being placed at a considerable distance from the homesteads. The critics of Russia have again and again contended that her agrarian problems were of so complicated a character, and were so firmly rooted in custom, that nothing short of an upheaval in the shape of a successful revolution would lead to their satisfactory solution. In the first place it was urged that the land hunger of the peasants could under no circumstances be appeased. In this connection it was pointed out that the most successful results were obtained from lands farmed by private owners, who employed the scientific methods of crop rotation, such as find favour in the more advanced countries of the West. The conclusion was rightly drawn that the transference, on any considerable scale, of private lands to the peasants who adhered to the antiquated "three-field" system would result in a diminished yield, and would therefore be disastrous to the finances of the country. Then it was argued, with but little regard for accuracy, that the State itself could not satisfy the demand; for, it was alleged, the property at the disposal of the State consisted only of dreary swamps and forests in the barren North.

So far the tangible benefits resulting from the policy pursued by the Government prove in a striking manner that the difficulties in the way of creating a happy and prosperous peasantry are by no means insurmountable. Within $3\frac{1}{2}$ years of the memorable Ukase of 1906 over 21 per cent. of the total peasant landowners in forty provinces had intimated their desire to leave their communes with the object of becoming proprietors of their own allotments. It is not difficult to imagine that a people accustomed to common village life, common crop rotation, and common pasture are reluctant, mainly from the point of view of expense, to embark upon separate farming enterprises. Even to-day farms without farmhouses are in themselves looked upon as sufficiently startling innovations. In spite of this circumstance no efforts are being spared to bring about a more convenient redistribution of land. That success is already well within sight is evident from the fact that between 1907 and 1909, of the total number of applications for individual tenure in forty-six provinces, those involving the redistribution of the land of whole villages amounted to no less than seventy-six per cent. Under a system of easy payments, extending over fifty years, the peasants are allowed to acquire plots belonging to the State. Moreover, peasant credit associations, financed with funds from the State bank, have been formed. The annual turnover of these institutions represents the enormous sum of twenty-one millions employed in the purchase of land, cattle, implements, and the building of houses. Furthermore, with a view to enabling the peasants to hold back stocks when the market prices are unfavourable for selling, considerable sums of money are advanced on the security of grain. And, finally, official instructors are sent out into the villages for the express purpose of inducing the peasants to abandon their primitive methods in favour of crop rotation.

The success which is attending the policy of generous reform is making itself manifest in many directions. For example, since 1900 the crop area sown has increased over thirteen per cent., and to-day, after the United States, Russia ranks first as a consumer of agricultural machinery. Then, by encouraging emigration to Siberia, the State is endeavouring to relieve the so-called land famine, and at the same time to develop, as well as protect from outside aggression, the distant regions of the Empire.

By the year 1915 the great Amur railway, which is to give Russia a route to the Far East over territories exclusively her own, will be completed, and many thousand acres of rich soil will be brought well within the reach of her hardy pioneers. Thus it may with truth be said that Russia is rapidly approaching a final solution of the problems of her land. Only when we remember that these problems affect the welfare of no less than eighty-seven per cent. of her population, and that all the ills which have hitherto afflicted the country are traceable to their existence, can we realise the enormous character of the reforms now in progress throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. A prosperous agricultural community will lead to the development of industry and of State enterprises in the form of much-needed roads and railways. With the spread of communication will come the growth of educational influences. At present rigorous climatic conditions, and the enormous distances that have to be covered by sledge or on foot over highways that are nothing more or less than mere tracks, tend to retard effectually the education of the masses. But experience has proved that there are no more precocious children in the world than the Russian peasant scholars; and it is beyond all doubt that the granting of individual liberty to their parents will produce in the next generation a splendid race of well-educated and well-trained men whose destiny it will be to raise Russia to the full glory of her powers, as one of the greatest Empires that this world has ever seen.

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THE SITUATION IN ALBANIA

The revolt in Albania has suddenly assumed alarming proportion. The war-like tribe of the Merdites, numbering ten thousand first-class fighting-men, has taken up arms against the Sultan, and the proclamation of a provisional Government has quickly followed. This startling development, amid the anarchy already prevailing throughout Albania, threatens serious complications. Europe has long recognised that the situation on the Montenegrin frontier was a menace to peace. The suspicion was rife that the Turkish forces were in excess of reasonable requirements, and that the campaign against the insurgents was in many instances characterised by the barbaric furies which were so reprehensible a feature of the military operations of the former *régime*. At the same time the Turks were incensed with the hospitality shown in Montenegro to fugitive Albanians, as well as with the sympathy exhibited generally in the country with the cause of the rebels. Russia has already thought it necessary to make her attitude perfectly clear in Constantinople. Her recent Note plainly indicated a resumption of a watching brief in the Balkans and a determination to preserve at all costs the *status quo*. When we consider all these underlying currents, in conjunction with the fact that the Merdites are Roman Catholics who acknowledge Austria rather than Turkey as their protector, it will be realised that the outlook is fraught with danger to the world's peace.

THE LESSON OF THE CONFERENCE

The most important topics on the agenda of the Imperial Conference have now been fully discussed, and it must be confessed that the results are somewhat disappointing to those who were sanguine enough to anticipate that it would be possible to devise some machinery whereby the Colonies would be kept constantly in touch with the policy of the home Government in regard to the foreign relations and higher defence of the Empire. True, a definite promise has been given that in the future the Dominions shall be consulted beforehand—not afterwards, as too often appears to have been the case in the past—with reference to negotiations for international agreements affecting their interests. This wise and timely provision is tantamount to a positive assurance that our Colonies shall henceforth be admitted to an active share in the shaping of foreign policy; for it is impossible to conceive any broad international covenant which would not bear directly upon the interests of the Empire as a whole, and therefore upon the interests of each and every individual unit. That a similar interpretation of the Government's promise has been accepted in the Colonies is manifest from the cabled comments of the Press. The view is held that Mr. Fisher has scored heavily in securing such an undertaking, and particular reference is made to the possibility of its satisfactory operation in future agreements with Japan.

Up to the present, however, the Conference has not succeeded in elaborating a machinery which would facilitate a free and constant interchange of views in London between delegates of the Colonies and the home Government. As I pointed out last week, the High Commissioners are looked upon as confidential agents rather than councillors of Empire. At present their duties may be compared to the combined offices of Ministers-Plenipotentiary and Consuls-General. Beyond representing the views of their Governments to the Colonial Office, they take no active part in the shaping of Imperial policy; and, save that they have at heart the welfare of the Empire as a whole, it would be idle to pretend that any one of them is keenly absorbed in the affairs of the other.

When the delegates of the Colonies were recently admitted to the deliberations of that eminent body the Defence Committee the opinion widely prevailed that a common policy had been agreed upon in all essential matters connected with the safety and integrity of the Empire. Yet only a few days later we have Sir Wilfrid Laurier declaring that if a Dominion insisted on being consulted in regard to matters which might result in war the obligation would be imposed on that Dominion of taking part in the war. Here the attitude of the Canadian Government is presented with staggering bluntness, and, to speak with equal candour, it must be confessed that this attitude is a very unfortunate one. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has only repeated with emphasis in London what he has said on a previous occasion in Canada. But in this way he has brought the truth home to our own doors in a startling manner, and the heart of the Mother Country can only feel the sadder for his words of warning.

Let us realise at once the true significance of Canada's fixed policy on the supreme issue that has been raised. Let us not blind ourselves to the fact that it is a policy which is bound to lead to the quick development of the separatist idea, and, in certain eventualities, one that might bring about an open rupture between Canada and the Mother Country. We may well pause and ask ourselves, Is it conceivable that any statesman owing allegiance to the British Throne should deliberately suggest, and repeat the suggestion, that in case the Mother Country became involved in war Canada might express her disapproval of the cause and seek to remain neutral? Is it conceivable that a Daughter Dominion could stand on one side with arms folded while the Mother Country was engaged in deadly strife with the enemies of Empire? With relentless candour we must follow Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statement to its logical end. The Canadian Premier has already told us that his Government must approve of the cause of war before deciding upon participation. But assuming for the sake of argument that approval is withheld, what then? Will Canada, while flying the British flag, seek to enforce her neutrality even against the ships of his Majesty's Navy? And can it for a moment be imagined that any Power at war with Great Britain would accept a declaration of Canada's neutrality? It is clear that the policy enunciated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier strikes at the very foundations of Imperial unity. It is unworthy of his reputation as a great statesman, for, although it may not mean so much, it plainly infers disloyal isolation in certain eventualities.

Doubtless it will be said that he is merely talking in the abstract, that the contingency hinted at is never likely to arise, and that, come what may, the fervent loyalty of the Canadian people will be proof against the least suggestion that savours of disaffection towards Imperial aims. In all these arguments there is a considerable degree of plain, honest truth. At the same time Englishmen the world over will wish that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had never spoken. Indications point to the determination of the home Government to pursue a fatal policy of *laissez faire*—in other words, to leave well alone lest in its stead they should substitute something far worse. But surely the hour calls urgently for a statesman who will convey to the Colonies in convincing language the simple truth that the Mother Country's only concern is for her children, and that the mere idea of an Empire divided against itself is utterly unthinkable? We know that the loyal sentiment in the Canadian people is above suspicion, but with the added knowledge that they have at their head a Premier of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's type, a type embodying all the cautious, all the self-preserving, self-seeking instincts of the individualist, then it would be folly of the worst kind to ignore the stern realities of the situation. It is difficult to imagine that, as a result of the utterances of their Premier, the Canadian people will allow the impression to go abroad that some day in the hour of the Empire's crisis

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they will hold aloof from the Mother Country and from their Sister States. As I have already implied, this aloofness could not be of temporary duration; it could only be brought about by separation, and separation, let it not be forgotten, at a critical period when the rest of the Empire would be embarrassed. In the belief of many responsible individuals the Conference will have failed ignominiously in its mission if it does not create a family council for the maintenance of constant intercourse. By this means, and by this means alone, will it be possible to give our Dominions beyond the seas a proper measure of control, and with it an adequate realisation of Imperial responsibility and Imperial loyalty.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

HOLIDAYS may be agreeable—it is probable that they are even useful—but they are not business. Stockbrokers report that they cannot find either investors or speculators. Investment business is usually dull at this period of the year, but the speculator should be active; at present he is idle. The only market in which any movement can be discerned is the Yankee section, and English-people are afraid of this market, and in this they are wise, for the big bankers have a habit of leaving us with stock right at the top. The financial clouds that are gathering over Canada may pass away, for the harvest will be a record, and this will give the farmers funds with which to pay off mortgages and buy fresh land. But the position is by no means clear, and wise people who hold Canadian securities should take advantage of the present high prices to sell out. The speech of the Chairman of the Metropolitan Carriage Works showed Canadian politicians in a strange light. This famous company sent in tenders for a bridge and paid £100,000 deposit, which the Government kept six months. The order was eventually given to a local firm, without tender and on a different specification. There are already very unpleasant stories going round as to the honesty of Canadian politicians, and it is of the utmost importance to the Canadian Government to keep a good name amongst English investors. The story told by Mr. Frank Docker to his shareholders was not a story of which Canada can be proud. I do not wish to say too much about Canadian finance and Canadian financiers, but the British public, usually so shy of anything Yankee, ought to understand that the methods of Canada are only a shade more respectable than those of a third-rate Wall Street House. They cannot compare with the big Bankers of New York in either honesty or soundness.

There have been no issues during the past week except the Blaenavon Company's issue of debentures, which is an excellent example of an Iron and Steel debenture, and is sound of its class.

Almost every promoter in the City has a scheme ready to float as soon as the holiday week has ended, but some find difficulty in getting the underwriting. All the cliques that make a special feature of underwriting have their boxes full of scrip, which they must sell before they enter into any new schemes. England is prosperous: she is making money, saving money, and is sanguine as to the future, but she is "dead off" new ventures. Nothing tempts the subscriber to new companies except a sound, gilt-edged security yielding well over 4 per cent. As these are scarce, we seldom see a successful issue.

MONEY remains plentiful and business dull amongst the bill-brokers. But we shall see no reduction in the Bank Rate until the turn of the half-year, and not then if the New York bankers decide upon the withdrawal of their funds. This is a certainty if the excitement in Wall Street continues.

FOREIGNERS are not a market in which English investors dabble. Tintos are the rich man's market; millionaires lay in a stock of Tintos when they are low in price and are satisfied to get 3 to 3½ per cent. on their money and the chance of doubling it in a few years. Such a chance occurs to-day. Tintos are low. The Copper Combine is an accomplished fact, and those who lock up Tintos may see them over 100 in two years' time. But it is not for the small speculator. Perus should be sold. The gamble here appears to have come to an end.

HOME RAILS.—There is no bull account here, but the House possesses a reasonable supply of stock which it will sell to the public as soon as the holiday traffics are published. The speculator has not much chance in this market to-day, for the contangoes kill business. The gambler is compelled to dabble in rubbish like Little Chats and Dover A. He takes a turn at the Great Central junior stocks occasionally, and last week saw both A and B pushed up. They should not be bought just yet, but when the reaction comes they are a safe buy. Investors cannot make a mistake in buying London and North Westerns, Great Northerns, or North Easterns; all must gradually appreciate and all give over 4 per cent.

YANKEES.—The Wall Street gambler will not be denied any longer, and he is now buying as hard as he can. The harvest both in grain and cotton will be good, and this means good traffics both for the Prairie lines and the Northern cotton carriers. Prices to-day of twenty leading lines work out at 121. In August, 1909, they were 134, then they gradually fell till, in June, 1908, they stood at 97·96. In November, 1907, they touched bottom at 81·41. On December 11th, 1906, they were 137; January 22nd, 1906, 138, which was the record highest, the record lowest being 41·82 in August, 1896. So we see wild variations in such a table with prices at a very reasonable level considering the general bad trade all over the United States. Gambling in Yankee Rails is a form of excitement that needs a long purse and a cool head. It seems late in the day to come into the rise, but we may see a ten dollars jump in some stocks. Chesapeakes are to be quoted in Paris, and sooner or later all the leading shares will be dealt in in the Combine. This will give a solidity to the market which it has hitherto lacked.

RUBBER shares were bought back by the bears, and this sent up prices, but with raw rubber under 4s., and little chance of any upward move, I see very little future in the rubber market. The present holders of good rubber shares are satisfied to hold on, and they do not sell even on the worst days. Dealers dare not remain short for any long period, and their spurts of buying back stiffen a dead market. Rubber as an investment has advantages when you can buy to pay ten per cent., but at the present price of raw rubber very few of the leading shares will pay holders ten per cent. on next year's dividends.

OIL shares are always getting shocks. The Maikop Victory fire was very annoying, but shows oil speculators what dangerous gambles oil shares are. I am told that the oil war will shortly end, and that Shells are worth holding. I have heard this tale before. Still, with the war ended, and the oil trade in the East on a sound basis, Shells are not dear to-day. I am not, and never have been, in love with Maikop. I cannot advise a purchase, for I think all prices too high.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS are not in favour, and the public waits the efforts of the magnates before it ventures upon a gamble. Sir Abe Bailey showed his good sense by getting out of his mining shares in the last rise, and they say that in future he proposes to trust only land. He is a wise man. Rhodesia as a land for the agriculturalist may have a chance; as a mining district it appears to me in the hands of the mining expert.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are very dull, and the public does not gamble here to-day. The Cement venture, however, has run its course, and Cements should be unloaded. Omnibus shares, now that the competitor has been disposed of, may be attractive; but they are too heavy for the ordinary speculator, and the market is in the hands of one man who can really make the price what he likes.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

MR. BERNARD SHAW AT CAMBRIDGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a regrettable outburst (entitled a "Detestable Outrage") which occupies so prominent a position in your issue of June 3rd.

Although, in a vain endeavour to avoid the inevitable, reporters were expressly excluded from the ticket meeting on May 29th, when Mr. Bernard Shaw was invited by a Cambridge Society (including, by the way, amongst its members ten University Professors) to discourse to them on "The Future of Religion," yet the usual unscrupulous wrenching of a few judiciously-chosen phrases out of their context duly appeared in the halfpenny anti-Socialist Press the next morning. I am surprised, Sir, that THE ACADEMY should be so readily deceived by methods so familiar.

To show the extent of the misrepresentation, I ask would any one gather from your article that Mr. Shaw *also* spoke as a mystic—against the opponents of Religion—declaring his admiration for the share of Christ in working out the Ideal of God—and urging that we, as Incarnations of God, the Life-Force, must work for a nobler conception of Humanity? So much for materialism and coarse profanity.

As to kicking Mr. Shaw into the Cam, the official attitude of the University may be found in the *Cambridge Review* of June 1st. Mr. Shaw's brilliant and inspiring address was received with the greatest enthusiasm. (Though many must have disagreed, I question if *any* member of the large audienoe found Mr. Shaw . . . I refrain from reproducing language so atrocious.)

Sir, your article as it stands is an outrage on University intelligence, on our Society, on Mr. Bernard Shaw—who appeared the very incarnation of G. B. S.—and on yourself, who have based so violent an attack on a bit of obviously sensational journalism.

In conclusion, Sir, why drag in "Socialism"—naked and unashamed withal?—Believe me, yours, &c.,

C. K. OGDEN (President, "The Heretics.")

Magdalene College, Cambridge, June 6th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I take it from Mr. Cecil Cowper's second paragraph of what purports to be a criticism of Mr. Shaw's lecture recently delivered at Cambridge that he was not present on that occasion; in spite of which he has the superb insolence to describe that lecture as "a detestable outrage." Surely any journalist, however young and inexperienced, with an atom of self-respect, would hesitate even to form a judgment of a lecture from newspaper reports, particularly on a subject which he considers of vital importance. Mr. Cowper is kind enough to tell us that it is profoundly indifferent to him whether Mr. Shaw has beliefs or has none. Why then does he waste his time in an attempt to confute what he imagines to be Mr. Shaw's opinions? I shall show in the course of this letter that paragraphs 3, 4, and 5 of Mr. Cowper's article bear no relation to what Mr. Shaw said, therefore on the present occasion it is superfluous to attempt any answer to them.

The concluding paragraph is really quite comic in its patronising scorn for those who happen to hold different opinions from Mr. Cowper. To his own complete satisfaction he has demonstrated that Mr. Shaw has no understanding or capacity to understand Christianity; he then assumes that on the subject of Socialism Mr. Shaw is infallible. He next succinctly describes men like Charles Kingsley, Frederick Denison Maurice (who has probably influenced theological teachers more than any man in the nineteenth century) and other prominent divines now living as "certain persons of confused intelligence [who] have described themselves as Christian Socialists." Whether or no the founder of Christianity was a failure surely has no effect upon the value or validity of this teaching. Let Mr. Cowper consider for a minute the lives of most of the great teachers and artists. I would ask Mr. Cowper to remember that it was the upholders of the orthodox religion in His day who crucified Christ, and that Christ condemned in bitter and scathing words those who put belief before conduct.

But enough of Mr. Cowper. It will surely be more interesting and more important to the readers of THE ACADEMY to know what Mr. Shaw said on the occasion in question.

The Guardian (June 2nd, 1911, p. 750), a paper of unimpeachable Christian orthodoxy, writes as follows:—"The Heretics had an open meeting on Monday afternoon, when Mr. Bernard Shaw spoke on the Future of Religion. It is significant that the lecturer obviously had the sympathy of his audience, which consisted of about 250, mostly undergraduates. If he criticised mercilessly the popular religious beliefs of to-day, he also upheld strongly the necessity of having a religion. It may be added that the Union debate on the preceding Tuesday decided by a small majority 'that this House welcomes the influence of Mr. Bernard Shaw upon the thought of the country.'"

Mr. Shaw certainly showed, and himself stated, that he had no reverence, and added that sincere belief was seldom accompanied with reverence. He was full of humour, and often blasphemous, but there was always a serious meaning not far below. Some experience of theological teachers, from intellectual Roman priests to the most unlettered of village preachers, certainly bears out Mr. Shaw's contention: If we want reverence we must be content with the great agnostics and sceptics, and ignore those who hold any belief with fervour and passion—whether they be Theist or Atheist, Christian or Buddhist. To my mind, Mr. Shaw's pose of flippancy was often perverse and needlessly offensive. But the "pose of flippancy" is not confined to Irishmen like Mr. Shaw. It was only the other day, in a private correspondence with a very distinguished theologian prominent not only in Cambridge but throughout England, I expressed my own feeling and that of many others by saying that he seemed "incurably flippant," but as he answered me with complete courtesy, I will say no more on that point; I merely quote this as an illustration of how serious and sincere belief is often accompanied with something quite different. Mr. Shaw is certainly not a Christian; he was merciless, emotional, and, I venture to think, quite illogical, in his attacks on Christ and Christianity. He spent the early part of his lecture in demolishing the orthodox conceptions (or what he held to be the orthodox conceptions) of God; but half-way through "he also upheld strongly the necessity of having a religion," the absolute unthinkableness of a merely material world without God, and the necessity of living a righteous life. He asserted with deep solemnity that no man can fight against God without a crushing defeat; that we were merely the instruments of God created by Him to work His will. Most people in the audience, whether or no they agreed with Mr. Shaw, recognised his intense seriousness, and felt some of the inspiration that contact with a fearless sincerity must always bring. This feeling made some regret still more certain things that were said.

"Christ was a failure." Any devout or sincere believer in Christ who cares at all for Christian ideals, if he looks around him, even if he confines his gaze merely to the villages and towns of England, must see a meaning in that phrase; if he be a humble man, he will feel that failure is largely his own fault; and if he be as well a brave man, he will do his best to turn that failure into a triumphant success.

I have written at too great length, but there are few more things I want to say. It seems to me the obvious duty of the upholders of Christianity to attempt an argued and emotional reply to Mr. Shaw; and I am absolutely confident that any man who attempts such a reply will have a much larger and more demonstratively enthusiastic audience of "young persons who are placed here (Cambridge) for educative purposes" than that which listened to Mr. Shaw on May 29th, 1911.

In Cambridge just now there is no lack of interest in religion, as can be seen from the vigorous and aggressive enthusiasm of the Heretics, the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union—to mention only two of many such societies—and the large numbers (mostly not professional students of theology) who attended the recent lectures given by Dr. Rashdall, Dr. Sanday, the Bishop of Birmingham, and Dr. Inge.

AUSTIN H. JOHNSON.

GEORGE BORROW

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The two interesting articles on the puzzling personality of George Borrow which have recently appeared in THE ACADEMY tempt me to supplement some of the writer's comments and conclusions with a few recollections and comments of my own which may serve to make clear certain points that have mystified

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more than one student of the works of him who was once called "The Wandering Jew of Literature."

With Borrow, both as writer and man, the love of mystifying others was in danger of passing into a monomania. It was a real joy to him to puzzle his fellow-men, to set men wondering and talking about him and his works, and the more they wondered and talked the more he chuckled and chortled in his self-elected isolation. The story, or rather the episode, of Isopel Berners to some extent, in my belief, was deliberately planned to tease the reader. Here was a distinctly fascinating figure laying hold of the imagination in a quite unusual way, placed in an anomalous position in relation to the hero and the onlookers, and yet in the end left in the infinite, with not a word of explanation as to whither she had gone, or what was or would be her fate.

The origin, to my thinking, of this singular and unforgettable situation is probably threefold, and to be traced to a stubborn tenet, an accentuation of personality, and a known or unknown influence. In the first place, I remember so well Borrow, on a visit to us at Rockhampton, taking up a modern book—an indeed rare event with him, for he never deigned to read his contemporaries—and, after scrutinising it carefully, throwing it down with the words—"These modern fellows never know when to stop! The great art of writing is to know when to stop!" I was then reading "Lavengro" for the first time, and the remark carried with it an illuminating significance to my youthful mind. The criticism was a kind of Open Sesame to the mystery of Isopel Berners. Again, with Borrow it was almost a religion to appear to be unlike others, both as author and as man; and to have told the world all about the love, marriage, maternity, and death of his heroine would have been to class himself with the rank and file of fictionists and biographers. Perhaps one of the most remarkable and anomalous episodes of the slighter order in literature is that of Ann in De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," one of the most clinging incidents one can recall: Ann waiting at the corner of Berners Street, by firm appointment, as the commercials say, and yet, by the wild accident of fate, never to meet her devoted lover again. One might well wonder whether Borrow had this touching incident in mind, consciously or unconsciously, when he let Isopel come into and vanish from the reader's ken. The name with which he endowed his heroine is certainly suggestive of such a possibility.

The tantalising methods of the two writers in any case carry with them an enduring advantage. To have left these two women in the infinite is to have bequeathed them to us as imperishable phantoms haunting the shores of old romance. Like the unrequited love they seem to symbolise, they are without beginning and without end. Isopel is still waving her farewell to the mystic Lavengro. Ann is still at the corner of the street awaiting her inconsolable lover.

That the story of "Lavengro" is largely autobiographical, or at least personal, few who had the privilege of knowing Borrow could doubt, but it was the memoir of a man who transformed all he saw, including his own image in the magnifying mirror of his soul, into poetry and romance.

He was essentially one of the many victims of the *maladie du siècle* inaugurated by Goethe in his "Sorrows of Werther," and by Byron in his "Childe Harold" and "Manfred," and perpetuated by Alfred de Musset and the rest. The singular story of the old man who was too idle in youth to learn to tell the time, yet who had been at infinite pains to learn Chinese through the medium of figures painted on tea-pots and tea-chests in order to avert "the horrors," is typical of Borrow's bewildered attitude towards the world's formalisms and Nature's mysteries of birth, life, and death.

The episode setting forth with wondrous realism the case of the recluse who had ostracised himself from the world and all its activities and ambitions because of the "touching mania" which in his delusion he imagined would avert the evil chance, is again as personal to the author as anything in the book.

I am, Sir, &c.,

A. Egmont Hake.

"CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN POETRY"

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—I see from your issue of June 3rd that you devote a not ungenerous space to a review by "R. M." of this latest addition to the 1s. "Canterbury Poets" Series. But why be so fearful for "the young"? And why say "if this book had been the original work of an English poet it would never have found a publisher"? It most certainly would so long as I remain in the editorial charge here.

Permit me to point out that when arranging for and accepting this book Professor Jethro Bithell was perfectly aware of my intentions towards the MS. I did all I could for poor old Mrs. Grundy, going so far even as to mutilate masterpieces by Belgian poets, and in some instances—much against my will—to destroy whole poems in order that the little class of people who see sin in a surplice—your reviewer's "Robert Buchanan and his blushing comrades," for instance—should not have their delicate sensibilities disturbed. I pause to try and imagine "R. M.'s" feelings when he meets with our next offspring—viz., "Contemporary French Poetry" by the same author.

When will it be permitted to all art work to work its mission undisturbed, without being periodically held up as corrupt and corrupting because some old grandmother (who would cover up the statuary in the British Museum) must linger over the type-letters—unable to catch the intent, spirit, and mission of the master-mind who can paint only what he sees? Surely this *is* the twentieth century!—Your obedient servant,

Frederick J. Crowest, Editor and General Manager.
(For the Walter Scott Publishing Company, Ltd.)
Felling-on-Tyne.

To the Editor of The Academy

Sir,—Will you allow me a few words to rectify an error in the review of my Anthology of Belgian Poetry? The reviewer says that I have published my translations "without expurgation." This is unfortunately not the case. I would not myself expurgate a line; but the translations have been published not by me, but by the Walter Scott Publishing Co., and they considered themselves bound to make some concessions to Mrs. Grundy. Surely your reviewer should have understood that a line of dots indicates an omission? One long poem of Albert Mockel stops short half way; the terribly brutal ending of Verhaeren's "The Peasants" is wanting; and there are other evident mutilations.

I agree with your reviewer that it would be sensible and courageous to publish translations of vigorous poetry without expurgation; but what English publisher will have the sense and the courage to do it? As "M. R." says, "Flemish art is outspoken." English art is not outspoken—*i.e.*, it is hypocritical.—Yours faithfully,

J. Bithell.

15, Winscombe-crescent, Brentham, Ealing, W.,
June 3rd, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

Argentine Plains and Andine Glaciers: Life on an Estancia, and an Expedition into the Andes. By Walter Larden, M.A. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 14s. net.

Light and Twilight. By Edward Thomas. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Tours in Norway. Illustrated. F. Beyer's Tourist Bureau, Christiania. Gratis.

The Alien Problem and its Remedy. By M. J. Landa. P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.

A Holiday in South Africa. By the Right Hon. Sir H. Mortimer Durand, G.C.M.G. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.

Gothic Architecture in England and France. By G. H. West, D.D. Illustrated. G. Bell and Sons. 6s. net.

Patriotism: a Biological Study. By H. G. F. Spurrell, M.A. G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.

Through the Alps to the Apennines. By P. G. Konody. Illustrated by E. A. Rickards and Robert Little, R.W.S. Kegan Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

The Philosophy of a Don. By G. F. Abbot. Stephen Swift. 5s. net.

Regimen Sanitatis, the Rule of Health. A Gaelic Medical Manuscript of the Early Sixteenth Century, or perhaps Older, from the Vade Mecum of the Famous Macbeaths. By H. Cameron Gillies, M.D. Robert MacLehose and Co., Glasgow.

Tourist Guide to the Continent. (With Travel-Talk in German, French, and English.) Edited by Percy Lindley. Illustrated and with Maps. Continental Department, G.E.R. 6d.

The Man in the Street. Essays by W. Stanley Scott. Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

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The Philosophy of Bergson. By A. D. Lindsay. J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.

Nationalities and Subject Races: Report of Conference held in Caxton Hall, Westminster, June 28-30, 1910. P. S. King and Son. 3s. 6d. net.

A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales. By Jonathan Nield. Elkin Mathews. 8s. net.

Juvenile Labour Exchanges and After-Care. By Arthur Greenwood. With an Introduction by Sidney Webb, LL.B. P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.

The West in the East from an American Point of View. By Price Collier. Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Dickens and Thackeray Studied in Three Novels. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

The Apostle. A Drama in Three Acts. By George Moore. Maunsel and Co., Dublin.

The Charm of Copenhagen. By Ethel C. Hargrove. Illustrated. Methuen and Co. 6s.

Medical Revolution: A Plea for National Preservation of Health based upon the Natural Interpretation of Disease. By Sydney W. MacIlwaine, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Retired). P. S. King and Son. 2s. 6d. net.

Life and Death. By A. Dastre, Professor of Physiology at the Sorbonne. Translated by W. J. Greenstreet, M.A., F.R.A.S. The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 5s.

Triumphant Vulgarity. By Charles J. Whitby. Frontispiece. Stephen Swift. 3s. 6d. net.

The Economic Transition in India. By Sir Theodore Morison, K.C.I.E. John Murray. 5s. net.

Prophesyings and Spirit-Rappings. By S. Henry. The Leominster Printing Co. 1s.

Significs and Language. The Articulate Form of our Expressive and Interpretative Resources. By V. Welby. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Problems of Life. By the Rev. C. A. Houghton, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 3s. net.

Letters from India. By Lady Wilson. William Blackwood and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.

VERSE

Idyllia. By the Author of "Thysia." G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.

The Silver Age. A Dramatic Poem by Arthur E. J. Legge. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

Snowdrops and Daffodils. By D. J. Parry-Crooke. Hammond, Hammond, and Co. 1s. net.

Songs of the Birds. By Ida Norman. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

Sonnets. By "Lucilla." Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.

Rex et Imperator. Ode on the Coronation of Their Most Gracious Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary. By J. H. E. While. Illustrated by E. Morton and H. F. Newey. Siegle Hill and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Po(e)t Pourri. By John Penstowe. Century Press. 3s. 6d.

The New Hesperides, and Other Poems. By Joel Elias Springarn. Sturgis and Walton Co., New York. $1.

Through Dust to Light. Poems from an Apprenticeship. By Robert Valantine Heckscher. Sherman, French, and Co., Boston, U.S.A. $1 net.

The Green Fields. By Kenneth Hare. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

The House of Life. Interpretations of the Symbolical Pictures of the late G. F. Watts by Harrold Johnson. Illustrated. J. M. Dent and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.

The Garden Sundial, and Ovingdean. By Alfred H. Cashmore. Reigate Press, Reigate.

Bell and Wing. By F. Fanning Ayer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.

Cornwall, the English Riviera. A Poem by P. J. Kislingbury. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 2s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

The Herkomers. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer, C.V.O. Vol. II. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Metternich. By G. A. C. Sandeman. Illustrated. Methuen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

The Diary of Dr. John William Polidori, 1816. Relating to Byron, Shelley, &c. Edited and Elucidated by Wm. Michael Rossetti. Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.

The Mystic Bride: A Study of the Life-story of Catherine of Siena. By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England: An Historical Survey. By James Gairdner, C.B. Vol. III. Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

Thirty-four Years in Poona City: Being the History of the Panch Howds Poona City Mission, India. By the Rev. Father Elwin, S.S.J.E. Illustrated. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.

Recollections of a Parisian (Docteur Poumiès de la Siboutie), under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions, and a Republic (1789-1863). Edited by his Daughters, Mesdames A. Branche and L. Dagoury. Translated from the French by Lady Theodora Davidson. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

Two Centuries of the English Novel. By Harold Williams, M.A. Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

The Autobiography of Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, 1835-1910. 2 Vols. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 24s. net.

The United Irishwomen. Their Place, Work, and Ideals. By Horace Plunkett, Ellice Pilkington, and George Russell ("Æ"). With a Preface by the Rev. T. A. Finlay. Maunsel and Co., Dublin. 6d. net.

Uruguay Past and Present. By W. H. Koebel. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

The Great Solemnity of the Coronation of a King and Queen according to the Use of the Church of England. With Notes and Excursuses, Liturgical, Historical, and Descriptive. By Douglas Macleane, M.A. With an Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. George Allen and Co. 5s. net.

Saint Athanasius. By Rev. Henry Ranken, B.D. J. Gardner Hitt, Edinburgh. 1s. net.

The Form and Order of the Coronation Service, with the Music to be Sung. Edited by Sir Frederick Bridge, M.V.O. Novello and Co.

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A Short History of English Versification from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. A Handbook for Teachers and Students. By Max Kaluza, Ph.D. Translated by A. C. Dunstan, Ph.D. George Allen and Co. 5s. net.

The Training of the Memory in Art, and the Education of the Artist. By Lecoq de Boisbaudran. Translated from the French by L. D. Luard. With an Introduction by Selwyn Image, M.A.

FICTION

A Woman of Small Account. (A South African Social Picture.) By Mary E. Martens. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s.

The Soul of the Moor. A Romance of the Occult. By Stratford D. Jolly. Illustrated. W. Rider and Son. 2s. net.

The Legacy: A Story of a Woman. By Mary S. Watts. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

PERIODICALS

Blackwood's Magazine; The Antiquary; Educational Times; The Conservator; Cambridge University Reporter; The Vineyard; The English Review; Empire Review; Book Monthly; School World; Bookseller; London University Gazette; The Author; Ulula; Peru To-Day; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Mercure de France; Deutsche Rundschau; Publishers' Circular; The Wednesday Review; La Revue; Revue Bleue; The International; The Southern Sphere; The Papyrus; The Bibelot; The Dawn of Day; Golden Sunbeams; The Sketch, Coronation Number.

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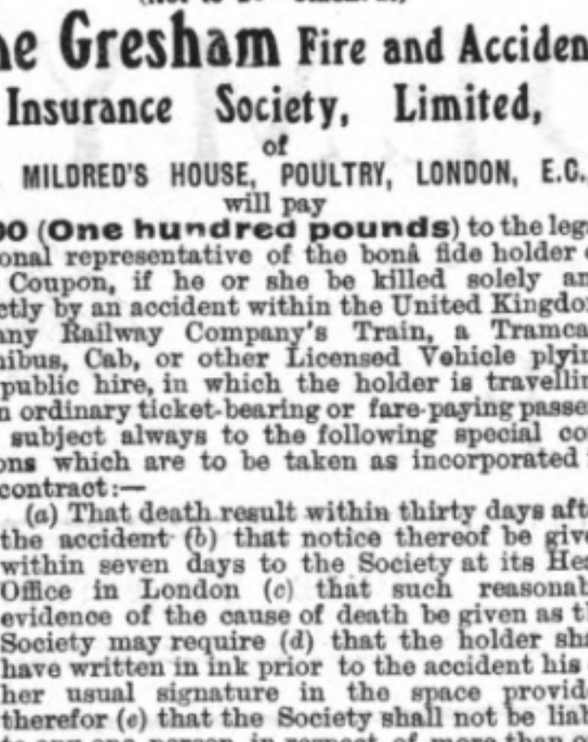
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

WE observe that Mr. Bernard Shaw, speaking at a meeting of the Smoke Abatement Society, is reported to have said that ever since volition in the matter has rested with him his ablutions have never exceeded the area of his face and hands. It is amusing to observe that Mr. Shaw is stealing the clothes which he says introduced Sir Almroth Wright to fame. It is also rather amusing to note that, although Mr. Shaw disdains to wash himself like an ordinary mortal, he found an occasion of whitewashing himself to cover up some of the utterances attributed to him in his recent lecture at Cambridge.

Some results of the sale of the Huth collection of autographs at Messrs. Sotheby's on Monday last are of great interest not only to connoisseurs, but to students of psychology. Two extremely brief documents written by Henry Fielding brought in the open mart the enormous sum of £1,015, one being the agreement by which he bound himself to write "a certain book printed in six volumes known and called by the name and title of 'The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling,'" the other a receipt for "six hundred pounds being in full for the sole Copy Right" of the same work. Why should these faded, fragile scraps of paper signify so much in modern money? So much, that is, entirely apart from any question of such investments as a financial speculation: for not every one buys to sell again. Into glass cases, to be looked at, rarely handled, they will go; the owner's literary friends will admire and envy, his unliterary friends will admire and scoff; and he will be happy at the addition to his collection. From the mystical human point of view the handwriting of the meanest labourer who lived and died a hundred or two hundred years ago is as fascinating as the autograph of a Shakespeare—what were his thoughts, who were his companions, what meant his life to himself and them? But because Dryden and Defoe wrote pages that we can still read, because Fielding and Goldsmith can still thrill us, we feel a kind of kinship when we see their actual writing; we grasp hands across the lapse of time with some one we have known almost as a friend. Perhaps this is the explanation. Let the psychologist take up the story.

Barricades to prevent good citizens from approaching too close to their monarchs are not rare in the capitals of the Continent, and they have often played an important *rôle* in the prevention or consummation of revolutions, but it remains for Mr. Winston Churchill to introduce them into the streets of London. The most democratic Government of the century has so low an opinion of its supporters that it is doing all in its power to prevent them exercising their legitimate freedom of movement on Coronation Day. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill think that after the wild denunciations of the electioneering platform during the past two years it would not be good for their cause for too many of the hungry and oppressed to look on their monarch and their oppressors in the flesh. The spectacle might be too much for them: they might show, in the words of Macaulay—

> Lest when our latest hope is fled,
> Ye taste of our despair,
> And learn by proof in some wild hour,
> How much the wretched dare.

We maintain that these barricades closing the side streets to the main route of the procession are a gross interference with the rights and liberties of citizens, and are also a grave source of danger to the public. They have never been considered necessary in the past, so why should they be required on the present occasion? Simply because the Home Secretary must try and keep his fading name before the public by some reckless innovation. The Battle of Sydney-street was the precursor of the barricades round Piccadilly. It only remains to have them loopholed and a detachment of the Guards to provide picked marksmen to shoot down those who press too hard. What is likely to happen on the day of the procession? Each gate is to be closed at the discretion of a police officer, who will give the order when he considers that portion of the route in his immediate neighbourhood is sufficiently full. But other parts may be comparatively empty, and the crowd, if left to its own devices, would automatically spread itself over the whole, like water finding its proper level. It will be almost impossible to close the gates, and the pressure round the barricades of the crowd trying to get through or being pushed back will most certainly lead to many being crushed to death. Such are the methods of Democracy as administered by an Anglo-American.

Is the spirit of England so dead that no one will take the matter into his own hands? Are there no citizens left with a love of liberty, and the possessors of a few sharp axes? Down with the barricades we say, and let us have the troops to keep the route as of yore! Every citizen has a right to see his King on Coronation Day without the permission of Mr. Winston Churchill. "Oh, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

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SUMMER UNDERGROUND

A boy came into the Tube with roses,
  Roses, roses, fragrant and red;
  We were many and we were dead,
Half asleep, as a dead man dozes,
  Earth at his feet and earth at his head.
But a boy come into the Tube with roses,
  Crimson roses, dewy with rain.
He was ragged and round and smiling,
He looked up with an air beguiling,
  "Will ye buy roses?"—Oh, we were fain—
They were fragrant, fragrant and red.
  Then we waked, we were living again,
We came suddenly back from the dead,
For a boy came into the Tube with roses,
  Crimson roses, dewy with rain.

ETHEL TALBOT.

JUPITER TONANS

WE have carefully refrained from commenting on the superior attitude adopted by the *Spectator* towards the inferior journalistic species. Impunity has, however, led to an attitude which exhibits the first example of humour observed in that highly respectable review under its present editorship.

The attack on the *English Review* in last week's issue, although not intended to be comic, is intensely funny. The wrath is Olympian; the abnegation—thoroughly illogical as it is—positively sublime. Patronage or filthy lucre? We will none of them, says the *Spectator*:—

> Our only course, then, until some change takes place, is to refuse to notice the magazine or to accept its advertisements.

The concluding words are, we think, imprudent. Virtue may be its own reward, but it is difficult to run a newspaper with financial success on an asset which is not negotiable. Not only that; the labourer is worthy of his hire, the newspaper of its advertisement rates.

The *Spectator*, however, in its contempt for paltry mundane considerations, has given the *English Review* an advertisement which that Review would gladly have drawn a large cheque to receive. If the temperature of the mercury lately be left out of account, what is all the fuming and fussing about?

The *English Review* for June has published an article from the pen of Mr. Frank Harris, which we should like to say, with all humility, we think is less brilliant than most of the compositions of that accomplished writer. The editor of the *Spectator* is well qualified to ask us whether there is not a second count in his indictment. We say at once that there is.

The *English Review*, unlike a famous General, does not despise advertisement:—

> An advertisement pamphlet of the *English Review* has lately been sent broadcast through the post headed "The Great Adult Review," followed by the query "Why Adult?"

The answer to the question is in effect that the *English Review* does not intend to be an organ *virginibus puerisque*.

It is surely within the competence of the proprietor and editor to choose their own public. Their Review is not one which boys and girls with limited pocket-money would be likely to purchase, because its cost is half-a-crown. Neither do we think that, able as its contributions are, they would attract boys and girls in the smallest degree. Penny journals with the usual features appeal to the boy and girl reader.

We hold no brief for the *English Review*, but we think that if the "garbage"—if it be "garbage"—which appears in its columns were not advertised by reproduction in a much less expensive periodical it follows that a lesser quantity would be "dumped on the nation's doorstep."

Journalistic amenities should surely be observed, and to refer to the *English Review* as indulging in the "'leering,' 'knowing' cant purveyed by the catalogue-compilers of shady second-hand booksellers, when, under the plea of honesty and plain speaking, they recommend some particularly nauseous work," is altogether to exceed the limits not only of judicious, but of pardonable criticism.

We forbear to quote the language employed on page 876 of the *Spectator*, lines 24 to 27, because, although Mr. Frank Harris, in a passage set out above, has been guilty of somewhat confused expression, and has shadowed forth what might—in his opinion—be excusable or permissible in an actuality which does not and cannot exist, he has at least used a literary touch which we do not observe in the criticism which we have declined to quote. It was only in our last issue that we had occasion to offer some considered remarks on the cognate subject of "expurgation." We wrote:—

> All difficulty would be at an end if the volumes containing such passages fell only into the hands of critics; but when, in the nature of things, a book is sold to whomsoever chooses to buy it, "concessions to Mrs. Grundy" seem inevitable. The danger is that in our revolt from the "prunes and prisms" of early and mid-Victorian days we swing the pendulum too far in the opposite direction. It is no easy task to hold the balance true between the hide-bound propriety, the comfortable "properness" of the past, and that degree of outspokenness which shall result in good both to Art and to those whom it influences.

It is that duty and that task which THE ACADEMY will endeavour to realise. We cannot promise that with the utmost circumspection we shall always succeed. One promise, however, we can make to our readers: in the region of criticism we shall not imitate the literary gems to be found in the last issue of the *Spectator*.

CECIL COWPER.

MEDICAL PRACTICE AND THE STATE INSURANCE BILL

THE following article is the first of a series which will deal with the National Insurance Scheme proposed by the Government. This scheme is one of great importance, both socially and politically. It marks a departure from the old principle of *laissez faire* as great as that which was made

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when old-age pensions were granted. Every class in the country will be affected by the measure if it is carried into law. There is a general consensus that Mr. Lloyd George's plan contains much which is excellent, but it is also generally agreed that it offers a wide scope for salutary criticism. In the series of articles now begun it is intended to deal with the position of women under the scheme, and the position of employers, friendly societies, insurance companies and insurance agents, trade unions, and the other classes mainly concerned. The probable effect of the scheme upon thrift in relation to the national character will also be discussed, together with some kindred subjects. The series is edited by Sir William Bull, M.P., who will contribute an article on the class of Post-office contributors which is to be formed under the operation of the Bill.

The position of the medical practitioner under the Bill as it stands at present is a thoroughly unsatisfactory one, and this is largely due to the assumption by the Chancellor of a condition of affairs in medical practice that does not exist. Mr. Lloyd George (if one may judge from the published reports of his speeches) seems to be under the impression that the majority of the medical practice in the kingdom among the working classes is of the kind generally known as club or contract practice. This is far from being a correct statement of the case. It may be freely admitted that there is a great deal of contract practice among the working classes, but this by no means forms the main source of income of the general practitioner; and while a large percentage of the artisan class belong to one or another of the benefit societies or share-out clubs, the proportion that avail themselves, in London at any rate, of the medical benefit is comparatively small. Any medical man practising in an artisan district will agree that the larger portion of his income is derived from private patients whose wages vary from 30s. a week upwards. Under this Bill I have no hesitation in affirming, from my personal knowledge of many general practices, that from 30 per cent. to 70 per cent. of such private practices—the percentage naturally varying with the district—would be automatically converted into club practices, and it will require a far more cogent argument than the honeyed assurances of the Chancellor to persuade the general practitioner that this will be to his advantage.

Were it a fact, as seems to be assumed, that the great majority of the working classes are at present receiving medical attendance at contract rates, any scheme that would raise the contract fee, which at present only really represents charity very thinly disguised, would be welcomed by the profession; but, as a correct knowledge of the actual state of affairs by no means bears out this assumption, the effect of the Bill would be to diminish, both as regards capital and income, the financial value of every general practice in the country without the slightest attempt at compensation being even suggested.

Experience, a far more valuable teacher than imagination based on inaccurate premises, has shown the general practitioner that the majority of wage-earners receiving £2 a week and upward are not in the habit of availing themselves of the medical benefits of their clubs. They prefer a free and unfettered choice of their medical man, and are both able and willing to pay a fee commensurate with their financial position; and the bad debts that Mr. Lloyd George assures us we shall be free from in the future are not, as a rule, contracted among this class of patient. Naturally there always have been and always will be those who take advantage of any and every opportunity of obtaining medical attendance at the cheapest possible rate, and it is a known fact that people of this class who are able but unwilling to pay the usual medical fees prevailing in their district are always a source of trouble to the unfortunate medical man who has them on his club-list. They ignore the rules of the club so far as they relate to the conditions of medical attendance, and in fact demand to be treated as private patients while only paying club fees. To give an example, which is characteristic if trivial, I know a case where one of this class reported his doctor to the club secretary because the practitioner told him that the fees paid by the club for medical attendance did not include the supply by the doctor of a fresh bottle every time more medicine was required. Can it be wondered that with cases like this arising every day medical men decline positively to undertake contract work for the State under the control of friendly societies?

The club secretary knows that nine out of ten of the complaints made against the club doctor are unwarranted and unfounded, but he is bound, under fear of losing his own berth, to bring them forward. The Committee, composed entirely of working men, is as a rule only too glad of an opportunity to support one of their own class, and the result is that, unless the doctor is a strong man and financially independent of his club appointment, his subsequent attendance before the Committee is not likely either to increase his self-respect or engender any marked feeling of friendliness toward his employers.

The Chancellor is reported to have stated that he cannot interfere with the clause of his Bill that gives the control of the doctors attending Friendly Society contributors into the hands of the Friendly Society Committees, on the ground that there are a number of vested interests involved, such as practices that have been bought with a transfer of the club appointment to the purchaser. Is it possible that he is ignorant of the fact that there are also practices that have been bought and partnerships that have been entered into, without club appointments, which under the proposed Act would be rendered valueless, the capital invested in them being irretrievably lost? Is he ignorant of the fact that the mere proposal of this Bill has already converted a general practice in an artisan district from an asset worth at least one year's purchase on the gross takings into an absolutely unsaleable interest? Does he not realise that the "death vacancy" value of his practice, about six to nine months' purchase, was part of every medical man's insurance, and is now valueless; and that it must in the case of those who have dependents be replaced by taking out increased life policies, in the case of the elder members of the profession at a very heavy cost? There are hundreds of practices without any club appointments attached to them, the great majority of whose clients belong to the class which under the Act would have every inducement to join a Friendly Society. Is no consideration to be shown to the medical men who own such practices? It is not respect for the vested interests of the medical man that prompts the Chancellor to doubt whether the "control of the doctors can be transferred from the Friendly Societies." It seems to me that fear of the Friendly Societies and anxiety as to the destination of the votes they control causes this delicacy and doubt.

There is no reason why the administration of the medical benefits should not be transferred to the Local Health Committees entirely apart from the insurance part of the Bill, and those persons who are entitled to medical benefit under the Act should be able to select their own medical man from a list of those in their district who are willing to accept contract work. Under the present conditions, subscription to the medical benefits of the Friendly Societies being mostly optional, separate accounts have to be kept, and these could just as easily be kept by the Health Committee for the whole district. Then every medical man in the district holding a club appointment would surrender it, and, if he

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wished, could register his name as being willing to take contract practice under the Health Committee's management. I am confident that he would not lose 1 per cent. of his old club patients who were eligible for medical benefits under the new scheme, and the medical man who held no club appointment would be able to retain those of his former private patients whose wages were within the limit entitling them to medical benefits, as contract patients also under the control of the Health Committees. Unless some scheme of this sort is adopted the medical men who have no Friendly Society appointment—and they outnumber those who have by about ten to one—will find all their private patients whose earnings are below the wage-limit indicated in the Bill taken from them, and no opportunity given to them to retain these even as contract patients.

Under the plan here suggested the work would be centralised and the Health Committees would be able to keep a proper and just control both over the practitioners and the patients. There is in addition a large class which must be a source of considerable difficulty on the medical side of the scheme. Assuming that, as has been suggested above, the medical arrangements for the scheme are intrusted to the various Health Committees—and from the unanimously expressed opinion of medical men throughout the country it is practically certain that this will have to be so—it will still be impossible to adopt a fixed capitation fee to cover medical attendance on all entrants, even though the wage-limit for medical benefits be fixed at £2 a week. There are at present in every district hundreds of persons who either from chronic disease, intemperate or immoral habits, or simply from advancing years, will require an amount of medical attendance to keep them in health that no capitation fee which the Committees would have sufficient funds to grant would adequately remunerate. These persons are at present quite rightly debarred from entering the various clubs, as no society could stand the claims on its resources that they would cause, but they would practically all come in as Post-office contributors. To show what this would mean: A few years ago a certain Borough Council decided to form a sick club for its employees, and, in spite of the advice of a doctor whom they consulted in the matter, admitted all and sundry, old and young, healthy or sick, without any medical examination. At the end of the first year the Council had a deficit of over £150 to meet on that sick fund account, and it had to be met from the rates.

It seems to me that some system of classification from the health point of view will have to be made, and all those cases which will require an exceptional amount of medical attention will have to be grouped in a class by themselves, special provision being made for them either by a system of payment in proportion to work done or by the appointment of a salaried medical officer on some such lines as those now followed in the case of district medical officers under the Poor-law.

A great deal has been said and written with regard to the altruistic side of the medical profession; so much, in fact, that the lay public considers altruism in a doctor no longer a virtue, but an obligation. It may be a moral obligation personal to the individual practitioner, but that is quite another matter to compulsory altruism forced on a profession by Act of Parliament. When free education became general there was no question of an Act of Parliament to compel members of the teaching profession to disseminate their knowledge among the unlettered at an absolutely unremunerative rate on the plea that universal education was for the good of the country. And I cannot see the justice of the attempted exploitation of the medical profession under conditions which must mean financial loss to nearly all, and absolute ruin to not a few.

Another of the many points in which the unfairness of the Bill towards the medical profession is shown appears in section 13, par. 4, which reads:—

> Where . . . payment of sickness or disablement benefit is suspended on the ground that the disease or disablement has been caused by the misconduct of the person claiming the benefit such person shall nevertheless continue to be entitled to medical benefits.

Briefly summarised, this means that part of the punishment meted out by the State to the offender has to be borne by the doctor as if he were *particeps criminis*; although upon what ground of equity or justice he can be made a co-defendant with the offender is a riddle not solved by the Bill. It is a well-known fact that certain diseases caused by misconduct are difficult to cure, in some cases persisting for many years; and even under the present unsatisfactory conditions of contract practice the treatment of such diseases is not included in medical benefits.

There are many objections to the proposal to separate the giving of medical advice and the dispensing of medicines. Practically all medical men in general practice among the class that would be covered by this Bill dispense their own medicines, either personally or by means of a dispenser. It would be highly injudicious to allow the patient to keep his prescriptions, as he would be certain, sooner or later, to attempt self-treatment with them, and any system of prescription-books to be retained by the chemist and returned to the doctor would be impracticable. Very few medical men object to doing their own dispensing, and the suggestion put forward that they are in the habit of starving their drug account to the detriment of their club patients needs no refutation. The obvious foolishness of such a course is sufficient evidence of the groundlessness of the charge.

Another point in the Bill requiring attention is the absence of provision for fees for special work. I quote from a resolution passed by a body of general practitioners in a Metropolitan borough:—

> No system of remuneration will be satisfactory which does not, in addition to the ordinary scale fees for regular attendance, make provision for special remuneration in the cases of operations, night calls, treatment of fractures, dislocations, accidents under the Compensation Acts, and the administration of anæsthetics; also for the payment of reasonable fees where the assistance of a second practitioner is required in special emergencies.

Further, the scale and method of payment will not be settled without much difficulty. It is obvious that a system and scale of payment which would meet the views of a practitioner in London or a large provincial town, where the work would be contained within a certain area, would be quite unsatisfactory to a country practitioner with a *clientèle* dispersed over many miles of country. The suggestion that experiments should be tried in different districts is not practical, and could only lead to dissatisfaction and confusion. The medical practitioner is not inclined to make his livelihood the subject of such experiments.

In short, the Bill which was to provide an Elysian position for every medical man has been received by a profession notoriously long-suffering and unwilling to ventilate its grievances with a storm of disapproval, and there is among doctors an avowed determination to have nothing to do with the measure in its present form. The conditions which the British Medical Association, the representative body of the medical profession, has put forward as those under which the Government can command the co-operation of doctors in carrying out the medical portion of the scheme,

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are diametrically opposed to the provisions of the Bill, and one wonders from what source the compiler of the Bill obtained the idea that the scheme would be acceptable to the medical profession. It is difficult to avoid the conviction that, so far as the medical profession is concerned, the originator of the Bill's provisions had no knowledge whatever of the conditions of practice in this country, whether or no he was better informed in respect of Germany. Without information, and without the inquiries which it was obviously proper to make, he has attempted to force on the medical profession absolutely unacceptable conditions. Unless Mr. Lloyd George is prepared to withdraw these from his Bill and substitute such as can be approved by experienced practitioners, he will be met with *non possumus* on the part of the profession, and then for all practical purposes the medical side of the National Insurance Scheme will drop out of existence.

M. Milton Townsend,
L.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Edin., L.S.A. Lond.

MOROCCO-BOUND

By E. Ashmead-Bartlett

We remember some years ago seeing a very amusing and highly popular musical comedy entitled "Morocco-Bound," and it really appears that the piece might be revived with advantage at the present time, or else another written on the same lines. Morocco lends itself to humorous productions; the setting is perfect, and all the characters necessary for a successful musical comedy are found there in real life. However serious the situation may appear, it is always relieved at the critical moment by something irresistibly funny. The first Act opened a few weeks ago with Fez besieged, threatened with famine, and the forty odd Europeans in desperate straits. Lurid pictures were drawn in the French Press of tender women standing on the flat roofs of their houses, pressing their babes to their breast, gazing towards the South, and hoping against hope that the French troops would arrive in time. But, unfortunately, the Europeans in Fez knew so little of the *rôle* that was expected of them that their letters to the coast made no mention of their desperate plight. On the contrary, they expressly declared that food was not scarce, and that the half-hearted attacks of the tribesmen had been easily repulsed. However, this did not matter; the French had to keep up their end of the farce, and Bremond was despatched with a forlorn hope to relieve the capital and to save the women and children. Meanwhile the French Press regaled its readers with huge notices, "Will he arrive in time?" Bremond reached Fez without having to fire a shot, and then Monier and Brulard were despatched to relieve Bremond. The column started; soon it passed beyond the range of wireless telegraphy, and no news of it was received for several days. Only the reported rumble of guns showed how desperately it was having to fight its way through masses of the enemy, whom it was reported would die in defence of Fez rather than surrender it to the hated infidel.

The next Act opens with General Monier's arrival at Fez, with one man killed and six slightly wounded. The Sultan Moulai el Hafid receives him with unfeigned pleasure, and, playing his well-rehearsed part to perfection, begs him to remain and "never to leave no more." The French profess to be embarrassed, and solemnly declare this to be impossible, as they have no territorial ambitions and must abide by the Act of Algeciras, which is already so much waste paper. The comedy is then continued. Monier agrees thoroughly to chastise the rebels before he finally departs for home, a process which promises him a sufficiency of work for many years to come. He marches to Mekiness, and after a desperate resistance, in which the Moors are only driven from their positions by a bayonet charge, he finally enters the town. This time he has one man killed and fifteen wounded. Oh! you desperate Moors, how you fight! The honour of France demands that you should kill more Frenchmen than this! In the next scene a few Moors shoot up the French camp outside Fez, which justifies a further expedition against the Cherada tribe, who are supposed to be the offenders. The French artillery demolishes their villages and *kasbahs*, but the wily Cherada have already decamped, and no Frenchmen are hurt on this occasion. Meanwhile the women and children resolutely refuse to leave Fez and seek the shelter of the coast. They profess themselves perfectly happy in their old home, and are quite willing to take the risk of being spitted on bayonets or thrown to the lions. This of course is highly embarrassing to General Monier, who, well acquainted with his Act of Algeciras, knows that it is high time he returned to the coast. He remembers that less than four years before Baron Rosen had promised Abdul Aziz that the first French soldier who crossed the Algerian frontier would give the signal for the Germans to invade France. Poor Monier; what is he to do? Shall he stay at Fez and protect the women and children, or shall he hasten back to protect the French Frontier? He decides to remain, demands more troops, and prepares camps and depots.

Thus the play becomes very involved, and the fortunes of the various characters are somewhat difficult to follow. France wants Morocco; the women and children do not want protection, but France insists upon their having it. Moulai Hafid wants money and protection against his loyal subjects; Moulai Zin the Pretender wants to have Moulai Hafid's job; Germany wants a portion of Morocco, but cannot state her claim until France definitely announces her intention of remaining; and Sir Edward Grey does not want to be worried. Moulai Hafid thinks it would be a suitable occasion to send a deputation to the Coronation to congratulate King George; King George does not want the deputation as Moulai Hafid has not been behaving himself very well of late, having kidnapped all the beautiful ladies in the surrounding country and thrown many of his superfluous mothers-in-law to the lions, as, on account of the siege, sheep have been scarce. The Glawai, who has always been considered one of the greatest gentlemen in Morocco, and who possesses that patent of nobility, the personal friendship of Mr. Walter Harris, has also developed nasty traits of late. He has been summarily removed from his post of Grand Vizier for obtaining money by the extraction of undecayed teeth free of charge, and for cutting off the ears, noses, lips, hands, and feet, and gouging out the eyes of those who ventured to disagree with him on the local fiscal question. Raisuli, long quiescent, having "blown" the proceeds of his hospitality towards Sir Harry Maclean, legitimately complains that the present state of the country prohibits wealthy Europeans from travelling, and thus he has no opportunity to replenish his coffers. Surely, in the words of the old song, Morocco is "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

But we have not yet reached the end of this International Comedy; the *pièce de résistance* has been preserved to the end, and the real touch of humour is provided by the Spaniards. Now Spain makes no disguise of her territorial ambitions in Morocco. She is determined to share in the great partition, and of all the Powers she refuses to believe that France is acting purely disinterestedly in sending an army to Fez. The Spaniards remember Marshall MacMahon's famous dictum, *Ici je suis, j'y reste.* So our warlike little Spain determines

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to throw over all disguise, and to land troops herself at Laraiche, a little port some forty miles from Tangier. Laraiche is the natural point for any one to disembark who desires to go to Alcizar, twenty miles inland. Now Spain declares that she has landed her troops to protect her subjects in Alcizar, and the joke about this is that Alcizar has long since become an important base and depôt for Brulard and Monier's columns, which are at Fez. But, first of all, it was found necessary to have an excuse to intervene in contravention of the Act of Algeciras. This was found in the sad fate which befel a notorious blackleg called Hamid ben Malek and his two sons, who were Spanish *protégés*. In this connection it is as well to explain what a *protégé* is. He is a local Moor who, having committed some reprehensible and punishable act against his Sultan, can only escape the Imperial wrath by adopting the nationality of one of the foreign Powers, which immediately removes him from the jurisdiction of the local torturer and executioner to that of the Consular Court. He pays a small sum to the local Consul, and immediately becomes the citizen of his adopted country.

It happened that a new Rogi (Pretender) had sprung up in the hills around Alcizar, who captured Ben Malek, against whom he had some grievance. His two sons were decapitated before his eyes, and Ben Malek himself was promised his life if he would eat of the flesh of his murdered children. The fastidious Ben Malek refused, and was immediately decapitated in his turn, and the Rogi's followers decided the local football championship with his head as the ball. This gave Spain the necessary excuse to intervene, and 700 troops were landed at Lariche. This move on Spain's part has created a perfect furore of indignation in France. The French Press calls for reprisals for this gross violation of the Act of Algeciras. The French are, of course, furious that the Spaniards should have penetrated their plans so precisely and followed suit in the game of grab. But this is not all. The German Press is now calling upon its Government to seize a portion of Morocco. *Die Post* says:—"We are filled with shame that a Power like Spain, which is in no way comparable to the German Empire, has the courage and cleverness to demand and exercise its freedom of action in Morocco. After the disruption of the Algeciras Act by France, Germany officially announced her intention of doing something of the sort, but as yet has not screwed up her courage to do so."

Was there ever a more delightful comedy? Moulai Zin is fighting Moulai Hafid. The French are supporting Moulai Hafid. The Spaniards have landed behind the French, and now it only remains for the Germans to land behind the Spaniards, and we shall have the principal actors all on the stage at the same time, painting each other's backs with the same sign just like a well-known advertisement. They will be in the following order—Moulai Zin, Moulai Hafid, Bremond's Mehalla, Monier's Brigade, the Spanish, and then the Germans. Meanwhile the trade of the country is at a standstill; it is unsafe to travel anywhere, and the local postmen, who are usually respected in times of trouble, complain that unauthorised persons tickle them up, when discharging their onerous duties, with red-hot pokers and rob the mail-bags of postal-orders and cheques. The master of the situation is Moulai Hafid. He can sit at home and laugh whilst the others fight. He has long since renounced his ambitions to reign as an independent Shereefian monarch, and finds that he can have a much better time and a far safer one by making the French support his harem, whilst he encourages them to keep his unruly subjects in check. We do not know how this unique comedy will end, but, to quote an expressive if inelegant phrase, "It is high time some one got out of the gutter and let the water flow."

REVIEWS

FIVE MODERN THINKERS

Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit. By Archibald Henderson. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote that "life is a great bundle of little things." Some such wide and expansive definition must have been present in Dr. Henderson's mind when he chose the title of this volume of critical essays. The "interpreters," whose lives and works are examined with varying thoroughness, are Meredith, Wilde, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, and George Bernard Shaw. To but one of these great writers can we trace that view of life of which we all need an interpretation; these men but faintly realised that the greatest thing in the world was to see with Ovid—"*Vita data est utenda.*"

It is perhaps unfortunate that the first essay in Dr. Henderson's volume deals with George Meredith: this essay is the shortest, and, from all critical standpoints, is quite unworthy of notice. Dr. Henderson may not have intended that his work should be examined in this light, but everywhere in the essay on Meredith appears that transatlantic grandiloquence which the unlettered may mistake for criticism. We read of "the belated efflorescence of the repute of George Meredith," that "the educative influence of his fictive achievement, so arabesque, so fantastically kaleidoscopic, so ravishingly tortuous, yet withal so clear-visioned, so intense and so hardly sane, has been imperceptibly if glacially slow and sure." The word "glacially" may prove a refresher in the dog-days, but otherwise we do not understand its usage in this connection, though perchance Dr. Henderson wishes to suggest that Meredith's influence was "like a glacier." This careless choice of words in the hasty attempts to overwhelm the general reader is often apparent; there is too much of the dipping into the bran-tub of words. Then, again, Dr. Henderson illustrates his poverty and inability to apply criticism and analysis to Meredith by lengthy reference to Meredith's lack of popularity in this country. We do not suggest that the critic should be debarred from discussing the relations between an artist and the public—nay, we would encourage it. But let it be worth saying; let it attempt to solve the question at issue. Dr. Henderson seems to have chiefly utilised the theme so that literary America may receive some of that "laudation, tribute, and panegyric" which is due to it because there Meredith "found a more generally congenial and appreciative audience:"—

> Significant, indeed, is the circumstance that those two brilliant and whimsical exemplars of Celtic wit, paradox, fantasy, and imagination—radical, rationalistic, and *intransigeant*—George Meredith and George Bernard Shaw—found their first real general recognition and appreciation, neither in the land of adoption nor nationality, but in a land upon which they had never set foot. America anticipated England in her appreciation of Wagner, as to-day it outranks England in appreciation of Ibsen; and the catholicity of American taste finds further verification in its saner, more balanced general appreciation of George Meredith.

It is a great misfortune that Dr. Henderson cannot somehow include Shakespeare and Homer. All this may be true—we may deny and Dr. Henderson may affirm through eternity—but neither of us can disprove the other. Nevertheless, arguing from external evidence of the literature

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and drama of America, we are certain that this wonderful recognition has not left a very deep mark upon American letters.

Dr. Henderson makes no attempt to account for the gradual increase of popularity of Meredith's works. A well-known publisher once remarked, "Now Meredith is dead he will join Byron and the others in the never-read Christmas presents." We will not subscribe to this view; but we do feel that the memory of Meredith will need more than the soporifics of Dr. Henderson to sustain it. The author of these essays says in a characteristic sentence:—"George Meredith has never lacked for the most edifying appreciation at the hands of the masters of his own craft." The literary mandarins were correct in their judgment in this instance; still, envious spite and lack of critical faculty have often degraded the efforts of these gentlemen. Neither should we like to imagine Meredith as one of Mr. Wells' bath-chairmen. Meredith was born out of due time; he lived in a world beyond the ken of the ordinary reader; he possessed a philosophy, and he did not scruple to preach that philosophy. Why has Dickens always appealed to the general reader? What qualifications are required to appreciate Dickens? For the partial interpretation of Dickens all that is necessary is the ability to read; to interpret Meredith to the slightest extent the reader must possess the ability to think. There is no need to search for "some deadly canker of secret and devitalising force." The novel of mental and psychic adventure appeals to a small but, thanks to the spread of education, an increasing audience. There was no need for Meredith to thank God that he had never written a word merely to please: he could not—he would not debase his ideas of his art to tickle the susceptibilities of the "average man." The average man possesses no philosophy of life: he has no natural taste for Meredith. But when Meredith lays hold of him he sees visions: having acquired the taste, the appetite is insatiable. When a man has once seen what Meredith desires him to see, he always sees it. We have considered the essay on Meredith at such length because Meredith is in temperament the most English of the writers examined in this volume.

The essays on Wilde and Shaw are chronological and biographical in character, differing in this respect from the piecemeal article on Meredith. In parts these essays are bibliographical rather than critical; throughout the work is lacking in artistic insight. Youth is the period during which we most fully appreciate Wilde; later the stern realities of life cause us to scorn the artificiality, the straining after effect, that appears on every page. The word-magic is still entrancing, but it does not satisfy. Dr. Henderson is not convincing in his treatment of Wilde, and it is rather late for a literary critic to state that "the chief obstacle to the study of Wilde's plays has been Wilde." As Dr. Henderson's larger work on George Bernard Shaw has already been reviewed in these columns, we need not treat this portion of the present volume at any length.

The author's best work is seen in the remaining essays on Maeterlinck and Ibsen, and, shorn of verbal extravagances, these give the volume a real critical standing. Dr. Henderson rightly says that "to compare Maeterlinck's early poems with the 'unrhymed, loose rhythmic prose' of Walt Whitman is to make a perfectly obvious and yet at the same time perfectly irrelevant criticism. While both are disjointed, formless, enumerative, Maeterlinck's every line is charged with a certain vague significance, suggestive of subtile and ever subtler possibilities of interest." The silences and reiterations of Maeterlinck as illustrated in "The Sightless" are, indeed, masterly; we see the beginnings of that evolutionary process which led to the greater symbolism of "Monna Vanna." The dramatic genius of Maeterlinck, combined with his insight of the soul of the inanimate, and, with that poetic mysticism of which he is master, has produced plays possessing real dynamic qualities. He ennobles us, he enriches our vision, he causes our very hearts to vibrate with love of beauty and right—we are born again. Ibsen's method is very different. His spirit of revolt, his attempt to arouse the world, to persuade it to rid itself of base and shallow ideals, is a great contrast to Maeterlinck. Maeterlinck appeals to the poetic side of man's temperament and Ibsen to the humanitarian side; and there we must leave them.

Dr. Henderson's work is very unequal in quality, the style is often extremely irritating, and the critical value is greatly discounted by reason of superficial treatment. Nevertheless, "Interpreters of Life," in aiding the reader to find his own level and to test his own convictions, will serve a very useful purpose.

A. E. H.

MOTHER AND SON

The Mother of Goethe. By MARGARET REEKS. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

EVEN Lombroso has not solved for us the mystery of genius. The law of heredity certainly accounts for much in the moral and mental development of mankind generally, but it certainly does not altogether account for genius. Mrs. Annie Besant's theory, speculative as it is, furnishes, nevertheless, as suggestive an explanation as perhaps will be forthcoming in our generation—namely, that a genius is not the product of a single life but of a multitude of lives; that he chooses his parents and a fitting occasion when he can use his accumulated knowledge and power to the best advantage. Frau Aja, the mother of Goethe, had no such conceptions. She writes:—"I assure the folk that I have contributed nothing to make you the great man and poet you are (for I will not take praise which is not my due); perhaps a grain more or less of brain and you would have been quite an ordinary man, and when nothing is within, nothing can come out." Although Frau Aja, with characteristic frankness, denies all share in the making of her son's genius, she goes no further. Frau Aja looked upon Goethe's genius as something to rejoice in, something to be proud of. It was a sacred mystery, an unspeakable honour which she had not the slightest intention of analysing.

Miss Margaret Reeks has essayed a pleasant task in portraying Goethe's mother. The material for such a portrait is somewhat scanty, and the opening pages of the book are chiefly concerned with the youthful days of Hätschelhans. Curiously enough, we are given a more vivid conception of Goethe's father than his mother, perhaps for the simple reason that Herr Goethe's characteristics are more marked than those of his wife. An eccentric, narrow, and didactic personality has a way of forcing itself upon the memory. We can see him dominating every detail of the household; a pedagogue expecting his two children—Wolfgang (Hätschelhans) and Cornelia—to read through Power's "History of the Popes." Miss Reeks writes:—"His tastes must be their tastes, his carefully considered demands must be met by implicit obedience. He regulated their studies, their employments, their amusements. He would have regulated their thoughts with the same conscientious completeness, had that been possible." Fortunately genius is not swayed by parental authority, especially when the authority is at variance with the burning fire within. Had young Goethe listened to his father Germany would have heard of him as a lawyer and the world been without one of her greatest poets. Thus Goethe describes one of his father's dancing lessons:—"He never allowed

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himself to lose his composure, but taught us, most correctly, the positions and steps, and when he had got us forward enough to dance a minuet, he played something easy for us in 3-4 time on the flute-douce, and we attitudinised to it as best we might."

Miss Reeks, quick to seize a humorous situation, adds: "Surely a comical sight, the grave man pirouetting and bowing, with two little figures trying to imitate his stiff, elephantine motions." The Herr Rath was one of those who patronised art without the least qualification for so doing. The following is a delightful description of a family picture painted by Seekatz:—

> In a pastoral landscape, with a nondescript ruin in the foreground, composed of three meaningless columns and a sepulchral urn, a place most unlikely to be frequented by a German burgher's family, sat the Frau Rath, apparently talking eagerly (this at least was true to life): beside her stood the Herr Rath apparently listening (let us hope this was also true). Behind them appeared their two living children, Wolfgang, engaged in tying a red ribbon round a lamb's throat, Cornelia watching him perform this improbable feat. And—strange taste—in the distance was seen a group of winged cupids, or rather cherubim, representing the souls of the children. Surely the incongruity of composition deserves high admiration—father and mother in knee-breeches and hooped petticoat; Grecian urns, and cherubs!

Miss Reeks evidently thrills at the thought of Frau Aja's motherhood, and her joy is so great that on one occasion it confuses her meaning. She writes:—

> We imagine her walking up and down the "bird-cage," with the soft lulling movement dedicated to babies, whispering sweet nonsense against the baby cheek, catching the tossing baby hands with kisses.

It must be extremely difficult to catch a baby's hands and to kiss them at the same time.

Frau Aja writes in one of her letters: "I have sworn most sacredly never to mix or meddle again with my foolish foresight, but to live from day to day, to treasure up all small pleasures, but not to dissect them." This excellent resolution she carried out to the letter. She possessed a decidedly happy disposition, and while her husband was so set on standing on his dignity that he failed to stand on anything else, she, gay, lighthearted woman that she was, kept ever young with a lively imagination, a keen interest in her fellow-beings, and above all a quiet, deep love for her son. It is probable that her gaiety more than once concealed a sorrow. Even the mother of great sons has to make her sacrifices. Although Miss Reeks lays no emphasis on the fact that Goethe did not see his mother at the last, the knowledge that he did not come to her deathbed or the deathbed of his father in no way detracts from his genius. In this matter, however, he falls a little in our estimation of him as a man. Miss Reeks would have us think that Frau Aja did not want her boy to be pained by so distressing a scene—suggests, indeed, that he did not know until it was too late. This is scarcely likely to have been the case. Shortly after her husband's death she writes to Lavater about her son: "He has so much business to do at once—but he has written me in excuse a lovely letter, so I must possess my soul in patience." How proud she was of her boy's fame! We can picture her reading aloud to her friends passages from his latest book. We can hear the murmur of applause, and hear her exclaim when the reading is over, "He is my son!" She was just the woman for a mother of a genius. One of her most charming letters is to a boy friend of hers. She writes:—

> Listen, dear friend, to my proposal. As you are constantly with my son, and therefore, know more about him than any one, how would it be if you kept a small diary, and sent it to me every month? It would not give you much work, only something after this style: "Yesterday Goethe was at the theatre; in the evening was invited out; to-day we had company," and so on.

That gives us an insight into her mother-love, the clamouring for news of one who had ever been the supreme joy of her life. We may admire the genius of Goethe, but we find it in our hearts to love his mother. Such a motherhood as that of Frau Aja was worthy of the laurel-wreath the good people of Frankfurt took from the statue of her son and laid upon her grave. It may be that true motherhood is far greater than genius, but it will be a long time before the world will weave a crown to honour motherhood, higher and more beautiful than the crown of fame.

TABLOID WISDOM

Golden Thoughts of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. Translated by permission by H. Sutherland Edwards. (John Lane. 1s. net.)

Maxims and Musings. By the Marchioness Townshend. (Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Aphorisms and Reflections from the Works of T. H. Huxley. Selected by Henrietta A. Huxley. (Watts and Co. 6d.)

Aphorisms and Reflections on Life and Philosophy By Martyn P. Pollack. (Burman, Cooper and Co., Birmingham.)

The Queen.

Most of us, no doubt, are familiar with the "Maxims" of the famous French cynic, La Rochefoucauld, and not a few, perhaps, have already read the "Thoughts of a Queen," which originally appeared over twenty years ago, though the present publisher does not mention the fact. A new generation has, however, sprung up since then, and these "Thoughts," now qualified as "golden," and issued in a more portable form, should prove of interest both to the roaring lions and the sucking doves of the twentieth century. One of the greatest merits of these "Thoughts" is their originality. There are few of them indeed which are not absolutely new, and even those which are not quite new have been renovated by new expression; as, for instance:—

> Do not marry a woman whose mouth drops at the corners; even were the mouth a cherry, you would find the fruit bitter.

This had already been said ages before by a Persian poet. Not less remarkable than their striking originality is the endless variety of the "Thoughts," and there are numbers of them which, once read, can never be forgotten. This gifted royal lady is also the authoress of many poems, novelettes, fairy-tales, and dramas.

The Marchioness.

One has only to gaze at the personal presentment of the marchioness, beautifully reproduced in colour by the Dover Street Studios, Ltd., to be at once won by her "Maxims and Musings." Yet it is sad to think that one so young and fair should already, by a cruel fate, have been inoculated with the cynicism of La Rochefoucauld. It cannot be denied that the marchioness, in her short career, has gained some sad experience, especially in the Law Courts. Hence she tells us:—

> It is almost impossible to believe that a cross-examining

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> Counsel is probably a very nice man at home, and quite kind to children and animals.

And again:—

> Always look at the letters you write from the point of view of a Court of Law.

An excellent piece of advice which the marchioness gives to her own sex is:—

> If you cannot marry the man you love, be sure to marry the man who loves you.

Yet how few of the daughters of Eve do so!

The marchioness is almost as severe on the Eternal Feminine as Miss Marie Corelli:—

> It is not odd that women are very often antagonistic to women: all female animals fight each other.
>
> Men like to compare women to lilies; but remember there are Tiger Lilies.

Yes, and Militant Suffragettes also!

This little book is very daintily got up, and is in all respects a credit to the authoress, the printer, and the publisher. Her Majesty the Queen-Mother has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of it.

THE PROFESSOR.

Mrs. Huxley is to be cordially thanked for compiling this little volume of selections from her distinguished husband's works. Some of the passages are chosen for their philosophy, some for their moral guidances, some for their scientific exposition of natural facts, or for their insight into social questions; others for their charms of imagination or genial humour, and many for their pure beauty of lucid English writing. These extracts are more especially destined for the working man, whose cause the Professor so ardently espoused, and who may not have the means to buy his complete works.

THE MERE MAN.

Here we have a booklet of Brummagem wisdom which is not by any means all pinchbeck. The young author has evidently already had some experience of the fair sex, for he sententiously tells us:—

> If woman's intellect were as keen as her tongue she would be irresistible.

But intellect or no intellect, tongue or no tongue, woman has been irresistible ever since the year 1. And Mr. Pollack goes far to prove this when he states:—

> Anger flies before a woman's smile like morning mists before the rising sun.

Yet that is nothing compared to "the witchcraft of a cunning kiss," of which Kit Marlowe tells us.

THE ART OF REJUVENATION

Print Restoration and Picture Cleaning. By MAURICE JAMES GUNN. (L. Upcott Gill. 6s. 6d. net.)

THE art of which Mr. Gunn is so persuasive an exponent is one which is in these days widely practised, and with extremely varied results. In old times, if legends speak true, the votaries of rejuvenation were more ambitious in their aims and more drastic in their methods—witness the episode of Medea and the daughters Pelias, and its disastrous ending. Medea is generally credited with having kept back some essential portion of her secret, and is denounced accordingly; and there is always a risk that some unhandy mortal, in following Mr. Gunn's directions, or in thinking that he does so, will come to grief and lay the blame at Mr. Gunn's door. But the fact is that in all such secrets there is always one incommunicable ingredient, the personality of the operator. Inanimate objects, like animate ones, are quite obviously sensitive to handling; a man who aspires to success in the paths marked out by Mr. Gunn needs "hands" as much as a jockey; and the clumsy-fingered and unsympathetic meddler in these mysteries needs to be warned off at the outset—"Procul, O procul este, profani!" is the word for such. The caution is the more necessary since Mr. Gunn's book, in its straightforward lucidity, will be the occasion of sore temptation to many an uninitiated one to lay hard and unskilful hands upon a soiled masterpiece to its mischief and, mayhap, destruction. Mr. Gunn himself realises the danger when in his preface he gives fair warning that some of the secrets of picture-cleaning are not for everybody; but this might also be said of much that is included in the book.

With these reservations, however, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Gunn's very clear and practical work. He speaks very kindly at the outset of the "professional restorer," but with rare exceptions he is surely a person to be avoided. Some few there are of that trade who can be trusted, but they are few. In fact, Mr. Gunn himself, on a later page, admits that "capable restorers of pictures are very few." We have seen some terrible works of "cleaning and restoring" perpetrated during the last few years upon pictures of real merit which would far better have been left untouched. But there is much that can be done for a print or a picture before the desperate remedy of "restoration" need be attempted; and it is here that Mr. Gunn is most helpful. He is also open to answering inquiries upon his suggestions, which most authors of this kind are not. The columns of the *Bazaar*, he tells us, are always open to those who find themselves in difficulties. This in itself is no small advantage. He preaches from no "coward's castle." The materials required for the purposes of which he treats—as is generally the case with practical men—are few and simple, and for the most part inexpensive. The instructions are admirable in their lucidity and practical sense—that sense which only comes from experience, and which can be recognised only—and then with delight—by those who have had experience. In the treatment of prints he seems to us especially sound, and his various "tips" could not be bettered. He gives capital hints, too, upon detecting "fakes," and the best and cleverest methods of so doing. Some of them, we confess, were new to us, and their ingenuity impresses us accordingly. His suggestions for the treatment of old water-colours are also capital. On the cleaning and repairing of oil-paintings he is equally good and instructive. He realises to the full how much easier it is to ruin a picture than to restore it, and he advises accordingly. His standard of the qualifications required for such a task is rightly high—the restorer, in his view, "must be as much an artist as the actual painter of the canvas." But cleaning is not impossible up to a certain point. Of oil varnishes he will have none, and rightly so. The process of simple cleaning with warm water, with or without soap, and with the humble potato in reserve as a second line of attack, is minutely described, and entirely coincides with our own experience.

In short, as we said at the outset, the book is one which can be commended heartily. We may add that an excellent series of illustrations adds greatly to its practical value, while several reproductions of old prints give a good idea of the nature of the treasures which judicious treatment may rescue from untimely destruction.

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FICTION

Oliver's Kind Women. By PHILIP GIBBS. (Herbert and Daniel. 6s.)

IT has not yet been forgotten, nor will it be for a long time to come, that Mr. Philip Gibbs wrote the striking Fleet Street novel entitled "The Street of Adventure." That book was one of the most considerable works of fiction published during the present decade. Mr. Gibbs has now put "Oliver's Kind Women" before the world through Messrs. Herbert and Daniel—a new name to us. We congratulate them on having secured for their opening list a novel by such a powerful pen. If Mr. Gibbs' new book does not move us to the enthusiasm which we felt after reading "The Street of Adventure," nevertheless we are very greatly struck by it. Oliver, it must be confessed, is a thoroughly egotistical, objectionable person who takes everything he can get, as by right, and gives nothing in return. He has not even the excuse of being a genius. His whole work seems to consist of some six short stories in sundry magazines. Although we dislike him whole-heartedly, the book is written with such skill, such a wealth of vivid description of London life in all its aspects, such delightful characterisation, that we were compelled to read to the end to find out what became of the inflated hero to whom all women were kind. Mr. Gibbs is to be congratulated not only upon the forcefulness of his descriptions, but upon the delicacy of his humour, which stirs one to laughter at the most unexpected moments. The young girl journalist, Katherine Halstead, who struggled along the hard pavement of Fleet Street, and whose days and nights were dedicated to the quest of "scoops" in "The Street of Adventure" is met again here in the person of Katherine Goldstein, wife of an enormously rich German baron.

In her Chippendale-furnished rooms, palace-like in their richness and luxury, she entertains all her old fellow-workers—Grattan, Luttrell, and the others. All her old wilfulness and whimsicality remain with her. Having married solely for money, she hates herself for it, and yet would not give it up for anything in the world, even complete happiness or love. She is the personification of femininity. The attitude of the suburban father towards the great Oliver—the coming literary genius—the wonder, admiration, and even awe with which he eyes his clothes and listens to the highly coloured accounts of his life, when all the time Oliver is really being kept by the old man, who works overtime and stints and scrapes to make him a monthly allowance, is almost a tragedy, and intensifies a hundred times the utter worthlessness of the hero. As a student of temperament, Mr. Philip Gibbs is some inches taller than in any of his former work. Certainly his vivisection, because that is what it comes to, of this complete egoist is done with the master hand of a surgeon. Nevertheless, we think that Mr. Philip Gibbs would be well advised to devote himself in future to the portraiture of charming people, of whom he seems to know so many. There are not many readers, after all, who go out of their way in everyday life to associate with cads, however glorified. Why, then, should they be expected to spend an evening with them in the pages of a novel?

The Garden of Resurrection. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

IT seems to us that Bellwattle—a curious nickname for a very nice lady—was quite right when she told Mr. Bellairs that he was morbid about his ugliness. Although he may have been badly pockmarked and perhaps not originally endowed with a Greek perfection of feature, it was hardly necessary for him to wander so disconsolately through life, believing himself a monster of unattractiveness. He was really a charming gentleman in a mournful and at times slightly ridiculous way. Mr. Thurston has succeeded with great neatness in doing that rather difficult thing, which is to make his hero tell his own story and remain the only person in or out of it who is ignorant of his attractions.

In Mr. Bellairs' quixotic venture of going to Ireland to warn a helpless young girl whom a cad had brought over from Dominica to marry, and imprisoned in the house of his two she-dragons of aunts, we have nothing to lament except that he did not carry it out with more dash. He failed to make her believe his warning, and received as thanks a promise that the fair Dominican would pray never to look upon him again. This upset Mr. Bellairs very much, as he was already in love with her. We think Mr. Thurston insists a little too much on his hopelessness of inspiring a reciprocal passion. Mr. Bellairs, who had longed so earnestly for romance, scarcely realised it when it came. But he acted entirely in character, and that is the main thing in a sentimental romance just as much as in a blood-and-iron work of realism. We were genuinely pleased when he received his final reward. Mr. Thurston possesses that derided but not inestimable gift of painting a man who is a gentleman in all he does; he is also a writer of a rare studiousness, incapable of bad grammar and scorning an ugly cadence. He is hardly robust enough to move us very deeply, but he has in a marked degree the gift of being entirely readable. We hesitate to say that he has charm, because that word has been so cheapened by being bestowed where it is not deserved; but if Mr. Thurston does not object to sharing the quality with a good many rather questionable folk, we cannot withhold it from him.

Dick Comerford's Wager. By ARCHER PHILIP CROUCH. (Robert Scott. 6s.)

To relate the story of "Dick Comerford's Wager" Mr. Crouch takes his readers back one hundred years—to that most romantic of times when the hoot of the motor was unknown and ladies journeying from one town to another were at the mercy of the driver, the roads, and any highwayman who happened to be on the look-out for pillage. This, however, is not a tale of stirring adventure, but is merely concerned with the breakdown of a post-chaise containing a young lady named Betty and her aunt, who are forced to seek refuge at a village inn, where also comes Dick Comerford, a young man who, in accordance with the terms of his uncle's will, loses his fortune if he is unmarried on his twenty-fifth birthday, which is in ten days' time. Dick is accompanied by three companions, and over a bottle of claret the conspirators force Dick to make a bet that he will propose to the next girl he sees, immediately upon which proposition Betty enters the room. Dick fulfils his part of the bargain, and as Betty is masquerading as her maid endless complications ensue. Our author steers through them all in a very bright and entertaining manner, and the story reads brightly on to the end, when, needless to say, Dick does not lose his fortune. A little more care might have been taken with regard to the grammar in many portions of the book, but with this reservation we have no complaint to make.

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THE THEATRE

"THE CRUCIBLE" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

Mr. Pelissier must look to himself. Suddenly, with none of the preliminary fanfare of trumpets which is heard so often and dies away so quickly, two writers have come to London and taken it by storm. Ignoring the old adage that a cobbler should stick to his last, Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., and Mr. Neilson, M.P., have plumped for play-writing. Already they have achieved something like a record. "The Butterfly on the Wheel," a serious play, is one of the genuine successes of the season, and "The Crucible," just produced, is quite likely to do as well. The latter piece is, however, not serious. It is the most subtle and delicious burlesque of the drawing-room melodrama that has perhaps ever been seen. Nothing that Mr. Pelissier has done can come within arm's length of it, and when playgoers discover the little joke, when it dawns upon them that the play which has been held up to ridicule and torn to shreds is not what it purports to be at all, amazement and boredom will be replaced by Homeric laughter and Mr. Henry Ainley will become Mr. Pelissier's only rival.

Mark Melstrode is one of those strong, grim, hard, true, hideously rich, silent Americans who tremble, curse, lie, cringe, storm, and deliver recitations all day long and far into the night. He parts his hair in the centre, smokes inferior cigars, and paces the room restlessly, dressed in a suit of ready-made blue serge. He thinks no more of sending cables than mere ordinary human men think of buying a halfpenny evening paper. "Gee whiz!" says he, "whaat do I care, any way? A million dollars is no more ter me, Sir, than a split pea to a 'possum"—or words to that effect. So, with more money than he can count or spend, Mark leaves his native atmosphere of spittoons and boost and invades London. We find him in a house evidently built by himself—a sort of Selfridge house, presumably, because it is always filled with the whole of Society, the Stage, and Politics, and yet there seems to be no over-crowding—in a small room, with comic doors, which is filled with telephones and title-deeds and the reek of cheap cigars. Through a large window, over which is painted a symbolic scene of ships and antelopes, one obtains a magnificent view of the Botanical Gardens, Windsor Castle, the flagstaff on Wimbledon Common, and Harrow-on-the-Hill. Like all millionaires, Mark is very particular about his views. With an elderly Irish secretary, to whom he is, of course, very rude, this great big white man, who might easily be mistaken for a nigger, breaks combines, crumples up trusts, thumps desks, takes pot-shots at the populace with half-smoked cigars, and talks in bad blank verse and imitation Bret Hartese about himself and his past.

Do not run away with the idea, however, that he devotes all his time to Melstrode rhapsodies. He is, as a matter of fact, a man of many hobbies. One of them is to break Morrison or Robinson—a man, at any rate, who lives somewhere, and has done something, but who must be wrung dry and hung out in the rain. He does this by cable. He is also "getting even" with London society, because, departing from its habits, it has refused to accept Mark for himself alone. This he does by inviting aristocracy to his emporium, and leaving it to the tender mercies of the Duchess of Droone, who is a very fascinating woman with an American accent, and a way of turning at the door and going "Ha! ha!" She is, however, a quite typical Duchess, an easily recognisable Duchess, because she not only loves Mark, but tells him so, and because, when told by him in his irresistible millionaire way to "Git, Georgie," she stays—dear, splendid, brave Englishwoman—sinks into a sofa, shows a good deal of stocking, and goes "Ha! ha!" Typical Duchess indeed. She is dealing with a millionaire who calls her Georgie. No loving woman "gits" from the presence of such a man empty-handed. Realising this, Mark ponders for a moment, throws at her the lease of a house in Grosvenor Square, and pushes her into the passage. Upon which, more typical than ever, she turns, goes "Ha! ha!" as before, and droones away. All this is merely an episode. We have not yet arrived at the great test scene.

We gather from the many pieces of excruciating Bret Hartese, already strongly and emotionally delivered, that Mark has been hurt in his youth. A woman loved him and left him to marry another—perhaps it was Morrison or Robinson—before he could give her a lease. He found her camp-fire smouldering where the mosquitoes zooned and bronchos busted and the sun went out with a hiss. Like all millionaires, Mark is very careful about his local colour. All the same, he now loves the beautiful Mary Strawardine, all too slight and delicate to bear a name so heavy and so foolish. Gee! how he loves that woman, boys! The mere thought of her turns the silent, strong, grim man into a Sicilian actor. She shall, she must be his, anyway. One woman had hurt him, remember. All women would therefore hurt him, so, like the strong man that he was, he will marry her without making her his wife, a perfectly conceivable and even logical conclusion to which a typical American millionaire would naturally come.

Now, the beautiful Mary is one of those aristocrats who spend the greater part of their lives at the Melstrode emporium listening to his mechanical piano-player and sipping iced water. Like Georgie Duchess of Droone and the Countess of Drayton and the wordless discreet servant who invariably brought in their cards on a tray—Mark collected cards, and brought this pleasant and harmless custom from America—Mary wandered in and out; sometimes she borrowed a million or two from Mark, sometimes she merely comes up because the piano-player's ragtimes give her a headache. This time she comes in order to show Mark how typically English she is. She proceeds to do so by stretching out her arms and telling him, in the beautiful English of the drawing-room ballad, how much she loves him and how dearly she desires to be the mother of his sons. Poor Mr. Pelissier. He has never perpetrated anything so delicious as this. Sensation, as might have been expected. Mark "shunts" his faithful Irishman, kicks out his Dundreary lawyer, and hides the emotional young man who has come to ask for £20,000 behind a cushion. Ah! then this is the Great Test Scene. We are now going to see a woman tried in the fire. Gee whiz, boys! grip hold and breathe slowly. This is life as they have it at the Elephant and Castle Theatre. My! how it hurts!

"I love yer, yep; see here, I love yer anyway," says Mark, sending a series of almost perfect smoke rings into Mary's face, one after another. "But right now I tell yer this. I shall never lead yer to the good old altar. You're soft pine."

Mary reels. She had a Scots mother. "Do not offend my Christian and wholly well-bred ears," she cries colloquially, "by a statement so brusque, so coarse, so callous. Would that I could fall in with your disingenuous suggestion, but there is in me the remnants of an effete prejudice which makes consent impossible. Oh, oh, . . . oh."

There is a short pause for another reel, and then out comes brother Kenyon, for such is his name. "How dare you!" he hisses, turning pale to the roots of his hair, and drawing himself to his full height, "How dare you! You may give me twenty thousand of the best, but you may not talk to my little sister like that!"

In the meantime, Mary has flung herself into the sofa in a passion of weeping. Not to be outdone, Kenyon does the

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same thing upon the floor. He always goes one better. And then Mark deliberately strides to the window, aims his cigar at Windsor Castle and—misses it. He lights another, throws the match at the flamboyant Etonian, now of Throgmorton-street, and sends out a cloud of smoke at Mary. "Say," says he, with some vibrato, "did I ever tell you the long, true story of my life from the time when I was a babby until I got hurt beneath the Dogger Bank?"

There is no answer. Both Kenyon and Mary are typical aristocrats, and far too well bred to run away. And so for the tenth time in two hours Melstrode talks of mosquitoes and broncho-busters and the hissing sun, dragging in once more the old camp-fire. It is very beautiful and typical. It is the most delicious satire.

But Kenyon, who can stand a good deal, cannot, after all, stand that. He springs up, pulls out the revolver, which it is now the smart thing for every old Etonian to carry, especially if he is in Throgmorton-street by day, and levels it at his sister.

"Fire!" she cries, knowing that it isn't loaded.

"Ha, ha," cries the boy who met George, Duchess of Droone, and introduced her business to his firm. The commission paid his cigarette bill.

"Gee!" shouts Mark, shaken out of his usual composure.

But the boy, who is not naturally dramatic, faints. His surprise at his unconventional behaviour is so great. What would Throgmorton Street have said? And the curtain falls. Luckily there is one more Act. There might easily have been a dozen more. Georgie has gone to see the house in Grosvenor-square, but the Countess, as they all called her, typically, comes up from the piano-player and adds tone to the scene. More cards are brought up, Morrison or Robinson is broken, Mark is even ruder to his faithful Irishman, who takes Kenyon away to give him the small sum he needs, and Mary remains. Whereupon, unbelievable as it may seem, Mark once more recites the story of his life from the beginning. Bombast and mixed metaphor roll from his lips. Never had egoism reached such a point, and, then, utterly worn out and determined at last to make some sort of stand, Mary seized her opportunity and delivered an article from the *Daily Chronicle* on Motherhood. Her peroration is very direct if a trifle irrelevant. "All or nothing," she says, "All or nothing." The great, strong man even then seems disinclined to give way and promise marriage, and if Mary had not seized him in her arms the curtain would never have come down.

That, so far as we could follow it, is the story of "The Crucible." It is an epoch-making skit, a burlesque of the servants' novelette and the suburban drama of high life, which might have been written by Dr. Stephen Leacock, author of "Nonsense Novels," and we can imagine hundreds of people getting immense amusement at the Comedy Theatre so long as the play is there. Mr. Ainley as Mark showed a keen sense of humour. He did not forget for one moment that he was in farce. He entered into the spirit of the thing whole-heartedly. His vulgarity was exquisite; his noise excruciating. A fine performance. Miss D'Alroy did very well, but was altogether too pretty, too charming. Mr. Owen Nares was excellent. Mr. Hemmerde and Mr. Neilson are to be congratulated. They have relit the lamp of burlesque.

THE COURT THEATRE

The Irish Players

One of the most interesting questions in connection with the Abbey Theatre Players is whether the younger blood is to maintain the initial inspiration that first gave rise to the movement. It is one thing to light a torch at the fire of life; it is quite another to pass the brand on aflame and fierce. As most know (or should know), the venture was originally founded chiefly because certain persons, notably W. B. Yeats, had plays which they wished acted, and which it was obvious no commercial theatre could ever be induced to produce. Very soon after its foundation the mordant, rich genius of Synge brought its power to the movement. Thus the "Irish Literary Theatre" existed largely to put on the work of such as these. Now it exists to be written for: a somewhat different thing and a more perilous. Truly it has passed the opening of the stage of fluctuation long since; yet that stage is not yet over, and the present season at the Court forms an exceedingly interesting study.

For example, on Monday, the 5th, we had "The Playboy," by Synge; on Thursday, the 8th, we had Yeats' poem, "Deirdre;" and every evening has concluded with one of Lady Gregory's inimitable sketches of rich humour. "The Playboy" we know. "Deirdre" is not, indeed, drama; it is more truly a poem. It is not always recognised that dramatic poetry has a further division beyond the two generally admitted, of closet drama and poetic drama. There is a further type exemplified by "Deirdre," which is neither closet drama, like the "Dynasts," nor poetic drama, like "King Lear," but a poem phrased in the characters of legend or myth; a poem which we may well enjoy reading, but which we demand to see pourtrayed on the stage, equably and without vigour of stress, as though a phantasy had swept on our brain, and in a dream of beauty we perceived an ancient tapestry step into life. Of such a type is "Deirdre." It is not drama; strictly speaking, W. B. Yeats is not a dramatist (no dramatist could ever have penned the "Wind among the Reeds"); and those who condemn, as some critics on Thursday did condemn, "Deirdre" for not being rich drama like "The Playboy," thereby lay bare their lack of critical insight. But that is not to say there is no room for it on the stage. Neither Deirdre nor Naisi (nor, for that matter, Conchubar, though it is less true there) are instinct with life; they have no blood in their veins, neither have they any heat of desire; they are the subjects of a dream, and the three singing women are the agents that upcall the dream. And surely we all love a dream, however much a thing apart it be.

Yet these we know; but a newer challenge was given us on Wednesday in the presentation for the first time in London of "Mixed Marriage," by St. John Ervine, and on Thursday by the similar production of "Birthright," by T. C. Murray. As to the first, if we had not known that Mr. St. John Ervine was a journalist in London, and a Fabian, we might have guessed it. All the Fabian preoccupation with political problems was there, with, moreover, the desire to draw the obvious moral that tokens the journalist whose native business it is. John Rainey is that unhappy imitation of the dour Scotsman that Belfast is enabled to produce by reason of its proximity to Scotland. He is a Protestant, in all the severe etymological meaning of that word, and an Orangeman. Like most bigots, he is passably ignorant: Sinn Feiners and Catholics are one to him with Socialists and Labour men. When discovered to us he has just come home to inform his wife that he with the rest of the men have come out on strike. This is the first place in which Mr. Ervine fails. This task of placing the audience in full information as to the situation, and yet to let the information emerge in the proper and natural business of dialogue, is of all tasks the most critical set for the playwright. Yet where John Rainey asks petulantly for the evening paper, and his wife asks "Was there anythin' pertickler ye wur wantin' t' see in it?" to get the reply,

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"Aye, about the strack," it is too palpable a manœuvre to win through, and an unhappy prejudice is bred in the listening mind.

However, the information is conveyed. Then it transpires that of their two sons the elder, Hugh, is not the man his father would wish him to be. He mixes, for instance, with a Michael O'Hara, who is a Papist and Labour man; and—deadly thing!—he is keeping company with a Papist girl, Nora Murray by name. The younger son, in the language of the schools, does not "function;" he wanders through the play to give it rondure, and help it round difficult corners. It is with the elder son the trouble lies. He informs his mother that he proposes to marry Nora, and they agree to keep the knowledge from the father till the strike is over. For Michael O'Hara is taking a prominent part in the strike; and, to save Orange and Green Riots, such as would ruin the men's chances, he has persuaded Mr. Rainey to keep peace between the two. But Rainey discovers it for himself, and by eavesdropping too, which is bad for him, and bad for Mr. Ervine. Moreover, he discovers it on the very day he is expected to speak in favour of religious peace. At once his fury is aroused: he declares he will speak in favour of religious war, unless Hugh gives up Nora or Nora gives up Hugh. It is all a bit involved, and Mr. Ervine does not aid the involutions with likelihood. For instance, when Rainey goes out, the air is full of irresolution, not of war, and we feel the playwright's hand waver.

The end is, however, that he speaks in favour of war, and the fourth scene opens with a riot surging about Rainey's house. Exactly why the mob should be there is not quite clear, except that it seems to be demanding Nora, who is being protected in the house, Rainey or no Rainey. If it is weak it is at least exciting. We hear stones; we hear the Riot Act being read; we hear volleys of muskets; we hear the roar of the riot. Nora is distraught, taking the blame on herself. In the end, to save the bloodshed of musket fire, she runs out desperately, and falls back shot. Then, and only then, Mr. Ervine rises to the situation. Looking on the mischief he has wrought, John Rainey says: "Ah was right. Ah know Ah was right;" and his wife, reading the soul behind the words, strokes him gently, saying, "Aw, my poor man, my poor man!" No; there is not much to arouse enthusiasm in this play: it is didactic; it is Fabian; and it is unconvincing in theme and *technique*, despite many excellencies. And in any case its four Acts did not aid it. Three would have sufficed, for the second and third were strictly one, and too long at that.

It was somewhat suspiciously, therefore, we expected "Birthright," a suspicion that passed to tense interest very early in the play. Not since Synge do we remember anything with so much of the strength and beauty of drama. The story itself was quite a simple one, and furthermore its simplicity was primal and fierce. It had nothing political in it, for its situation was before all politics and higher than all politics. It was not intellectual, in the misunderstood meaning of that word, but passionate; and it therefore laid hold of the whole emotion. Bat Morrissey was a man who, early in life, had made a little money in America, and, returning to Ireland, had bought a farm in the County Cork. Hard work he had put into the farm, till he turned it from bareness to sweetness, and he could say, "The sweat o' my body an' my life is in every inch of the land." His sons are two—Hugh, the elder, a young man who has turned to culture, writes verses for the Feis, is captain of the hurley team, and is a great favourite in the neighbourhood; and Shane, the younger, somewhat dour, and with no interests outside the farm. Yet the farm is Hugh's birthright, and so Shane determines to go to America. Shane is old Bat's right hand, while Hugh he is contemptuous of, he being alien to him. And the old mother, thinking no harm, wishing no favouritism, has ever favoured the elder against the younger, till Shane has black hatred bred in his heart.

Thus the four characters are set out: Old Bat, bitter at Shane's appreciation to go, and bitter against Hugh's more cultured desires; Hugh, gay, accomplished, a favourite everywhere; Shane, dour, but with a dourness that his mother's unwitting neglect has bred in him; and old Maura, loving both sons, yet over tender to Hugh, for she herself has gentle blood in her veins, and Hugh is attuned to her instincts. Each possesses our full sympathy, and thus the catastrophe is singularly purging. Bat, in a fury of anger at what he terms Hugh's neglect of the farm, decides that Hugh shall forego his birthright, and go to America instead of Shane. The catastrophe is delayed with rare skill, till, at the ripe psychological moment, Hugh and Shane fight, and Shane discovers to his horror that he has killed his brother. The scene closes as Shane disappears terror-stricken into the night, and Maura wails over Hugh's body, Bat gazing on in horror. It is a strong play. The subtle omens that hint the end all through the play bespeak the instinctive dramatist. There is excellent draughtsmanship here; but, more than all, there is a grip on the primal emotions such as, to speak deliberately, one is at a loss to discover in any present-day dramatic work. While there are dramatists such as Mr. Murray the Abbey Theatre is secure. We understand that he is a master in one of the State schools in the county Cork. Since seeing the play we have read it carefully in Messrs. Maunsell's edition, and there is the same fierce power and strength of beauty in the printed page as on the boards. It would be unfair to close without speaking of Eileen O'Doherty's interpretation of the part of Maura. With these Irish Players all the acting is good; but this performance stands out as exceptional even among the best. The appeal to tears was never overstrained; and, being sure in its stroke, it filled the mind with tears that were too full to overflow. Mr. Sidney Morgan, as Bat, had a fierce, rugged strength that yet never lost our understanding and our sympathy.

Lady Gregory's plays scarcely demand praise, so well known are they. Suffice it to say that "The Workhouse Ward" and "The Rising of the Moon" were as richly humorous and full of sympathy as ever.

"THE MARRIED WOMAN" AT THE ALDWYCH

THE eternal triangle, of which the novel-reading and play-going public must by this time be somewhat weary—the woman, the husband, and the lover—found a fresh setting in Mr. C. B. Fernald's play, presented on Sunday and Monday last by the Incorporated Stage Society. The acting was admirable, and at times brilliant; the dialogue abounded in smart epigram; the construction was good; but the treatment of the theme showed no attempt to break away from conventional lines. Sylvia Temple, who has married an "early-Victorian blockhead," even while half-fearing to commit her life's happiness to him, is in due course disillusioned. Two years after the wedding, for the second time she takes the extraordinary procedure of summoning the brave, pure, stalwart lover (who is addicted to leaving for Liverpool or Alaska at critical moments) to see if he can unravel the tangle—she had done so on the eve of her marriage, much to the horror of the assembled family. The brave, pure stalwart is a good, dear, strong fellow, who stands rigid and unresponsive, despite the tumult in his heart, while Sylvia hangs round his neck, and beseeches him to take her. No! He must catch the next train for Liverpool; he must get away to give her time to think over her position. In three months he will return, and then, if she still wishes it, he will

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take her and shelter her, and face the world's opprobrium. So he departs, and, we hope, catches his train, and the curtain descends to the sobbing inquiry of the heroine, "What shall I do?"

It will be seen that there is nothing startling in all this. The cleverness of the dialogue, however, and the excellence of the acting saved the play from becoming diluted Ibsen or an imitation of Shaw. There was hardly an uninteresting minute in the whole of the three Acts, and the various scenes with Sylvia's ineffable parents were genuinely amusing. The parts of the seniors were in the capable hands of Mr. A. S. Homewood and Mrs. A. B. Tapping; Alice Mathewson and Henry Mathewson, Sylvia's sister and brother-in-law, were capitally played by Miss Nannie Bennett and Mr. Frederick Lloyd; Miss Grace Croft gave a good interpretation of the worried Sylvia; Mr. Hubert Harben as her husband, and Mr. Norman Trevor as her immaculate lover, gave no cause for complaint. In spite of its lack of originality, as far as the plot is concerned, "The Married Woman" would have a long and successful run, we imagine, if staged in the usual way at a West-end theatre.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

Miss Marie Tempest has revived that amusing little comedy "The Marriage of Kitty" at the Duke of York's Theatre, and, judging from the laughter with which it was received, it should have a fairly long innings. With her inimitable self in the title-part, and her astounding change from the Kitty of the country—a regular "fright"—to the Kitty of the town—a very sophisticated and alluring lady indeed—she brought the house down; this reversal of the performance of Miss Ethel Irving in "Lady Frederick" must be seen to be believed. The witticisms were obviously toned down from a more liberal French interpretation, and at times the farcical element seemed over-emphasised by those who ably supported Miss Tempest, but on the whole praise and not blame will be the verdict of even the most captious critic. Mr. J. R. Crauford as John Travers was excellent, and Miss Marie Polini in the part of Madame de Semiano caught the spirit of the comedy quite happily. "The Marriage of Kitty" may not be high art, but in the hands of its present exponents it is thoroughly artistic and provocative of laughter every few minutes—especially when Mr. Graham Browne appears in the toils of his many puzzling situations.

Miss Ellen Terry delivered the second of her charming lectures on the heroines of Shakespeare at the Garrick Theatre last Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Pioneer Players. In the course of her *causerie* Miss Terry gave with fine effect the love scene between Benedict and Beatrice, and treated at varying length the characters of Portia, Rosalind, Celia, and others. Musical selections, given upon the harpsichord by Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, were a pleasant feature in the enjoyable evening.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AT HIS MAJESTY'S

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

What a versatile actor is Mr. F. R. Benson, and what an excellent, highly trained, experienced company he has to support him! They seem to breathe the very atmosphere of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan England. It is such a relief to see a company at work who really give one the impression of having studied Shakespeare's plays from childhood, and who do not act as if they had picked up the book a few days before the production, and merely learnt the words by heart. On Tuesday last we saw them in the tragedy of "Richard III.," and thought that performance could hardly have been surpassed, but on Friday afternoon, in the comedy of "The Taming of the Shrew," they were even better, and Mr. Benson's performance of Petruchio was a masterpiece. "The Taming of the Shrew" is not often seen on the stage, and has never been one of Shakespeare's most popular plays; but it is an excellent comedy, full of humorous dialogue and ever-changing dramatic situations.

It is difficult to understand why it does not enjoy a greater popularity, but perhaps the reason is that it is an unnatural comedy, and Shakespeare when he wrote allowed his fancy to aim after an unattainable ideal, which could never be regarded with favour by the female sex. But to the worried husband or disappointed suitor it is an excellent antidote, and he can sit at the theatre for a few hours and flatter himself with the illusion that one day he himself may meet with the same success as Petruchio, although, as far as we know, there is no authentic recorded instance of the successful breaking-in of a wayward woman. We left the theatre under the impression that Petruchio's triumph was but a transitory one, and that he will pay dearly for it later on in the sanctity of his own home. The scene in which the play is laid is almost as unnatural as the triumph of man over woman which it pourtrays. We have all the rough horse-play and humour of Elizabethan England transposed to an Italian setting. The jokes of Petruchio's servants would be far more suitable to the inns and stables of Elizabethan England than amidst the culture and civilisation of mediæval Italy. The play also shows Shakespeare's unrivalled genius for unravelling a tangled skein of characters, plots, and counterplots. Unless you are previously well acquainted with the piece, it requires great concentration of mind to follow the varying fortunes and substitutions of the rival lovers and suitors, but when the curtain finally falls the mystery is completely cleared up and each *rôle* stands out as clear as a cameo.

We need say nothing further of Benson's performance of Petruchio, except that it could hardly have been excelled. His light-heartedness and affectation of severity towards his wife made an irresistible appeal to the audience. Mrs. Benson was excellent as Katharina the Shrew, and Miss Ethel McDowall made a very pretty Bianca. Mr. Murray Carrington looked very handsome and very Italian as Lucentio, and also we were pleased with the performances of M. Alfred Brydone as Baptista and of Mr. Matthew Boulton as Vincentio. In fact the whole company deserve any eulogiums which may be showered on them.

MRS. BESANT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL

Before a crowded audience at the Queen's Hall on Sunday evening last Mrs. Annie Besant delivered the first of a series of five lectures dealing with "The Immediate Future." For over an hour the audience was held in rapt attention as Mrs. Besant discoursed on "Impending Physical Changes" and the problems which suggested themselves to her as needing explanation. The recent emergence of certain islands and the number of earthquakes might be regarded as signs of a new continent to appear in the Pacific Ocean; and while this continent is slowly forming the race that is to inhabit it is slowly preparing in the adjacent country of America. "Unless these changes take place from time to time," said Mrs. Besant, "the earth would not be able to support her children." She noted at some length and very interestingly the development of a new type of humanity—the sixth subdivision of the great Aryan

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people, the new race growing up in America with marks distinct and clear, full of intellect and power.

As was to be anticipated, Mrs. Besant treated largely on the subject of India, and emphasised that country's position as an integral part of the Empire. In concluding, she suggested that we should try to grasp the changes in progress as a whole, not as isolated facts, but as part of a Divine plan, leading in the end to unity and possibly a world-peace. "No nation," she observed, "may go against righteousness and against mercy and hope to keep its place in the world."

INDIAN AND COLONIAL REVIEWS, ETC.

THE last three issues of *The Wednesday Review* of India which have reached us contain some energetic criticisms upon the proposed Hindu University, and "Crystal Gazer," introducing his theme by a neat little essay on fads and faddists, expresses his doubts as to the benefits likely to arise from it. There is a great deal of sound common sense in his contention that the money, instead of going to create a new University, should rather be applied to the endowment and improvement of the Colleges which already exist. The issue for May 3rd reproduces one of Mr. Richard Middleton's Belgian articles which appeared in THE ACADEMY, and contains a very interesting paper by Mr. C. K. Vyasa Rao, B.A., on the question of a member of the Royal Family becoming a statutory Viceroy for India, with powers entirely separate from those of the Governor-General. In the number for May 17th is a capital descriptive article on Benares, by Mr. Rajani Sen, B.L. We cannot say much for the poetic contributions which *The Wednesday Review* publishes, but good verse is nearly always at a premium.

The *Southern Sphere* of Melbourne for May is a very fine issue in every respect, and the quality of its illustrations renders it especially acceptable. Full-page studies are included of the Hon. Alfred Deakin and Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, in characteristic attitudes, very appropriate at the present time. The reading-matter is also on a high level; there is a good article entitled "Some Political Orators," comparing Mr. Deakin with the leading figures in the arena of current British politics—although we should hardly include Lord Rosebery at the present juncture in this category. Sports and recreations are thoroughly treated, and the short story of "An Interrupted Coronation Trip" is distinctly amusing.

One of the best and most original magazines from the United States is *The International*, edited by B. Russell Herts and Richard Le Gallienne. The June number starts with a rousing editorial by Mr. Herts on Education, taking for its text the recent compulsory resignation of Professor Spingarn from Columbia University. It will be remembered that we reviewed Professor Spingarn's lecture, "The New Criticism," very favourably in our issue of March 25th, and, with slight acquaintance with the circumstances, we cannot but regret that so lucid and logical an exponent of literature is lost to Columbia. "What a small percentage of the day in our grammar-schools, high schools, or colleges," says Mr. Herts, "is really spent in effort that may be regarded as useful! . . . No sane human being can grow up into manhood or womanhood without in some measure realising the uselessness of most of what he or she has learned. Many instructors are in as open rebellion against conditions as they dare to be." The writer goes on to treat the deadening influence of a course of study at many of the American Universities, and his outspoken criticism, though mainly destructive, must do good. An excellent article on the late Sir Francis Galton and a symposium on Divorce are two of the most interesting remaining features of *The International*, and we may note that its reviewing is as brisk and "spicy" as ever, although we do not agree with some of the criticisms on the work of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

THE HOME UNIVERSITIES

The *Cambridge Review* for June 7th contains much that will interest outside readers—a short unpublished letter by Charles Lamb, for instance, with a comment by Mr. E. V. Lucas, will appeal to students of "Elia." The "May Week Supplement" is most smart and racy. "Homo Sapiens," an article purporting to be written by a Martian, is caustic at the expense of poor humanity, and occasionally witty, as when it divides "Homo" into three classes—"Workers, Soldiers, and Nursemaids"—and states that "it is the duty of the last to promote the development of the young by exposing them to the direct rays of the sun." A satiric set of verses signed "Jingle" is capital, though the last stanza, which we quote, is reminiscent of Austin Dobson's "Ballade of Imitation":—

And if some day you are telling of a memorable score,
  Or a something that was said by So-and-So,
And the hearers seem to fancy they have heard it once before,
  And (it may be) not so very long ago,
Then your inner satisfaction you serenely may renew,
  Taking this for consolation with a jest,
That the wise and witty savings of the many (and the few)
  Are a repetition-lesson at the best!

A delightful sketch of an undergraduate who tried his hardest to do good to all and sundry of his fellows only to be frustrated—deservedly so, for he was a rare prig—is entitled "Misunderstood," and is the best contribution considered from a purely literary point of view; and the issue concludes with a really thrilling story of the supernatural.

AN OXFORD LECTURE

The President of Magdalen College, Professor T. H. Warren, M.A., D.C.L., delivered his inaugural lecture on "Oxford and Poetry" in the Sheldonian Theatre on June 2nd, and it has since been issued by the Clarendon Press in book form.* The whole lecture is one of the finest summaries of the present position with regard to poetry that we have had the pleasure of reading: scholarly without being abstruse, keenly critical without being pretentious. Professor Warren compared the great poets of the past, and notes the recurrence at intervals, roughly of about twenty-five years, of what might be termed a "poetic generation;" by this process of reasoning he infers the proximity of a new era of great achievement which may be equal in beauty and effect to the immortal Victorian age. "Despite the absence of conspicuous and household names of poets pure and simple," says the author, "I would confidently assert that we still have poets among us who have written pieces which have as good a chance of living in the anthologies of the future as many of the pieces which appear in the anthologies of the present." Professor Warren pointed out the great changes in nations and ideals which are taking place in every quarter of the globe at the present day, and suggested that poetry is even now beginning to deal with these new themes. Linking the subject of his lecture with the city of Oxford, he remarked that from time to time little circles appear in the University whose members are destined to have great influence upon the various matters they discuss. "Silently, stealthily, they come together, like fairy-rings in the night, sometimes only leaving a mysterious mark upon the morning grass, and afterwards melting away even as they came; sometimes growing into more lasting strength of flower and fruit."

Few clever men are without the gift for versification, but

* *Oxford and Poetry in 1911.* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1s. net.)

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Professor Warren warned his audience not to imagine that such an accomplishment signified the possession of the Divine fire. At the same time he gave the excellent advice that such a gift should be cultivated as part of a literary and mental training. His address was pregnant with thought, and should be read and pondered by all who wish for a clever and interesting presentation of the case for poetry in this somewhat commercial age.

A JAPANESE ON WHISTLER

It is not only the Oriental conception to say that "yes" and "no" are, after all, the same thing; I often find such an assurance in the matter of art. Whistler, for instance. His art of "curious carving of nature and life" had been recognised from the beginning in England by the stronger word of flat denial; Ruskin was the greatest of his admirers. Whistler was clever almost to a fault, and cleverness in art as well as in literature was comparatively a new thing in England. When I say he was clever, I mean it in the sense our Hokusai was clever. His impressionism—Oh! what an arbitrary word!—was something of Hiroshige's; and again, his gracefulness might belong to Utamaro. I do never mean he was influenced by the Japanese artists—no, no; I do not mean it at all. I feel only glad to know that the best art always comes from Nowhere, and never carries a particular badge of East or West; it is a bit of Japanese vanity when we write Whistler down in parallel with our artists. As the question yet remains (perhaps for ever) to fix the final place for the colour-print artists in our art, we have the same question, we believe, on Whistler; and as we find many reasons to deny the title of greatness to the former, the latter, too, may not have been great. I know how charmed, and again bewildered, we are when we are alone with his work face to face, and we think him almost great; but we cannot help perceiving his smallness when we see his work side by side with the work of some greater artists. There is an artist who suddenly gains from being compared; Whistler, however, is rather sad in comparison. So it is with our artists of the Ukiyoye school—for instance, compare Hokusai (that magician of line and design) with Seshu, or even Okyo. I am told that Whistler's small physique—he hardly weighed more than 130lb.—was never noticed when he was alone; I think it was so with his art. I agree with Mr. George Moore, who said that Whistler might have been a greater artist if he had been bigger in physique; Mr. Moore says often clever things. To say he was small I do not mean to undervalue him: in fact, smallness or greatness has not much meaning. His being over-fastidious cannot be overlooked; his perfection in unfinishedness mostly betrays his temperament; he was one of the most studied artists. If it appeared his work was always done from inspiration, it is only that he proved the work which he executed at the odd moment, as we might say, when he least expected it. The remarkable part is that he was always ready for that moment; what energy, what persistence he had to grasp it!

I am told of his habitual indifference to time and place; not only in his personal action, also he made his dream of colour and rhythm at once soar out of them. He never copied Nature or eternity; what he represented on canvas was the very Nature and eternity themselves; it was a sad accident to let his picture bear a particular name of a place. While it does not look like the reality you and I think we see perhaps in Nature, it shows a sweeping ghostliness ageless and eternal. It is most interesting to read what he said before the Judge at the time of the Ruskin-Whistler case. He remarked:—"If it were called a view of Cremorne, it would certainly bring about nothing but disappointment on the part of the beholders. It is an artistic arrangement." Again, he said:—"To some it may represent all that is intended, to others it may represent nothing." That is the real point of his art. A desire and composition are merely a human creation that great Nature never thought of; as Nature never tells you where it was begun, how it was ended, what its idea and what its intention, so Whistler thought his pictures should be. It is perfectly clear to see why he was called a conceited and wilful impostor; but the abusers only exposed at the best their own knowledge, which is a lost thing in Art. What Whistler aimed at was imagination and impulse.

No artist when he is great can separate his personality rom his work; as Whistler's personality was unique, whether it was after study or not, so his art was; and we all see his personality behind his work. If you only see the surprise, mystification, confusion, and confounding in his art, I do not think you see the real Whistler at all. It appears, at the first glance, that he was always playing with his art and also with his friends, and he was so witty and combative; but he was at his heart of hearts most sincere and sad, again like our Hokusai. His strange aloofness in his art as well as in his personality may have been rooted in his Puritan blood; and his Puritanism was touched by the modern cynicism and alternately by the attractive cosmopolitanism; therefore he was both severe and delicate. I do not find a particular reason to call him eccentric, if not in the fact that he was proud in art, uncompromising in intention, eager in aim. If so, he was the most eccentric artist that ever lived.

As there are not two Hogarths, two Velazquez, there will be no other Whistler in the future; just one Whistler is indeed enough. He was his own rule to himself, not belonging to any school already in existence; the school which he established at once was extinguished with his death; that was good. I know that a great art of the world is a creation of prayer, and the great artist is always a sort of priest. But where Whistler lacked the sober reverence toward Nature and Life, he gained, on the other hand, a touch of democracy; it was he who brought art down to noble artisanship. And his democracy of art was saved from vulgarity by his Puritanic aloofness. It is too common to say that his art was a work of love; but with Whistler it was a true case. Whatever the people happened to say, he was the most enthusiastic admirer of his own work; where is any more strong supporter? And where is the other artist who adored his work of creation as he did? I think that it does little justice to call him a colourist. We have many Oriental artists who never use any other colour but black and grey; yet we call them true colourists. One must see beyond the colour itself, and feel the inner voice of symphony. The colour, I think, was for Whistler only a means to make his picture sing a living song; from such a sense, he was a great colourist. Indeed, he was. And it is almost foolish to attempt to examine the truth or reality of the colour on his canvas; though it may not be a true colour to you, surely it is a poetry or song, which you cannot deny.

YONE NOGUCHI.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE PALAIS-ROYAL—I.

BY MARC LOGÉ

WHEN Voltaire wrote—

> Il est une déesse inconstante, incommode,
> Bizarre dans ses goûts, folle en ses ornements.
> Qui paraît, fuit, revient, et naît en tous les temps,
> Protée était son père, et son nom est la Mode—

he seems to have predicted how Dame Fashion was to treat

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the beautiful palace of the Palais-Royal since its foundation until this day.

Built, or rather begun, by Richelieu, the Palais-Cardinal, as it was then called, was presented by the great Minister to Louis XIII. After this Sovereign's death, his widow, Anne of Austria, the Queen Regent, dwelt there with her two sons, Louis XIV. and the Duc d'Anjou, until the former's majority, when the Court returned to the Louvre. Amongst the most notable guests the Palais-Royal sheltered was Henrietta of France, who retired there during her widowhood. Then came the Revolution, with its train of riots, mobs, and tumults, of which many were witnessed by the Palais-Royal. During the Consulate and the Empire the galleries of the fine old palace were the meeting-places of Parisian fashionable life. The Merveilleuses and the Incroyables strutted vainly in its broad avenues; and it was there that between two campaigns Napoleon's bravest Generals trailed their long swords and twirled their conquering moustachios. Later the Palais-Royal was haunted by members of the fast set, and gambling dens were to be found in each of its houses. The scandal even became so great, that when Louis Philippe came to the throne he ordered that all the women living there should be expelled and the "tripots" closed. . . . Since then the old palace is silent and deserted; some children play in the beautiful garden, where Louis XIV. as a boy was wont to amuse himself; some tourists, guide-book in hand, pass through it, admiring the superb vistas of galleries and the fretted stonework, and each day at noon a small sun-cannon fires a shot which awakens the echoes of the silent archways, causing the quondam royal residence to arouse itself with a start from the dream of dusty neglect it has been indulging in for so many years.

One corner of the ancient palace, however, has still preserved some of the animation of bygone days: this is where the famous Théâtre du Palais-Royal has, since more than a century and a half, echoed with the laughter of delighted audiences. Unlike many other old Parisian playhouses, which change their style of spectacle several times a season, this theatre has been since its foundation consecrated almost exclusively to comedies and vaudevilles—the few melodramas produced there having been dismal failures.

The history of the theatre is both varied and amusing, and we will endeavour to relate it summarily according to the most reliable documents—some very little known—to be found on the subject. In 1753 the Duc d'Orléans had the whim of ordering a playhouse to be built, for his own private use and pleasure, at the northern angle of the Beaujolais Gallery, in the Palais-Royal. For thirty years this theatre remained closed to the public. But in 1784 there chanced to live in the Faubourg St. Antoine a wood-carver named Delomel, who employed his leisure hours in carving puppets about 3ft. high, many of which were portraits and sometimes caricatures of certain celebrities of the day. He carved the figure of Voltaire, which obtained a great success, for, though dead several years before, the "old invalid" of Ferney was still a great favourite with the Parisian population.

In the house inhabited by Delomel there dwelt also a tailor, Gardeur, who took pride and pleasure in dressing his neighbour's puppets after the latest fashions of the epoch, thus adding considerably to their value. Each noontide when there surged forth from all the "ateliers" swarms of workpeople hurrying to enjoy the hour or so of liberty granted them for their lunch, a crowd of gazers would assemble before Delomel's shop-window to admire his marionettes. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that when Jean Gardeur, the tailor's brother, came to Paris, and witnessed the popularity the little marionettes enjoyed, he should have had the idea of establishing a puppet-show on some Parisian stage. He confided his plan to Delomel, who approved of it, and they accordingly set out together in quest of a playhouse wherein to open their show. One day whilst wandering about the streets, they came upon the little theatre of the late Duc d'Orléans. They immediately decided that it exactly suited them, and started to form a company, which, after some preliminary negotiations, obtained from Monseigneur le Comte de Beaujolais, third son of the deceased duke, the authorisation to hire the theatre on payment of an annuity of 14,000 livres "plus 6,000 livres de pot de vin."* His Highness was, moreover, graciously pleased to allow Delomel and Gardeur to open their puppet-show under the quaint designation of "Théâtre des petits Comédiens de Son Altesse Sérénissime le Comte de Beaujolais."

As soon as the Théâtre Beaujolais, as it was then called, had opened its doors in 1784, all Paris thronged to see the little wooden actors, though the house was small, containing only eight hundred seats, the acoustics defective, and the stage far too tiny. Fashion imperiously declared that "the thing to do" was to see the marionettes, and all her followers meekly obeyed. Many authors, some of whom were quite well known, composed special plays for the puppets: operas, comic-operas, or vaudevilles with musical interludes, were acted with an untiring good humour by the "fantoccini," who, thanks to an ingenious contrivance of strings, gesticulated and mimicked their parts, while a real comedian or singer, hidden behind the scenes, spoke or sang in their stead. The only reproach made was that the strings managing the puppets were rather too apparent; but the audience readily forgave this, and wept at the sentimental tribulations of the heroine, or laughed at the jests of the card-board comic, with almost as much feeling and mirth as if the parts had been personified by living people.

THE LIMIT

By Hilaire Belloc

While the politicians are running a sort of race as to which shall promise the most in the way of costly political experiment, and while the undoubted and grave demands of defence are increasing, one most important element in the economic situation is not clearly defined. Such of our public men as appreciate it prefer, in the popular House at least, to leave it undiscussed. The middle classes instinctively feel its presence, but not in a manner which they can formulate or define. Yet it is the one factor which controls the whole business, and whose presence will make itself felt quite independently of the claims of politicians or of the desires of those whom they administrate. This element is the arithmetical one. There is a limit to what can be taken in direct taxation from a community, and we have reached the limit. There is a more elastic boundary, the field of indirect taxation; but to extend indirect taxation would be so opposed to the axioms of the Treasury that we may neglect the chances of such an extension altogether.

Of what nature is this limit to the yield of direct taxation, and why may we properly say that we have reached it? Save in the sophistries of theoretical economists, there exists a very sharp division between taxation and confiscation. It is more than a division; it is an antagonism. You cannot say that up to a certain amount a tax is non-confiscatory, and after that amount confiscatory. But you can say (and the common sense of the community vividly appreciates it) that in one type of political philosophy confiscation is the

* A livre used to be worth a little less than the franc of to-day.

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object of the tax-gatherer, and that in another taxation is his object. You can say that there is an attitude which regards the State's claim to a portion of the citizen's wealth as a claim necessary, but tending to dangerous excess, and requiring careful watching, and you can say that a precisely contrary attitude of mind exists which treats the State's claim as a convenient engine for impoverishing certain classes of the community to the advantage of the less fortunate, to the advantage of the State, or to no advantage at all, but to a mere waste.

In spite of all that has been said and written upon the enormous increase in expenditure (and consequently in taxation) since the South African War, it is not true to say that taxation has been up to now confiscatory in any strict sense of that word, save, of course, in the case of the Licensing Bill, which happily failed to become law, and in the case of the licensing clauses of the Budget, which most unfortunately have become law. In that particular case there was, of course, confiscation, and confiscation of the grossest kind. A group of politicians who happened to be in power deliberately impoverished one particular section of those whom they administrate in response to the demands of their paymasters; and a very ugly business the whole thing was. But with that exception taxation, though ruinously high, has not been strictly designed with the *object* of impoverishing or confiscating. In other words, taxation is still based upon the old theory.

Now so long as this theory obtains so long will there be a natural limit to direct taxation. There is no limit to pure confiscation. But to the demand which you can effectually make against a citizen on the plea of necessity, with apologies, as it were, and after direct or indirect negotiation, a fairly clear limit exists, set by the psychological and economic conditions of the community.

There are two main forms in which direct taxation is now levied for Imperial purposes upon the inhabitants of Great Britain—Death Duties and the Income-tax.

Neither of these can be materially increased in the future, and that for the following reasons.

The Death Duties, it is now generally appreciated, are beginning to trench upon capital. True, the capitalisation of wealth in this country goes on at a much faster rate than the dispersion of it through this channel. But still, to distribute capital at all is so dangerous a thing that there is a general consensus of opinion against the increase of this form of tax. Let it be remembered that the values taken are not transformed into permanent values. They do not secure for the State any fraction of the means of production. The State does not proceed with these great lumps of capital that are handed over to it to purchase railways or land. It dissipates these lumps of capital in consumption; and as the Death Duties have risen so has risen not the proportion of funded wealth owned by the State, but the number of officials whom the State must feed, house, and clothe.

That the Income-tax has reached its limit may be verified in more ways than one—the most curious, perhaps, is the "earned income" trick; it was clever and it has succeeded, but it has succeeded at a cost of exasperation which will make any addition to it exceedingly difficult to levy. The idea of the "earned income" trick was to get at the maximum taxable capacity of a class which could not be dealt with automatically.

Before the South African War the attitude of the officials was roughly this:—The great bulk of Income-tax was levied at source. It took the form of stopping so much out of dividends, officials' salaries, &c. The amount which was paid by the professional classes out of earnings usually irregular and uncertain was estimated on an easy basis; few questions were pressed, and the sum demanded did not, as a rule, strain the tax-payer. A rough estimate of the amount of income a man might be earning as judged by the house he lived in, and so forth, was made by the assessor's man. A very much smaller sum was then fixed in proportion to this supposed rate of living, and on that much smaller sum were professional men assessed and taxed. To increase as vastly as it has been increased the contribution of this section of the community, a method was imagined of offering them a dilemma—a set of alternatives was framed such that any attempt to escape from which ever might seem the worst course would compel a man to equal or greater evils under the other. This method, by the way, appears regularly in history whenever governments are pressed for money, and is one of the first systems of embarrassment. It will probably be used in the near future for the purpose of taking land; a man will very probably be asked to set his own rateable value, and will be liable to be taken at his word for purposes of public purchase. However that may be, the design of the "earned income" trick is only too clear. The assessors put down a very high sum—much more than a man can pay. It is to their personal advantage, of course, to make the sum as high as possible. On this high assumption they demand 1s. 2d. in the pound, or, to put it in terms of earnings, they ask for the earnings of three weeks.

The greater part of professional men cannot pay this, first because they are assessed far above their true standard, secondly because the demand for a lump sum of such magnitude is one that can with difficulty be met by any one who lives upon his earnings alone. Were you to go, for instance, to a skilled artisan earning £3 a week, and ask him for a £10 note, he would in the majority of cases be unable to pay it. The professional man, harassed in a similar degree, is told that he may get off with paying only about a fortnight's earnings instead of three weeks, *on condition that he lays every detail of his private affairs, his loans, his mortgages, claims upon him of every kind, and all the forms in which his money comes to him as well, before a closely organised body of officials whose activities cover the whole country, and who are in correspondence with one another and with their common head.*

If the poor fellow accepts this alternative it is not for him nor for the Court of Justice and the law to decide what part of the gross income is real and enjoyable income. He may have a motor-car which is an absolute necessity for his business; he may take journeys which are absolutely necessary for his business and which he would never dream of taking were he a man of means; there will be journeys he only takes because they will increase his professional income. He pays rent for a house which he would never think of affording himself if he were fortunate enough to possess a private income instead of having to produce all he spends. None of these items nor any of the hundred others will be considered. He will have to pay on what may be double, or more than double, his real power of economic enjoyment; and what is more, he is, after having made that choice and given in details of his private affairs, permanently in the hands of a machine which now knows all about him and can control all his estimates in the future.

The wise man will have nothing to do with such a system. He will accept, as the better of the two alternatives, the payment of the very large sum arbitrarily made under the first system rather than make a great body of commissioned officials his confidants in the most private affairs of life.

I have said that the Income-tax has reached its limit. The reason that it has reached a limit is largely that the exasperation caused by the method of its collection—precisely in the case of that class which writes, speaks and influences—has risen to the pitch we know.

Can the 1s. 2d. collected at source, the mass of the tax, be increased? Hardly in time of peace. The matter is, to some extent, one of negotiation. The politicians are not

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absolute masters—least of all are they masters of those great organised groups of wealth which stand behind each political party. The automatic collection of even 1s. 2d. in the pound is a strain. To attempt to increase it, for any length of time at least, will probably fail unless or until a theory and policy of confiscation is adopted.

It is possible that we shall come to that. We may be driven to it by necessity. Our charges are increasing far more rapidly than our wealth as a nation. Our great rivals and competitors are increasing their wealth also far more rapidly than we are increasing ours. That is certainly true of France, Germany, and the United States. It is probably true of other countries as well.

We cannot yet count upon the prospect of proportional aid from the Colonies, and we may take it that the considerable new expenditure which every new social experiment or foreign threat increases cannot be met by contributions of this kind. Neither can it come, in the political circumstances of this country, from an increase of indirect taxation.

Had there been purchases of land by the State and endowment by the State wisely and in time, before our great industrial expansion took place, had an increment tax been devised before, and not at the close of, the growth of our great cities, such an endowment by the State and such an increment tax would have solved the problem. It is now too late. What, then, still remains? A loan.

The suggestion is an unpopular one. A leading statesman made it once in the course of the last few years, and his making it raised a little storm. But what else remains? The Press shirks the suggestion, and in general we all try to think as little about it as possible; the less we think with the more difficulty will a loan be avoided.

THE STORY OF A BOOK

II.—THE SLEEPY PUBLISHER

THE publisher to whom our author had confided his manuscript stood, like all publishers, at the very head of his profession. His business was conducted on sound conservative lines, which means that though he had regretfully abandoned the three-volume novel for the novel published at six shillings, he was not among the intrepid revolutionaries who were beginning to produce new fiction at a still lower price. Besides novels he published solid works of biography at thirty-one and six, art books at a guinea, travel books at fifteen shillings, flighty historical works at twelve-and-sixpence, and cheap editions of Montaigne's Essays and "Robinson Crusoe" at a shilling. Some idea of his business methods may be derived from the fact that it pleased him to reflect that all the other publishers were producing exactly the same books as he was. And though he would admit that the trade had been ruined by competition and the outrageous royalties demanded by successful authors, and, further, that he made a loss on every separate department of his business, in some mysterious fashion the business as a whole continued to pay him very well. He left the active part of the management to a confidential clerk, and contented himself with signing cheques and interviewing authors.

With such a publisher the fate of our author's book was never in doubt. If it was lacking in those qualities that might be expected to commend it to the reading public, it was conspicuously rich in those merits that determine the favourable judgment of publishers' readers. It was above all things a gentlemanly book, without violence and without eccentricities. It was carefully and grammatically written; but it had not that exotic literary flavour which is so tiresome on a long railway journey. It could be put into the hands of any schoolgirl, and at most would merely send her to sleep. The only thing that could be said against it was that the author's dread of inspiration had made it grievously dull, but it was the publisher's opinion that after a glut of sensational fiction the six-shilling public had come to regard dulness as the hall-mark of literary merit. He had no illusions as to its possible success, but, on the other hand, he knew that he could not lose any money on it, so he wrote a letter to the author inviting him to an interview.

As soon as he had read the letter the author told himself that he had been certain all along that his book would be accepted. Nevertheless, he went to the interview moved by certain emotional flutterings against which circumstance had guarded him ever since his boyhood. He found this mild excitation of the nervous system by no means unpleasant. It was like digesting a new and subtle liqueur that made him light-footed and tingled in the tips of his fingers. He recalled a phrase that had greatly pleased him in the early days of his novel. "As the sun colours flowers, so Art colours life." It seemed to him that this was beginning to come true, and that life was already presenting itself to him in a gayer, brighter dress. He reached the Publisher's office, therefore, in an unwontedly receptive mood, and was tremendously impressed by the rudeness of the clerks, who treated authors as mendicants and expressed their opinion of literature by handling books as if they were bundles of firewood.

The Publisher looked at him under heavy eyelids, recognised his position in the social scale, and reflected with satisfaction that his acquaintances could be relied on to purchase at least a hundred copies. The interview did not at all take the lines that the author in his innocence had expected, and in a surprisingly short space of time he found himself bowed out, with the duplicate of a contract in the pocket of his overcoat. In the outer office the confidential clerk took him in hand and led him to the door of an enormous cellar, lit by electricity and filled from one end to the other with bales and heaps of books. "Books!" said the confidental clerk with the smile of a gamekeeper displaying his hand-reared pheasants. "There are a great many," the author said timidly. "Of course, we do not keep our stock here," the clerk explained. "These are just samples." It was sometimes necessary to remind inexperienced writers that the publication of their first book was only a trivial incident in the history of a great publishing house. The author had a sad vision of his novel as a little brick in a monstrous pyramid built of books, and the clerk mentally decided that he was not the kind of man to turn up every day at the office to ask them how they were getting on.

The author was a little dazed when he emerged into the street and the sunshine. His book, which an hour before had seemed the most important thing in the world, had become almost insignificant in the light of that vast collection of printed matter, and in some subtle way he felt that he had dwindled with it. The publisher had praised it without enthusiasm and had not specified any of its merits; he had not even commented on his fantastic use of the colon. The author had lived with it now for many months—it had become a part of his personality, and he felt that he had betrayed himself in delivering it into the hands of strangers who could not understand it. He had the reticence of the well-bred Englishman, and though he told himself reassuringly that his novel in no way reflected his private life, he could not quite overcome the sentiment that it was a little vulgar to allow alien eyes to read the product of his most intimate thoughts. He had really been shocked at the matter-of-fact way in which every one at the office had spoken of his book, and the sight of all the other books with which it

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would soon be inextricably confused had emphasised the painful impression. This all seemed to rob the author's calling of its presumed distinction, and he looked at the men and women who passed him on the pavement, and wondered whether they too had written books.

This mood lasted for some weeks, at the end of which time he received the proofs, which he read and re-read with real pleasure before setting himself to correcting them with meticulous care. He performed this task with such conscientiousness, and made so many minor alterations—he changed most of those flighty colons to more conventional semicolons—that the confidential clerk swore terribly when he glanced at the proofs before handing them to a boy, with instructions to remove three-quarters of the offending emendations. A week or two later there happened one of those strange little incidents that make modern literary history. It was a bright, sunny afternoon; the publisher had been lunching with the star author of the firm, a novelist whose books were read wherever the British flag waved and there was a circulating library to distribute them, and now, in the warm twilight of the lowered blinds he was enjoying profound thoughts, delicately tinted by burgundy and old port. The shrewdest men make mistakes, and certainly it was hardly wise of the confidential clerk to choose this peaceful moment to speak about our author's book. "I suppose we shall print a thousand?" he said. "Five thousand!" ejaculated the publisher. What was he thinking about? Was he filling up an imaginary income-tax statement, or was he trying to estimate the number of butterflies that seemed to float in the amber shadows of the room? The clerk did not know. "I suppose you mean one thousand, sir?" he said gently. The publisher was now wide awake. He had lost all his butterflies, and he was not the man to allow himself to be sleepy in the afternoon. "I said five thousand!" The clerk bit his lip and left the room.

The author never heard of this brief dialogue; probably if he had been present he would have missed its significance. He would never have connected it with the flood of paragraphs that appeared in the Press announcing that the acumen of the publisher had discovered a new author of genius—paragraphs wherein he was compared with Dickens, Thackeray, Flaubert, Richardson, Sir Walter Besant, Thomas Browne, and the author of "An Englishwoman's Love-letters." As it was, it did not occur to him to wonder why the publisher should spend so much money on advertising a book of which he had seemed to have but a half-hearted appreciation. After all it was his book, and the author felt that it was only natural that as the hour of publication drew near the world of letters should show signs of a dignified excitement.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

A NEW ZEALAND SHEEP-DRIVE

By W. H. KOEBEL

IT is the hour when, according to the Maori, evil spirits walk abroad in the bush. If so, the perambulations of these unpleasant forces are utterly silent. Had you an ear that could drink in all the sound from a radius of a dozen miles, you would hear nothing beyond the occasional hoot of an owl, the dreamy ripple of the creeks, and a harsh intermittent groaning from the tops of the highest trees. Even this last noise is entirely unconnected with ghosts. The night airs are stirring a dead branch or two that have protruded above the sheltering curtain of the main verdure, and the great strips of hanging bark are creaking dully beneath their force.

If, too, you would mount that loftiest peak of all that sends its dark pinnacle upwards to divide the brilliant clusters of the stars, you would have the opportunity of surveying a swelling panorama of extraordinarily effective neutral tints. Uneven, deep black folds of forest, the clear-cut contours of the grasslands, the narrow gorges lost in gloom, the broader valleys lit up by the silver streams of their rivers: the whole mystery of the bush by night will reveal itself to the eyes that look down from that peak. But, unless you be bat or owl, I doubt if you would find the journey worth while. Certainly you would not were you long familiar with the land, and had you learned to consider its soil as the prosaic source of necessary bread and butter. The latter consideration will undoubtedly effect much of which mere sentiment is incapable. It is responsible even at this uncanny hour for illuminated windows in a small homestead, and for two rays of yellow light that strike outwards in a timid struggle with the night. They are daring and solitary beams: one might swear with safety that there are no others within a score of miles.

There is a stirring at the lonely spot that is quite incompatible with the hour. From the sheepyards come the uneasy trampling of thousands of hoofs, the hoarse coughing of the wethers that sounds with so human a note, the sighing rustle as the fleeces crush up against each other, and the occasional staccato bleat of discontent. In a neighbouring enclosure the horses wait in passive dejection. From the equine point of view it is a bleak place in which to be confined—a bare, hoof-worn spot innocent of a single projecting blade of grass. Restrained by the unwonted and unsympathetic rails, they have killed time for the greater part of the night as best they might. There was little else to do but to admire the beauty of the stars and the silver light that bathes the glades and open spaces—effects that naturally leave the animals profoundly unmoved.

It is difficult to cope with the dreamy spirit of the hour. Three men have emerged from the homestead now. The movements of the newcomers are unusually languid; their very spurs seem to clank in a subdued and minor key. Even the dogs are in a strangely silent mood. As the chains are loosened along the row of kennels there would in ordinary circumstances ensue a wild bounding of furry bodies and frenzied barks of joy. But all that is for the exhilarating glow of daylight. As it is, the dogs content themselves with a few vigorous shakes, and then, with an unusual display of decorum, follow in the footsteps of the men.

The gates of the sheepyards are opened. A stream of dim white backs surges out in the same mysterious and dreamy fashion that characterises all movement just now. The dogs stand sentinel on either hand; then, when the yards are emptied, they move forward by the side of the sheep. The procession has begun. The yellow light has died out in the windows of the homestead. All—save the intermittent glowing of three pipes—is neutral tinted again.

The grey mass of sheep, riders, and dogs rolls forward as relentlessly and as methodically as the waters of a river. All about it are the scents of the night, the cool odours of the leafage, and the warm pungency of the thudded earth. It is a very sober procession that wends its way along the track, now clear-cut and wondrously distinct in the broad, open light of the stars, now lost for a while in comparative darkness as the great trees bend over to shade the road. On those stretches where the way leads direct and unswerving the men nod drowsily in the saddle, and the dogs pace along in silence. It is only at those places where the track splits into two, or where the route hesitates in the midst of a wide, open space of land that the dull rhythmic patter of the hoofs is broken into by other noises. Then

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will sound a heavier beat as a rider gallops his horse the length of the long line, while the barking of the dogs breaks out sharply. But even this latter is effected more or less under protest, a circumstance that obtains during none of the more exhilarating hours.

The head of the long, fleecy procession is plunging now through the silver waters of a shallow creek, the splashing of the passage drowning the natural ripple of the waters and silencing the mournful call of a bush owl near by. After this the track mounts steadily, climbing upwards to cross a great barrier of peaks that rises directly to the front. A faint glow stains the sky for the first time just as the great company of the sheep begin the ascent. And as the four-footed toilers climb the mountain side, so the lights rise in the heavens. They are the usual flags of the dawn—faint rose, scarlet, and then a flame of gold. From the lofty spot to which the sheep have mounted now the ocean is visible at intervals between the peaks. It is from behind the radiant waters that the sun itself shoots upwards.

On the lofty peak here the change is abrupt and marvellous. A few moments ago all was grey and lifeless. No sooner have they climbed over the edge of the ocean than, without an instant's delay, the great beams have struck the warmth and fire of day into the landscape. The green of the grass and leaves, the grey of the rocks, the blue of the sky—every colour has been painted in in, the course of a second or two. Nor is the change confined only to inanimate nature. The moving flock responds in its own fashion to the sudden transformation of the scene. The white ranks move forward with a greater alacrity or hang back with a deeper obstinacy, just as the passing mood inspires them. The dogs become aggressive, and the shouts of the men echo along the mountain side. It is the first flower of the day, this, to be made the most of with the comfortable knowledge that a number of hours have already been stolen from the midsummer heat that is to come.

The gullies far beneath are still filled with the aftermath of night. About the trees in the hollows cling the early mists in great white sheets, and clouds, and feathery lakes, from out of which the mountain sides start upwards as though from spreading sheets of veritable water. It is another land down there—a dim and colourless shadow of these warm and brilliant regions above. Far away in the distance, beyond the crests of a lower range, is a vision of a plain, and of a shining blue band of sea that has eaten away a half-circle from the green land. To one side of this is a collection of tiny specks that you might cover with a lady's handkerchief. It is the township, infinitely minimised, clear as crystal though a score of miles distant. Sometime or other these hundreds of stout sheep will be there—when, exactly, it would be unwise to predict, since no element of the railway time-table is wont to enter into a sheep-drive.

Did the unfortunate creatures but know what lay before them their progress would undoubtedly be slower yet; for this is their last march in life. Their next journey will be in a linen shroud, in the dark and icy hold of a steamer bound for England. It is for this that they have plodded ghostlike through the cool night, and it is for this that they will rest at midday in the shade of the trees at some friendly halfway station. That a journey so full of glamour should end at the point of a butcher's knife! But they are more fortunate than some others, in that they have no inkling of what is in store. They are, moreover, only too anxious to co-operate heartily with their owners, for their bodies must be cherished in order that their epitaphs may be appreciative and laudatory.

So the long procession of fleeces, guarded by men and dogs, turns to begin its slow descent from the lofty peak. The distant township is no longer visible; nothing is to be seen but the green waves of verdure and the hawks floating above. Many hills and many valleys intervene between the spot and the coast. In the meanwhile, push on, for the heat is growing!

THE MAGAZINES

THE propinquity of the Coronation has cast its shadow over the Magazines, not altogether to their advantage. We yield to none in our loyalty, but Coronation odes, in verse and prose, not to speak of anecdotal reminiscences of his Majesty, and various other matter evoked by the event, are somewhat apt to weary the attention, especially if they are not confined to one magazine, but pervade them all. As might be expected, Mr. Alfred Noyes is well to the fore. His muse seems to be "a thing of modes and seasons." It certainly is very easily awoken to a thunder of rhetorical acclamation by every event that seems to be of political import, or that seems to serve an opportunity of seeking an official ear. In *Blackwood* he has a "Coronation Ode," strictly so-called. It compares unfavourably with Mr. William Watson's Ode on the Coronation of King Edward, and for the reason that such things when not done with a marmoreal dignity ring false. The same thing applies to his poem in the *Fortnightly*, entitled "A Salute from the Fleet." They both read much like exercises written for occasions, which is not good for Mr. Noyes, his muse, or his subject. Shoulder to shoulder with him, with a poem entitled "Coronal," is Mr. Walter Sichel in the latter magazine.

Among the Coronation articles it is difficult to choose. Their theme is not so much an event as a symbol, therefore it is not easy to evoke a great deal of variety out of it. The *Fortnightly*, for instance, devotes no less than three articles to the subject, in addition to the poems already mentioned. One under the pseudonym of "Index" treats of "His Majesty the King," and gives not less than justice to his subject. It is hard to extol our present Monarch in an article without seeming to disparage his father, so different are they in trend of thought and character. Nevertheless, "Index" achieves this end. Mr. Clement Harvard deals with the matter of "The Royal Prerogative," and Mr. Minto Johnston has a generally informative article on "The City of London and the Coronations." One of the most interesting of these articles, however, deals with "The Royal Crowns of England," and is to be found in the *Windsor*.

The *English Review* has succeeded in avoiding the subject altogether. For Yoshio Markino's altogether charming article on the "Queen of the John Bullesses" can scarcely be called a thing turned out to order. It is something much more than that: it is a genuine and delightful revelry of the soul. He writes, he claims, not as a foreigner. He says: "My flesh and bones are entirely made with the English substances by this time, so the medical science says, and my heart and brain are more Britonised by many kind-hearted John Bulless friends. Why, then, should I not be loyal to the Queen of the John Bullesses as much as the most loyal Britons? Do you say I am getting less patriotic to my own country? Nonsense! It makes me so grieved to think that there are many fools who misunderstand the word 'patriotic' as the 'fighting spirit' with the neighbouring country. Don't you know friend-making is far more patriotic?" Indeed, Mr. Markino cannot fail to be both patriotic and charming—if, in fact, these are not synonyms from one standpoint or another. His article makes delightful reading. In the same magazine Mr. Masefield has a poem called "Truth." Like so much of Mr. Masefield's work at the moment the matter in it cannot but compel, despite the fact that it is

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phrased with something too much of deliberation and consequent coldness. These attributes certainly cannot be claimed for any of Mr. Aleister Crowley's poems, nor for the poem that follows Mr. Masefield's with the title "On the Edge of the Desert." Being free from the echoes of Swinburne more than is usual with his work, this poem has more distinction in it.

The longest article in this magazine is one by Mr. John M. Robertson on "Form in Poetry." Mr. Robertson, as usual in matters æsthetic, deals with his subject with more erudition than insight. There is always something that catches the mind with mingled fear and irrision to see a logic-chopping intellect moving in the "realms of gold;" and it is such a spectacle that is to be witnessed in the present article. We expected, we must confess, and we expected eagerly, an essay that should deal with the real relation of the form of poetry to the matter that is given it to enshrine. This is a subject that needs and invites treatment. Therefore we were disappointed to find a general *résumé* of some heads of poetry (and not the chief heads either), from Piers Plowman to Mr. Herbert Trench. Having done so much, and having neglected Francis Thompson's contribution in the process, it is a little mystifying to be told at the end that the subject that we thought he intended to treat is "a matter for separate discussion." The article that will perhaps attract most attention is Mr. Walter Whitehead's on the perplexed question of Bone-setting. His article is, in fine, a vindication of Mr. H. A. Barker, and has been awakened by the late notorious case in which that gentleman was sued by a Mr. Thomas for the loss of his leg, with the damages placed at £5,000. It will be remembered that the case went nominally against Mr. Barker; but the damages given Mr. Thomas were an idle twenty guineas—a characteristic instance of the British jury's fear of positive verdicts. Mr. Whitehead's present article is rather concerned with the undoubted fact that had Mr. Barker been a regularly qualified man the action would never have been brought. It was so alleged by Mr. Carson for the defence. Certainly Mr. Whitehead's article will not make pleasant reading for the medical profession. Speaking with the full weight of his wide experience and high authority, he vindicates, not only Mr. Barker in the particular case, but his methods in general, adding that here again the profession has condemned itself in neglecting, and even opposing, a very noteworthy contribution to physiological science. In the same magazine Sir Gilbert Parker deals with the moot question of "Land Purchase and Land Banks;" and Mr. Frank Harris writes on "Morals," finding that this vexed question is, and must always be, a matter of mutation and personal appeal.

The *Nineteenth Century* is as learned as ever, and something heavy withal. It is surely more than a mere mistake to consider that only the weighty in a magazine matters. It is part of a false conception. Yet if the *Nineteenth Century* does not seek to achieve literary charm, it is generally unwise to neglect it on matters of passing interest. There are, for instance, two articles of some importance on the question of "Canada and American Reciprocity;" one giving the Canadian point of view, by the Hon. George E. Foster, and the other giving the English point of view, by Sir Roper Lethbridge. Both these gentlemen decide emphatically against the question of Reciprocity; while Mr. Foster declares that the whole matter was sprung unexpectedly on the Canadian Parliament and the Canadian people by Mr. Fielding, that it is in flat contradiction to the aspirations of the Canadians themselves, to the policy of the past, to the national ideals for the future, and the immediate and robust desire of the moment. A careful reading of these articles, together with an intelligent appreciation of news that comes across the Atlantic from time to time, make it fairly obvious that the elections this year in Canada will be a very momentous and far-reaching matter. An article of considerable interest is "Sidelights on the National Economy and People of England," by Charles Morawitz, who is the Vienna Chairman of the Anglo-Austrian Bank. It steers its way between flattery and denunciation with considerable deftness. Herr Morawitz notices, what it is impossible for any man to avoid noticing, the extreme disparity between wealth and poverty throughout the country; and a matter that earns his censure is that curious thing, so characteristically British that no other country has an equivalent word for it, and which we must, therefore, always call "snobbery." Yet the writer many times in his article avows the fact that he is a foreigner: as when he speaks of "the way in which lunch is taken at Pimm's, Lyons', or at other restaurants in the City." The calm juxtaposition of Pimm's and Lyons' is very delightful. Mr. Maddock has also, in the *Nineteenth Century*, what purports to be an analysis of the "Facts at the Back of Unemployment," which, with the setting out of Mr. Snowden's speech on the subject, which he opposes, will drive the ordinary mind into the opinion that statistics must be the happy hunting-ground of debaters, since they can be brought to imply anything.

In the *Cornhill* Major MacMunn has an interesting, not to say a charming, article which he calls "The Key of all the Creeds." It is emphatically not an article that sets out to teach lessons; but in fact it does considerably more—it awakes innumerable thoughts. His picture of the old Sikh Subhadar, with a strong personality and a keen sense of responsibility turned absolutely to waste, makes one think. Any one who has lived in India will know that this is no isolated case. There is a deeply interesting set of articles just begun in the *Century Magazine* that starts well and promises better, by Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, entitled "The Woman of the Cæsars." Judging from the scope indicated in the initial numbers, it will set out the whole position of woman throughout the later stages of the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire. Two articles that defy examination, but that imperiously demand reading, so delightful are they, will be found in the Summer Term number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. They are "The Pastoral Mood," by Professor Minchin, and "Putting Out," by Mr. E. S. Bates.

What will probably be considered the most noteworthy matter in all the magazines is a hitherto unpublished narrative by Thackeray on "Cockney Travels." Apparently it was written immediately before the "Irish Sketch-book" and "Cornhill to Cairo." It is only a fragment, though a lengthy fragment, and is in the true Thackerayan manner. Its appeal will be chiefly to the Thackeray enthusiast.

ART

AT MESSRS. McLEAN'S GALLERY

The two exhibitions now open at Messrs. McLean's Galleries in the Haymarket form a striking contrast to each other. Both the exhibitors are foreign artists. Mr. Wenceslas Radimsky works in a manner which in England is still comparatively new—it has been called Post-Impressionistic. The titles he gives to his subjects are such as "Le Soleil perce le brouillard," "Cérisiers en fleurs," "Temps orageux." He paints the passing aspects of Nature, and there is always motion—the glint of sunlight through leaves, the ripple of water. The other exhibition is of seventeen pictures by Mr. Tito Lessi, Professor of the Florence Academy. The writer of the introduction to the catalogue is at some pains to explain the standpoint of the artist who seems to invite com-

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parison with Meissonier, and who aims at historical accuracy in the treatment of such literary subjects as "Galileo, who is blind, explaining his system to his son." The writer of this introduction is of opinion that the accepted proof of genius nowadays is "to daub with a startling audacity." It is unlikely that this is the first age in which such a proof has found favour with superficial critics, but it seems hardly worth consideration. Few would think of dissenting from the writer's praise of "absolute honesty," "indifference to all manual display but that of downright excellence in workmanship," and "patient and untiring search after perfection" as valuable qualities, if not essentials, of the painter's art. We may agree, too, in finding them all in Mr. Lessi's pictures. But it needs more than these things to make great works of art. Without attempting to compare the two artists, we may say that Mr. Radimsky's work embodies these principles no less than Mr. Lessi's, while that it will generally be found more startling is due simply to the fact that Mr. Radimsky's methods are something of a departure from conventional ideals, and that nothing at all like it is found in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. As a practical proof, however, of the beginnings of our emancipation we regard it as significant that it is to Mr. Lessi's and not to Mr. Radimsky's catalogue that an explanatory introduction was deemed necessary.

MR. ROTHENSTEIN'S INDIAN DRAWINGS

Mr. H. G. Wells, in his introduction to the catalogue of Mr. William Rothenstein's Indian drawings, aptly expresses the feeling which one carries away from the exhibition when he says—without the slightest intention of being uncomplimentary, be it noted—that "the interest of the exhibition lies not in the shining quality of its art so much as in the admirable choice and poise of its subjects." Mr. Wells says further that he has sought and failed to obtain elsewhere a sense of the personalities of India's people. Mr. Rothenstein's sketches certainly succeed in giving this. Each one is a study of individual character, while over all there is the strange atmosphere of stillness which we feel to be expressive of the East—there is the race as well as the individual. The artist's methods of working—the curved, rather indeterminate lines, the somewhat vague shadows, and the general absence of scaffolding—are, of course, deliberate, and give a certain spontaneity and impressionism which suit the studies. Perhaps it was not altogether for the best that Mr. H. G. Wells wrote his introduction to the catalogue, since it has been so eagerly seized upon by the newspapers that Mr. Wells has tended to obscure Mr. Rothenstein. On the other hand, one is tempted to wonder whether without it we should all have been quite so enthusiastic. For ourselves we must confess that the drawings proved less of a revelation than Mr. Wells seems to have found them, and we are not at all sure that as much might not have been achieved by many another artist with a keen eye for character and a facility for expressing it in pencil. Possibly Mr. Rothenstein himself would not be the last to admit this. One critic we noticed rejoiced that the sketches were so unlike the startling costume and colour effects brought home by the average Indian tourist. The point, however, is that we do not expect to consider averages when we are considering Mr. Rothenstein.

There is some masterly drawing of architecture in the exhibition of Mr. Andrew F. Affleck's work now open at Messrs. Connell's Gallery in Bond-street. The artist does not always rise, however, to the level of "St. Requier', with—in addition to the architecture—its dexterously suggested figures, or of the lightly touched "Palazzo Ducale," or of the colour work in "Windmills, Dordrecht."

To the Rembrandt Gallery in Vigo-street all students of bird-life should go. There are fifty-five fine water-colour studies of birds by Mr. George E. Lodge, and the artist has added greatly to their charm and interest by his exquisite suggestions—the twigs and grasses in the "Robin" and the rushes in one of the "Mallard" sketches for instance—of the natural haunts of all his birds.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By Lancelot Lawton

THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST

The problems in Morocco and in the Near East, which at constantly recurring intervals cause the peace of Europe to tremble in the balance, are again producing anxiety in the world of diplomacy. Spain has despatched a punitive expedition to Alcazar, ostensibly for the purpose of exacting compensation for the murder of a Spanish *protégé*, Ahmed Ben Malek; but it is transparent that a far deeper significance is to be attached to her action. The French Press rings with indignation at what it terms "a flagrant violation of treaty engagements," and the suggestion has already been made that a conference of the Powers should be immediately summoned to reconsider the new situation which has abruptly arisen out of the Spanish military measures. Both France and Spain persist in asserting that their mission in the Shereefian Empire is to suppress disorder, and in its place to substitute the benign influences of true civilisation. In spite of this laudable ambition, their activities repeatedly threaten consequences which are the reverse of their declared intentions.

The situation in the Near East has again developed alarming symptoms. When, some two years ago, Abdul Hamid was dethroned, the whole world rejoiced in that the atrocities which at his instigation were committed throughout the Ottoman Empire would no longer disgrace an age. The Young Turks came into power enthusiastically proclaiming that, regardless of racial or religious divisions, they would establish equality of treatment among the peoples of the Turkish Dominions, and the new *régime* was hailed by the Powers as offering very fair promise of a final and satisfactory solution of those dangerous problems which had incessantly menaced the concord of Europe. Unfortunately the high expectations that were entertained regarding the capacity, no less than the sincerity, of the Young Turks have not been borne out by events. To-day Albania is in a state of anarchy, and once more ominous clouds threaten a storm-centre in the Balkans. The origin of the trouble is to be found in the persistent persecution which has been inflicted upon the Catholic section of the Albanian peoples. In the time of Abdul Hamid the Albanians served the State as volunteers, and so much were their qualities appreciated by him that among the soldiery they were looked upon as pampered pets, yet withal fierce and loyal fighters. It is little wonder, therefore, that the introduction of conscription among them has proved unpopular, more especially in view of the harsh methods employed to enforce the operation of the law. At the same time, compulsory disarmament has been carried out. By an Albanian, himself accustomed from early boyhood to carry arms, and whose father and forefathers for many generations past have proudly borne them, an arbitrary measure of this kind is bitterly resented as an indignity both to his race and to his tradition.

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Like Samson deprived of his locks, an Albanian without his beloved gun loses the emblem of his proud and glorious manhood.

In the schools the Turks have sought rigorously to suppress the native tongues. Moreover, they have set over the people Turkish Judges, who have administered to the strict letter laws to which the Albanians were complete strangers. In their attempts to stamp out the revolt that was the inevitable sequel to this calculated tyranny they have perpetrated hideous cruelties and nameless atrocities. In face of these damnatory circumstances the conclusion is compelled that barbarism is bred in the blood of the Turk, and that, although Abdul Hamid has been removed from the scene, his methods still prevail. The operations on the frontier have been made the occasion for aggressive demonstrations against Montenegro. An enormous force, computed, according to the latest testimony, to consist of at least eighty battalions with many guns, has been scattered throughout the border districts for the purpose of restoring order among the recalcitrant Ghegs and Christians of Malissya; and, not unnaturally, an uneasy feeling prevails in Cettigne that the concentration of an army of such large proportions can only have for its object some ulterior design. At the end of last month Russia demanded and received from Turkey a formal declaration of pacificatory intention towards Montenegro. The view is held in Constantinople that Montenegro is rendering active assistance to the insurgents. This misconception arises from the not extraordinary circumstance that Albanian Roman Catholics who reside in territories adjacent to the frontier give harbourage to refugee co-religionists, and consequently the maintenance of neutrality in the strict sense of the term becomes an extremely difficult task. Nor are the efforts of Montenegro in this connection assisted by the presence in large numbers of Turkish troops, or by the frequent recurrence of frontier incidents of a regrettable nature.

We cannot be surprised, therefore, that the relations between the two countries are strained, and that Montenegro has announced the abandonment of her intention to despatch a complimentary mission to greet the Sultan during his visit to Albania and Macedonia. Recent military operations have broken the back of organised resistance, driving the Malissori to the mountain fastness in close proximity to the frontier. In spite of the latest assurances from officially inspired sources in Constantinople, fears are still entertained lest in any further advance the Turks should pursue guerilla bands into Montenegrin territory, thus creating a situation which would instantly be regarded as *casus belli*. Only recently complications have been introduced by the sudden revolt of the Merdite tribe, who, in the course of a raid upon Alessio, succeeded in supplying themselves with large quantities of arms and ammunition from a blockade-running steamer which awaited their coming. This startling development has led to a public pronouncement of policy from Vienna. It should be explained that the Merdites are Roman Catholics who look to Austria-Hungary for some measure of protection. Of late the Austrians have been conducting an extensive educational propaganda in Albania, and in the course of their work have met with the obstruction of the Turks. Therefore they are in a position to be thoroughly well-informed as to the progress of events. The article which appeared in the officially inspired *Fremdenblatt* last Thursday, and which, by reason of its strong tone and the fact that it followed quickly upon the visit of King Ferdinand, created quite a stir, in referring to the Turkish campaign in Albania made use of such expressions as "unjust severity," "unbridled vigour," "bloody work," "the heavy hand," and "brutal repression." Finally the mouthpiece of the Vienna Government wound up by declaring, with unmistakable significance, that—

"Our sincere wish for the continued existence of European Turkey, and the special sympathies for the Albanian people of which the Monarchy has never made a secret, entitle our diplomacy to express its views upon a policy that has led to an untenable situation."

The warnings of the official organ have been followed by a conversation, much in the same sense, between Count Aehrenthal and the Turkish Ambassador, and rumours are in the air that in future Turkey will moderate her policy towards the Albanians; but as she has made similar promises before without fulfilling them it would be premature to consider the crisis at an end. Certain it is that neither Russia nor Austria will permit the present intolerable conditions to continue for long. In some quarters speculation is rife as to how far, if at all, these Powers are acting in concert. But Russia has not forgotten the annexation of Boznia and Herzegovina, and it may therefore safely be assumed that the protest of Austria, following as it did closely upon that of Russia, was merely a clever countermove. Both Powers are apparently in active competition for the favour of the Albanian and Montenegrin peoples, and upon the issue depends in no small measure the extent of their prestige in the Balkans. The whole situation is fraught with present and potential complications of first magnitude. Germany, whose commercial aims have led her to pose as the only disinterested friend possessed by Turkey, has been placed in a position of extreme delicacy in consequence of the vigorous action of Austria-Hungary, and she is now endeavouring to explain with a piety that is pitiful that, whatever policy any partner in the Triple Alliance may pursue towards Turkey, it has for its sole motive the welfare of Turkey. France is loyally supporting her ally, Russia; but, according to despatches from St. Petersburg, Great Britain is awaiting events before declaring herself.

It is devoutly to be hoped that, should the occasion demand strong action, there will be no repetition of our attitude over the Boznia-Herzegovina incident, when, so soon as Germany "fixed bayonets," we executed a *volte face* and cynically abandoned our friends. Another reverse of this kind would shatter for ever the Triple Entente and, in the *rôle* of perfidious Albion, Great Britain would once more be left in splendid, though very uncomfortable, isolation. Meanwhile the Ottoman Government blandly assures the world that, as the trouble is practically at an end, it may find itself in a position to make concessions to the Albanians. At the same time we read of fierce fighting on the frontier, and are told that already every available man in the Turkish Army has been sent forward and recruits brought from the interior, where the villages are deserted. Nor is Albania the only part of the Turkish Dominions where the outlook is serious. Incidents of a disquieting character are constantly occurring on the Bulgarian and Greek frontiers; unrest prevails in Macedonia; and the Cretan question is again the cause of anxiety. The surrounding Balkan States are armed to the teeth, and unless Turkey sets her house in order without delay the successor of Abdul Hamid may be the last of the Sultans.

THE FAILURE OF IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

As anticipated, the Imperial Conference has failed utterly to devise a scheme which would enable the Colonies to keep in close and constant touch with the Home Government. Mr. Harcourt's proposal for the creation of a Standing Committee met with considerable opposition, and was withdrawn. The opinion prevailed that no authority of this kind should be allowed to interrupt or supplant direct intercourse between the Dominions and the Colonial Office. Far from serving the cause of Imperial Unity, the deliberations

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of the Conference have only tended to reveal the dangerous elasticity of Imperial organisation. True, the delegates have been admitted to the inner secrets of High Diplomacy and of High Defence; but the declarations of Australia and of Canada that they must first approve of the cause before joining in a war with the enemies of Empire still stand recorded upon the pages of history. The comments of the Canadian Press come as a welcome relief to the separatist pronouncements of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The real sentiment of the Canadian people is properly represented by the *Toronto Globe* when it declares that "if Great Britain is at war the whole Empire is at war." It is comforting to reflect that in the hour of supreme crisis public opinion, and not the political opportunism of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, will decide the policy of Canada. Her people have not forgotten that the British fleet is maintained just as much for the protection of their shores as it is for those of the loneliest island within the world-wide limits of Empire, and that, should the honour of Canada ever be assailed, the British people would not adopt the non-committal attitude of investigating too deeply the primary causes before deciding to throw themselves heart and soul into the struggle. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has served the interests of his party, but he has betrayed the patriotism of his people. It is high time that he came out into the open and frankly confessed that he wishes to see the ties between Canada and the Mother Country severed once and for all. His astuteness as a politician and a diplomatist can no longer conceal his disaffection as a loyalist.

THE CHURCH ARMY AND BOY EMIGRANTS

EVERY lad born in this country starts in life nowadays with the advantage of having passed through school. The education given in the public elementary schools is of course not in itself an equipment for life; it is merely the foundation upon which should be built up the training of the lad in the craft by which he is to win his livelihood. Real education for all of us begins when we leave school and take our place among our fellows, and begin to acquire the art and the skill by which we are to climb to prosperity and to success. But, in the case of tens of thousands of lads who yearly complete their course at public elementary schools, their education is cut short abruptly and automatically at the point at which it really ought to be beginning. A smart, active lad on leaving school can command relatively high wages as an errand-boy, newsboy, messenger-boy, or some similar occupation. Were he apprenticed to a trade he would for several years only earn wages of much lower amount. He would, it is true, at the same time be acquiring a profession for life, and might be reasonably secure of a livelihood. But in poverty-stricken households, and even in homes not truly poor, every shilling of immediate gain is held of importance. Thus the advantage of the moment carries the day, and the future is left to take care of itself.

That future in too many cases is of the gloomiest. All is well until the lad attains early manhood and looks, not unnaturally, to receive a man's wage. He probably intimates as much to his employer, only to learn that he is doing boy's work, and that if dissatisfied his place can be filled ten times over by lads as efficient as he. By this means the lad of seventeen or eighteen speedily finds himself out of work, without a trade, and with the further disadvantage of having forgotten what little he had learned when he left school at fourteen. His only chance of work is in casual and intermittent labour, in a market cruelly overstocked, and from such fitful jobs as come his way the fall to unemployment and soon to unemployability is swift and almost certain.

The Church Army, among its many philanthropic undertakings, has established a department whose endeavour it is to cut off this evil tendency at the root, in the first place by inducing parents to forego immediate profit for the sake of future advantage, and sometimes even helping them with the apprentice fees for binding their lads to proper trades; and when the evil has been done, as is too often the case, and the youth of eighteen finds himself stranded, the department seeks to remedy it by finding suitable employment, preferably on the land, for these potential derelicts. For many such lads emigration seems the best course, and the Church Army Boys' Aid and Emigration Department has already sent a considerable number of lads to Australia and to Canada, with very happy results.

In this connection it may be pointed out that the Church Army goes somewhat further than do the Boards of Guardians, who, under the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1850, are empowered to emigrate orphan or deserted children under the age of sixteen, subject to the regulation of the Local Government Board. The Church Army boy emigrants are cared for on the voyage by a Church Army officer, and are met on landing by the Society's representative, who arranges for their entry upon the employment which has been arranged for them beforehand, and who keeps a friendly eye on them until they are well settled.

As is well known, at the outset the immigration of boys of the class here dealt with was regarded in Canada and other Colonies with considerable suspicion. It was feared that lads of perhaps dissolute or unhealthy parentage might impair the morals of the native population, and even might become themselves a public charge. That this prejudice has almost entirely died out is evidenced by the fact that during last year the demand for such boy emigrants from Canadian employers alone was at least six times greater than the available supply.

By arrangement with the Australian Government authorities nominated passages have been secured for the Church Army lads, which reduces the expense to something like £5, apart, of course, from the cost of needful equipment. The Australian authorities, however, demand, not unreasonably, an equivalent for their concession. It is a condition of these cheap passages that the lads should have had at least two months' thorough training on a farm before sailing. To meet this demand the Society has established a farm colony at Hampstead Hall, an estate in Essex presented to the Church Army, and the results from this experimental training have been so satisfactory that the Society is now extending the Hall buildings (at a cost of over a thousand pounds) in such a way as to provide accommodation for thirty-five lads at a time. It is worthy of note that in this extension, which is in active progress, as much as is possible of the work of digging foundations, building, and carpentry is being done by the lads themselves.

Altogether this new enterprise of the Church Army, albeit still almost in infancy, is showing the most promising results. The news that comes home from the lads themselves is of the most cheering and satisfactory nature. Many of them are already the proud possessors of banking accounts, and a few have reported themselves as putting by nearly £2 per month—this, be it said, in a first year's sojourn in their land of adoption. Nor must it be feared

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that these lads, though they have left these shores, are lost to us. In thought they are still with us; in fact they are a gain to the Empire.

BEAUTIFUL VARENNA

THERE is a lovely little Italian village clinging to the foot of the hillside where the waters of Lakes Como and Lecco meet, and where after a long, weary journey from England, leaving a dark, cold winter and a bleak, windy Spring behind you, forgetting all the million worries, responsibilities and conventions of life in the seething Metropolis of London, you awake the morning after your arrival a different being in another world. You look from your window upon green-grey mountains, still lightly sprinkled with snow, and Lake Como lies softly lapping their flowery, sloping base, its waters all dancing and blue in the illimitable sunshine that embraces you and all else beside. The scent of the wistaria greets your quickened senses, for the beautiful blue-purple bloom riots over everything it can reach, whether pergola, roof, or balcony. Dame Nature is in an extravagant mood on these splendid hillsides. Here, at last, she seems to have grown tired of withholding, and with a loosening grasp the whole lapful of her treasures falls at once in unimaginable beauty on this small and obscure spot, sweet Varenna, whose name ever haunts you like the name of a beautiful woman!

We must not, however, give Nature all the credit, for man has helped Nature well in contributing to Varenna's beauty. The village is good to look at, with its little grey church, whose tower is like a pale red nightcap, its clustering pink-roofed houses and lovely gardens at the lakeside.

The inhabitants, too, have a picturesque way with them; when the little Cardinal in purple came for a Confirmation every house in the narrow, cobble-stoned street hung its best out of the windows to welcome him, making a brilliant picture in colour. Here you saw only a poor, white cotton sheet and an old woman's worsted shawl, while there her richer neighbour displayed a many-hued quilt or even a piece of silk of rich green or purple shade.

The Cardinal, it seems, only comes about once in six years to Varenna, and the welcoming address hung at the outskirts of the village expressed itself in glowing terms of joy at the presence of "this tender father of his flock and their most beloved Cardinal, from the sons of exultant Varenna."

The poor little peasants of these Italian hillsides, although exceedingly picturesque, are still dirty, badly educated, and crushed by taxation. What wonder is it that now, as in past centuries, they still try to escape from the tyranny of their lives? Only instead of flying to the mountains, to be brought back in chains by their Roman masters, they emigrate in hundreds, and only return to their country when they have made enough to keep themselves there in comparative comfort.

It is an interesting psychological problem how these dirty, thriftless, ignorant peasants transform themselves into hard-working, law-abiding citizens of the United States merely by landing on those Republican shores. However, no one comes to Varenna to indulge in the solving of problems; the joy of the birds, the flowers, and all the perfection of Spring in its full beauty, the absence of hurry and worry, are enough to satisfy all the requirements of any ordinary mortal capable of loving the simple but profoundly marvellous beauties of Nature at her very best.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15 Copthall Avenue, E.C.

I AM unable to understand why the Stock Exchange attempted to make light of the Birkbeck Bank failure. Admittedly almost eight millions of money is immediately involved, and admittedly about two millions is lost. The mere loss of such a sum is serious, but what is much more serious is the blow to credit. The Birkbeck has always been considered a thoroughly sound concern. People to-day sneer at its management, but little more than six months ago the Bank of England came forward and lent the Society all the money it needed. It would not have done this had there been the least question as to the honesty and integrity of the directors and managers. The Bank of England supported the Birkbeck because it had solid assets of the highest class. That those assets have depreciated to such an extent as to compel the Bank to close its doors is a misfortune for which the Bank is not to blame. Much as I mislike the Socialist policy of the present day, I cannot place the failure to the discredit of Mr. Lloyd George, as some newspapers have done. Socialism is in the air. Its definite aim is the destruction of accumulated capital. Gilt-edged securities represent credit, which is accumulated capital in another guise. They have depreciated under the attacks of Socialism, and they will continue to depreciate as long as the politician attempts to win votes by promising gigantic armaments to the jingoes or gigantic doles to the working classes. Extravagant expenditure is a concomitant of Socialism. "The State pays; therefore you may spend what you like," says the politician. But the more money you spend the lower will fall the credit of the nation. The Birkbeck has been honestly managed, and is being honestly wound up now that the Board see that it can no longer pay 20s. in the pound. But the lessons of the failure will have a most subduing effect upon the Stock Markets. We must not expect any resumption of the boom for some months to come. The Joseph Lyons issue of 6 per cent. preference shares came as a surprise to those who do not understand that the growth of this huge business calls for yearly increases of capital. The concern has been splendidly managed and well financed, with the one solitary exception of one issue of bonus shares, and the present issue is a reasonable industrial speculation.

Canadian issues come out each day, and a serious crisis is gathering in the Dominion. Many of the offers are perfectly impudent, as, for example, the E. H. Heaps and Co. prospectus, which asks us to subscribe for £300,000 Five per Cent. Bonds, but does not tell us who purchased the bonds, gives no valuation of the assets, or idea of the profits other than that contained in a letter from Mr. Heaps. No sane person could possibly will his money upon such a prospectus unless he knew Vancouver and the whole past history of the Heaps business. The Canadian financier should understand that there are definite rules that govern the placing of capital in all large Continental centres, including London. Unless Canada complies with these rules, she must expect to get the cold shoulder. The British Empire Trust and Sir William Mackenzie figure in a prospectus of the Toronto Suburban Railway which is vague upon certain very important points. But the name of Sir William Mackenzie will probably carry the issue to a happy conclusion. Pearson Hugginson is a small affair, and will only interest local people. It is not big enough to command a London market, and for this reason should be left alone.

MONEY cannot now become cheaper, for, though the Birkbeck depositors will probably pay most of their money into other banks, some hoarding will ensue—at any rate for a few months. The American market grows so rapidly that New York will soon begin to withdraw her money from this side. We may get a little more gold from France, but neither Paris nor Cairo will send much. The Bank Rate is

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now not likely to fall, and, indeed, might conceivably be put up to 3½ per cent.—at any rate for a few weeks.

FOREIGNERS are not likely to be affected by the events of last week. Paris really rules this market, and she will keep her securities steady. Russian industrials are not dealt in here, but if they should collapse the fall will react upon London. Perus still continue weak, but Russian bonds are kept steady.

HOME RAILS.—The Birkbeck was, of course, a large holder of home railway stocks, and the block pawned with the Bank of England will certainly be liquidated as soon as possible. This will continue to make the market weak, and those who have money to invest will probably have an excellent chance of buying the best gilt-edged railway shares at prices but a little higher than those ruling a year ago. For example, Great Westerns stood round about 125 twelve months back, and at the time of writing they can be picked up at 127½. Lancashire and Yorkshire were quoted 91 in June, 1910, and they are now to be purchased at 98. They are cheap. We must remember that all the railways are doing excellently, and that traffics will continue to be good all through the summer. England is thronged with visitors, who will spend money, and the railways must benefit. Therefore I advise investors to watch this market, and buy on any important reaction.

YANKEES grow stronger and more confident each week. Much as the great bankers desire to keep speculations in check, they are now afraid to sell. It is most important for them to keep their lines supplied with money, and they are busy placing bonds and short-dated notes. All the banks now make most of their money out of such issues, and each year the Wall Street financier grows richer and more conservative. The old-fashioned methods are dying out. Business in the States is much more honest than it used to be in the old days. Even the defeat of Kuhn Loeb was taken quite kindly. Such an incident ten years ago would have produced a serious feud. To-day it passes away almost unnoticed. I think we shall see higher prices all round in the Yankee market.

RUBBER shares do not improve, and unless the speculators can push up the price of the raw material I see no future in this market. Dividends for 1911 must fall very considerably, and many of the smaller and less carefully-managed plantations will find great difficulty in financing themselves. The Singapore people complain that the companies are spending too much money upon extensions. Certainly these are not the days to increase the planting area. But Boards with over-capitalised concerns want to reduce the capitalisation per acre and plant up big blocks. If rubber fell to 2s. 6d. a pound they would be in a serious position, at any rate until their trees came into bearing. No one should buy rubber shares to-day, for they will be able to get in much cheaper within the next few months.

OIL.—The promoters seem to have no luck. An attack is being made upon the Galician Oilfields, which it is said are giving out. This is one of those dangers that every oilfield must face. Oil, like coal, has only a definite life, and the more you pump the less you have to pump. The Kim people are also in trouble, as was to be expected from such an over-capitalised concern. But it is honestly run, and, in my opinion, the Directors should write down the capital one-half, when they could easily pay dividends.

KAFFIRS gave us a record for the month of May, but it did not help the market, which remains lifeless. The Labour trouble still frightens the investor, and I see no immediate future in Kaffirs.

RHODESIANS are almost as flat as their sister South Africans. It is quite clear that the public does not want to buy mining shares. The public feel that they are "out of it." All good news is acted upon by insiders, and all bad news is kept back till the insiders have been able to sell. This is not reassuring.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BERNARD SHAW AT CAMBRIDGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Ogden has sufficiently shown in his letter that Mr. Shaw is neither an agnostic nor a materialist, that in fact he is a mystic, attacking the opponents of religion and declaring his admiration for the share of Christ in working out the Ideal of God. Mr. Cowper has attempted no explanation or justification of his statements, nor has he withdrawn them. But with a curious consistency (?) he now says that Mr. Shaw's address might have been delivered by the Reverend Doctor Dryasdust. A certain prominent heretic (who by the way is a scholar with a world-wide reputation) did object to Mr. Shaw's use of "the unpleasant word God." Mr. Shaw's reply was most impressive to all, and startling to many of his hearers. It was a clear and impassioned expression of his absolute belief in God. It is surely unfair, even in theological controversy, to saddle the speaker with all the opinions of every person in his audience, particularly those which he quite clearly repudiates.

The whole tone of Mr. Cowper's two articles, violent abuse, without an iota of argument or the least attempt to understand, is unworthy of THE ACADEMY, and still more of the seriousness of the subject. THE ACADEMY surely ought to recognise that Mr. Shaw has spent the whole of his life in endeavouring to save "the individual soul and the body politic from going down to perdition." Any one is, of course, at liberty to think Mr. Shaw's teaching as a matter of fact tends downwards, and, if he thinks so, should attempt to refute it by argument and a teaching of the opposite. But there are many quite orthodox Christians who admit that much can be learnt from such plays as "Widowers' Houses," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnett," and even such lectures as that recently delivered in Cambridge.

It is ridiculous to say that a meeting of a private society to which admission was by ticket is "a foisting by an itinerant lecturer on willing and unwilling listeners to undermine conviction and to sap the centuries-old foundation of civilised communion." But, again, let Mr. Cowper consider what the great religious teachers (more emphatically than any others Christ Himself) have always done. Surely their whole object has always been "to undermine conviction and to sap the centuries-old foundation of civilised communion."

It is surely quite natural that the upholders of Socialism should use the Christian religion, as far as its tenets appear to conduce to that end, and attack it where it seems to differ. Tories, Liberals, Radicals, vegetarians, and anti-vaccinators all do the same, except that, as a rule, they are too diplomatic to point out where Christianity does not support them.

In conclusion, I agree fully with Mr. Cowper "that, publication having occurred, we are entitled to comment on signs of the times which are of national and individual moment," and it is because Mr. Shaw's lecture and the audience that listened to it seem to me signs of the times of national and individual moment that I expect *comment*, not abuse and misrepresentation.—Believe me, yours, &c.,

AUSTIN H. JOHNSON.

"CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN POETRY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have a prurient mind. The passages most interesting to me in the latest volume of the "Canterbury Poets" series are those that your reviewer says are "not for the young." At the same time I am a poet and I have taste, and I affirm (a conclusion with which your reviewer in effect agrees) that although the translator just escapes being a poet, he has done his work with considerable art—it is much better done, in fact, than is usual in translations. Why then, as the publisher of the book asks pertinently, "fear for the young"? The justification of subject-matter lies in form—in the way it is treated. The critics' sole duty is with that treatment. The sooner they understand that art is one thing and morality another the sooner shall we have another Renaissance in England. In the meantime they may be stimulated to thought upon this subject by Wilde's "The Soul of Man" and Swinburne's book on Blake.

Another difficulty is with the publishers—of whom it is fair to state that the Walter Scott Company is one of the most

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courageous. You cannot expect either these or editors to risk imprisonment. And as for the artists themselves they know when their work is good, and that if good it will live in spite of the fluctuations of opinion and public hostility and ignorance of what is best. The desire for immediate recognition is a vanity upon which no one need waste a great amount of pity. Being human is a difficult business, but there is a joy in creation that atones for the general disinclination to indulge the creator in his desires.

Finally, apart from the fact that all's well with the world, encouraged by Mr. Crowest's letter, I will bet him a dinner, to be held somewhere between London and Felling-on-Tyne, that he will not publish some poems that are as good of their kind as anything since Keats. I hasten to add that they are not my own, though for Mr. Crowest's consideration I may also add that I too have my share of "the last infirmity of noble minds."

Yours faithfully,

H. SAVAGE.

45, Lambton Road, Wimbledon, S.W.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make an original interpretation of what, in your weekly comments, you term a "revolt" from early and mid-Victorian prudery? If, for instance, such a revolt exists, then I would venture to say that it is a revolt—and a very dangerous revolt too—from Man's innate sense of purity and nobility rather than from any periodical variety of comfortable "properness" in his manners and customs. Middle-class morality, which has been so aptly defined as the "prunes and prisms" order, and which sprang out of the homely rule (a rule dispensed under prolonged retirement) of the Victorian *régime*, has assumed democratic proportions; so that what was originally real and true sentiment (the sanctified devotion of a bereaved and reigning Sovereign) has, by a process of national evolution, become falsified. It is useless to pretend that a democracy possesses any other ground of sentiment than an impulsive ground—a ground which is an ordinary or brute ground—a form of sentiment which feeds class hatred and every other kind of national evil.

Yet it is a fact that not only our politics, but our religion, morality, and art also are at the present time ordered upon such a blind, irresponsible, and neurotic basis. Indeed, everything is now freely exploited (as though freedom can have anything in common with that which makes for restriction) to meet the false sentiments of Demos.

Let us go on with these "concessions to Mrs. Grundy," and not only government, morality, religion, and art, but every other thing which tends towards the creation of an ideal order of life will soon become extinct, at least as far as this country is concerned.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

SIR,—The two letters you publish to-day with reference to my review of this anthology call perhaps for a word in answer, though to some extent they may be said to answer one another. I can only sympathise with Professor Bithell for the treatment that his book has received at the hands of the publisher. A little carelessly, perhaps, I assumed that the omissions, some of which I noticed, were due to limitations of space rather than to the prudish blue pencil of the censor. Yet it seems that I was not unjust in crediting the translator with those qualities of good sense and courage of which his book has only been vicariously deprived.

Mr. Crowest's letter is insincere. He accompanies a plea for freedom in art with the admission that he has mutilated masterpieces by Belgian poets in order to satisfy a class of critic that he professes to despise. In the result he has failed from either standpoint; he has given satisfaction neither to the lover of outspoken art nor to Mrs. Grundy. His statue flaunts a costume so inadequate that, in the first place, I did not know that it was there; and, now that it has been pointed out to me, it seems to me that it serves only to create an atmosphere of suggestiveness. Unlike other volumes in the same series, "Contemporary Belgian Poetry" could not be included in a school library. It was for this reason alone that I commented on its outspokenness in terms that would not possibly be construed as condemnatory.

Personally I am in favour of complete freedom of speech for serious artists, but I confess that such a letter as Mr. Crowest's, revealing as it does the unpleasant commercial aspect of this freedom, gives me pause. The manner in which he refers to a forthcoming anthology of contemporary French poetry seems to me to admit of but one explanation. If he were moved by a sincere feeling for art he would have published Professor Bithell's translations without expurgation; if, on the other hand, he has accepted the conventional standard of reticence, he should have omitted a great deal more than he has. In compromising he lays himself open to the criticism of artists and moralists alike.—Yours faithfully,

R. M.

Brussels, June 10th, 1911.

[The editorial view on this subject was stated in the third note in last week's issue of THE ACADEMY under the heading of "Review of the Week."]

"EXPURGATED EDITIONS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The expurgation from literary works of sentences, phrases, or words deemed by certain persons to be actually or potentially offensive or dangerous to certain others is utterly without justification. It cannot be defended on æsthetic grounds, nor can it be shown to serve any reasonable ethic purpose. On the contrary, the practice has led to worse evils than those which it seeks to suppress.

It is indefensibly arrogant in any one to decide for the public what shall be deemed good and what evil in an unpublished book. Expurgation before publication by any one but the author is grossly dishonest and gratuitously insulting. What an author has written for the world to read should be given to the world as it left his pen, and not in the garbled transcription of some priggish zealot who is afraid to call even his legs by their right name. The appearance of a mutilated edition at once creates a demand for those which a certain class of publishers advertise, with subtle suggestiveness, as "complete and unabridged" or "full and unexpurgated"—in fact, the word *unexpurgated* is taken by certain of the prurient to indicate that the edition so described contains something more highly savoured than the original version; and the publisher, knowing this, accordingly charges a higher price.

Much is written about the protection of the morals of the young and innocent, and in their fussy solicitude many purblind disciples of the infamous Bowdler vainly strive, with their fatuous "Thus far and no farther!" to check the irresistible tide of experience. Their efforts, like those of all unenlightened bunglers, lead only to disaster.

With regard to books of a kind calculated to appeal only to special and restricted classes of readers nothing need be said. Anthropological treatises, and works dealing with what, absurdly enough, we agree to call "forbidden" topics, are never likely to reach the general public. More is the pity. Translations, whether of the classics or of contemporary Continental work, have been generally supervised, and such passages in the originals as promised offence to the Mrs. Grundy of theory have been perverted or omitted with appalling dishonesty. The truth, which ought to be patent to all, that nothing could well be more suggestive than a row of dots, escapes the pathetically misguided purist.

Of native English writings those which most frequently have suffered from the activities of the expurgator are plays and poems. From the notorious "Family Shakespeare" to the long-suffering efforts of the writer of lyrics for music, our literature has many instances of cruel usage at the hands of the man with the muck-rake. A lamentable record which makes one ready to echo the voice of the victim who in his agony exclaimed: "To the pure nothing is pure!" Surely total suppression were preferable to indecent nosings of the Bowdler kind.

It is true that some among us have succeeded in casting off the patched mantle of hypocrisy which was such an important item in the intellectual wardrobe of all but the very best of Victorian readers, and for this achievement our children will thank us; but because for a moment we feel uncomfortably clean and free, in the name of all light and sanity let us not be frightened into hiding ourselves behind the fig-leaf aprons designed for us by the mentally scrofulous and the spiritually unclean.

Your obedient servant,

D. DONALDSON.

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The Messages to the Seven Churches. Lectures by T. Herbert Bindley, D.D. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

The Story of the English Bible. By the Rev. G. Margoliouth, M.A Burnside. 4d. net.

The Religious Experience of the Roman People, from the Earliest Times to the Age of Augustus. The Gifford Lectures for 1909-10 delivered in Edinburgh by W. Warde Fowler, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.

The Jewish Sources of the Sermon on the Mount. By Gerald Friedlander. George Routledge and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.

Stepping Stones to Heaven. Daily Prayers for Boys and Girls. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 6d. net.

Women in the Ministry. By Hatty Baker. C. W. Daniel. 6d. net.

Theosophy. A Paper read before the Victoria Institute by the Rev. J. J. B. Coles. The Victoria Institute.

The Problem of Deuteronomy. By the Rev. J. S. Griffiths. S.P.C.K. 2s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

Oxford and Poetry in 1911. An Inaugural Lecture delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre on June 2nd, 1911. By T. Herbert Warren, M.A. The Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1s. net.

The Campaigns and History of the Royal Irish Regiment from 1684 to 1902. By Lieutenant-Colonel G. le M. Gretton. With Illustrations, Maps, and Plans of Battlefields. W. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.

Das Buchwesen im Altertum und im Byzantinischen Mittelalter. By V. Gardthausen. Illustrated. Veit and Co., Leipzig. 8 marks.

The Church of the Knights Templars in London. A Description of the Fabric and its Contents, with a Short History of the Order. By George Worley. Illustrated. G. Bell and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.

Notes on the Temple Organ. By the late Edmund Macrory, Q.C. Illustrated. Third Edition. By M. Muir Mackenzie. G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.

Silhouettes Anglaises. By René Puaux. Preface by Grosclaude. Nilsson and Co., London. Librairie des Annales Politiques et Littéraires, Paris. 3f. 50c.

Papua: a Handbook to its History, Inhabitants, Physical Features, and Resources, &c. Compiled from Government Records and other Sources. By W. Charles Pritchard, M.A. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., *to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.*

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

IMPARTIALITY is the strong characteristic of the Coronation Honours List, which appears this week. Politics, the law, music, literature, medicine, the dramatic art, commerce—all are happily and with discrimination recognised as bearing necessary parts in the life of the nation, and the distinctions conferred are extended, it is pleasant to note, to those who carry on the work of Empire in distant lands. Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, becomes a baronet; the Hon. Andrew Fisher, Premier of Australia, and Sir E. Morris, Premier of Newfoundland, are made Privy Councillors; and the British Minister at Panama, Mr. C. C. Mallet, is knighted. All lovers of literature will be pleased to see Professor Walter Raleigh's name in the list of new knights, but perhaps the most popular choice will be that of Mr. George Alexander, who has given pleasure to so many thousands by the delicacy, restraint, and humour of his acting. Dr. Frederic Cowen and Sir Edward Elgar receive due recognition for their services in the cause of music, and Major Ronald Ross, who is possibly the greatest authority we have on the subject of tropical diseases, and whose investigations have entailed enormous labour, thoroughly deserves his K.C.B. To go through the long list in detail would be impossible, but for once, we imagine, small cause will be found for the tribe of grumblers to exercise their voices in protest.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, in proposing the toast of "Our Guests" at the dinner given by the Empire Press Union on Saturday last, remarked that he felt almost inclined to apologise to the visitors for the aspect London now presented. He did not know "whether to compare it to the state of a city under siege or a patient in splints;" but at any rate on Thursday the capital of the Empire would present an appearance that "neither Babylon in its splendour nor Rome in its pride" could ever have equalled. True: neither Babylon nor Rome rejoiced in the possession of electric light in their palmy days, nor, we presume, had they reached that apex of decorative art which is signified by glittering glass stars and crowns and paper flowers. The trouble with London on these occasions, when the fever for ornament and illumination seizes her, is that she is patchy and incoherent, to say nothing of being inartistic. On the actual route of the Royal Progress the result of the combined decorations is far from pleasing to the beauty-seeking eye. Colours are used indiscriminately; shades of red which never ought to be allowed within a mile of each other appear on adjacent buildings, to the punishment of any onlooker with the slightest pretension to taste; one house is arrayed in purple and fine linen, the next is content with a box of geraniums and a blue flag. On the night of the illumination some fronts will be a blaze of light, others will be mere dark blots; some will be outlined in brilliance, others will show a single star or circlet of lamps.

Thus there is no coherence, no control over the enthusiasm of patriotic and loyal subjects anxious to contribute their quota to the general spectacle. In place of a well-considered scheme of decoration we find a heterogeneous exhibition of colours that often clash violently enough to send a shudder through an artist's sensibilities. There is no reason why the whole business of street and house embellishment on an historic occasion such as the present should not be under the direct supervision of an expert temporary official, chosen especially for his ability on the decorative side of art. Variety, we all agree, is charming, and the evolution of some regular theory of ornamentation to be applied to the streets through which the Royal Procession will pass should present few difficulties, and need not mean any uninteresting sameness or dull repetition. At present one proprietor spends, perhaps, a couple of thousand pounds on elaborate ideas, while his neighbour's expenditure is a modest twenty or thirty pounds. If all the contributions were massed in a common fund, and controlled by a man whose aim was the creation of an artistic whole, a genuinely beautiful route worthy of the King and Queen of England, what might not be accomplished in the way of blended hues and fantasy of light!

The labour troubles which were so significant and unfortunate a feature of last year seem to have affected a class of men who hitherto have been remarkably free from discontent—the mercantile marine—and the situation, which no one considered serious at first, has taken a somewhat grave aspect. Departures of liners at provincial ports have been seriously delayed; sailors, firemen, and stewards have unitedly refused to sign on without an increase of wages, and in some cases the dock-labourers have struck in sympathy with the seamen. At Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, Leith, Southampton, and other shipping centres trade is disorganised, and as delay in delivery of consigned cargoes is generally a costly matter the owners are on the horns of a dilemma. It is to be hoped that the present week will see the cessation of hostilities. The English seaman is on the whole too good a fellow to become a prey to the "labour agitator," and it is possibly because so much of his time is spent away from the land and its harpies that he has fallen an easy victim to plausible speeches.

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THE FESTIVAL

Within those solemn walls whose arches bend
  Over the sepulchres of England's dead—
Heroes turned dreamers in a tranquil land,
  To-day the great who linger yet attend
To set a golden crown upon his head,
  To place a jewelled sceptre in his hand.

And so, with stately ceremonial pomp,
  The King is crowned; but do we dream who find
Within his realm a kinglier pageant still—
  Some tattered urchin pausing in his romp
To loose a farthing banner on the wind
  And cry "God save the King!" with all his will?

So when to-night your triumphing bonfires burn
  High on the hills, and by your lips outsung
Your eloquent homage to the stars is hurled,
  Still to his faithful poor our eyes shall turn,
Before whose homes their loyal hands have hung
  A little lamp to illumine all the world!

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT—PRESIDENT

BY GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

(Late A.D.C. to Theodore Roosevelt)

"THE President appointed!" William Howard Taft was appointed to the Presidency of the United States by Theodore Roosevelt. A startling statement, that involves an indictment of the election system of the greatest Republic, where supposedly the voice of the people proclaims their choice of ruler. Nevertheless it is true. The voice of the people was strong and vociferous for Roosevelt, but the call came to deaf ears. To take up the burdens of the nation and run with them for seven years was the limit of his duty, said Roosevelt. But he must have a successor—a man who understood his system of proposed national evolution, and was in sympathy with it, as well as being available in other ways. And William Howard Taft was that man. But all was not smooth sailing.

In America a change of Administration is analogous to a change of Government in England. It brings about, however, a greater revolution in the *personnel* of the appointive offices. This is true even when the new Administration is of the same political faith as that which preceded it. This fact, added to the great popularity of Theodore Roosevelt, threatened to upset his plans for designating his successor, for those holding appointive offices, from high Ambassador to lowly fourth-class postmaster, lent encouragement to the idea that the then President should succeed himself. When President Roosevelt saw that many men high in the councils of the Republican Party were determined that he should serve again, with customary strenuosity he organised an opposition to himself, and so manœuvred his forces that the Republicans in Convention nominated William Howard Taft for President. Such nomination was then tantamount to an election. Thus we have the President appointed.

Before we take up an analysis of his work as Chief Executive of the nation, let us review rapidly the posts Taft has held before. What we find remarkable is that they too were all appointive offices. His candidature was unique in that he had never been *elected* to any position before. From the time he was Collector of Internal Revenue to his accepting the War portfolio he was the choice of his superiors and not of the people. He was Judge, Solicitor-General, and Judge again before he became the first Civil Governor of the Philippines in 1901. This we fix as the date of the real beginning of his political career (he had been concerned with the judiciary before), for the opportunities of his position made for a development in the knowledge of the duties of an executive that fitted him for the different administrative offices which afterwards fell to his lot.

But this knowledge was not born without labour As Civil Governor, it was inevitable that there should be friction with the military. You have the same thing in India. Then the gathering up of the loose ends of government as left by the Spaniards, and weaving them into a pattern of efficient administration, was no easy task. This Mr. Taft accomplished, and more than this; he settled the delicate question of the disposition of the Friar Lands after a personal interview with his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

Mr. Taft was appointed Secretary of War by President Roosevelt in 1904, and shortly became the most peripatetic Cabinet officer the country had ever known. We have no Colonial Office in America: the War Department does the work, so Mr. Taft soon became a sort of visiting physician who prescribed for the ills of our "insular possessions." (As a Republic we avoid "Colonies.") First, he visited Panama, to devise a working agreement that would allow the United States entire control of the canal construction. All Americans know how well he succeeded, and the rest of the world is awakening to a realisation of it. He helped Cuba through a revolutionary crisis. No, Cuba is not a Colony. It is a free, independent Republic. He journeyed to Porto Rico; things were tangled there. He straightened them. Next he went to the Philippines again, Japan, Russia, Europe, and once more made a triumphant return to Washington. Then, as we have seen, he became President.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every citizen the right to the pursuit of happiness and, as a corollary, the privilege of virulent criticism. All philosophers recognise the quality of happiness induced by the habit of criticism, so we should be a happy race, for it is given to us to criticise to the *n*th degree. What we have said about President Taft during the first year of his Presidency is literally unfit to repeat. He was accused of all the high crimes and misdemeanors of the day. He was a tool of the interests. Look at his multi-millionaire half-brother! He used his high office to forward petty spite. Why else should he wish to raise the postal rates on magazines? The magazines had criticised him. He was inordinately slow of decision (Roosevelt was arraigned for "snap judgments"). He sold the country's birthright for a mess of pottage - witness his modification of the conservation plans. And he stood for Ballanger! That was the last word until our foremost financier, who held the former President in about the same ratio of affection as the devil to holy water, declared "that he preferred Roosevelt as Presi-

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dent; every one knew what to expect from him; but from this man [Taft], God alone knew what to expect!"

Thus we reached the ultimate of invective. The national question, "Has Taft made good?" was answered with a vibrant "No!" His best friends admitted they were disappointed.

Then came the change, the great reversal of decision. During the first months of his second year of office the country suddenly discovered that it was no complaisant Chief Executive of mediocre ability who sat in the White House. Instead, the people found they had a real head of Government, who initiated legisiation and carried it through with equal aggressiveness to Roosevelt. William Howard Taft had policies of his own. He began with recommendations of minor importance, economy in Government Departments and an attack on the semi-sacred "pork-barrel." He then evoked the two great issues that will mark a new epoch. Reciprocity and Universal Peace—these are the Taft policies. He takes his stand squarely on the matter of preferential, and has dared, when the representatives in Congress of his own party failed him, to call to his aid his political enemies. He won the Democratic leader, Champ Clark (whose zeal outstripped his judgment) to the cause He forced legislation through the Lower House, wherein the Democrats hold the balance of power, amid a chorus of opposition that drew a raucous echo from the Thames Embankment. And the solid and serious Mr. Bonar Law will wail in vain while the Canadian Reciprocity Bill receives the sanction of the American law-givers.

In the movement for universal peace President Taft has done more by the influence of his words and acts than any other national ruler. He went farther than the most enthusiastic advocate of Arbitration had heretofore dared when he made his famous declaration: "I do not see any more reason why matters of national honour should not be referred to a Court of Arbitration than matters of property or matters of national proprietorship." To arbitrate a question of national honour! There could be no point beyond this that would arise to perplex The Hague tribunal.

Mr. Taft is father of the "peace resolution" that passed the American Congress. This provides for the employment of international agencies for the purpose of limiting the armaments of the nations of the world, and of combining the navies of the world into an international force for the preservation of international peace. Since the failure of the Olney-Pauncefote Peace Treaty of fourteen years ago it has been impossible to broach the subject of an arbitration agreement between America and England until the present time. To-day we know that a Peace Treaty with Great Britain, free from all reservations, is being prepared, and such has been the tact and discretion employed in the preliminary discussions that its unanimous ratification by the Senate is assured. So we have President Taft as the true Apostle of Peace, one who does not halt in the realm of wise words, but who by his efforts brings into being results that prove the wisdom of his utterances.

Nations are moved by example, therefore it is safe to predict that the Great Britain-United States Arbitration Treaty will be but the forerunner of others similar in scope Thus time will bring the peaceful organisation of the world, and the causes of civilisation will make an advance undreamed of twenty years ago.

After this disquisition dealing with the public life of President Taft, my readers may be interested in the personal side of the American ruler. He holds in his physical self some indication of his habits of mind and character, but be not deceived by his appearance of easy complaisance. He is a big man, six feet two, weighing seventeen stone, but he is not the easygoing, good-natured type that is always supposed to be a consequence of large body. That famous smile has deceived many. Judge Taft was severe, and inclined to the maximum penalty in criminal decisions. And when angry he "gets mad all over," if I may be permitted the American colloquialism. I remember, in Cuba, when a careless translation of one of his decrees as Provisional Governor put him in the position of legalising horse-stealing, an eruption followed which threatened to shake one of our famous generals from his high position, and left a score of minor officials on the verge of instant dismissal. He has that forcefulness which implies temper behind it to make it effective. His legal training has left an imprint on his character to the extent of making him weigh carefully the evidence on any question that it is his duty to decide. Naturally this means that slowness of decision for which he has been so unfairly criticised. President Taft can see the other man's point of view only too well; but once convinced in his own mind as to the correctness of his position on any subject, it is impossible to make him alter that position. His loyalty is proverbial, as is his capacity for hard work.

The President is a conversational orator, witty at times, earnest and emphatic always. Although fond of riding and walking, he finds in golf his greatest recreation, and while not in the "first sixteen" is still far from being a duffer at the game. Putting is his forte. After the toils of the day he often takes long walks about Washington accompanied only by one or two aids in mufti. An enthusiastic theatre-goer, the White House box is always filled once a week at the different theatres by President Taft and his family. The hospitality of the White House has been even more lavish than during its occupancy by Mr. Roosevelt, when Washington was supposed to have reached its social climax.

President Taft has great charm of manner, being democratic in the best sense, and it was, perhaps, the greatest triumph of the Roosevelt Administration that gave to the American people a man with the large mental capacity and strong forcefulness as shown in the personality of William Howard Taft – President.

THE CLAIM OF MARRIED WOMEN UNDER THE STATE INSURANCE BILL

"It has been necessary to exclude married women (non-workers) from insurance, because it is impossible to devise any scheme to control claims for sick pay in such cases." It is in these terms that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his explanatory memorandum, briefly disposes of the claims of married women to share in the benefits which he proposes to confer upon their unmarried sisters.

It is no new thing for the married woman to find herself a stumbling-block in the regimentation of the nation. She will not fit in to the *cadres* devised for her brothers and sisters; like the queen-bee, she seems to require a cell shaped especially for herself, which will leave more room for her

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varied activities. And so she has to submit to special legislation, as in the Factory Acts, or find herself left out in the cold, as in this special instance.

Now there is no doubt that the legislator is confronted with a difficulty when he finds himself face to face with the claims of married women; but it is, to some extent at least, a difficulty of his own making, and is due to his failure to grasp the real economic position of the working man's wife. For instance, who are the "married women (non-workers)" who are to be excluded from the benefits of insurance? One's mind flies to the women of wealth and fashion who pay housekeepers, servants, nurses, and governesses to fulfil all their multifarious duties for them. But of course it is not these who are meant. It is the women who cook and wash and scrub, who bear and nurse and clothe and feed their children, and whose husbands are dependent on them alone for every scrap of comfort in their homes. Women such as these earn such living as they get many times over, and yet convention continues to call them "non-workers," dependent on their husbands, and to treat them as having no economic existence.

For the present purpose—the preservation of the health of the nation—the only rational basis for distinguishing between different classes of workers is that of their needs as arising out of their special functions. One, but only one, of the functions of the married woman is that of child-bearing; this function, with its attendant risks, is recognised up to a certain point in the Insurance Bill, and provision is made for it. Maternity benefit, as defined in the Act, consists of "Payment in the case of the confinement of the wife of an insured person, who is not herself an insured person, or of a woman who is an insured person, of a sum of thirty shillings." In the explanatory memorandum the benefit is 30s. payable from the father's insurance unless the mother is an insured person, when it will be paid from her own insurance. The two statements differ materially, as the first does not include unmarried women who are not insured, while the second does. It is an important point. The father of an illegitimate child is already liable to pay for its maintenance up to 5s. a week, and it should be made very clear that no provision of the Bill should be held to exonerate him from this liability.

If this protection of the man were adequately guarded against there seems no sufficient reason to suppose that the payment of maternity benefit to unmarried mothers would have the effect of conducing to immorality, as has been suggested by some critics of the Bill. It must be remembered that the benefit is to be expended on the mother's behalf. "Societies will not be allowed to pay this benefit in cash to the insured person or her husband" (or presumably to the man who is not her husband), "but will be required to pay expenses incurred up to the sum of 30s. under prescribed conditions." It is inconceivable that the prospect of 30s. expended on nursing, doctor's fee, and medical comforts will conduce to immorality while any woman, however abandoned in character, can get these now in any Poor-law infirmary. Moreover, it will, I take it, be quite within the discretion of the administering body to decide that the assistance should be given in an institution where it seemed desirable.

There is one other point of difficulty connected with the maternity benefit. It is that the woman who is herself insured (and she may be a married woman working for wages) will actually be a loser by it. Her insurance entitles her to 7s. 6d. a week and medical attendance when ill; but she will not be allowed to draw this for the four weeks after her confinement, during which she will be entitled to maternity benefit. She will thus forego 30s. *and* medical attendance, for 30s. expended on her behalf in medical attendance and other ways. This is not perhaps a very important point, applying as it will in a comparatively small number of cases; but it lends an additional weight to the claim being made by the Friendly Societies that the maternity benefit should be paid in cash. Their feeling is evidently strong that the manner of administering this benefit prescribed in the Bill involves a slur upon the character of the women or their husbands. It should be made quite clear that this is not intended; but it should be made no less clear that at present the working man, perhaps also his wife, does not attach sufficient importance to the special needs of mother and child during confinement and the subsequent four weeks. Until popular knowledge and feeling is more enlightened on this matter it is wiser that the money should be expended by those who do know, and will not be liable to have their judgment confused by pressing claims for arrears of rent, or new boots for the children, or the debt at the chandler's shop.

And when all difficulties and objections have been considered, the maternity benefit remains in the vast majority of cases a very great boon. If wisely administered—and there is no reason to doubt that it will be—it will mean a great reduction in suffering and mortality both to mothers and infants, and a good start in life to many who would otherwise begin their careers with some physical handicap.

If married women were liable to illness only in consequence of their function of child-bearing, and again, if child-bearing never brought illness except at the time of confinement, we might agree that their claims were fairly met by the maternity benefit. But the married woman has no immunity from all the other illnesses to which flesh is heir, and the claim which is met is merely a burden upon her strength additional to those which unmarried women *have* to bear. It is sometimes said that married women are too apt at malingering to be included in Friendly Societies, and this is what Mr. Lloyd George seems to have in mind in excluding them from the Bill. I believe that the contrary is true, and that the reason why they are difficult to include in Friendly Societies is that they are never willing to give up entirely and leave their work to take care of itself. How can they, so long as they can stand on their feet, when to give up means house and husband and children neglected, and the home life falling into ruin around them? Moreover, a man, when he returns to work after illness, does not expect to have to make up arrears. A woman knows that whatever is left in the way of washing, cleaning, or mending will simply accumulate and have to be done later on. Hence it is really difficult to ensure that she complies with the wise provision of complete abstinence from work upon which Friendly Societies insist.

But, whatever the difficulty in providing against it, the fact remains that the illness of the woman is in many respects more serious to the family than the illness of the man. They may run into debt if the man cannot work; if the woman is disabled they run into dirt, squalor, discomfort, and probably accumulating illness. Sick benefit which would enable her to pay for outside help to come in and keep the home in order would not only conduce to her own more speedy recovery, but would be of incalculable benefit to the children and husband.

But supposing insurance for a money benefit to be impossible, there is still, I think, a way in which the difficulty might be met. It was of course not possible to include everything in the Bill; otherwise one would have been glad to see some practical recognition of the great importance of skilled nursing in the homes of the people. In many ways the capable nurse is even more important to the restoration of health than the doctor himself. Why should not the married woman be insured, if not for cash benefit, yet for the services of a district or village nurse, who would—as

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many village nurses already do—help to keep the home in order as well as look after the patient? The nurse would have every opportunity to detect malingering, if indeed that is to be feared; the woman would have at least a better opportunity of recovering her health. I can think of no provision more likely to promote the health, not only of the patient, but of the whole family. The woman who has been well nursed herself knows how to nurse her husband and children when the need arises. Experience has shown, moreover, that where the nurse goes there cleanliness and air and light are swift to follow. She is the living embodiment of the truth that example is better than precept.

I am not suggesting, however, that the nurse should be in place of the doctor, but in addition. It is true that under the Bill married women are not to be allowed to insure, even for medical treatment; but as no reason is given for this deprivation, I cannot but think that it is an omission which might be easily remedied. The cost of such insurance without the addition of sick benefit is very small. I find on referring to the rules of the Metropolitan Provident Medical Association (an institution which works to the satisfaction of doctors and patients alike) that a woman can insure for medical treatment for 6d. a month, having her choice of a doctor, who will attend her in her own home if necessary. An additional charge is made of a penny for each prescription made up, and an extra fee for confinements of 15s. for the doctor or 7s. 6d. for the midwife. This extra fee is already provided for in the Bill; and there are few, if any, married women who cannot command the few pence necessary to pay the ordinary medical insurance. Why should not the State supplement this by insuring her in connection with one of the recognised Nursing Associations in addition to her medical insurance?

One reason why it is difficult to fit the married woman into the scheme is, no doubt, that as she does not work for a wage there is no employer from whom to claim a contribution. There are those who will not hesitate to say that she works for her husband, and that as he stands in the position of employer to her, so he should pay the employer's contribution. I do not at all agree with this view. The relation between man and wife is not that of employer and employed, and it would be disastrous to the interests of the woman to treat it as such. It is really a partnership, to which the man contributes in money and the woman in kind. To make the man responsible for the employer's contribution for the woman would be to make the firm pay twice over, since the woman would already be paying her own contribution.

But because the woman has no employer to draw upon, that is no sufficient reason for depriving her of the State grant if that will enable her to insure for medical and nursing aid. Moreover, it must be remembered that ultimately most married women will really have a balance to their credit for what has been contributed on their behalf previous to marriage. The cases in which working girls will require sick benefit before marriage will be comparatively few, and it seems peculiarly hard that they should forfeit all claims by the act of marriage, which, after all, is no offence. Nor does it constitute such a breach in the continuity of the working woman's life as the provisions of the Bill suggest. She is not passing from a life of work and independence to one of ease and dependence; she is merely taking upon herself new and often more arduous duties, under which she is even more likely to break down than when she was single. From every point of view then it seems desirable that some attempt should be made to secure for her at least the minimum of medical attendance and nursing.

HELEN BOSANQUET.

THE MYSTERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON LIFE—II.

IN connection with Shakespeare we hear nothing of a sixteenth-century Stella or Lady Hamilton, but still there is a vague suggestion in the sonnets of a dark lady who trifled with the poet's affections—"If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head." But is the suggestion so very vague after all? There are commentators who assert that this treacherous brunette was none other than Mistress Mary Fitton, of Gawsworth, Cheshire, Maid of Honour to the Queen from 1595 to 1601, and one of the giddiest Ladies-in-Waiting the Court has seen before or since. The two extant portraits of her at Arbury and her bust in Gawsworth Church show her of a fair complexion with light brown hair and grey eyes; but we must not deny poetic licence to the author of the sonnets, who declares in them, according to some twentieth-century *literati*, that "three Wills" were in love with this most wanton Lady—William, Lord Knollys; William Herbert, Lord Pembroke; and William Shakespeare, player, playmaker, and poet. "Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*. And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus."

On Mary Fitton's appointment to the Royal *entourage* her father wrote to Lord Knollys asking him to keep a watchful eye on the young girl so lately come to Court from her Cheshire home; but Sir Edward Fitton can have had but slight acquaintance with his relative, who was veritably a sixteenth-century "Gay Lord Quex," and whose solicitude soon ripened into an ardent affection for the tender lamb committed to his care—a lamb who soon declared herself a wolf in sheep's clothing. Yet the Fittons seem to have made light of Sir Knollys's attentions to their young daughter. He stood godfather to Mary Fitton's niece (Ann Newdigate's first child) in 1598, although his letters to Lady Newdigate at the time show him ardently in love with her wayward sister, and praying for the speedy demise of his aged wife. Yet when the latter died in 1605 he married two months after a nineteen-year-old bride, Lady Elizabeth Howard, whilst Mary Fitton, the object of his quondam illicit affection, was still at his disposal.

It does not seem quite certain whether Mary entered first into bonds of wedlock with Captain Lougher or Captain Polwhele; it is, however, more probable that Captain Polwhele undertook the tackling of so froward a lady at his Gloucestershire home at Perton; for Mary's mother, Lady Fitton, writes to her eldest daughter Ann soon after the wedding that Polwhele is "a veri knave, and taketh the disgrace off his wyff and all her ffryndes to make the world thynk him worthy of her and she deserved not better." Even in that age of loose morals Mary Fitton was looked upon as having seriously outraged the then female code of ethics. In a previous letter to her elder daughter, the mother writes:—"I take no joy to heer of your sister nore of that boy, if it had pleased God when I did bear her, that she hade bene beried, it had saved me from a grete deale of sorow and gryffe, and her ffrom shame, and such shame as never have Cheshyre woman; worse now than evar; wright no more of her."

At Court Mary Fitton was nicknamed the "Crow" ("a crow that flies in Heaven's sweetest air." Sonnet 70) from her birdlike profile; and her conduct seems to have lacked maidenly modesty and decorum in an outrageous manner, for we read that—"In the tyme when Mrs Fytton was in great favour, and one of her Majestie's Maids of honour (and during the time yt the Earle of Pembroke favoured her) she would put off her head tire and busk her upp her clothes, and take a large white cloak, and march as though she had been a man to meete her lover, William Herbert."

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A letter from Sir Robert Cecil to Sir George Carew, dated February 5th, 1601, has a postscript to this effect:—

> We have news that there is a misfortune befallen Mistress Fitton, for she is proved with child, and the Earl of Pembroke, being examined, confesseth a fact, but utterly renounceth all marriage. I fear they will both dwell in the Tower a while, for the Queen hath vowed to send them thither.

A letter in the Record Office from Tobie Matthew to Dudley Carleton, dated March 25th, 1601, says:—"The Earle of Pembroke is committed to the Fleet; his cause is delivered of a boy who is dead."

A year previous Mary Fitton had withdrawn from Court to her father's Cheshire mansion at Gawsworth; some say her enforced retirement for a few months was owing to the birth of a stillborn child, whose father was none other than William Shakespeare himself. But why tarnish Shakespeare's memory with the paternity of the infant when Herbert, one of the most amorous bachelors of the day, was at that time that fair lady's most faithful and constant admirer? True, in October, 1599, he was sent on a mission to Denmark, then later he is "sick with a tertian ague," but during the remainder of the year he had been most frequent in his attendance at Court, with occasional absences consequent on his visits to Wilton, where his father lay sick.

Meantime the enthusiasm anent the new-born drama was at its height; there was an incessant demand for new plays. It has been computed that more original compositions were then produced in London in one month than now annually grace the theatre stages of the United Kingdom and America. And actors no longer occupied an ambiguous position in the social life of the period. Mr. Wyndham says that the "Court and Theatre were never in closer contact than during the last years of Elizabeth's reign . . . when the theatre was dignified by the very trick of majesty and the Court transfigured by the Spirit of Masquerade."

Actors and ladies of the Court held familiar converse together; Kemp, the comedian of Shakespeare's company, dedicated his "Morrice to Norwich" to Mistress Fitton, but the acquaintanceship can hardly have ripened into friendship, as Kemp mistook the lady's Christian name and addressed her by that of her elder married sister. Shakespeare himself, with his "gentle" manner and dignified bearing, may have been in request to teach the Court ladies their steps for the masques in which the Queen so delighted. The youth of the Warwickshire dialect had become the sixteenth-century man of the world, conversing in the pure English tongue as heard at the Court and in the county of Middlesex, and his friendship with certain of the Ladies-in-Waiting would follow as a matter of course.

Taking a dispassionate view of the known incidents of the great dramatist's life, from 1596 to 1601, does it not seem as though during those years he had felt the glamour of some fancy—passing it may have been—for a lady far above him in rank and position? In the August of 1596 he had visited Stratford for the burial of his only son Hamnet, and on his return to London may he not have tried to drown sorrow, to forget disappointed hopes—hopes centred on his son and heir—in a vortex of pleasure and dissipation? Later in the same year he appears at Stratford as the purchaser of "New Place," as the rebuilder of the shattered fortunes of his family; he next applies in his father's name for a grant from the Herald's Office to bear a coat-of-arms and rank as an esquire; he lends money; he gives corn during the Stratford famine; he takes shares in the Globe Theatre, and his plays of the period breathe an atmosphere of the Court and of the lords and ladies who "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden World."

But throughout these successful years may he not have craved a little sympathy?—not the rough, jovial camaraderie of the Mermaid Tavern, of Ben Jonson and Marlowe and their "light o' love" wenches, but the sympathy women of all ages have known so well how to proffer, and none better than that class to which the whimsical, capricious Mary Fitton belonged. This Court coquette, "more fine and pretty than spark of velvet, and as witty as Pallas," would relish playing her part in healing the poet's heartache, and the latter would succumb to her wiles like so many frail mortals of his sex before and since, for all a woman's inborn vanity and desire to please, all her innate affectation, were to be found alike in sixteenth-century princess and peasant girl; and before aught else Shakespeare was human, and too delightfully so to detect a woman's false flattery when artfully practised on himself.

Maybe the sonnets do give us a glimpse of autobiography: after all, the theory of their "dark lady" may be no baseless conjecture. Who knows that the great actor-playwright, in times of extreme mental depression and languor, may not have yielded to the temptation of looking into the dim future and of dreaming that heaven could hold no greater happiness in store for him than a "Wanderjahr" in the Warwickshire lanes with Mistress Fitton, showing her the spot where he set his first snare, where the moorhen yearly made her nest, and the eaves beneath which the martin built? His thoughts may have lingered lovingly on the bright picture of the Maid-of-Honour seated on a bench in his newly-planted New Place orchard against a background of pink apple-blossom, or strolling by his side through the lime-tree avenue past the old Parish Church, and then by the Avon's bank over Sir Hugh Clopton's bridge. Next fancy makes us picture him, a shadow crossing his brow, expressing his views on the tragedy—if tragedy it were—of his own married life:—

> Let still the woman take,
> An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
> So sways the level in her husband's heart;
> For however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than woman's are.

Alas! that so impenetrable a shroud of mystery envelops our greatest of Englishmen!

W. M. D.

ART AND CIVILISATION*

Professor Baldwin Brown is a high authority, and this eminently readable volume, which contains the substance of the Rhind Lectures delivered before the Scottish Society of Antiquaries in the spring of last year, fully justifies his reputation. It is a truism that to know one thing thoroughly you must know twenty others as well, and of no form of knowledge is this more true than of archæology. But Professor Baldwin Brown's knowledge is encyclopædic, and upon this score he need fear no criticism. His style is marked by a rich undercurrent of allusiveness; he traces things back to their dim origins in unsuspected and improbable sources, and he leaves you with the impression that these, too, reach back to dim vistas of the past, whither the searchlights of historical and scientific investigation have as yet had no opportunity to penetrate. With the modesty of the true scholar he opines that this book will supply a "groundwork" on the subject of which it treats: we shall be greatly surprised if there are many of his fellow-investigators who can add much to it, or who could have told us as much as he has succeeded in doing within so brief a compass.

In the Teutonic race we have, of course, an especial interest. For a while, as our author reminds us, it had

* *The Arts and Crafts of our Teutonic Forefathers.* By G. Baldwin Brown. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

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the art field of Western Europe to itself—for the period, that is to say, between the disappearance of classical art and the rise of the mediæval Romanesque style. After that its activities lay in the direction of modifying the Romanesque into Gothic forms, of which the pointed arch was the outstanding sign and symbol. This movement took many shapes, and was far from being confined to architecture; it was applied to personal ornaments of all sorts, and to every kind of furniture and the decoration of the home. The inspiration was largely drawn, as might be expected from a race which had embraced Christianity comparatively recently, from Scripture subjects, already sanctioned by earlier Christian custom. Thus Daniel between two lions was a common device in early Teutonic jewellery, sometimes treated quite simply and recognisedly, but often so disguised by crudity of presentment or exuberance of fancy as to be scarcely recognisable at all. A fine and notable Teutonic survival is the famous "Gospels of Lindisfarne," with its magnificent Teutonic ornament, while similar Teutonic features appear in abundance in the architectural remains—crosses and such like—of the period. We should have liked in this regard some reference to the work of the Comacine masters, which "Leader Scott" believed was traceable in some forms of ornament, such as the endless knot, which Professor Brown seems inclined to treat as solely Teutonic. The question, however, is in any case an obscure one, and it would have required a good deal of valuable space to have treated it in any fullness. But some of the relics recovered reach back to a much earlier age. The famous treasure of Petrossa, for instance, is believed to be a product of the third or fourth centuries of the Christian era. Another fourth-century "find" was the wonderful collection of medallions of Roman Emperors of that period, unearthed a hundred years since near Grosswardein in Hungary; while the later discovery in the same neighbourhood some twenty years ago of a second treasure of golden bowls and *fibulæ* of the same period as the foregoing greatly accentuated their interest and value. In England we can show one of the most interesting of such discoveries, that of the pectoral cross of St. Cuthbert, who died in 687 A.D. Apart from its archæological interest it is a graceful and beautiful piece of jeweller's work, which would have done credit to any age. Another magnificent group of objects, unearthed in the tomb of Childeric, who died and was buried in the year 481, with their subsequent adventures, and the astonishing recovery of a large proportion of them, supply a splendid chapter of romance to add to the halo of mystery which must always surround such survivals of a hoary past.

Professor Brown gives us a fine chapter on this subject of Germanic burials, and their part in preserving for us these relics of antiquity—these relics that have heard and felt "the drums and tramplings of three conquests," as Sir Thomas Browne has it. For all who could afford it, from the earliest recorded ages of history, a proper equipment of tomb furniture to ease for the dead man his journey to the realm of shadows was indispensable, and women were sent on their way with such jewels and ornaments as their friends could muster for them. Professor Brown speaks of a description of such a tomb by M. Pilloy, who portrayed it "with a touch of sentiment which not even archæology can eradicate from the Gallic soul." But surely sentiment is inseparable from such things—and archæology is far from being "harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose"—though we are far from including the author in such a category. His book is steeped in the highest "sentiment" throughout, and therein lies its charm. The knowledge is there, too, as we have seen, but the ray of light that it casts upon the ways of our forefathers will connote for most of us its real value. We have studied it with pleasure and profit, and many others, we think, will do so too.

B

REVIEWS

A NATIONAL POET

Adam Mickiewicz: The National Poet of Poland. By MONICA M. GARDNER. 10s. 6d. net. J. M. Dent and Sons.

MISS GARDNER has done a real service. Adam Mickiewicz (to be pronounced Mits-kee-eh-vitch) is not a world poet, to be sure; yet it is not only world-poets who win the recognition of acknowledgment in other tongues than their own. If a rule were to be laid down that no poet who had not sung through his own tongue into the tongue and language of all time deserved tribute from other people than his own, what a mass of literature would find its way into the limbo of things forgotten! Fortunately, however, such a rule does not prevail. We say fortunately advisedly, for all poetry is an inspiration. Our own Daniel was no very great poet; indeed, his was, to be candid, a very pedestrian manner of song. Yet a poet of a far loftier flight—no less a man than John Keats—found not a little inspiration from a close study of him. And what can be won from so pedestrian a soul as Daniel can surely be won from a soul so fiery and so flaming as that of Mickiewicz. It may be thought that a spirit so full of impulse as his was of the genius to rise to the very heights of song. But his very excellence was his shortcoming; and therein he declared himself not for all time, but for a day. It was part of the tragedy with which his life was bound up that this was so. For he was a national poet; and the nation that claimed him was the unhappy Poland, doomed to eternal failure, and doomed to worse than failure—disastrous hopes and cruel treacheries. It was this that stung Mickiewicz to song, and his song was like a torch flung into the night with a fury of flame, to fall hissing into the lake which quenches all things that are not lit in a beauty of spirit. It is not the least of the sorrows of Poland that her greatest poet should have been robbed by time of those conditions which might have helped him to a song that should abide and continue.

Adam Mickiewicz was born on the Christmas Eve of 1798, at the height of Napoleon's power, and his youth was spent in the secret glory that thrilled through the country at the increasing fame of the famous Polish legion. It was to Napoleon they looked for the deliverance of their country. He was pledged to it by promise; and he was pledged to it by honour—a pledge, this last, that to a people so quick and noble as the Poles was a bond far more indelible than written and signed documents. "Poland hath not perished while we live" was the song that the Polish legion sang; and it was, too, the hope and support of their country. Closely guarded by Russia, jealously watched lest any news from the front of war should reach into and so disturb the country, information nevertheless filtered through. A wounded soldier here, coming to bury his bones in his beloved fatherland, a straggler there—thus the news came in, and thus the country fed itself with hope. Even the calculated betrayal of the Treaty of Tilsit did not suffice wholly to quench their zeal for him and their hope for their country. But when in the disastrous retreat from Moscow the terrible and onerous position of rearguard was entrusted to the men Napoleon had so ruthlessly betrayed only a few years before, and the nation saw the flower of their people, the strength of their manhood, ruined and destroyed, and Napoleon, in whom they yet held faith, broken and defeated by their heartless oppressors, then, as a writer has said with regard to another ruinous epoch of their history, "there remained nothing more, except a nation that refused to die."

From this time onward the country was more and more

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ground under the heel of Russia. Alexander the First, despite his promises to his friend Adam Czartoryski, and despite his boasted desires for liberal reform, betrayed the country as ruthlessly as Napoleon had done. As Miss Gardner says:—"The liberties of the country were trampled under foot, her freedom changed into oppression, her nationality attacked by Russian espionage, imprisonment, tortures in the prisons." Then, "maddened by their wrongs, the Poles flew to arms, and rose on the night of November 29th, 1830." The issue was short and sharp. The Poles were not only beaten, they were crushed. To quote Montalambert, the usual methods of Russian revenge turned Poland into "the nation in mourning." The chief men were tried, if to "try" means to employ judicial mockery for the achievement of a prearranged end. Previously to this Adam Mickiewicz had been exiled to Russia at first, and had finally been liberated from that country to wander through Europe. He was in Rome when the rising occurred, and a vast gloom enshrouded him as he witnessed the final extinction of his beloved country. It found expression in his poem "To the Polish Mother," of which Gabriel Sarrazin has said, "Chaque fois que j'ai rélu cette pièce, je me suis senti pâle à mourir."

It was finely characteristic of the man that he never permitted his hatred of the country to obscure his love of the individual Russians he had met in his exile. But it can be readily understood that the series of disasters that swept over Poland, loving his country as he and all his compatriots do, must needs have withheld his muse from those world-wide themes that have marked poetry at its highest and best. He was, as Miss Gardner has phrased it in her subtitle, a "national poet." Poem after poem flows from his pen in mournful testimony to the past greatness or the present distress of his country. Therefore it is with a small, if a very noble, fragment of the world's population that his verse is concerned. It is even epochal. But there is more in it even than this. It affected his thought, even as it had affected the thought of his country. The terrible sorrows that the country had passed through had produced its philosophical outlook. Man is a philosophising creature, and his philosophy is generally a garment shaped to his stature. So it was with the Poles; for they found refuge in Mesyanism, holding that their special suffering was but the prelude and preparation for a time of great exaltation, and that their miseries were the token that they were being fitted in this way to a high moral vocation. While this gave at times an extraordinary depth to Mickiewicz' thought, it also, at the same time, gave it something of the shape of the ready-made doctrine.

Poem after poem followed, each dedicated to his country in some aspect. Either it sings her depth of gloom, as in the pæan of sorrow, "To the Polish Mother;" or it concerns itself with her grief in his dark and troublous tragedies. Miss Gardner very justly and truly says that there is something in Mickiewicz akin to the great old Hebrew prophets. When such a mind as Æschylus's was smitten to the writing of a tragedy, it was the terror of the problems that beset humanity that stung his mind. There was the same cosmic splendour in the tragedies of Shakespeare. But when Isaiah rose to eloquence, it was not a world that he thought of, but a nation. It was not a suffering humanity that exalted his thought to grapple with the things of time; his might of passion was concerned with the setting right of an erring people. So with Mickiewicz. He wrought no King Lear; it was beyond his mind, though not beyond his power, to create a Prometheus in grapple with a destiny that was cosmic. His characters were not only hewn out of his country's troubles; they were actually modelled, and even named, after those of his compatriots who had taken part in Poland's struggles for liberty. His very scenes were not creations of his imagination; they were more or less faithful transcripts from memory of those in which he had participated, such as the scene in the Basilian convent in the third part of "The Ancestors." One of the leading characters in this play, Konrad, was modelled on Mickiewicz himself. Speaking of this tragedy Miss Gardner says:—

> Not only is it the noblest monument to suffering and persecuted Poland, but in its pages we have glimpses—rifts through the veils of dream and mystery—into the story of Adam's inner life, such as he has given us nowhere else. And, further, as a picture of the soul driven to despair, not by its own misery, but by the sight of the sorrows of a nation, unrelieved, unavenged by Heaven, "The Ancestors" ranks as one of the great so-called sceptical dramas of the world; by the moral standpoint of a Job or a Faust. We must remember, when considering the literary work and the mental attitude of the great romantic Polish poets in the thirties and onwards of the last century, that they and their nation were one, to modify slightly Mickiewicz's expression. Their nation's grief was their own personal grief.

It was this mood that actuated his work, and framed it to a special end.

There are two things especially characteristic of his work: this identity with his country that has already been spoken of, and a vein of peculiar mysticism. Indeed this latter was more than mysticism. It was rather a kind of familiarity with the occult. The ancient festival—a relic from the days of paganism—which was usually celebrated on the night of All Souls' Day in the Lithuanian wilds, during which feast the spirits of the dead were exorcised into the secluded company, is sufficient evidence to show that *this* was a strong national trait. But that it was fed and *fostered* by the spirit of rebellious patriotism is surely evident. All that was intensely national in the man burned to an eager flame, and thus found its way into artistic expression. And at the height of its passion it turned in upon itself and produced, not mild and poignant tragedies, but the pure, serene, idyllic epic "Thaddeus." It was as though his country could bear no more pain; so he must nurse it and nourish it. His was a great soul; and in bringing him nearer to us Miss Gardner has done us a considerable service.

"A GREAT ARTIST AND A NOBLE-HEARTED MAN"

Franz Liszt and his Music. By ARTHUR HERVEY. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

A SHORT book in English upon the work of Liszt as a composer has long been wanted. It is thirty years since the translation appeared of Mme. Ramann's biography of Liszt, and although reference has necessarily been made by English writers on music to the influence exercised by Liszt on the orchestra, not one of them, so far as we are aware, has anticipated Mr. Arthur Hervey in the production of a book which, as the author hopes, "may serve as an introduction to the study of the master's works."

There is, perhaps, no great composer who has been so seriously misunderstood, so grievously neglected in England as Liszt. Gallant attempts have from time to time been made by his disciples to force the attention of the musical public to the wealth of beauty, the variety of interest it would find if only it would take the trouble to try and understand the more important compositions of Liszt. But these attempts have generally been in vain. In France, in Germany, in Italy, one may make sure of hearing Liszt's Symphonic Poems and the great Symphonies—the present

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writer recently found "Les Préludes" and "Hamlet" in the programmes of open-air concerts in Austria, and the audiences rejoiced in them—but in England the few Poems that are performed are so infrequently given that they do not become thoroughly known. Some years ago Sir Henry Wood designed to play all the twelve Symphonic Poems at his Promenade Concerts, but, for reasons which it was not impossible to guess, the plan had to be given up. And still, for the majority of amateurs, these splendid works are sealed books, and Liszt is only an eccentric pianist of great executive powers who composed two "display" Concertos and an infinite number of pianoforte fantasias and transcriptions adorned with "fireworks" of a flashy and meretricious kind. The old legend still lingers that Liszt was a fashionable Abbé who played marvellously and was unfaithful to his vows. "I think Liszt one of those people who ought not to have been allowed to live," exclaimed a very clever and cultivated lady in the present writer's hearing, when she was invited to listen to his Sonata, and she could only refer to this legend and to the fireworks on being asked what she meant.

The movements of "taste" are generally controlled in England by fashion or infatuation. Various circumstances have conspired to bring the music of Wagner, of Richard Strauss, and of Debussy under the influence of fashion, but Liszt has never come under that wayward spell. Perhaps it is as well that it should be so, and that his ultimate recognition by England as one of the great masters should be due solely to the strength of his genius. But the faculty which English people have of becoming infatuated with certain phases of art has had a good deal to do with the indifference—nay, the open hostility—shown here in many not uninfluential quarters to the music of Liszt. When the liking for "serious" music began (it quickly developed into a rage), and the "Monday Pops" were always "Sold out," while seats could seldom be had for the early Richter Concerts, it was the mode to adore the classics, and to claim Schumann as supreme among the romantic composers. Then, under the guidance of Joachim, Brahms was admitted as the third in an unapproached trinity, with Bach and Beethoven. Joachim's attitude towards Liszt was known, and it was soon considered that he who took pleasure in such works of Liszt as he was permitted to hear was a heretic only to be pardoned on the ground of ignorance. The infatuation for Brahms and for Joachim has undoubtedly been a cause of the non-appreciation of Liszt in England. But it may be hoped that we are gradually becoming fairer, more open-minded about music; and Mr. Hervey, though finding it difficult to avoid a "feeling of sadness at the thought of so many beautiful tone-poems being neglected," is not entirely pessimistic. He hopes that the day is not far distant when "tardy justice shall be meted to a great composer whose wonderful executive skill has seemingly caused his creative ability to be underrated, and who is *par excellence* the pioneer of the modern musical movement." In thus referring to the importance of Liszt's work as a *pioneer*, Mr. Hervey is only alluding to what ought to be a familiar fact to the most elementary student of modern musical history. But he rightly guards himself against the possibility of being considered as only one of those who admires Liszt because he indicated new paths in which later composers have walked with success. Mr. Hervey contends with perfect justice that Liszt was much more than a "gifted pioneer who had not the requisite inventive genius to realise his ideals." He claims him as a great creative artist whose place is by the side of the most famous composers of this or any age, and quotes Wagner's saying to Liszt, "Your orchestral works are so new and incomparable to any others that criticism will take a long time to discover what to make of them."

It may be that Mr. Hervey in his enthusiasm for Liszt's genius, and his indignation at the indifference of the English multitude towards it, has over-filled his pages with laudation of his hero. Some readers may suspect that he protests too much. If such there be, and these have doubts as to Mr. Hervey's impartiality, let them read what Wagner has said about Liszt, what Saint Saëns, and Smetana, and Grieg, and Weingartner have said; what critics at home such as Niecks and Ernest Newman have written; let them ask any of the fine pianist-musicians who play the Sonata and the other great pianoforte poems what they think about this music. The result of all this questioning will be the confirmation of everything that Mr. Hervey has written about "this great artist and noble-hearted man."

Mr. Hervey has properly devoted the larger part of his book to a careful and very musicianly analysis of Liszt's chief works for piano, for orchestra, for voice, but in his brief account of the "Life" he has been admirably successful in bringing out the wonderful nobility of Liszt's character, that radiance of soul which makes one love the man as one loves Walter Scott—not for what they did so much as for what they were. Weingartner has said that no one, even among those who do not appreciate Liszt's compositions, would wish to take from him the brilliant crown which disinterestedness and the noblest charity have placed upon his brow. We trust that what Mr. Hervey tells them about Liszt's life will send many readers to Mme. Ramann's biography, and that what he tells them about his music will move them to become diligent students of it.

THE MEDIÆVAL POPES AND ROME

History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Authorised English Translation. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Vol. I. (Kegan Paul and Co. 15s. net.)

Professor Hartmann Grisar writes in his Foreword: "The present work might be described as a history of the mediæval Popes, with the history of the City of Rome, and of its civilisation as a background, the author's desire being so to combine the two stories as to produce a true picture of what Rome was in the Middle Ages." The extensive excavations carried on in the Eternal City during the last forty years have brought so much new material to hand that, excellent as was Ferdinand Gregorovius's "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages," it must now, in many respects, be regarded as somewhat out of date. The Registers of the Popes, the studies of Duchesne and Mommsen, as well as of Hülsen and the German Institute of Rome have been the means of considerably adding to our store of knowledge on the subject. Professor Grisar claims no bias or prejudice in his colossal undertaking, and for the most part he adopts the rigid standpoint of the historian. That a Roman Catholic writing on this theme should be entirely without religious bias is not to be expected. On one occasion he leaves his remarkable knowledge of Roman topography, and in discussing the tomb of St. Peter enters into the old controversy based on Christ's words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." From a Protestant point of view these words have been juggled with past recognition, and in this one instance the author has trenched a little "on the so-called Roman question." But, apart from a very pardonable deviation of this kind, Professor Grisar has dealt with his subject with strict impartiality and extreme tolerance.

The opening chapter deals with the "Last Revival of Paganism in Rome." We see Flavian leading the procession

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of Isis, and come in touch with the mystery of Cybele and the festival of Mithra. Flavian was filled with a fanatical desire to revive the worship of the old gods. He had, however, to contend with a counter-force led by the Emperor Theodosius, who was just as zealous to establish the worship of Christ and to banish for ever the effete religion of the Romans. Theodosius thus addressed his generals:—"We should not offer such insult to the Cross of Christ as to fancy it has no power. Still less ought we to let ourselves be frightened by an image of Hercules. Well, then, the Cross goes before us; may the image of Hercules be the enemy's best protection!" Theodosius carried the passes of the Julian Alps, and Flavian met his death. Almost immediately afterwards we read of Theodosius engaged in a fierce battle with his pagan rival Eugenius. The armies met near Aquileia, and after a severe engagement the victory fell to Theodosius. Professor Grisar thus sums up the significance of this success:—"The great event of a single one-day battle decided for all time the religious fate of Italy and Rome." From this time onward Christianity had the protection of the State; but nevertheless Paganism died hard. The old temples may have been deserted, and the sacrifices and wild orgies neglected, but the coarse and debasing gladiatorial combats were still in vogue for some time to come. The fall of Paganism in no way meant a sudden acceptance of a cleaner and more strenuous life. Had that been the case, it may be that Rome could have withstood the barbarian invasions from the North. Paganism had sapped her strength, vice and sensuality had taken away even a desire for supremacy, and left instead men who only delighted in a debased form of amusement. It would seem from certain remarks of St. Ambrose that even the much-lauded Vestal virgins were well paid to be virtuous. They made of their chastity a tawdry show when compared with Christian maids who led simple, pure lives without desire for earthly reward. St. Ambrose remarks dryly, "If we Christians wanted to secure Government pay and privileges for all these, there would be prompt danger of an empty exchequer."

Professor Grisar, after describing several men of mark at that period, Christians who never tired of rendering succour to the poor, and were in every way worthy of their calling, deals with "The Shady Side of Early Christian Life." He points out that even among the clergy there were men who were but lukewarm Christians. St. Jerome thus warns his maiden disciple, Eustochium:—

> There are brethren of my profession who take priest's or deacon's orders only that they may approach women without restraint. All their care is given to their garments, which must exhale choice perfumes, while their footgear must be supple and well-fitting. Their hair is waved with curling-tongs, and their fingers glitter with rings. Such gentlemen can only mince along the street on tip-toe, lest the filth should soil their dainty shoes. To see them, one would fancy they were bridegrooms, rather than priests. Some of them make it their sole study to find out the names, homes, and mode of life of all the matrons. I shall describe one such worthy, and you will be able to guess what the pupils of such a teacher must be like.

Salvianus reminds us strongly of the utterances of Jeremiah when he sees the once proud and mighty Rome overpowered by the Germanic invasions. He cries:

> Where is any misery like unto ours? Yet none the less, in the midst of all this distress, the whole Roman world continues abandoned to sinful pleasure. Romans have become beggars, yet they jest. To-morrow bitter captivity awaits them, but their only thought is for the circus. . . . Death surrounds us, and we laugh. One could imagine all Romans had tasted the sardonic laughing-plant. They die still laughing.

Though Rome quaked beneath such barbarian leaders as Alaric and Attila, though her streets were filled with the pillaging Goths and Huns, Alans and Skynes, and her political life came to an end, the Church's power continued to extend. The days of "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" were at an end. Through martyrdom and the tumult of war evolved the Roman Church. The imperial eagle gave place to the dove. If the Roman gods still haunted their old temples, they did so without worshippers, and may be within sound of Christian bells.

A WARNING VOICE

Triumphant Vulgarity. By Charles J. Whitby, M.D. (Stephen Swift. 3s. 6d. net.)

With excellent irony, and with just sufficient gentle exaggeration to emphasise his points, Dr. Whitby carries through neatly and logically his elaborate grumble with the state of social affairs at the present day in this country. We have read few books on similar or kindred themes with such a sane and level-headed treatment. Life is no light gift, to be used carelessly or idly, to Dr. Whitby. "To live as becomes a man on the level of his age—I will not say as one very far in advance of it—is no mere matter of respiration, assimilation, and reproduction, with a little docile industry thrown in by way of promoting the combustion of the waste products of metabolism. To *live* is not, in fact, as we understand it, the following of the line of least resistance." By these sentences in his introductory chapter the *author* prepares us for his serious discussion of the problems to follow.

He occasionally goes too far, of course, as when he says that it is in England "shocking 'bad form' to display any symptoms of æsthetic or intellectual superiority," or when he remarks that "enthusiasm for any mortal thing except dividends or golf is anathema maranatha." Such little slips are born of his own enthusiasm, and may be regarded indulgently. Later in the volume, when he comes to analyse and discuss Socialism, his insight is notable. He shows up the folly of expecting life to conform to rules, to be bound by the terms of a philosophy; he indicates the nice distinction to be drawn between *identity* of interests and *community* of interests; and he has a pungent page or two dealing with the ideals of the tub-thumping democrat. Let us quote a paragraph from "Psycopathia Socialis:"—

> Mere altruistic devotion to the welfare of the "workers," haphazard assurance that the triumph of their "cause" necessarily involves the betterment of the lives of those who live by their heads as well as of those who live by their hands, must, since there is in politics no such thing as gratitude, inevitably lead to disillusionment and betrayal. For the manual workers are many, and, since they have the vote, are, as they now begin to realise, powerful; the brain-workers are comparatively few and, politically speaking, unimportant. More beef, more beer, more football, and more bank holidays: these in brutal verity are the aims underlying and energising those agitations of the Labour Party for which such high-sounding motives are, in all innocence and good faith, being alleged by its middle-class bottle-washers and camp-followers. I envy the optimism of those who imagine that when the "working man" has got so much of these good things as his heart desires he will care a brass farthing what fate befalls his former allies. . . .

The chapter entitled "The Paper Age" is a fine glimpse at the results of the modern passion for writing and reading; but we cannot stay to quote more. The remedy suggested by the author—a society formed of men and women whose

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thoughts and ideals are definitely turned towards the solution of the problems of human destiny by practical methods—seems sensible and feasible; but we rather doubt whether it would contain in itself the germ of permanence. However that may be, Dr. Whitby has in his own way done good work for the cause he has at heart, and we commend his latest book to all who are interested in the struggle between Capital and Labour, the problems of ethics and morals—in a word, the many arresting signs of the times which are evident in English life to-day.

CORONATION LITERATURE

Rex et Imperator: Coronation Ode. By J. H. E. While. Illustrated by Edward Morton and H. Foster Newey. (Siegle, Hill and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Vision of the King. By Regina Miriam Bloch. (Greening and Co. 6d. net.)

Coronation Poem and Love-Songs. By K. H. D. Cecil. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Forms of Prayer, with Music edited by Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus.Doc. (Novello and Co., Ltd., and Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd. 1s. net.)

The Form and Order of the Coronation Service. (Novello and Co., Ltd.)

A tremendous outpouring of miscellaneous literature was to be expected in connection with the principal event of the present year, and we select a few of the best specimens for notice. Mr. Ernest While's elaborate "Ode on the Coronation of their Most Gracious Majesties" is bordered and illustrated very beautifully by his collaborators, and most of his versifying is good. In places, however, he spoils the effect of otherwise meritorious stanzas by faulty rhyming: "explores" and "cause," "main" and "name," we may gently point out, do not run happily in the harness of rhyme. The "charger wight," on page 10, must be a slip for "charger white." With these exceptions, the daintily-produced little volume is an admirable souvenir of the celebrations.

As is usual with the work of Miss Bloch, the "Vision of the King" has a touch of mysticism, obtained, so far as we can judge, more by the use of a peculiar style of words and exotic composition than by genuine, inherent emotion. The scene of the word-play is Westminster Abbey, and "in the chequered violet glow" a spirit addresses the King:—

> . . . To thee I come from blue infinitudes. Yea, I have left the empyrean heights and trod the shining ladder Jacob saw that dead, strange night at Bethel when he slept upon the stone which rests beneath thy chair. From the bright company of saints I trend, whose fleckered haloes circle in wide maze about the daïs of the Eternal King and from whose serried ranks glad hymnal lutes in rippling pæans of praise and fair delight. . . .

Thus the spirit; and other characters—King Aidan, King Alfred, Canute, "Edward, the Confessor yclept," and King Edward VII.—carry on the conversation. In her own original way Miss Bloch writes well, and her volume makes a pleasant change from the ordinary run of Coronation booklets.

With varied rhythms and forms, and one accomplished essay in the *terza rima*, K. H. D. Cecil commemorates the crowning of King George V. and Queen Mary. The poem, under its several headings, only occupies ten pages out of the sixty-three which complete the book; the remaining "Love-Songs" are very delicate and charming, almost without exception, but in the present notice we cannot treat them with the lengthier attention which they deserve.

The "Forms of Prayer," with suitable music, and the "Form and Order of the Coronation Service" will be treasured by those who wish to reproduce, in less ambitious modes, the majestic harmonies of the Abbey. Stainer, Elgar, and Bridge are names to conjure with in the musical world, and in the thicker of these two volumes will be found compositions by many other well-known men. Both of the books are clearly printed and well arranged, and should have a large sale.

The Coronation Number of *Punch* is somewhat of a *tour de force* in humorous work. It must have been no easy matter to have selected every item so that the event of the week should be referred to, but *Punch*, or Mr. Owen Seaman and his assistants, has managed it, and he, or they, must be congratulated heartily. "Mr. Punch's Variety Entertainment" is excellent, and the illustrations will cause chuckles enough to last a month. Especially good is page 435, where Chaucer misses the Canterbury excursion train. Ethelred the Unready causes an obstruction at a Tube booking-office, and other historical characters are spiked by the wit of Mr. George Morrow. The "Daily Evening's Prize Coronation Ode" is very funny indeed, with its specimens of verse which every editor will recognise as cruelly near to the truth; but we must leave our readers to explore this special issue on their own account. We can promise them that the sixpence will be well spent.

The special number of the *Field*, issued this week, is devoted to a most interesting *résumé* of historical Coronation affairs in general, the accessories, which are apt to be overlooked, receiving exceptionally good treatment. The Regalia, the Investiture of the Prince of Wales, the Horse in Coronation Ceremonies, the Coinage and Coronation Medals, the Royal Stables, the Old State Coaches—these and other subjects constitute a very fine souvenir indeed of the festivities of the present week. Over two hundred illustrations diversify the pages, and a good full-page portrait of his Majesty George V. and the Prince of Wales is included. At the price of a shilling this special issue is wonderful value.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Through the Alps to the Appenines. By P. G. Konody. (Kegan Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

The experiences of a traveller who passes by motor through four European countries cannot fail to be varied. Mr. Konody's trip was decidedly a comprehensive one, since it included France, Italy, Austria, and Germany. It is to Italy, however, that by far the greatest space in the volume is devoted. The author professes himself a lover of the land of sunshine, oranges, and architectural beauty, and he gives abundant evidence towards the proof of his claim in the course of the book. The choice of route here was judiciously chosen. The reasons that urged Mr. Konody towards that particular selection of the picturesque are best given in his own words:—

> Italy herself is so inexhaustible in her ever-varied attractions that motoring soon becomes a means of seeing the less

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tourist-ridden parts of the country within reasonable time. Many of the most attractive cities and monuments of Italy are so difficult of access by any other means of locomotion that a week would be needed to do the work done by car in a day. Only it is necessary not to be too voracious—to be content with seeing the best, and only the best, and to know by previous study where the best is to be found.

This method might be studied with advantage by all those who intend to put their tyres to the proof on the Southern roads. The result, as shown by the material of the book, has been highly successful. We obtain, for instance, impressions and sketches of the town of Volterra that are valuable, and the chapter on unspoiled San Gimagnano, "the City of Beautiful Towers," is of great interest. Indeed, the collection of descriptions of Art galleries, edifices, and monuments has been brought together with a skill and discrimination that makes it well worth perusal by all who are interested in the fine arts of the Peninsula.

So far as the actual journey was concerned, the problem of dust that is common to all countries occasionally reached a climax. As the author himself realised, it is improbable that the course of the car was invariably followed by benedictions on the part of the peasantry. Here is the account of a meeting with a brother-disturber of the powdery soil of the marble region:—

> Right in front of us on the straight road we saw a dense volume of smoke, which made us think the whole countryside was on fire, until it dawned upon us that we were merely facing an approaching car, and that the supposed conflagration before our eyes was no worse than the one behind us, of which we ourselves were guilty. Luckily there was a little branch road on the right, leading to a farmhouse. We ran up this providential refuge some fifty yards, and quickly improvised a roof of rugs and overcoats, under which we ducked as the cloud drew near . . . we had to wait a good two minutes before we could venture to peep out, and even then the landscape appeared as through a veil of heavy mist.

The sketches of the Austrian and German towns and scenery that were passed on the homeward way of the car are very effectively rendered. To those who are concerned with landscape and Nature rather than with art and sculpture this latter part of the work will prove at least as interesting as the first. The volume is liberally provided with photographs and with pencil-sketches.

Cheapside to Arcady. By Arthur Scammel. (Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.)

To the dweller in a great town is given a faculty lacking to the large majority of Arcadians—the faculty of appreciating in its full intensity the poignant charm of meadow, woodland, and stream. To the countryman these things are hard realities of everyday life. The meadow is for mowing, the wood for felling. Often the placid stream of summer is a devouring fiend in winter. And ever present is the uncouth figure of *labor improbus*, unrelenting toil, which doubtless bestows upon the rustic scene much of its charm, but loses none of its unpleasantness for the labourer by reason thereof. The casual visitor from Cheapside sees but the glory and the freshness of a dream, and is blind to the latent spectre of *duris urgens in rebus egestas*. Well for him, happy man! With him we have no quarrel, for it is good to be reminded now and again of the beauty of quiet rustic scenes; to have one's mind "swept of all careful worldly thought, and garnished for a time with the peace and beauty of summer."

The prevailing tone of this pleasant book is one of gentle appreciation of small beauties, tinged here and there with traces of cultured melancholy. Why is it that the contemplation of beauty should so commonly produce in the beholder a subdued feeling of sadness? A few of these essays have already appeared in the pages of various periodical publications, and they are almost uniformly good. Good because they do not fly too high, but, like the muse of Horace, realise the margin of safety for literary flight. You dream sometimes of that land of perpetual summer which lies over the hills and far away, and at times the dream becomes vivid. You see the glorious purple hills, ridged with the light that never was on sea or land, the immortal blue pine trees, through which floats the voice that oft-times hath charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn; and upon a sudden your dream takes mortal shape, and you realise that the sun is setting in fair Surrey, and that if you do not bestir yourself you will miss your train back to town.

Is it credible that an author of Mr. Scammel's calibre should quote, or rather misquote, those peerless lines of Keats' as "magic casements opening on the foam of charmed seas in fairy lands forlorn"? 'Twere more charitable surely to suppose that the printer, being a man of poetic instinct, substituted what, in his view, was a more appropriate epithet. One is reminded of Matthew Arnold's classic misquotation from the same author's "moving waters at their priestlike task of pure ablution round Earth's human shores," wherein "pure" appeared as "cold." Keats must positively have squirmed in his lowly bed. *Sed haec hactenus.* This book should do something towards instilling into the mind of the thoughtless or unobservant Londoner a measure of gratitude to our London parks and trees. These notes are written beneath the daily-growing shade of the Temple planes. Upon a sweltering August day this spot is a perfect little oasis amidst the waste of brick and stone. Therefore let no man impugn the beauty of the plane-tree.

The Belmont Book. By Vados. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

We read every page of this book with pleasure and genuine relaxation. It is a book of pure delight, as refreshing as a holiday; indeed, it is a holiday. It transports you to Normandy and guides you through that charming country, enabling you to get the joy and tonic of the atmosphere, and your mind to stretch itself in the quiet and beauty of the surroundings.

As Mr. Arnold Bennett claims in his too short preface, this is not a Nature book, but a human nature book. Written by a woman, Mr. Bennett tells us, and a woman novelist resident in Paris, he warns us that—

> She is just the sympathetic spectator and listener at large—utterly at large. She is exercising a faculty which knows nothing of either selection or prim orderliness. She goes her own way, and she must be followed in the spirit in which she goes. The wise reader must be prepared for anything and everything; he must prime himself with the conviction that the one regularity of this book will be the regularity with which the unexpected happens in it. Thus, for example, in the chapter entitled "Harvest" he will find very little about harvesting, but a great deal about rural dinner-parties—such Norman repasts as Guy de Maupassant, reciting them, twisted and hammered by his overbearing and splendid art into dramatic pages, but which my

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authoress, more realistic than the realist, presents to you in their original naïve straightforwardness. Thus also the reader should not ask himself why the book has been called "Belmont." There is much about Belmont in it, but there is much more that is not about Belmont. A writer with a mania for giving accurate definition might have been inclined to call it "The Moulin de la Lavindiere Book," or even "The Normandy Book," neither of which titles would have been so happy as the slightly unreasonable "Belmont."

Belmont is the name the authoress gives to a little town in Lower Normandy, but Belmont is not the real name of the town. It is an ancient town of really splendid history, but off the beaten track, only to be found by those who have a scent, and only to be enjoyed by those who know the best things life has to offer. It is here, in this ancient little town, with the monuments of the past in its stores and the memories of its founders yet in its people, that the authoress has a little cottage, a perch out of human reach, from which can be sung the individual note without fear of disturbance or overhearing. The whole district is a gold-mine to the historical sense, a panorama to reflect on without being hastened with the thought that one will use it up. "The Belmont Book" is like no other that we know—fresh from cover to cover, full of human interest, palpitating with the joy of life. We can say nothing to indicate our opinion of it better than that, having read it through, our chief wish now is to read it through again.

Groundwork of French Composition. By Ernest Weekley, M.A. (W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press. 2s.)

In this little volume Professor Weekley has produced an admirable work which will prove invaluable to learners of French. It is an attempt at doing for the beginner in French Prose Composition what the author's larger work on this subject tries to do for the advanced student. There is a grammatical introduction which deals particularly with those constructions which generally give most trouble to beginners. We have nothing but praise to bestow on the section "Hints on Translating English into French," which gives instances of many common words which are frequently mistranslated. The "Passages for Translation" are remarkably well chosen. They are evidently selected from the best authors, and are very varied, though history perhaps predominates amongst them. There are numerous helpful references to the grammatical portion of this extremely useful manual.

The Progress Book: an Illustrated Register of the Development of a Child from Birth until Coming of Age. By J. J. Pilley, Ph.D. (The Leadenhall Press. 1s. 6d.)

The writer says in his Preface that he has compiled this little book to serve as a simple guide for registering the more interesting facts relating to the early infancy of a child, and later as a record of physical, mental, and spiritual growth and development. The little volume is a very pretty one, bound in white with gold lettering. After birth and baptismal records have been noticed, progress up to the second birthday, with health records, may all be recorded under the headings set apart. There is an annual autograph register, spaces for holiday records, religious progress, &c. As the child advances in age more detailed references are allowed for. There are spaces for the insertion of photographs of the child from the age of two until he or she attains majority. It is a little work which home-loving mothers will be very desirous of possessing.

FICTION

STORIES WEIRD AND OTHERWISE

Uncanny Tales. By F. Marion Crawford. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Tales of the Uneasy. By Violet Hunt. (William Heinemann. 6s.)

The Green Curve. By "Ole Luk-Oie." (William Blackwood and Sons. 1s. net.)

The stories contained in the first two works on our list will give the reader a surfeit of mystery and horror, and, to paraphrase the Ghost in "Hamlet," "will harrow up his soul, freeze his young blood, make his two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres." The third work introduces the uninitiated to the humours and horrors of modern warfare.

"Uncanny Tales."

There are seven of them, and they reveal the late Mr. Marion Crawford in a quite unfamiliar aspect. They are of uncommon vividness and power, and somewhat reminiscent of Edgar Allan Poe's weird stories. Only one, "For the Blood is the Life," has an Italian setting, the scenes of the others being laid either at sea or within the confines of the United Kingdom; but they all give the author plenty of opportunity for the display of the varied local colour of which he was such a master. The most gruesome are perhaps the two seafaring tales—"Man Overboard!" and "The Upper Berth," the latter especially.

"Tales of the Uneasy"

will bring an uneasy feeling to most of those who read them. Miss Violet Hunt appears to have a lively and, at the same time, a very morbid imagination, if the paradox may be permitted. "The Prayer" rather impressed us at first, and we wondered to what mysterious climax the authoress would bring the extraordinary situation she had created; but we must confess we thought the morphia *finale* rather tame. There is a vein of humour running through the story entitled "The Coach," which is the Coach of Death, and the conversation between the passengers is quite enjoyable. "The Witness" is a very dramatic tale, and "The Barometer" a most pathetic one. The ninth and last tale in the volume, "The Tiger-Skin," we consider somewhat sordid and repulsive, and we think that Miss Hunt would do well to eschew such scientific subjects as Eugenics when writing short stories for general consumption.

"The Green Curve."

The author who adopts the curious pseudonym "Ole Luk-Oie," which savours alike of the land of wooden nutmegs and *la belle France*, writes very realistically of warfare up-to-date. This volume is made up of eleven short stories, though there is no intimation to that effect on the cover, the majority of which are naturally tragic, while a rich vein of humour runs through the others. "When Dog Eats Dog" shows how resourceful Tommy could be out in South Africa when he required firewood for culinary purposes. Other amusing incidents of the same theatre of war are related in "One Night" and "Cuvée Réservée." In "The Point of View" we learn how under the new rules a Commander-in-Chief may successfully carry through a whole campaign without once setting eyes on the enemy. "Eddy of War" depicts from both the humorous and tragic points of view what is likely to happen to London when the troops of a certain

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foreign Power effect a landing on our east coast. "Ole Luk-Oie's" pages are engrossing reading.

The Jewess. By MULVY OUSELEY. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

MR. OUSELEY knows how to construct a plot of that kind most familiar to readers of serial stories; he knows all about the pallid brow, the steely glare, and the sinuous smile. He knows that Americans begin each sentence with the word "Say," and that moneylenders are usually financed by well-known banks. He knows that if the hero is melancholy the hero's friend should be breezy, and that if one heroine is fair and quiet the other should be dark and persuasive. With all this knowledge it is inevitable that he should write a good book, even though his dialogues are perhaps inclined to go on for half-a-dozen pages more than is strictly necessary, and his *pièce de résistance* in characters—a Jew moneylender of a humorous turn—is apt to forget in moments of excitement his proper German-Dutch-Cockney *patois* and talk in respectable English. We think Mr. Ouseley's mistake in this book is that he tries to make it in some degree a comedy of manners, for which style he is not very well fitted. He would, in our opinion, be wiser to keep to melodrama of a swift and relentless nature. We note with regret that there is only one murder in the book, and that—however, we must not give it away.

Peter's Progress. By CHRISTOPHER HEATH. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

MR. CHRISTOPHER HEATH gives us a healthy selection of Anglo-Indians, seen through a haze of unintellectual Public-Schooldom, a rather artless but pleasant tale, and three hundred and two pages of very nice and careful English. The impecunious subaltern with the peppery uncle is perhaps a very familiar character, also the blustering colonel, the captain, caddish or entirely elegant, the gallant major, the prosy old fogeys of dinner-parties, the dazzling married woman who plays so large a part in Indian social life, and last, but not least, the beautiful heroine. Peter is the subaltern, and a very nice fellow—not too slangy, we are glad to say. The caddish captain with the sleek hair is properly objectionable, the married lady is properly fascinating, and the heroine all that dreams could desire. Some of the characters are sketched quite neatly, and the local colour is not forgotten. Mr. Heath makes no pretence of having anything to say; he is merely out for a pleasant tale of debt and love and court-martial, and all is done as well as such slight things can be done.

ART

THE GOUPIL GALLERY

THE exhibition of Mr. T. E. Mostyn's pictures now open at the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street includes several interesting and beautiful things. At least one of these, "Peace," has been bought by the Manchester Art Gallery. "Peace" is not painted, however, in the manner characteristic of the majority of the paintings, and there are only about four others akin to it in the whole collection. Mr. Mostyn has called his exhibition "Romance in Colour," and the greater number of the pictures entirely justify this name. Whereas "Peace" and the few others mentioned above are painted in a flat, Whistlerian manner, the texture of the canvas showing through the paint, in the rest the colours are laid on thickly as though with the palette-knife, and the effect of the artist's use of brilliant colour in this method is a romanticism which is rather oppressive. Nothing is left to the imagination. We are told not only what we are to see, but almost what we are to think and feel. Such names as "Peace" and "Dawn" are exchanged for "The Temple of the Morning Sun," "The Domain of Arnheim," and "The Garden of Memory"—names most unfortunately reminiscent of transformation-scenes at the pantomime. Indeed, there is a good deal of the atmosphere of the theatre about them. It is not, however, the result, but the spirit of theatrical effects of which we are reminded. There is no sort of gaudiness; it is rather the aggressiveness of concentrated romance—if we may so express it. There is, however, some fine work and colour in the picture of a girl, which has also been acquired by the Manchester Gallery.

At the Modern Gallery in Bond-street there is a very interesting exhibition of the work of Mr. F. F. Ogilvie which should be visited by all who are interested in the archæology of ancient Egypt. It includes eight accurate paintings of the statues of the Pharaoh who built the Third Pyramid and of his queen, recently found by Dr. Reisner, for whom the copies were made. In addition to these there are some fifty water-colours of Egypt, which give an impression of being accurate transcripts of scenery.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

ONE of the best-known personalities of the Parisian newspaper world is M. René Puaux, who is both a journalist and a poet. Besides being a distinguished linguist, thoroughly versed in foreign literatures, and having accomplished several important voyages as a reporter for *Le Temps*, he has written a book of poems, "La Grille du Jardin" (Plon, Nourrit, and Co.), in which rare and subtle emotions and sentiments are expressed in delicate and refined verse. The following poem, entitled "Tendresse," especially charmed us, and it gives a good impression of M. Puaux's work:—

La tendresse une fois donnée
  Demeure et vit autour de nous.
C'est une fleur qui, moissonnée,
  Repousse et grimpe à nos genoux.

Si quelque nuit à ta fenêtre
  Tu sens passer comme des voix,
Ne tremble pas, ce sont peut-être
  Quelques tendresses d'autrefois.

Quelques tendresses oubliées
  Qui s'éveillèrent sous tes pas,
Et qui chantent, suppliciées,
  Car les tendresses n'oublient pas.

Les roses au matin fanées
  Font pourtant le soir parfumé,
Et l'amour, après des années,
  Laisse le goût d'avoir aimé.

Those who will take the trouble to read "Silhouettes Anglaises" (Librairie des Annales, 3f. 50c.), M. René Puaux's latest work, will not regret the time thus spent. Having passed two years in England as correspondent of *Le Temps*, M. Puaux had leisure to study closely the English personalities and peculiarities which he presents to the French public. Written in a light, vivacious, and occasionally ironical style, susceptible, however, of subtle shading according to the necessities of his subjects, these essays, or rather sketches, of many British political or artistic celebrities ought to interest readers in England, as being a very sincere reflection of a Frenchman's opinion.

M. René Puaux appears to hold in high esteem many of the leading political men of the day, though his admiration is often tempered by a satirical touch or a whimsical anec-

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dote. By a graceful courtesy, the author of "Silhouettes Anglaises" has consecrated the first of his sketches to Florence Nightingale, and, speaking of her, he quotes Longfellow's "Santa Filomena":—

> Lo! in that house of misery
> A lady with a lamp I see
> Pass through the glimmering gloom
> And flit from room to room. . . .
> A lady with a lamp shall stand
> In the great history of the land,
> A noble type of good
> Heroic womanhood.

And M. Puaux thus eloquently describes Florence Nightingale's abnegation during the Crimean War:—

> Florence Nightingale tenait au symbolisme de son nom. N'était-elle pas le doux rossignol qui chante la nuit pour le bonheur de la maison? Elle eut à lutter contre les médecins arriérés, le personnel administratif, ses propres infirmières épuisées. Elle ne connut pas d'obstacle. La vieille légende des fées bienfaisantes se renouvelait. Les blessés espéraient à nouveau en la guérison, les mourants se redressaient sur leur couche au bruit de ses pas, au son de sa voix.

M. Puaux passes from one personality to another, swiftly outlining their dominant traits, underlining occasionally their foibles, but ever rendering homage to their qualities. Speaking of Mr. Asquith, he observes that the Premier has wisely adopted for his own the motto of one of the heroes of Pierre Veber, the well-known author:—"1. Il ne faut pas compliquer sa vie; 2. Ne nous frappons pas; 3. Tout s'arrange."

Passing from the political realm to the artistic domain, the author of "Silhouettes Anglaises," in a very sober, closely-knit study, retraces the mysterious death of John Davidson. In an essay entitled "Une Enigme Littéraire" he reveals to the French public the curious double life of William Sharp, who was also "Fiona MacLeod," and who never allowed the truth to be known, even by his publishers, until after his death. M. Puaux cleverly describes what he imagines must have been the sentiments of William Sharp on seeing the works signed by him hardly noticed by the critics, while those appearing under the signature of "Fiona MacLeod" were systematically lauded by them. Aubrey Beardsley and Holman Hunt also figure in this gallery of portraits, which forms delightful reading for leisure hours. And if occasionally some of M. Puaux's opinions may not be quite in accordance with British views, his readers ought to overlook this divergence of ideas, remembering that his book has the treble merit of being witty, conscientious, and sincere.

Mme. Colette Yver's pet hobby is feminism, and the good or bad action it may have on family life or on society in general. But in her new novel, "Le Métier de Roi" (Calmann-Lévy, 3f. 50c.), she seems to have strayed from her favourite device of placing a husband and wife exercising the same profession in direct opposition one to another; and in doing so she has ventured rather beyond her depth. Her heroine, a beautiful young anarchist, who adds to her innumerable charms that of being one of the most renowned chemists of the day, begins her life by chanting the "Internationale" with conviction, and ends by singing, with a still greater vehemence, the royalist anthem of the fictitious kingdom of Lithuania.

Clara Hersberg, called to the Court of Lithuania in order to initiate the Grand Duchess Wanda into the mysteries of inorganic chemistry, becomes gradually alienated from the revolutionary cause of which she and Ismael Kozor, to whom she is engaged, were the promoters. She even becomes so conservative as to fall in love with the Sovereign Wolfram V., when she witnesses the dangers and difficulties encompassing the profession of king. Learning from Kozor that an attempt is to be made on Wolfram's life during the festivities of Wanda's marriage to Duke Bertie, she does not hesitate to denounce Ismael in order to save the monarch. The novel closes with the description of a visit which Clara makes to Wolfram, in order to obtain his permission to follow Kozor to the islet in the Pacific Ocean whither he has been banished, as she is determined to marry him, and thus expiate her treachery towards him.

"Le Métier de Roi," though containing some fine scenes, is much less interesting than Mme. Colette Yver's preceding works; the characters appear improbable; the situation seems impossible, and the whole action is disjointed. The revolutionary Ismael Kozor is weak and irresolute, a piteous specimen of his type; Clara Hersberg is unnatural by the sentiment she nourishes for the King, hereditary enemy, or at least opponent, of her and her class, and especially by the ease with which she, the ardent Nihilist, accustoms herself to Court life and ceremonials. Indeed, of all the characters presented to us in the course of this work, that of the king appears the most sympathetic and comprehensible, his special distinction being a continual striving after sincerity, a perpetual effort towards finding what really is his duty as king on earth.

In "Le Roman Français" (Louis Michaud, 2f.) M. Gabriel Clouzet has undertaken to give a résumé of the evolution of the novel in France, and he has succeeded in presenting us with an interesting compilation of the works of the most celebrated novelists, together with a short biographical and analytical notice of each. The preface, entitled "L'Histoire du Roman," by M. Charles Simond, greatly adds to the attraction of the book. M. Simond has briefly retraced the origin of the novel throughout the ages, passing from Egypt, where we find the romance of Anepou and Seti, written in the fourteenth century B.C., to Europe and the novels of Fielding, Goldsmith, Voltaire, l'Abbé Prévost and Goethe. M. Simond thus ends his entertaining preface:—

> Le Roman au XIX^e. et au XX^e. siècles sera semblable à une plaine immense où pousseront l'un à côté de l'autre toutes les cultures. Il ne sera plus possible de cataloguer tous les romanciers et leurs ouvrages. Pour en dresser l'inventaire, pour en déterminer la valeur, pour en signaler les beautés et les défauts en faisant le triage avec impartialité, une vie de Bénédictin ne suffirait pas.

M. Gabriel Clouzet relates in a very instructive study the evolution of the French novel, showing how to the idealism and asceticism of the Middle Ages succeeded a joyous and merry philosophy of life, while the really natural style of writing was only revealed in 1678 by Madame de Lafayette's celebrated romance, "La Princesse de Clèves." "It is," declares M. Clouzet, "the first analytical novel, and one may also say the first great masterpiece of the kind." The author of "Le Roman Français" shows that the eighteenth-century novel was subject to too many influences to be very definite. But he remarks that Marivaux, in his works "La Vie de Marianne" and "Le Paysan Parvenu," prepared the way for the character-novel, as his writings contain some very penetrating analytical qualities which remind one of modern psychologists.

A quite modern form of fiction is the social novel, treating of divers important public questions. The standard work of this kind is "Germinal," by Zola. But of late years numerous authors have devoted their talents towards depicting the terrible injustice of the inequality of the present conditions of life and the sufferings of the poorer classes. Amongst the strongest works of this kind, both in conception and style, are "La Vague Rouge," by J. H. Rosny, aîné; "Les Va-nu-pieds," by Léon Cladel; the vehement story of "Jacques Vingtras," by Jules Vallès;

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"L'Apprentie," by Gustave Geffroy, treating of life in the Parisian faubourgs. And in "Les Hannetons de Paris" M. Georges Lecomte has studied and described the thirst our society has for money, the fascination lucre exercises over all imaginations with the exactness of a rigorous judge. Thus M. Clouzet describes and delimits the numerous subdivisions of the "Roman Français," and we can only regret that he has thought wise to cite such short quotations from the works he deals with; for, from the extracts he gives, any one not familiar with the books mentioned would find it very difficult, if not almost impossible, to form a correct impression of the style and thought of the authors to whom he refers.

MARC LOGÉ.

THE STORY OF A BOOK

III.—THE CRITIC ERRANT

THERE are some emotions so intimate that the most intrepid writer hesitates to chronicle them lest it should be inferred that he himself is in the confessional. We have endeavoured to show our author as a level-headed Englishman with his nerves well under control and an honest contempt for emotionalism in the stronger sex; but his feelings in the face of the first little bundle of reviews sent him by the press-cutting agency would prove this portrait incomplete. He noticed with a vague astonishment that the flimsy scraps of paper were trembling in his fingers like banknotes in the hands of a gambler, and he laid them down on the breakfast-table in disgust of this feminine weakness. This unmistakable proof that he had written a book, a real book, made him at once happy and uneasy. These fragments of smudged prints were his passport into a new and delightful world; they were, it might be said, the name of his destination in the great republic of letters, and yet he hesitated to look at them. He heard of the curious blindness of authors that made it impossible for them to detect the most egregious failings in their own work, and it occurred to him that this might be his malady. Why had he published his book? He felt at that moment that he had taken too great a risk. It would have been so easy to have had it privately printed and contented himself with distributing it among his friends. But these people who were paid for writing about books, these critics who had sent Keats to his gallipots and Swinburne to his fig-tree might well have failed to have recognised that his book was sacred, because it was his own.

When he had at last achieved a fatalistic tranquillity, he once more picked up the notices, and this time he read them through carefully. The *Rutlandshire Gazette* quoted Shakespeare, the *Thrums Times* compared him with Christopher North, the *Stamford-bridge Herald* thought that his style resembled that of Macaulay, but they were unanimous in praising his book without reservation. It seemed to the author that he was listening to the authentic voice of fame. He rested his chin on his hand and dreamed long dreams.

He could afford in this hour of his triumph to forget the annoyances he had undergone since his book was first accepted. The publisher, with a large first edition to dispose of, had been rather more than firm with the author. He had changed the title of the book from "Earth's Returns," a title that had seemed to the author dignified and pleasantly literary, to "The Improbable Marquis," which seemed to him to mean nothing at all. Moreover, instead of giving the book a quiet and scholarly exterior, he had bound it in boards of an injudicious heliotrope, inset with a nasty little coloured picture of a young woman with a St. Bernard dog. This binding revolted the author, who objected, with some reason, that in all his book there was no mention of a dog of that description, or, indeed, of any dog at all. The book was wrapped in an outer cover that bore a recommendation of its contents, starting with a hideous split infinitive and describing it as an exquisite social comedy written from within. On the whole it seemed to the author that his book was flying false and undesirable colours, and since art lies outside the domesticities, he was hardly relieved when his wife told him that she thought the binding was very pretty. The author had shuddered no less at the little paragraphs that the publisher had inserted in the newspapers concerning his birth and education, wherein he was bracketed with other well-known writers whose careers at the University had been equally undistinguished. But now that, like Byron, he found himself famous among the bacon and eggs, he was in no mood to remember these past vexations. As soon as he had finished breakfast he withdrew himself to his study and wrote half an essay on the Republic of Letters.

In a country wherein fifteen novels—or is it fifty?—are published every day of the year the publisher's account of the goods he sells is bound to have a certain value. Money talks, as Mr. Arnold Bennett once observed—indeed to-day it is grown quite garrulous—and when a publisher spends a lot of money on advertising a book the inference is that some one believes the book to be good. This will not secure a book good notices, but it will secure it notices of some kind or other, and that, as every publisher knows, is three-quarters of the battle. The average critic to-day is an old young man who has not failed in literature or art, possibly because he has not tried to accomplish anything in either. By the time he has acquired some skill in criticism he has generally ceased to be a critic, through no fault of his own, but through sheer weariness of spirit. When a man is very young he can dance upon every one who has not written a masterpiece with a light heart, but after this period of joyous savagery there follows fatigue and a certain pity. The critic loses sight of his first magnificent standards, and becomes grateful for even the smallest merit in the books he is compelled to read. Like a mother giving a powder to her child, he is at pains to disguise his timid censure with a teaspoonful of jam. As the years pass by he becomes afraid of these books that continue to appear in unreasonable profusion, and that have long ago destroyed his faith in literature, his love of reading, his sense of humour, and the colouring matter of his hair. He realises, with a dreadful sense of the infinite, that when he is dead and buried this torrent of books will overwhelm the individualities of his successors, bound like himself to a lifelong examination of the insignificant.

Timidity is certainly the note of modern criticism, which is rarely roused to indignation save when confronted by the infrequent outrage of some intellectual anarchist. If the critics of the more important journals were not so enthusiastic as their provincial *confrères*, they were at least gentle with "The Improbable Marquis." A critic of genius would have said that such books were not worth writing, still less worth reading. An outspoken critic would have said that it was too dull to be an acceptable presentation of a life that we all find interesting. As it was, most of the critics praised the style in which it was written because it was quite impossible to call it an enthralling or even an entertaining book. Some of the younger critics who still retained an interest in their own personalities discovered that its vacuity made it a convenient mirror by means of which they would display the progress of their own genius. In common gratitude they had to close these manifestations of their merit, with a word or two in praise of the book they were professing to review. "The Improbable Marquis" was very favourably received by the Press in general.

It was, as the publisher made haste to point out in his

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advertisements, a book of the year, and, reassured by its flippant exterior, the libraries and the public bought it with avidity. The author pasted his swollen collection of newspaper-cuttings into an album, and carefully revised his novel in case a second edition should be called for. There was one review which he had read more often than any of the others, and nevertheless he hesitated to include it in his collection. "This book," wrote the anonymous reviewer, "is as nearly faultless as a book may be that possesses no positive merit. It differs only from seven-eighths of the novels that are produced to-day in being more carefully written. The author had nothing to say, and he has said it." That was all, three malignant lines in a paper of no commercial importance, the sort of thing that was passed round the publisher's office with an appreciative chuckle. In the face of the general amiability of the Press, such a notice in an obscure journal could do the book no harm.

Only the author sat hour after hour in his study with that diminutive scrap of paper before him on the table, and wondered if it was true.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

A LOATHSOME BOOK

WE have by chance come across a copy of this book,* which has been brought out altogether surreptitiously, without any indication whatever of the names of the author, publisher, or place of issue, whether in England or India. It is no mere pamphlet, but a book of small octavo size, of 444 pages, well-printed, bound in a bright red paper cover, the colour being doubtless selected to attract attention and to convey some idea of the truculent character of the contents. It purports to be a translation, made speedily by several hands, of a work originally written in an Indian vernacular, of which the name is also concealed. It claims also to have been translated at the urgent solicitation of many persons, with the express object that, when retranslated into the other vernaculars, it might be read by the whole Indian nation—mark the word—as the history of the War of Independence. We would fain hope that there are not many persons who could have brought themselves to write such a book, and it contains so much evidence of ability and wide reading in its composition that the list of possible authors is further limited. But in the absence of any means of proof it would not be fair to attribute its authorship to any individual, though the strongest suspicions may point to certain persons.

It is without exception the most mischievous—indeed, most wicked—book we have ever seen, and we have no intention of sullying our pages by quoting from it. Our object in referring to it at all is twofold—to warn any one who may see it of the general nature of its contents, and to inform the public of the reality of the conspiracy against British rule in India, which this book is obviously intended to propagate. Fortunately the Government in India has the legal power, under a recent Press Act, of seizing and suppressing copies of such a publication, and on inquiry we believe that the power has been exercised in this case. But there is no saying how many copies may not have been smuggled into India, or been disseminated there before the attention of the Executive, police, and Customs authorities was attracted to it, or how many may be available there for being circulated, or read aloud, or retranslated into obscure vernaculars, in particular passages or *in extenso*.

The object of the author is clearly to incite the Indian readers to rebellion by showing how far it succeeded in 1857, and to encourage a repetition of the murders and massacres of the British which were then perpetrated. The Mutiny and mutineers are termed the Revolution and revolutionaries. The real causes and motives are said to be, not the fear of greased cartridges and the annexation of Oudh, but the principles of Swadharma and Swaraj, meaning, according to the glossary attached, "one's own duty or religion" and "independent self-government." The official explanation is scouted that the Mutiny was a military revolt; the author treats it as a popular rising, justified by the iniquities of British rule and political slavery, and the demand for vengeance and liberty. He magnifies and invents objectionable matter on the British side, and minimises or omits atrocious acts of the "revolutionaries." Their leaders, including those who have been branded with infamy for their treachery, cruelty, and massacres, are fulsomely belauded as heroes and patriots, while the British authorities are everywhere disparaged and vilified. Where defeat must be acknowledged failures are attributed to want of constructive power, and to the treachery to the rebel cause of those who, like the Sikhs and Nepalese, stood faithful to the British. The extermination of the Feringhis (an opprobrious term for the British) is indirectly advocated; the possibility of the reopening of the volcano is more than hinted at. This is the truest word in this loathsome book; the British in India live on a volcano, which is always smouldering rather than exhausted.

* *The Indian War of Independence of 1857.* By an INDIAN NATIONALIST.

THE PLIGHT OF PORTUGAL*

By W. H. KOEBEL

A PORTUGESE author, Mr. V. de Bragança Cunha, has just published a work on the history of the Portuguese Monarchy. The book is in most respects a commendable one. It renders in a conscientious fashion the story of the long chain of kings that began before the curved scimitar of the Moor was driven out of the land, and that ended——when the past and future tenses have so many opportunities of becoming entangled it is best to leave the ending still unsaid!

There is little to comment upon in the earlier pages of this book. The author follows the entrancingly interesting historical thread of the mediæval and later ages with a pleasing clearness of insight and with the impartial judgment that follows a lengthy lapse of years. So much, at all events, was to be expected and hoped for. What is really surprising, and what I, for one, had not in the least expected to find, is that this same impartiality and mental detachment is continued through the era of the present day to the end of the final chapter.

Now politics have of late become part of the very marrow of the average Portuguese. Therefore, even on the part of the most able and impassioned historian there must be some potent reason for this unnaturally calm sifting of facts that are wont to inflame the minds of those who approach them in an alleged judicial spirit. When great issues are pending it is in the power of very few to distribute nicely balanced doses of blame and justification on all hands, regardless of the heavy storm-clouds above.

It is precisely this that our Portuguese author has done. We may not find ourselves in entire agreement with all his views, but none can deny that, according to his lights, he has dealt out strict justice to each party and faction. He has, as it were, collected the vices and virtues of the past

* *Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy.* By V. DE BRAGANÇA CUNHA. (Stephen Swift. 15s. net.)

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two generations, sorted them with rather weary care, and has given out the result with a sigh. It is the note of despair that reveals the tenour of the book. Every page, in fact, breathes a spirit of hopelessness so deep as to make even the present appear as of little account beside the fatal and unalterable deeds of the past.

Mr. de Bragança Cunha is himself a Portuguese, and therefore should know. Nevertheless it is not invariably the Portuguese who have proved themselves the ablest prophets of their own destiny. A tired nation, as well as a man, may have its fits of political indigestion, when the black outlook is altogether unsilvered. Ere attempting to arrive at a perhaps less unchequered view of the present situation it would be as well to take a very rapid survey of what has gone before.

In the course of her history six crises have shaken Portugal even more deeply and dramatically than the loss of her colonies, since the latter was the result of a more gradual process. The crushing defeat by the Moors at Alcacer Quibir was the first of these shattering events. Then, the loss of her King and of ten thousand men, the flower of the nation's chivalry, sent Portugal beneath the dominion of Spain for eighty years. In 1755, rather more than a century after the regaining of her independence, came the great earthquake that upheaved commercial prosperity as well as bricks and mortar. The Peninsula campaign, and the Miguelite civil wars that followed; the financial paralysis brought about in 1890 by the misunderstanding with England; the murder of Dom Carlos, that formed the prelude to the recent revolution—these complete the half-dozen of these chief tragedies.

It is necessary to introduce this catalogue of disaster for the purpose of a comparison of the past with the present. Such a comparison has more than a mere abstract value just now. At the conclusion of each of the first five crises the material condition of Portugal was more lamentable and depressing than is at present the case. Yet in each instance the nation has displayed an astonishing recuperative power. In each instance it has climbed again the rungs of the ladder of prosperity, until the next catastrophe sent it to the bottom again.

There is, however, a distinction between the present crisis and those of history that must be borne very clearly in mind. In every one of the previous periods of recuperation Portugal has had before it an ideal upon which to fix its eyes, and a personality in which that ideal was represented and centred. At times this one in the forefront strode forward of his own initiative; at others he was insensibly propelled from beneath. It did not much matter which. The symbol was there, to go or be pushed, and the progress continued. Putting aside for the moment its human incarnation, where is the ideal now? The majority of educated Portuguese will tell you with perfect frankness that they have become completely fogged on the point, and an Iberian nation without an ideal is a rudderless ship indeed.

It is precisely on this account that the country is weighed down beneath an atmosphere of unrest and a conviction of many changes to come. Far be it from me to decry unfairly the efforts of those who seized the helm of State. But the best of intentions are slippery things in untried hands. Human limitations permit the ordinary person to judge all matters, Governments included, by results alone. The present *régime* promised the millennium, and the promise when it was made was largely believed by the ingenuous peasantry. The millennium was not in being at the time: it had to be made. And what has been the constructive policy of this latest form of Portuguese statesmanship? It has curtailed the liberties of the citizens; it has retired in disorder before a sudden great outbreak of strikes strangely inappropriate to the millennium. But in return it has framed a new code of divorce law that throws open the alluring fields of free love.

In defence it may be urged, with a certain amount of reason, that unrepressed political discontent is fatal to the welfare of the State; that to intervene in strike disorders might fan a larger flame of riot, and that the shuffling together and redealing of husbands and wives is an enlightened tribute to the rational spirit of the age. But as remedies for the condition of Portugal these do not suffice. Political and social experiments, utopian dreams, are luxuries for none but the most stable moments of a stolid nation. Applied to a highly-wrought race whose nerve is suffering from a vital shock they are as effectual and as enduring as a coat of gaudy paint smeared on red-hot embers.

It is easy, of course, to criticise actions undertaken in difficult circumstances. Indeed, had not the movement been ushered in with such confident pomp and proclamation much of the existing ground for criticism would never have arisen, since a more modest programme would have brought about a lesser dillusion. It is instructive to follow the salient points on which the late struggle was nominally fought. Questions of finance and the alleged influence of the priests were the trump-cards in the hands of the erstwhile malcontents. Now there is not a man familiar with the inner workings of the treasury who does not know that upon the Crown was foisted the entire responsibility for financial extravagances, by far the greater part of which lay actually at the doors of others. The statement that the country writhed beneath the heel of the priests cannot bear investigation for a single moment. Clerical influence had declined to a point not readily understood by those who *still* associate Portugal with the reign of the Inquisition. Priests were mobbed and chased in the streets of Lisbon—I was present just after the occasion—long before the murder of Dom Carlos. In the face of this one plain incident how is it possible to maintain the fiction of priestly dominion? If any terror remained, it was decidedly not on the side of the laymen.

Joao Franco, the Minister, is popularly held to be responsible to no small degree for the death of Dom Carlos, and for the confusion that has resulted in the establishment of a republic. There is no doubt that Franco went too far in disciplinary methods, and too fast in theory. Yet his aim was the financial cleansing of the State. It was this Minister, who faced the position squarely and who endeavoured to institute fundamental reform, who aroused the bitter hatred of so many politicians of doubtful integrity. The bald truth is that those who were responsible for the death of the King were actuated by no desire for reform. On the contrary, they were the tools of those who, when reform was actually on the way, found the first steps of the phase inconvenient to their perquisites and pockets.

The whole world is familiar with the various chapters of the sequel. Now that the new *régime* has held power for the better part of a year it has become sadly evident that in the midst of the chaos is struggling a nation that is hydra-headed, but numb in body. Once endowed with a compact head, there is no doubt that the body will become animate again. For this body, which consists of the people of Portugal, is made up of busy, honest, and very ingenuous folk, who till their plots of land in the north, labour in the southern cork forests, and cultivate the vineyards and fields throughout the land.

They are folk of whom we hear remarkably little just now. The political feuds, abstruse problems, and the louder mouths of Lisbon and Oporto have drawn attention to themselves at the expense of all else. Yet the vitality of the great mass of the nation—the agricultural population—remains as unimpaired as ever. Just now the countrymen

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are asking for nothing beyond intelligent guidance and the firmness of a practical leader. Under such auspices they have come forward often enough to the rescue of their country in the past, and it is at their hands now that the ultimate salvation of Portugal is undoubtedly to be looked for. It is here that lies the brighter side of the Portuguese picture.

THE THEATRE

THE COURT THEATRE

The Irish Players

It was quaint on Monday, the 12th inst., to hear Molière delivered in an Irish brogue. Lady Gregory's translation of the master of pure comedy into the cadence and phrase of West of Ireland speech has already been reviewed in these columns. It reads quaintly enough; yet, to be true, its acting was twice as quaint. There were some among the audience, chiefly among the Irish, who declared their dissatisfaction by leaving the theatre; but the mass of the audience, very rightly, rose to the strange and quite inimitable joy of the moment. The play chosen was, obviously, "Les Fourberies de Scapin." We say obviously with deliberation, for in reviewing the Kiltartan Molière some time ago we pointed out that the broad humour of Scapin came far more aptly to the new cadence than "La Misère" or "Le Médecin Malgré Lui." And what we said then with regard to the reading must be added to emphatically with reference to the acting; for Molière spoken in rich and musical language, and associated with none of the conventions that are associated with his productions in French, is a new and complete delight.

This is a day when lavish praise is habitually expended on the unworthy, and when, therefore, the excellent is received with reserve and restriction in order to emphasise the distinction between them. It is an unhappy inversion. Departing from it now, a warmth of praise must be accorded to Mr. Arthur Sinclair as Scapin. We have already had occasion to refer to the splendid comedy powers of this really fine actor; but in "Les Fourberies de Scapin" it is not too much to say that the play is himself, and that he is the play In no one point does he fail to swell out the humour of Scapin to the full; and yet he never once exaggerated.

The same night there was given Synge's "In the Shadow of the Glen." Not altogether do we agree with Miss Maire O'Neill's interpretation of the part of Nora Burke. Very rightly she has laid emphasis on the hardness of Nora's disposition; but we would draw her attention to the fact that there is something more than hardness mixed up in her character. It was no merely hard woman who said: "For what good is a bit of farm with cows on it, and sheep on the back hills, when you do be sitting looking out for a door the like of that door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees which were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain." She who spoke thus was a woman with the great hunger of loneliness in her soul; and there is a passage in one of Synge's Wicklow Sketches that link with this to substantiate what we say. This phase of Nora's character Miss O'Neill is somewhat too apt to neglect. Nevertheless, the performance was a haunting one. It was played gravely, at least, more gravely than was "The Playboy," to its unutterable advantage. For we do not want to make farce out of so great a soul as J. M. Synge.

On Wednesday was given the first production in London of "The Casting Out of Martin Whelan," a play in three Acts by R. J. Ray. It was a strange and puzzling performance. Full of many fine moments as it was, and with a central idea that was well conceived, we had seldom seen any play that failed as this did. That the conclusion was weak was one thing; but it was far more than weak; in its very weakness it puzzled and perplexed, as though it had narrowly, however absolutely, missed excellence. A touch of artificiality not often given by the Irish Players was accorded by the fact that the time is announced on the programme as "twenty years ago." There are truly only two kinds of drama: that which deals with some phase of contemporary life, and which is therefore but transient and impermanent; and that which deals with primal emotions, whether caught in contemporary life or, more preferably, set in idle and timeless conditions, and which, if justly dealt with, is therefore a joy for ever. But to catch back a way of regarding life which is historic and neither contemporary or primal is to halt on the threshold of that decision of outlook without which drama cannot exist.

This fault is the first thing that mars "The Casting Out of Martin Whelan." Martin Whelan, be it said, was an Australian-born Irishman, who had returned to Ireland in order to resume his intimacy with the country and, if it may be, to stand for Parliamentary membership. But the people are mostly suspicious of him; they do not know whether to return his cordiality or to resent his gentility. Moreover, he has struck up great friendship with Peter Barton's daughter Ellen, who has won herself to education, culture, and a certain breadth of outlook, and who is therefore also regarded askance. This is not only in itself an emphasis of his superiority, but it also stirs the enmity of Mrs. Kirby, who has destined Ellen for her son. Then the news was spread abroad that Martin Whelan's mother was the daughter of a man who had turned informer; and any one who knows Ireland (especially "twenty years ago") will not need to be told of the enmity with which an informer's blood is regarded. At once the whole town turns against Martin. The scene in which he demands to know the cause of this sudden coldness, in the club which he himself has aided or established, has a true dramatic grip, and is excellently rendered by Mr. O'Donovan, with Miss Sara Allgood and Mr. Sinclair in opposition.

But now the whole play goes to pieces. A climax has obviously been worked for; and one looks to see whence it will arrive. It never arrives. Peter Barton has forbidden Martin his house. He comes, nevertheless, and wins a promise from Ellen to be his wife. Then, as the curtain comes down on old Peter Barton in fierce anger against his daughter, we are left gasping—expecting more; and wondering. The latter portion has evidently been rewritten too; for early in Martin's talk with Ellen she seems undeniably to be shaping for a refusal of him, and a justification of some kind of her neighbours. Rewritten or not rewritten, however, it is a failure, and a disappointing failure, for much in it was very fine.

On the following evening came "Harvest," by Mr. Lennox Robinson; and it did not take long to discover that the author had a very sceptical, if not a very cynical, regard towards those things that the ordinary Irish dramatist cherishes. In country faith and innocence he has little hope; and at education he openly scoffs. Indeed, it would be difficult to find in what he does believe—a state of mind it is to be hoped he will outgrow with a little more experience of life. Indeed, there are evidences enough throughout the play that Mr. Robinson's experience of life has been very superficial. For example, Colonel's daughters may on occasion marry assistants in chemists' shops: they may also talk of getting back to the land; similarly they may idolise their lowly husband's father, who happens to be a rough, untutored farmer. They may do one of these things; but

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not often. They might even rise to all of them. But if this be so, then one may be sure that they are very much in love indeed, whereas Mildred Hurley, as interpreted by Miss Kathleen O'Brien, is a very cool and uninfatuated young lady. Partly this was the acting, for Miss O'Brien was very "stagey," which in a company that studies simplicity appeared very ill indeed, but it was also the play.

The story itself is a hackneyed one, and hackneyed in a sophisticated way that one little expects among these players. It was very obviously written for Miss Maire O'Neill (another indication, this, resonant of West London), who, as Mary Hurley, was a farmer's daughter who had fallen into a life of dubious repute in the wicked city of London, and whose earnings in this direction afford an opportune aid to her distressed old father. This would be very touching, except that Mr. Robinson has determined that it shall not be so. Timothy Hurley is himself displayed as of very questionable morality—although one finds it difficult altogether to understand everybody's smug horror at his criminality, which consists of the rather merry prank of burning an old outhouse, and claiming compensation for it. But the erring daughter arrives home the day after the fire. This was also the day on which the chemist son brought home his high-born wife; and so every one had an opportunity of discovering how wicked every one else was. Every one, that is to say, except the old schoolmaster, Patrick Lordan, who nurses his soul, as the curtain rings down, in innocency at having educated his family to the necessary fitness for distinction: and over whom we catch a very perceptible sneer on the part of the author. We must say we rather liked the criminal father; and we certainly were drawn towards the farmer son, for all his duplicity. Perhaps in the latter case this was because of the violent expletives he cast about so freely and so fiercely. Perhaps it was because they were so truly and excellently acted by Messrs. O'Rourke and Kerrigan. Needless to say, Miss O'Neill was good; but she should beware of stage self-consciousness. Even when depicting a part of shadowed purity she should be careful not to seek "limelight." "Limelight" ruins acting. An earnest and admirable rendering was given by Miss O'Doherty as Bridget Twomey, the farmer's son's betrothed.

On the same evening one of Lady Gregory's newer plays, "Full Moon," was presented. No doubt Lady Gregory was seeking to work out a symbolical idea in the early manner of Maeterlinck. It was not successful, however. There was nothing in it of the same value that she gave us in her "Seven Short Plays."

But why all these "curtains"? Have these admirable players fallen so low as to smirk for the plaudit of habit and custom? Having witnessed, say, the supreme conclusion of "Birthright," what could be more terrible than to have that splendid vision ruthlessly destroyed by the sight of four made-up actors bowing to the comfortable plaudit of the stalls? We look to these Irish players for earnest preoccupation with themselves and their play, and a complete disregard of the audience. If they fall from that, then we shall to have return to the average West-end theatre to see the thing done properly, and not mimicked. But let them not disappoint us.

"DOMBEY AND SON."

Mr. Robert Arthur, who did so well at the Coronet Theatre by producing a series of Albery revivals last year, has just put on the stage of the Savoy Theatre a new version of "Dombey and Son." This, by Mr. Metcalfe Wood, is the only dramatisation of Dickens's book that we have seen, and it seemed to us to be workmanlike and excellent. In taking such a book as "Dombey and Son," with its quite amazing number of characters and side issues, and a story which is spread rather thinly over a long period of time, Mr. Wood set himself a by no means easy and perhaps not very grateful task in trying to make a play of it. By being extremely plucky, and by following the one dramatic main stream of the story, Mr. Wood has made a play which is interesting, amusing and, once or twice, exciting. He has also caught the atmosphere of the Dickens period extremely cleverly, and collected together, by an able piece of dramatic carpentry, many of the unforgettable although over-elaborated characters or caricatures of the book.

Mr. Wood calls the play "Dombey and Son" naturally enough. He has been wise enough, however, to ring up the curtain after the death of the son. The whole action of this version is round Dombey and wife—the second wife, Edith Skewton. We find her a cold-blooded, beautiful woman, no longer in the first flush of youth, entering into an engagement with the insufferable Dombey because she is sick of being hawked by her deplorable little mother, and is only too ready to sacrifice herself in order to gain ease of mind, money, and some sort of position. The first Act moves slowly. Very little more happens in it than the introduction of the chief characters, and J. B., Walter, Carker, Florence, and Susan Nipper. All these are delightfully brought to life by Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Frederic Worlock, a young actor of great ability and a very pleasing appearance, Mr. Frank Randell, Miss Marjorie Chard, and Miss Dulcie Greatwich. Of Dombey, Edith, and Mrs. Skewton we will speak later. The second Act gives us an *evening* reception at Dombey's house a year later. Edith *is his wife*, or, more truthfully, she is legally known as Mrs. Dombey. It is impossible to conceive any sort of domestic life in such a house or any intimacy between such a man and woman. Already, in fact, Dombey is far from satisfied with the result of his bargain. Edith spends his money, scoffs at his friends, treats him exactly as though he were a sort of drum-major stick, and goes her own way. Carker is at work, with his gleaming smile, and Edith's spirit of revolt makes her colder and more aloof than ever. Into this house which is so very much out of order come Lord Feenix, admirably and most sympathetically played by Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mrs. Louisa Chick, realised to perfection by Miss Emily Fitzroy, the Blimbers, Feeder, B.A., Sir Barnet, Lady and Miss Skettles, Mr. Parker, Lady and the Misses Peps, the Rev. Alfred Feeder, and Mr. Toots. As the last-named, Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm was altogether beyond praise. Nothing happens again except a very amusing series of "turns," in which sets of these people take part. With their departure the play starts. There is a most dramatic fracas between the Dombeys, with Carker as the go-between, which ends with Edith flinging her diamonds at her husband's feet and herself out of the room.

The third Act takes us to the Hotel in Dijon, to which Edith has lured Carker for two purposes—the first to disgrace her husband, and the second to make the man with the white teeth smile on the other side of his face. It is a good Act. It moves rapidly, and when we know that Edith has herself been the means of letting Dombey know that she is at the hotel as Mrs. Carker, we prepare for explosions. In a fine, quiet scene Edith lays her cards on the table, one by one, and as each one goes down, face upwards, Carker's intense satisfaction leaks out, drop by drop. Finally, when he realises that he has been completely misled and fooled, he blusters and plays the blackguard without any attempt at disguise. He believes that he has Edith alone in an annexe of the hotel. He guards the door, and, regaining some of his old satisfaction, becomes familiar, as such a peptonised cad would do. All the time the beautiful, curious woman

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backs slowly, and with characteristic dignity, to a door of which Carker knows nothing, but which leads out into the courtyard. Carker suspects, makes a dash forwards, springs at the door, through which the woman whom he desires has disappeared like a flash, and finds it locked. Steps and voices are heard on the stairs. J. B. flings open the door. He is followed by Dombey, a trembling, livid man. Carker, disgraced and humiliated, and, worst of all, found out, throws himself out of window, and down comes the curtain. It is, of course, rank melodrama. Nevertheless, it is effective and powerful, and goes with a swing. It brought the house down.

The next Act is placed in Florence's new home in London, a matter of two years later. She is married to Walter Gay, and is the proud possessor of a baby. Dombey, broken in health and fortune, is ekeing out a miserable existence upstairs, seeing no one except his daughter, speaking very little to her. Little Lord Feenix and bluff old J. B. enter, and then follows a delightful comedy scene, played by Mr. Clarence and Mr. Calvert in the best ripe old-fashioned manner. These two old persons have come on a mysterious mission, bringing with them some one who has been very kind to Florence. It proves to be Mrs. Dombey. Her entrance brings about a very moving little scene, and ends with the unhappy, dissatisfied, unawakened woman leaving in the girl's hands a letter, in which the whole story of the Dijon episode is made clear—a letter which Florence will presently give to the wreck of a man who sits upstairs, chewing the cud of bitterness and perhaps remorse.

From this rough sketch of the story it will be seen that the greater portion of the novel has gone by the board, together with Cap'n Cuttle and a whole host of other characters who have taken a place in the daily life of whole-hearted Dickensians. For all that, this new version presents a series of amusing, interesting, and dramatic pictures, and the whole is very well worth seeing. The scenery and furniture have been carefully, even tenderly, prepared. The dresses are accurate and good, and the acting all round is quite admirable. The Dombey of Mr. Clifton Alderson is excellent: the rasping voice, the dull, heavy face, the pompous manner are all there. Miss Sidney Farebrother is Mrs. Skewton to the life. There remains Miss Evelyn Millard as Edith Dombey. Miss Millard has never done anything so well as this part. She looks extremely beautiful and as cold as ice. In all her quiet, intense moments she holds our attention and wins our sympathy. It is when she is called upon to give an outburst of hysterical indignation, to lose the self-control she has done her utmost for so many horrid weeks to preserve, that Miss Millard fails. Then her voice becomes shrill and hollow and insincere, and she acts. We are, however, grateful to Miss Millard for the greater part of her performance, and to Mr. Robert Arthur for his temerity and enterprise in producing the play. He deserves success and we trust that he will win it. A more admirable, all-round company cannot be found in any other London theatre except the little one in the Adelphi.

"OLAF LILIEKRANS" AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE

Thanks to the enterprise of the Ibsen Club, "Olaf Liliekrans," one of Ibsen's earliest poetic plays, was presented before a full house at the Rehearsal Theatre on Sunday evening last, for the first time in England. Naturally the occasion was one of exceptional interest. The Ibsen of the later days, of the critical frown and the stormy mind, was absent; in his place we seemed to see a youth with dreamy eyes, his soul steeped in the quaint legends of the North-land, striving to set before his listeners the sunny, showery landscape of an April morning instead of the sombre closing of a November twilight. Now and then a gust of cynicism brought to mind the dramatist of "Hedda Gabler" and "Ghosts," but the play sped on to its close impelled by the spirit of hope and youth.

Olaf, betrothed to Ingeborg, is bewitched by Alfhild, a beautiful girl of the mountains and woods, half human, half fairy. Ingeborg (Miss Catherine Robertson) is loved by Hemming, henchman to Arne fra Guldvik, her father; and her scenes of charming coquettishness with the puzzled Hemming were fine comedy. The game of cross-purposes proceeds, at times coming perilously near to tragedy, until at last the lovers find their true mates and the happy ending ensues. This happy ending, by the way, comes too swiftly and violently to be either natural or artistic; the machinery seems to jar slightly; the steam is turned on too suddenly, if we may use such a metaphor; everybody is reconciled with such haste that one imagines the author tired of his play. With this reservation, the play is one of strong poetic beauty, and it was interpreted, at any rate by the principal characters, in a way which left little to be desired. Mr. Townley Searle as Arne fra Guldvik would have been much more impressive had he spoken less rapidly; his words flowed forth at a tremendous rate, and the effect of some sentences was lost; but he brought out the humorous touches of his part delightfully. To Miss Pax Robertson must go the honours. As Alfhild, the mountain-maiden, she was charming; she excels in the art of graceful gesture, and her scenes with Olaf, where she has in turn to express love, mystification, and despair, exemplified acting of a very high order. Mr. Valentine Penna as Olaf, bewildered by his own mental state, desperate with longing for the mysterious Alfhild, conveyed the difficult character well, and his outburst in the second Act thrilled the audience. The part of Dame Kirsten Liliekrans, Olaf's mother, was excellently taken by Miss Gladys Jones, and Mr. Ned Llewelyn pourtrayed Hemming satisfactorily.

The play has been translated by Miss C. A. Arfwedson, as far as one can judge, in a most capable and comprehending manner, and at the close she responded to an enthusiastic call. We note that on Thursday, June 29th, Miss Arfwedson will lecture on "Ibsen as a Lover," at The Studio, 65A, Long Acre.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

The large and constantly increasing number of British motorists who appreciate the delights of Continental touring will note with satisfaction that all legal speed-limits for motor-cars are to be abolished in France. According to the well-informed Paris correspondent of the *Motor*, the plenary Commission charged with the drawing up of the new French road code has not only arrived at this decision, but has also decreed that the objectionable practice of issuing a summons without having given any notification at the time of the alleged offence is to be entirely prohibited. Hitherto, country policemen in France have been permitted to take the number of a car as it was running by, without making any attempt to stop it, taking out a summons later for exceeding the speed-limit. As might be expected, the enlightened common sense of the French nation as a whole has militated against any general or harsh enforcement of either this regulation or that of the speed-limit, but it is just as well that they should both be finally removed from the Statute-book. The result of the experiment, so far as the abolition of all speed restrictions is concerned, will be watched with interest in this country, where

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there is much difference of opinion as to the advisability or otherwise of imposing a legal limit. No unbiassed person can contend that our own system, with its undignified police "traps" and its arbitrarily-imposed fines, is satisfactory; and it is difficult to see how either of these objectionable features is to be dispensed with so long as there is to be any attempt to enforce a legal speed limit. But, on the other hand, the scorcher is still sufficiently in evidence among us to make one speculate as to what would be the result of the removal of all restrictions on speed in this country.

One of the noteworthy features of the development of the motor industry during the last few years has been the success which attended the policy adopted by several firms of concentrating upon the production and perfecting of one or two models of chassis, instead of manufacturing half a dozen or more of different types and powers. This has been especially exemplified in the case of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., the makers of the car which is now almost universally admitted to represent the highest degree of perfection hitherto attained in automobile design and construction. It is some four or five years since the directors of the company decided to confine themselves entirely to the manufacture of one model exclusively—six-cylinder, 40-50h.p.—and to this policy they have consistently adhered, with the result that no motor manufacturing concern in the country can point to a record of more continuous prosperity, and no car in the world has a higher reputation than the Rolls-Royce. In fact, for a long time past the output capacity of the big works in Derby has been quite inadequate to cope with the demand which has arisen both here and on the Continent for this famous British car; hence the recent formation of a French company, under the title of Automobiles Rolls-Royce, Ltd. (France), for the purpose of increasing the manufacturing facilities and dealing with the Continental demand. The new company acquires the right to make chassis similar to those now produced at Derby, and to sell them in any European country outside the United Kingdom under the name of Rolls-Royce, but the British company is represented by a majority on the board of directors and will, consequently, be in a position to direct its policy and ensure the maintenance of the high standard of excellence which has given the Rolls-Royce its commanding position in the automobile world.

For the European Aviation Circuit Race—Paris, Berlin, Brussels, London, Paris—forty entries have been received. It will consist of nine stages, with a day's interval for rest between each. In connection with the work of marking the course to be taken by the competitors in the English portion of the circuit, the organisers have enlisted the assistance of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, the route chosen being from Dover to Shoreham and from Shoreham to Hendon. The course will be marked by a series of large white arrows, 72ft. in length by 12ft. in width, placed at intervals on the ground in conspicuous places, smaller arrows being used intermediately. Captive balloons are also being utilised at certain points along the route. The whole course has been inspected by the Automobile Association and Motor Union Aviation Section, and the work of marking has been carried out with the thoroughness characteristic of the Association.

The "Automobile Association and Motor Union Handbook for 1911," which has just been issued, is the first to make its appearance since the amalgamation of the two great national motoring organisations. It is only issued to members, and its object is to acquaint them with all the advantages and facilities existing for their benefit, and to furnish them in the most concise and lucid form possible with legal and general information of value to them as motorists. The legal section has undergone considerable revision since the 1910 edition was issued, and now forms a very useful and up-to-date summary of the motorist's numerous obligations, couched in clear and non-technical language. In order to retain the compactness of the work, the touring section, which was included in last year's Handbook, has been omitted from the present edition, a separate "Foreign Handbook," containing much additional foreign touring information, being now issued.

Two publications come to us from the London Motor Garage Co., Ltd., of Wardour-street, W., the representatives for Great Britain of the Charron car. One is their "Road-Atlas of Great Britain"—a handy little work which is specially to be commended for its lucidity and freedom from the mass of superfluous detail which spoils so many more pretentious publications of a similar nature. All the main roads of the kingdom are shown with the utmost clearness, and, in addition, the little book contains 150 selected routes in England, Wales, and Scotland, showing the intermediate mileages from town to town. The other publication is the Company's Tyre List for the present season. The London Motor Garage Co. are probably the largest retailers of motor tyres in the country, and one notes that prices are quoted for every well-known make and for all sizes. The list also contains some concise and really valuable hints on the selection, inflation, and care of tyres generally, those on the subject of correct inflation being particularly worth attention. A copy can be had post-free by any motorist on application to the company at the address mentioned.

MUSIC

Those are always pathetic moments when it has to be admitted that great artists, tried favourites and almost friends (though we never may have had the pleasure of speaking to them), are no longer what they once were. We are almost impatient with ourselves for our thoughts about their performance, and try to deceive ourselves into the belief that it is only some temporary cloud which is obscuring their light, or that the fault lies in us—that we are become hypercritical, or are not in the right mood to be properly impressed. We take refuge in the pleasures of memory, and live again through those hours when the brilliant artist educated as well as charmed us; we give free indulgence to our best feelings of gratitude for the enjoyments of the past, but presently we are forced to confess the truth. The coming on to the platform or stage of such and such an artist causes us no delightful, expectant thrill. Rather it brings a sense of painful anxiety, and when the performance is over all we can truthfully say is that it might have been worse. How hard it seems that this artist, who after years of continual study and unrelaxed effort, who after struggles, it may be, and disappointments, achieved and held so long a firm place in public favour, should now have to retire in favour of younger musicians. Of course it is inevitable, and wise persons would tell us not to worry about the fate of artists who have had their day, but to get the best we can from their successors. But people who truly love music often have more sympathy than practical wisdom in their natures, and they may be permitted to feel a keen regret when they are obliged to say of a favourite artist's performance, "We can no longer take any pleasure in it."

One is not conscious, however, of these kindly sentiments when there is no apparent justification for the failure of an artist's powers. We may be very sorry that M. Jean de Reszke and Signor Caruso (if the rumours about that great tenor are true) can sing no longer, because some affection of the vocal chords which surgical skill cannot remedy has menaced them, but had they begun to sing badly when at what should have been the height of their career we should

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have been indignant rather than pitying. Now it certainly does happen that some artists lose their sense of style, come to depend on mannerisms and exaggerations, introduce common effects and tricks, and, in the case of vocalists, sometimes get uncertain in their intonation, when there is no apparent reason for it all, unless it is that success has spoiled them and made them careless, that they have withdrawn themselves from the wholesome discipline of fine criticism, and become a law unto themselves. How often have we heard French people (and not only French people) declare that when an actor leaves the Paris theatre and tours triumphantly among audiences who have not been trained to know what the best acting is deterioration is sure to set in in that actor's style! Are not some of the highly-educated Russians telling us at this moment that the great dancers who delight us so much are no longer the perfect artists they were when they danced only in St. Petersburg, environed and shielded by the fine traditions of the Opera House there? It would seem that "world tours" have done their art no little harm, and there are not a few English and French critics who say the same thing.

We heard the other day, and were even sorry to hear, an artist who once had an almost unequalled power to delight us, Mme. Yvette Guilbert. She ought to be just as artistic as ever, but is she? The personal charm is no doubt still there, and a very great deal of the old skill. But have not the little tricks which used to be so delicate, the refinements of style which told just enough of the story and left to the imagination just what ought to be left, have not these become exaggerated and coarsened? Among the fifteen songs which Mme. Guilbert sang to illustrate fifteen types of women were several we have heard her sing over and over again in years past, and now, alas! the thing was overdone, over-accentuated, in some cases it was nearly spoiled. Though sincerely distressed to find ourselves so much disappointed, we could not feel the sorrow we should have felt had old age and weariness overtaken Mme. Guilbert and diminished her powers. Once she was a very great artist. We are afraid that she is not now so great as she was, though undoubtedly she still could be did she so choose.

Another singer who has grieved us lately in the same sort of way is that splendid artist Mme. Julia Culp, to whose singing it used to be sheer delight to listen a year or two ago. At her last recital, though she was in good voice, she was by no means always perfect in tune; she seemed careless about the tone of her middle notes, and, what was more noticeable still, she over-elaborated details to such an extent in some of her songs that the singing became restless and fatiguing. Formerly Mme. Culp sang with a noble simplicity; the other day she too often sang like a self-conscious artist, like one who was too anxious to "make points" and make effect. May she soon return to her earlier and better style! Yet another singer, one whom Time cannot spare much longer, is still, in all essentials, as fine an artist as ever she was. We refer to Mme. Melba. It is true that in the florid music of the first Act of "Roméo et Juliette" she has no longer the ease and beauty of tone which used to charm as well as dazzle us, and the very high notes are not beautiful now. But that cannot be helped, though we may be allowed to wish that the singer herself would recognise the fact. But in the suave and extremely vocal phrases of the second and third Acts the quality of tone is still miraculous, and the singing is as finished and perfect as ever it was. Whatever "superior" people may say about this opera, we will maintain that it was always worth while going to hear it, if only to hear Mme. Melba chant the tender melody of her first address to Roméo in the second Act. Even Patti herself did not sing this passage more beautifully.

Covent Garden has surely acquired two very valuable recruits in MM. Franz and Gilly. In the part of Roméo M. Franz frequently over-sang himself and got out of tune, and was too loud in the duets for Mme. Melba; but his voice is fine, warm, rich, and he has sincerity and fervour. Since the days of M. de Reszke we do not think there has been a better Roméo, and in "O jour de deuil" he was so good as to remind us strongly of his great predecessor. M. Gilly was an admirable Mercutio. It may be that the colour of his voice is too uniform, but it is a noble voice, and M. Gilly has plenty of variety, and a skill in treating his phrases lightly and effectively, which augur well for his future success. The history of the career of Gounod's "Roméo" in England is not without its warning to impetuous critics. Long ago it was found to have no melody, even as "Faust" before it. Had not Madame Patti insisted on singing it once a year its very existence would have been forgotten. Then the De Reszkes took it up, aided by Melba, and it became the most popular opera of its time, adored by the very people who now find it so thin and faded—"So very inferior to Puccini!"

A pianist who certainly must not be included in the list of artists who imperil their greatness by exaggeration or carelessness is M. Rosenthal. Though he has been playing a good many years he shows no tendency to rely upon his already acquired reputation. On the contrary, he plays better and better. One is inclined to hazard the guess that his own enjoyment in his perfectly-phrased Beethoven and his splendidly happy Schumann is greater than in his amazing feats of virtuosity in Liszt and Chopin. But he would not be human if he did not also enjoy the power he has of keeping a just balance between his passages of seeming frenzy and those where his tranquil touch is so mellifluous. It were vain to try and describe how he went from strength to strength in his attack on the impossibilities of Liszt's "Masaniello" Fantasia. He was as accurate as he was audacious, and it was wonderful to hear.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE PALAIS-ROYAL—II.

By Marc Logé

With time the puppet-show lost its novelty, and Delomel, who appears to have possessed an initiative character, slipped one evening a real child on the stage, in the midst of the marionettes—a real child contented to gesticulate as did its wooden partners. This innovation having provoked a renewed interest in the Beaujolais, he engaged several other children, so that gradually the "fantoccini" were excluded and replaced by small girls and boys. At first these performers only mimicked their rôles, but little by little they began to speak, and to answer the actors in the wings. The Beaujolais made a full house each night, as all Paris was talking of these astonishing children. Nevertheless the police soon intervened, for among the Beaujolais' most ardent enemies were to be numbered the Opéra, the Comédie Italienne, and the austere Comédie Française, whose house was deserted in favour of the Beaujolais, situated only a few hundred yards away. These three influential theatres obtained at last a judgment stipulating that the Beaujolais should be closed, much to the despair of its management and of its habitual audience. One of the directors took upon himself to go and see Mme. Necker, wife of the great minister, who was also a distant relation of his. Thanks to her gracious intercession he obtained permission for the Beaujolais to have, "besides the non-breathing figures which appeared on the scene, pantomimes, and even comedies, played by young children, on condition that other actors, hidden, should speak and sing in their stead,

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and they might even have a ballet in which the same children could appear. . . ." If these stipulations seem at present rather incomprehensible, we should remember that, at that epoch, "the Opéra alone granted the authorisation of singing, and the Comédie Française that of speaking in public theatres" in France. A few years later the Revolution was to sweep away all these ancient prejudices!

The Beaujolais reopened its doors, being in perfect order with all possible regulations; and the Opéra was condescending enough to allow the directors "to have airs sung on well-known vaudevilles, or even on new music which composers might bring them." It is curious to note that, in order to have people sing in the plays represented on the stage, the Beaujolais paid an annuity of "133 livres, 6 sols, and 8 deniers" to the Royal Academy of Music!

Thus the Beaujolais, nicknamed "Les Mimes du Palais-Royal," was officially recognised as a regular theatre, and, far from being astonished at seeing children mimicking on the stage whilst other people spoke for them in the wings, the audience seems to have considered this a remarkable improvement on the puppets! The small actors were so conscientious that they even carried their mimicking to the extent of opening their mouths at the right moment without emitting any sound; and theatrical records of the time state that they thus gave a very complete illusion of reality.

As was to be expected, bitter rivalries sprang up between the young actors and actresses, whose ages varied from nine to twelve years old. One, who was evidently of a violent temperament, went so far as to try to strangle a comrade to whom the management had given a good part. Happily these children were under the supervision of an "instituteur," to whom was intrusted the task of teaching them how to gesticulate, &c. This "instituteur" was beloved by his young pupils, for he was kind, though severe, and very just. And by his encouraging voice and affectionate words he often soothed the enmities raging in the hearts of those small people.

The little actors were comparatively well paid, for we see in M. Louis Pericaud's interesting work on the Théâtre Beaujolais that their salaries varied, according to their ages, from 500f. to 2,500f. a year. And we read with amusement in the same book this kind and thoughtful notice quoted from a directorial "avis" of 1788:—"Le spectacle des Beaujolais commence à cinq heures et demi pour permettre aux spectateurs d'aller prendre le frais du soir vers dix heures, sous les frais ombrages du Jardin du Palais-Royal."

The Théâtre Beaujolais enjoyed great popularity until 1788, when unfortunately a scandal occurred. Several of the little actresses were now budding into young girls, whose youth and pretty faces drew to the "foyer" of the Beaujolais a swarm of rakes and men about town. Some of the children paid far too much attention to the flattering words of these beaux, with the result that certain facts were soon reported to the police. The authorities interfered, and the children were replaced by regular comedians, whilst a small show, "Le Musée des Enfants," took in the little actors, who were thus compelled to leave the Beaujolais.

Deprived of its troop of children, which constituted its chief attraction, the poor Théâtre Beaujolais saw its receipts diminish considerably. Things went from bad to worse, for in 1789 Louis XVI., having let himself be overruled by the influence of his Court, dismissed Necker, who was extremely popular. The people were infuriated by this measure, and when the other ministers sent in their resignations popular wrath knew no limit. A terrible riot broke out; Camille Desmoulins harangued the crowd in the Palais-Royal Garden, and two days later the Bastille was captured by the indignant citizens. The Théâtre Beaujolais was obliged to close for the time being, and one of its directors retired. The house was on the verge of bankruptcy, when Delomel managed to find sufficient funds to enable him to continue for a short time. The 20th of August, 1789, the Beaujolais was the scene of a tumult. An author, desirous no doubt of writing a "pièce d'actualité," composed a vaudeville entitled "La Politique à la Halle," in which were keenly caricatured some of the most prominent leaders of the Halles, or Central Markets, of Paris, which were destined to be the hotbed of the French Revolution. On hearing this, the "Dames et Forts de la Halle" conceived a great indignation, and went in a band to the Beaujolais to protest. There was a riot; several people were arrested, and the next day the Beaujolais was closed by order of the authorities.

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR

By Frank Harris

There are two main routes for any one who wishes to go from Nice to Paris across the Alps: the one through Grasse and Castellane, the other along the Var by Puget-Théniers and St. André to Digne. The first way I took in 1898 with a friend, who brought over from Cannes the first motor-car in which I had ever driven, a George-Richard 5 or 7 h.p., I forget which, belt driven. I was delighted with the new plaything, and at once engaged the proprietor-chauffeur to take us across the Alps and by way of Grenoble and Geneva to Paris.

What a time we had on the road: we had to get out and push the car on every steep hill; we were always *losing* belts at night and having to search for them along the road in the dark. We took four days to get to Grenoble, and yet the experiences were all interesting, and now, in retrospect, delightful.

This trip was different; the car was a 35h.p. Mercèdès landaulet. We left Nice at five in the afternoon of the 2nd of June, and ordered dinner at Digne at nine. Though the distance is only a hundred miles, the road is narrow and winding, and rises in places over 3,000ft. We ran out of Nice in perfect summer weather, and turned up the valley of the Var. The little stream is not famed for beauty; no one compares it with the Rhine, or Thames, or Hudson, but from Levens, say, perched on its crag 1,000ft. above the road on the right to St. André, some thirty miles away, it shows a variety of exquisite scenes that can compare with any in the world.

Near Villars the broad bed of the Var narrows to a stream; the valley becomes a defile or gorge, and the scenery grows continually wilder. Again and again the mountain walls, 1,000ft. in height, draw together in front of us, and make it difficult to believe that one can pass. On the left waterfall after waterfall tumbles down between the cliffs, while on the right the crags and shoulders of the great peaks and hummocks take on a hundred colours: now they are pine-clad and sombre green, now laughing gay with golden rain of broom. Several of the scenes are sublime in wild beauty. Puget-Théniers, though a pleasant little place, has little of the charm of Entrevaux, which is a seventeenth-century stronghold throned on the Var itself. The only approach is by a bridge, half of which is bridge, and the further half drawbridge. The walls of the houses fall sheer into the river, while here and there one sees a sentinel-tower, or *echaugette*, stuck against the wall 40ft. above the torrent in the quaintest way possible. On a rock perched 600ft. higher than the town stands the citadel as on a needle—a formidable nest of robbers in the later Middle Ages commanding both highway and river.

Steadily the road rises and the valley narrows; we pass

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tunnel after tunnel cut out of the rock; here and there the red layers of stone are flecked with green patches of lichen—"the unimaginable touch of Time" that Wordsworth speaks of.

Some little way past Annot came the outstanding experience of this first day. It began to sleet and then to snow; we realised that we had ascended over 2,500ft. since leaving Nice. We were ringed about with high mountains, all snow-clad even in June. Approaching the Col de Saint Michel the road every now and then became a torrent; indeed in parts there was no road, only a mountain stream foaming across the way in a deep gully. We passed two motors broken down, but our trusty Mercédès went on as if the road were perfect, and in a little while, in spite of the warning of some soldiers that the road had been altogether swept away, we ran down the hill into St. André safe and sound in the gathering dusk. After lighting up, we reached Digne a little after nine, and at the Hôtel Boyer-Mistre found an excellent dinner and comfortable beds at a most reasonable price.

On starting we agreed that the scenery on the first day had been so wonderful that we could not expect a new sensation for some time. But the second day provided unexpected pleasures. On leaving Digne at 10 o'clock in the morning one realised how delightfully it was placed with mountains of 6,000ft. or 8,000ft. in height guarding it on two sides. For some distance we ran beside the river Bleone; within an hour we came to the little hamlet of Malijai, where we discovered an old door with the date above it in stone—1682. A little further on we reached the village of Château Arnoux, with a château of the Renaissance in fair preservation the door was good, the staircase and many of the rooms fine, the windows mullioned in Renaissance crosses.

The road grew more and more picturesque. We swept across a new suspension bridge, at the junction of the Durance and the Buech, and were soon in Sisteron. The far side of the town is crowned by a citadel on a crag some 300ft. or 400ft. above the streets. We ran out under a battlemented gate and stopped ravished. Below us on the right ran the Buech, a mountain torrent, the other side of the river was dominated by an immense triangular rock, the precipitous face of which was all striated as with huge coils of rope, the Mont de la Baume, 1,149 metres in height, or quite 1,600ft. above us. The citadel on one hand, the great pyramid of cliff on the other, and between them the battlemented gate and the foaming torrent—nothing more picturesque could be seen.

From Sisteron we had a choice of roads to Grenoble, and we chose the more direct, and had no reason to regret it, for the scenery grew wilder and more beautiful continually as the road ran steadily upwards.

Suddenly I became aware that the road was descending rapidly, and a moment later I recognised it as the place where fourteen years before in our little George-Richard car we had killed a ram which had charged the auto. My first impression of the delights of automobile driving was gained on this descent. As the little car, free of the engine, swam down the road the mountain peaks on our left seemed to rise higher and higher momently, giving an impression of peculiar grandeur and aloofness as if the mountains were withdrawing themselves majestically from our too curious scrutiny. Nothing more delightful than this mountain pass, which I take to be the Col du Fau, have I seen from that day to this.

The great mountains on either hand are pine-clad almost to the summits. But amongst the usual pines are darker pines, looking for all the world like black soldiers, here parked in battalions, here running off into a point as if the blacks were climbing to the assault. Amid the pines are jewelled clearings where the grass shines in tender spring-green like *eau de nil*. On our right a gorge hundreds of feet below us, and as we swing round the first curve we look out over fifty or sixty miles of country outspread as in an ordnance map. Here and there, half hidden in the folds of the valleys, little red-roofed villages. We look back again at the pine-clad mountains we are leaving, and are surprised by another wonder. Behind the piney heights there is a higher range of mountains, all ermine clad even on this summer evening. As we turn again swinging down the road, we come in full view of Mont Aiguille. Mont Aiguille, over 6,000ft. in height, looks for all the world like a shape of blancmange cut in porphyry. For centuries it was called one of the wonders of the Dauphiny, and was regarded as inaccessible. There is an almost flat prairie on top of 1,000 metres in length. It was scaled first in 1492 by Antoine de Ville, a courtier of Charles VIII., with eight comrades, among whom were an *eschelleur* and a priest. The view is simply entrancing and it changes every moment. Below us outspread a great undulating plain, with its little towns and hamlets dotted about, all ringed in with encircling snow-clad mountains. On the left the great Mont Aiguille. Forty miles off in front bastion on bastion.

Half an hour's run brought us to the little town of Monestier-de-Clermont, which we found was 2,500 feet above the sea-level, so the valley we looked out over is really a mountain plateau. Monestier-de-Clermont is a favourite resort for winter sports, and even now the air is sharp and invigorating. The little town was crowded with farmers; a fair was going on. The hotel, the Lion d'Or, was over-run, but we fared better than in far more pretentious hostelries. The landlady waited; the landlord, a strong young fellow of about thirty, who was cook as well, prepared us an excellent steak with *soufflé* potatoes. The wine was fair, but afterwards there was an *eau de vie de Marc*—the favourite liqueur of General de Gallifet—which was excellent. The landlord said he had made it himself and kept it in cask more than seven years. After lunch we swept on over the gorgeous plateau to Grenoble; both of us agreeing that the scenery of the second day was even finer than the valley of the Var.

The next morning we got up early to visit the museum, but found it shut. Suddenly we realised that it was Whit Sunday. We knocked at the door, and an old woman opened it, to whom we explained our position: "Could we not come in?" "Certainly," she said. "My husband always leaves me in charge on the chance that someone may really want to come in." How French, how charming, how different from the rigorous English formalism, which would have kept the doors barred and bolted! After thanking her we went in and spent two gaudy hours.

First of all I found a contemporary portrait of Admiral Coligny, which gave me the real man. The great victim of the St. Bartholomew had always interested me, and here he was at length as he walked and talked. A pointed face with an aquiline, outjutting Roman nose, a little moustache and chin beard, almost heart-shaped and quite grey; the goatee beard a little whiter than the moustache, the texture of the hair very soft, like moss—grey moss. The eyes dark brown, with sidelong glance—suspicious; the mouth firm, though the lips are sensitive and well cut; the forehead rather broad than high—the cautious, ruminating face of a gentleman born into difficult conditions, but not a great face, anything but a great face.

Next I was struck by a picture of Fantin-Latour, "The Temptation of St. Antony," a lovely woman's form floating in a blue mist in the foreground; the Saint has turned his back to her and is examining, or pretending to examine, a Death's head. What a poor fool! one could not help thinking. Life and love and joy offered to him, and he

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prefers to look at Death and commune with Death's loathly symbol. Love and the woman were the better choice.

Two pictures by Phillippe de Champaigne, to whom we owe the great portrait of Richelieu; a large one of Louis XIV. and his courtiers, a very dignified scene and pleasing to the eye. The second a portrait of the painter himself—a proud face with an artist's lips, and a certain love of the beautiful shown in the long, waving hair and the silky, soft down of moustache and beard.

But what took my eye especially were certain primitives, and notably a triptych of the Florentine school painted about 1430 in a serrated, wooden Gothic frame of the period. These early masters were not perhaps able to paint as well as the later ones, but their vision of life was more sincere, and their personages living, recognisable men and women.

From the gallery of paintings we passed through to the gallery of sculpture, a gallery filled with masterpieces of primitive artists of a dozen different races. Here was a bust of a lady found in Palmyra, and lo! she has straight, Grecian features, and wears necklets with brooches attached, and armlets painted to represent gold. Human nature has not altered much in twenty centuries. Here, too, are mediæval saints from Savoy in wood and marble, stone and pottery, of a hundred different styles, and round the walls Gothic chests of exquisite workmanship, and Renaissance *cassonis* where the wood has flowered into shapes of beauty.

The most popular work of art in the collection, according to the guardian, is a large picture, "The Arrest of Charlotte Corday," by H. Scheffer; but both painting and drawing are second-rate, and the heroine's face is utterly uninspired. This girl's story is one of the great stories of all time, and some day or other a master will make a world-epic of it.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By Lancelot Lawton

A SUGGESTION: THE KING AND QUEEN TO VISIT PARIS

The Coronation, which has brought to London a brilliant assemblage composed of distinguished representatives of all the Thrones and nations in the world and of all our overseas Dominions and possessions, is in any case destined to make the year memorable in the history of the British Empire. But in consequence of the splendid initiative and faultless tact of our gracious Sovereign—those supreme qualities of true kingship inherited from an illustrious father—it is no exaggeration to add that not only will the year be memorable for this imposing display of Royal pomp and circumstance in the capital itself, but it will be characterised by a remarkable series of events calculated to shame and stem the petty strife of warring factions, and to excite spontaneous outbursts of loyal devotion such as we hope will ring and re-echo in all quarters of the Empire the clear note of British strength and British solidarity. In short, 1911 will be a Royal year, and, above all, essentially an Imperial one.

The monarch who, when heir to the Throne, gave to the nation that invigorating watchword, "Wake up, England!" has himself not been slow to set a practical example. After being crowned in the capital he is to visit his people in Wales, in Ireland, and in Scotland. That, in order to meet the wishes of his subjects, he has in his wisdom not hesitated to create precedents is manifest from his decision to undertake a magnificent mission to distant India, no less than from his sanction to the Investiture of the Prince of Wales in the ancient Principality itself. His early association with the Navy, and the spirit of thoroughness in which, when Heir-Apparent, he embarked on extensive journeyings to the outposts of Empire, spread wide the conviction that, like his immortal predecessor, he would make a virile monarch and, above all, a monarch with an adequate recognition of Imperial responsibilities and a thorough knowledge of Imperial needs. It is not presumption to say that in those days the lofty conception of duty in Royal father and Royal son was ideal in its adaptation to the complex requirements of the British Empire. Among the kings of the world our late Sovereign was known as the kingly Ambassador of peace; and of King George, before he ascended the Throne, it can be truthfully said that his *rôle* was that of the princely missioner of Imperialism.

Many and onerous are the demands made upon Royal attention, and perhaps it is not sufficiently realised that the youthful age of the Heir-Apparent does not permit of any delegation of activity on the part of the King; while the appointment of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught to the Governor-Generalship of Canada will deprive his Majesty of some very valuable assistance at present at his disposal. In these circumstances, and, moreover, when we consider that the claims upon the time of the monarch have increased with the expansion of the Empire, it is clear that the burden of work that centres round the Throne is as enormous as it is varied. Yet thus early has King George shown that he is determined to maintain the influence of the British monarchy as a living factor in the world's diplomacy and as a bulwark of the world's peace. The visit of the German Emperor to this country, though the occasion was of a semi-private nature mainly arising from family associations, had none the less a special and a welcome significance. Then, if rumour be correct, the Tsar is expected shortly to pay a visit to British waters, a circumstance that not inconceivably augurs something more than cousinly amity.

To place the coping-stone upon the grand edifice of this year's Royal accomplishment it only remains for one other engagement to be arranged—a visit of the King and Queen to Paris. In view of the extensive nature of their Majesties' programme we would hesitate to make a suggestion of this kind were we not convinced that its adoption would have an important bearing, and perhaps a very positive and beneficial effect, upon our higher policy. We are inclined to go even farther and to say that some such substantial manifestation of British goodwill towards our friends the French people is imperatively called for at an early date. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the opinion widely prevails, not only in France but also throughout Europe, that Great Britain has become so preoccupied in domestic cavil as to be an almost negligible quantity in the world's diplomacy. Whether or not the circumstances fully warrant this belief is obviously outside the scope of the present discussion; nor is it our intention at the moment to seek to fix responsibility for such a lamentable state of affairs, presuming it to exist, upon any political party or faction in the land. But it is certainly not inopportune to observe here that the pronouncements of a peripatetic Chancellor of the Exchequer, out for a holiday, on a subject of such high consequence as the *Entente Cordiale*, mingled as they were with spicy interviews accorded to editors of socialistic journals, do not tend to impress the French Government and the French people with our political seriousness in the domain of Foreign Affairs. On the contrary, it can with reason be argued that such palpable indiscretions will only help to accentuate the feeling abroad that, as a result of inhaling too deeply the breezy ozone of our domestic atmosphere, statesmen in power have developed an exuberance dangerously bordering on irrationality.

After all, the farther away the control, or even the

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influencing, of Foreign Affairs can be removed from the party controversy of home affairs, and, for the matter of that, from the personalities of those engaged in the forefront of such controversy, the better it will be for the real interests of the country. So long as serious courtesy remains the essential spirit, and ceremonial dignity the most fitting outward manifestation, of modern diplomacy, the conduct of the higher policy of States must be left to the select company of Sovereigns and to their Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors. Frequently more beneficial results are achieved from a brief interchange of visits between neighbouring monarchs than from any other means existing in the maintenance of international relations. In this connection it is only necessary to cite the already memorable meeting at Potsdam between the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Russia. Our late King was, literally speaking, at home in every capital of Europe, and was beloved not of one but of many peoples. It stands to reason that the present occupant of the Throne has not had the same opportunities of making himself acquainted with European Courts and nations, but it goes without saying that his gifted accomplishments and manly virtues would exercise the same influence in the cause of peace as did those of his late Majesty. Therefore we suggest that as the *Entente Cordiale*, with its corollary the Triple *Entente*, is the keystone of our Foreign policy, a start in kingly diplomacy should be made with a visit to Paris. This visit would undeniably produce wholesome results, for not only would it remove the suspicions to which we have already alluded concerning our lukewarm attitude towards our friends, but it would reaffirm with unmistakable emphasis the existence of the Triple *Entente* as an invigorating factor in the affairs of Europe, thus giving an effectual quietus to the mischief-makers who of late have been busily occupied in persuading themselves of its decease by the very simple process of compiling and publishing on their own account its obituary notice.

THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST.

It will be recalled that in describing the conditions in Albania last week I altogether refused to believe the assurances of the Ottoman Government that the crisis was at an end. As a matter of fact heavy fighting has since taken place on the frontier, and the Turkish forces are being largely augmented in order to deal with the situation in a drastic manner. Both Montenegro and Turkey have again protested to the Powers, the one declaring that the other is responsible for the continuance of anarchy and disorder. Germany has frankly declared herself to be the friend of Turkey by suggesting that the Powers should insist upon Montenegro observing a more correct attitude in the future. But the difficulty of arriving at a settlement lies in the fact that the insurgents, embittered by their experience of the past, are suspicious of Turkey's promises of reform, which they regard as merely a ruse for the purpose of inducing them to give up their arms. In all the circumstances it is not easy to see how they can be persuaded of Turkey's sincerity in the matter, nor is it possible to devise any solution in the direction of a European guarantee of Turkish good faith. Meanwhile Austria and Italy are tending pacificatory advice at Cettigne, but they can hardly be gratified at the blunt intrusion of Germany in the delightful *rôle* of Turkey's only friend. It would seem that the Triple Alliance is divided against itself. Surely the moment has arrived for the Triple *Entente* to establish its prestige in the Balkans. Such an end can only be obtained by our loyally supporting the policy of Russia, and that of Austria and Italy in so far as it is consistent with the aims of Russia.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15 Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVERY one in the City is, more or less, a loyal person, with a natural tendency to conserve the present conditions of the world. But the loyalty of the City would be severely strained if it were compelled to assist at many Coronations. Business has been at an almost complete standstill for weeks past, and no one expects any revival until King George has been safely crowned. Why such an event should not only prevent investors from investing their money, but also utterly stop speculators from gambling, is a question not even the most acute psychologist could answer. We deal with facts in the City, and the fact that the crowning of a King acts as an antidote to the gambling fever is a proved certainty.

We are all much annoyed at the way we have been treated over the Chinese Loan. It was an international affair. It was backed by four nations. It was cheap and it was safe. Therefore everybody agreed that it would go to a premium—which it did. And most of us sent in our applications. But the faint-hearted got absolutely nothing, and no one who applied for £1,000 got more than £100, whilst those who asked for £5,000 only got £200, and so on in proportion. This is the way the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank people play the game. It is really much less trouble, and almost as cheap, to buy stock in the open market at a small premium than to be put to the trouble of sending in a cheque for a big amount only to be disappointed.

The Platinum and Gold Company that proposes to dredge in Columbia does not appear to have met with a warm reception, and I am not surprised, for the prospectus calmly disregards the ordinary rules of the City, and gives us no proper report, only vague stories by local people. The Dangar Rubber Company has two good men on the Board in the shape of Harrison and Henly. They are as experienced rubber-planters as we can get. The land is cheap, but who wants rubber companies to-day? They are out of fashion. Those who must invest in rubber can buy into proved concerns round about par. Still, any one who takes shares and is prepared to wait three or four years will probably get his 10 per cent. dividend.

We are promised an Aviation Company with a moderate Board. The venture proposes to buy some land at Lingfield and erect sheds. It will teach people to fly with aeroplanes and generally annoy Mr. Winston Churchill, who hates flying men more than he fears militant suffragettes. The future of such a concern is more than doubtful, and I am afraid it will succeed even less than did the Grahame White Blériot Company.

MONEY does not worry us these dull days. The Lombard Street bill brokers are glad enough to take good bills at even $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But whether this low price will last seems doubtful. The Bank position does not seem to have been much affected by the Birkbeck stoppage, but I write this before the figures for the current week are issued. The purchase of the goodwill and premises by the London County and Westminster shows enterprise, but more pluck would have saved the bank. All the great Joint Stock Banks knew that the Birkbeck must close, and I am astounded that none of them purchased before the closing of the doors. They would have secured many millions of deposits. That they did not do it would seem to show that the depreciation in securities was much greater than appears on the surface.

FOREIGNERS are stupidly idle, and, although there are still a few stale bulls of Perus who wish to unload, the rest of

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the market has nothing to do except watch the very rich gamblers buy Rio Tinto. The Paris people are short, and as the Yankees will put up copper if they can Tintos seem safe for a further rise. Russians are steady, but no one in England buys this fine investment.

HOME RAILS are now so full of dividend that they look cheaper than ever. The traffics continue to be good, and Lancashire and Yorkshire are still one of the cheapest stocks in the Railway market. Great Northerns are also underpriced. They quickly rose when it was found that all the dealers were short. But we must not imagine that because the dealers are short of stock that there are no bulls about. Almost all the buyers of the heavy lines pawn their stock with Banks, and thus a hidden bull account exists side by side with an apparent bear account. I do not think that any of the Banks will shake out their clients this side of the half-year. They did their shake out a week or two back, and those who are now in are the solid folks whose accounts are worth keeping, and whose credit is good. I think that no one can go wrong in buying the really sound stocks, such as London and North Western, Great Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Great Easterns. But I do not like the perpetual puffs of Great Central. I am afraid that a big bull account has been built up here, in which case we may see considerable realisation when the accounts are published. Nevertheless the 1894 preference look fairly cheap.

YANKEES are a see-saw market. The bucket shops puff Eries and Steels, and as a result we see a most unsteady market in both securities. I do not believe the stories about the purchase of Erie. The line is doing fairly well, but I do not think Morgans will let it go. The tale has probably been put about with the idea of unloading. Rocks are talked much higher, and this by sober-minded people, who do not like small Yankees as a rule. I have no news from the other side worth telling. What I have is rather bearish. The trade in the West is not good, and though Wall-street talks big the large bankers advise caution. It seems to me that Yankee rails are best left alone.

RUBBER is sick, but the jobbers are buying back their shares, and this has given the whole market tone. The public declines to come in. It lost heavily in rubber, for it got in at the top and has never been able to get out. I see no reason why any one should buy to-day, for unless the Americans can absorb the huge stocks in Para and Manaos raw rubber is not likely to rise. 2s. 6d. a pound profit is the outside figure that can be made by the best plantation to-day, and next year this profit may fall to 1s. The outputs will not increase, for more of the companies have over-tapped their young trees, and will pay the penalty in reduced production for the next few years. The rubber boom is definitely over, and the companies must now stand the racket of severe industrial competition in a falling market.

OIL.—The Mexican Eagle is doing well and the shares are being bought. Spies has declared a good dividend, but the price has reached a figure that does not tempt me. They say that the oil war is over in the East, and Shells and Burmahs may rise. But Maikop seems under a cloud.

KAFFIRS are not fashionable. No one wants to gamble in Mines, and we must wait until the dealers are even more short than they are to-day. The dividends are now mostly declared, and on the whole are good. But they will be better next time, for an effort is to be made to cut down expenses and increase outputs.

RHODESIANS are on the up-grade, and Rhodesia Exploration, the leading share in the market, is not expensive even to-day. The combine is now solidly built up, and if no one "rats" we may expect a steady market. But I see no hope of any boom.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BERNARD SHAW AT CAMBRIDGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems to me that Mr. Austin H. Johnson's resentment is of a somewhat narrow form, otherwise his advocacy of Mr. Shaw's teaching would not have been based upon the weaknesses of other opposing forces.

Does he really desire us to accept Shavian tenets upon the understanding that the "Christian religion" can be so modified to fit them? Or does his (Mr. Johnson's) desire assume even meaner proportions—proportions limited, like the desire of Bernard Shaw himself, to the glorification of self-idolatry—Johnsonianism with a helpful flavour of Shavian notoriety? The peculiar nature of Mr. Johnson's sensitiveness to criticism leads one to think so.

Who is this Bernard Shaw—this Socialistic idealist—that his morality or public preaching should not be subject to question? There is a vast gulf between Bernard Shaw, dramatist and entertainer, and Bernard Shaw, public instructor. Mr. Shaw is free to amuse us to his heart's content, but when his aim is to destroy or "undermine conviction, and to sap the centuries-old foundation of civilised communion," as the Editor of THE ACADEMY rightly and justly surmises, then it was about time such an aim experienced some sort of a check.

Again, one requires patience and pity to read Mr. Johnson's letter. It is so superficial in its blatant anger. I will pick out, for example, one conspicuous crudity. Mr. Johnson includes Christ in his category of "great religious teachers whose whole object has always been 'to undermine conviction,' &c." Man never made a grosser misstatement.

Let me inform Mr. Johnson that Christ's whole object was the destruction of Pharisaism and not Judaism—the false worship of God, not the true worship. Hence Mr. Johnson will no doubt see the truth contained in the words, "Ubi spiritus ibi ecclesia."—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

P.S.—Christianity is pure Judaism, else it has no meaning. It cannot be modified to fit modern kinds, any more than it was found to fit with Judaic kinds, of Pharisaism.

"CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN POETRY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not wish to occupy your space unduly. There are two letter-writers in your issue of the 17th, however, who should be answered:—

(*a*) If Mr. Savage will send on the poems which are "not his own," but "as good of their kind as anything since Keats," I will consider them from a publisher's point of view; but I must warn him that I am not the proprietor here—only a servant—who am not galloping to be fined, imprisoned, or robbed by bad investments of the working capital entrusted to me.

(*b*) As to "R. M."—his assumption that Professor Bithell needs sympathy for "the treatment he has received at my hands" may make the Professor smile. Why "R. M." should drag in the word "insincere" in respect to myself I cannot divine. I am a publisher, and publishers, unfortunately, are not poets, but men called upon hourly to face unpleasant commercial aspects, among which are "mutilations"—to gratify famous Mrs. Grundy. It is unfortunate that, according to "R. M.," I do not "possess a sincere feeling for art," for some best masters in theoretical, vocal, and instrumental art have been endeavouring to inoculate me with this quality, and this has cost me many years and many guineas. But I confess "R. M." has placed me in a quandary. I cannot be an artist in business—only when I get home to my pianoforte after business hours. In business I am perforce on all fours with the butcher, undertaker, "bookie," and other tradesmen. Hence my wicked behaviour towards Professor Bithell and "Contemporary Belgian Poetry."—Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK J. CROWEST, Editor and General Manager
(For the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.).

Felling-on-Tyne.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

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The Battle of Souls. By Hugh Naybard. J. and J. Gray and Co., Edinburgh.

The Sovereign Power. By Mark Lee Luther. Illustrated by Chase Emerson. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

Builders of Ships. By Marie Connor Leighton. With Frontispiece. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.

The Coronation of George King. A Lincolnshire Idyll. By Kate Horn. Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.

Love—and the People. By Edith Anne Stewart. Lynwood and Co. 6s.

A Maid of the Malverns: A Romance of the Blackfriars Theatre. By T. H. Porter. Lynwood and Co. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Clouds of Aristophanes. With Introduction, English Prose Translation, Critical Notes and Commentary, including a new Transcript of the Scholia in the Codex Venetus Marcianus 474. By W. J. M. Starkie, Hon. LL.D. Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.

The Indelible Factor of Individual Sentient Life. By Godfrey Burchett. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.

Some Reflections on the Drama—and Shakespeare. By Arthur Bourchier. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.

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The Coast Scenery of North Devon. By E. A. Newell Arber, M.A. Illustrated. J. M. Dent and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.

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India and Imperial Preference. By V. G. Kale, M.A. "Wednesday Review" Press, Trichinopoly. 4 annas.

The Renaissance of the Nineties. By W. G. Blaikie Murdoch. The De La More Press. 1s. 6d. net.

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The Hon. Mr. V. Krishnaswami Tyer. A Sketch. "The Wednesday Review" Press, Trichinopoly. 4 annas.

EDUCATIONAL

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Europe in Pictures. By H. Clive Barnard, M.A. A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.

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PERIODICALS

The Literary Digest; Cambridge University Reporter; The Bookseller; University Correspondent; La Revue; Publishers' Circular; Economic Journal; Mercure de France; United Empire; Journal of the Imperial Arts League Incorporated; Revue Bleue; The Triad; Parisiana Summer Annual; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Atlantic Monthly.

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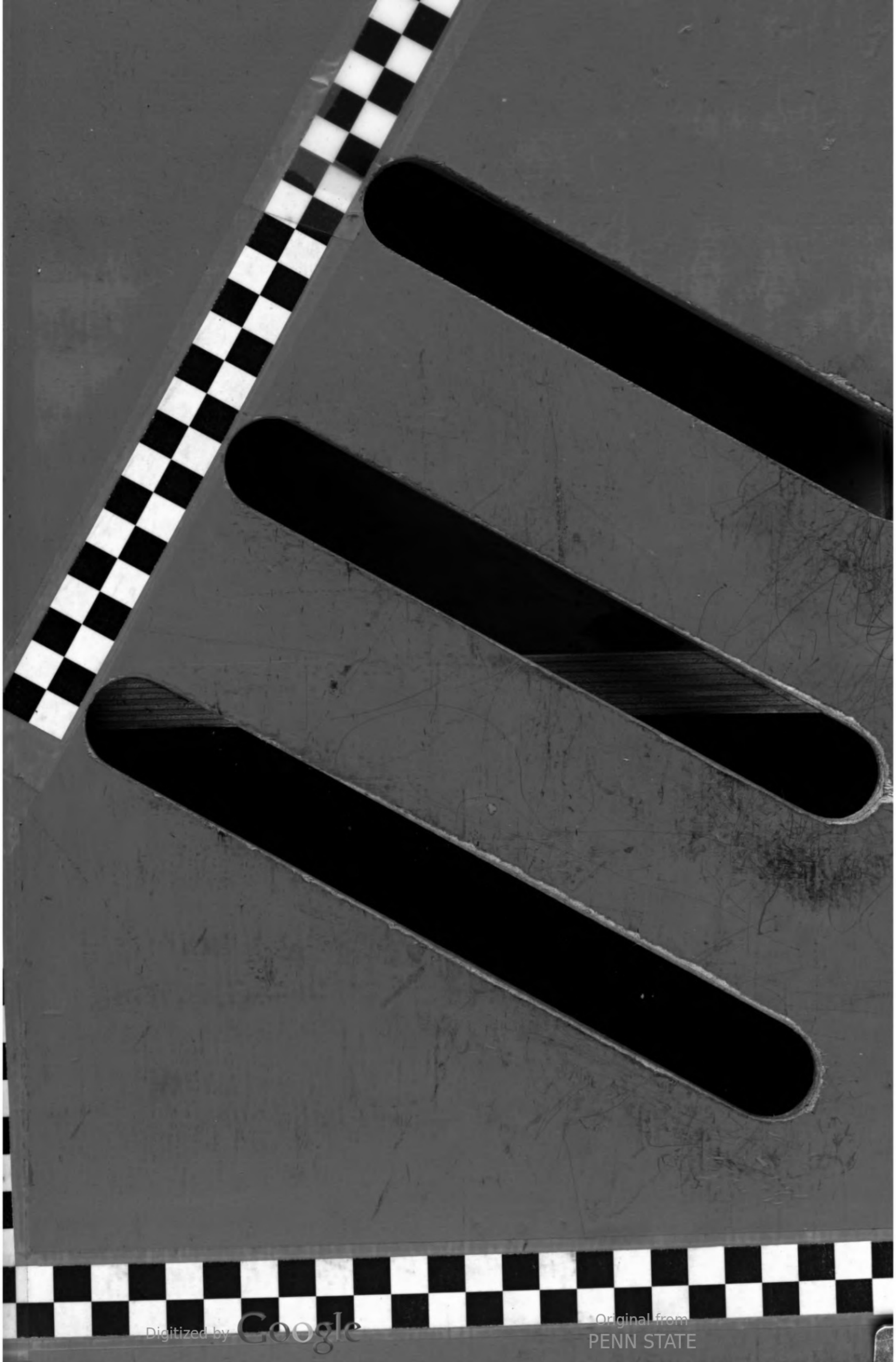
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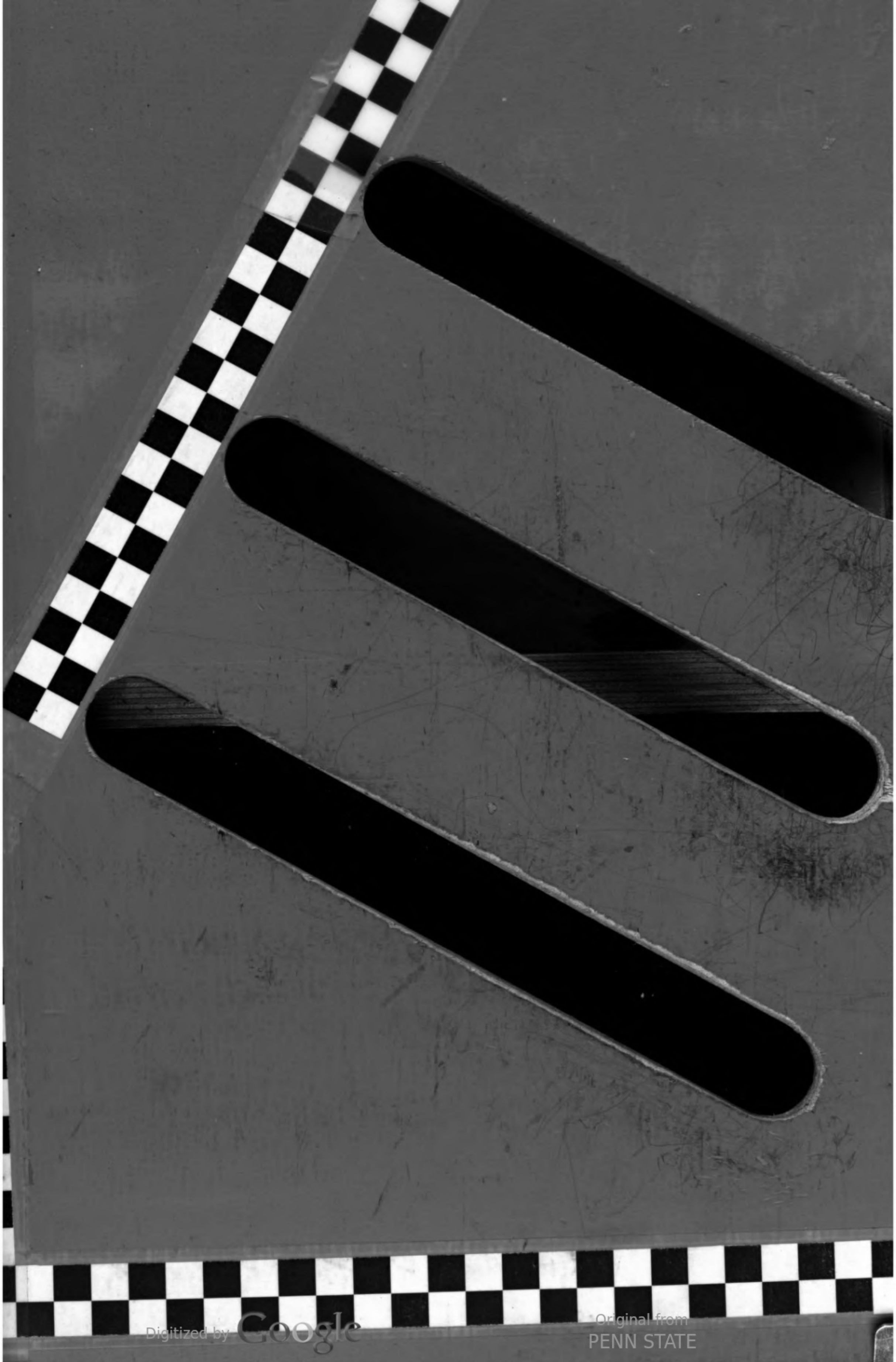


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